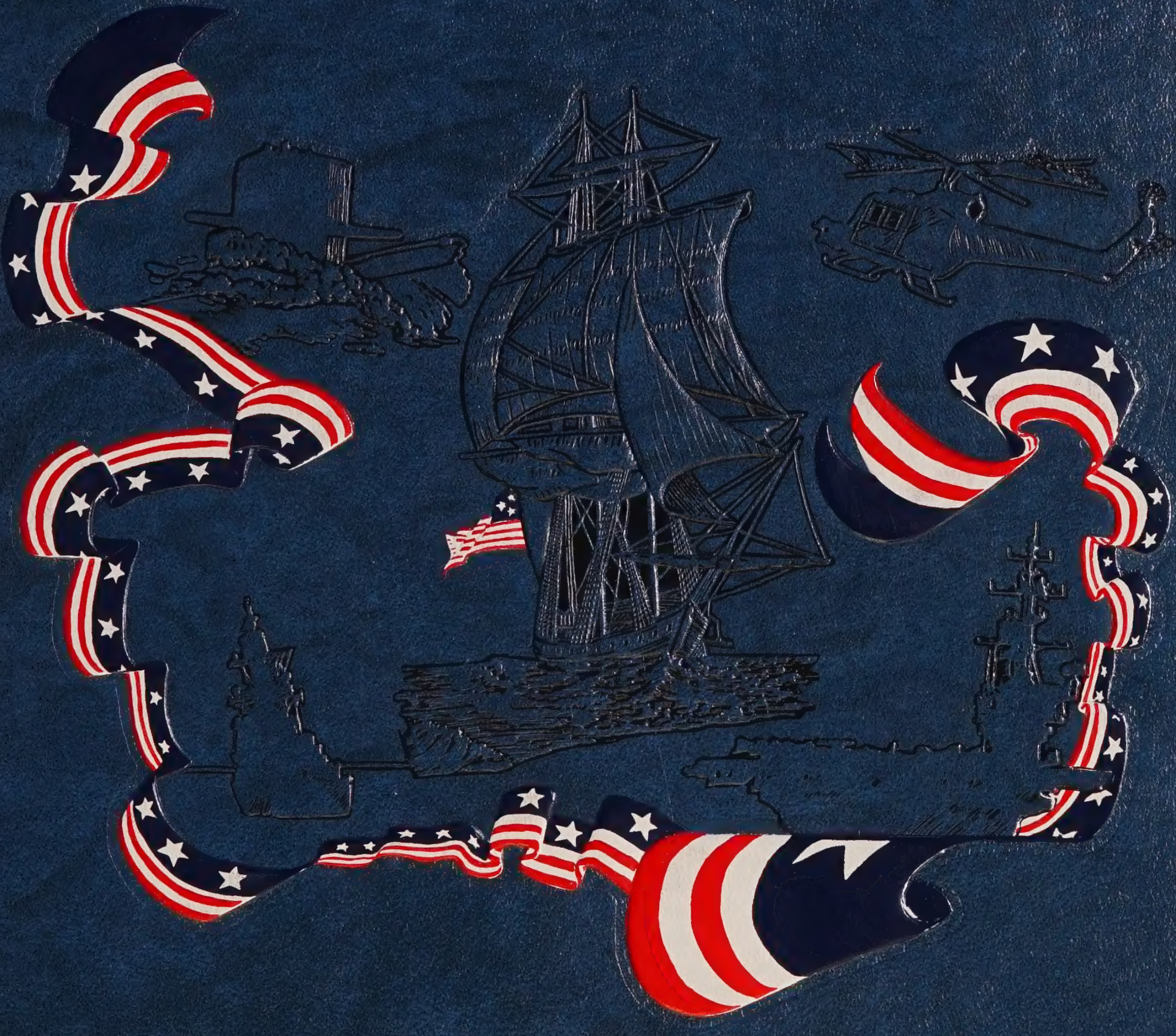
# THE
# 1982
# LUCKY BAG



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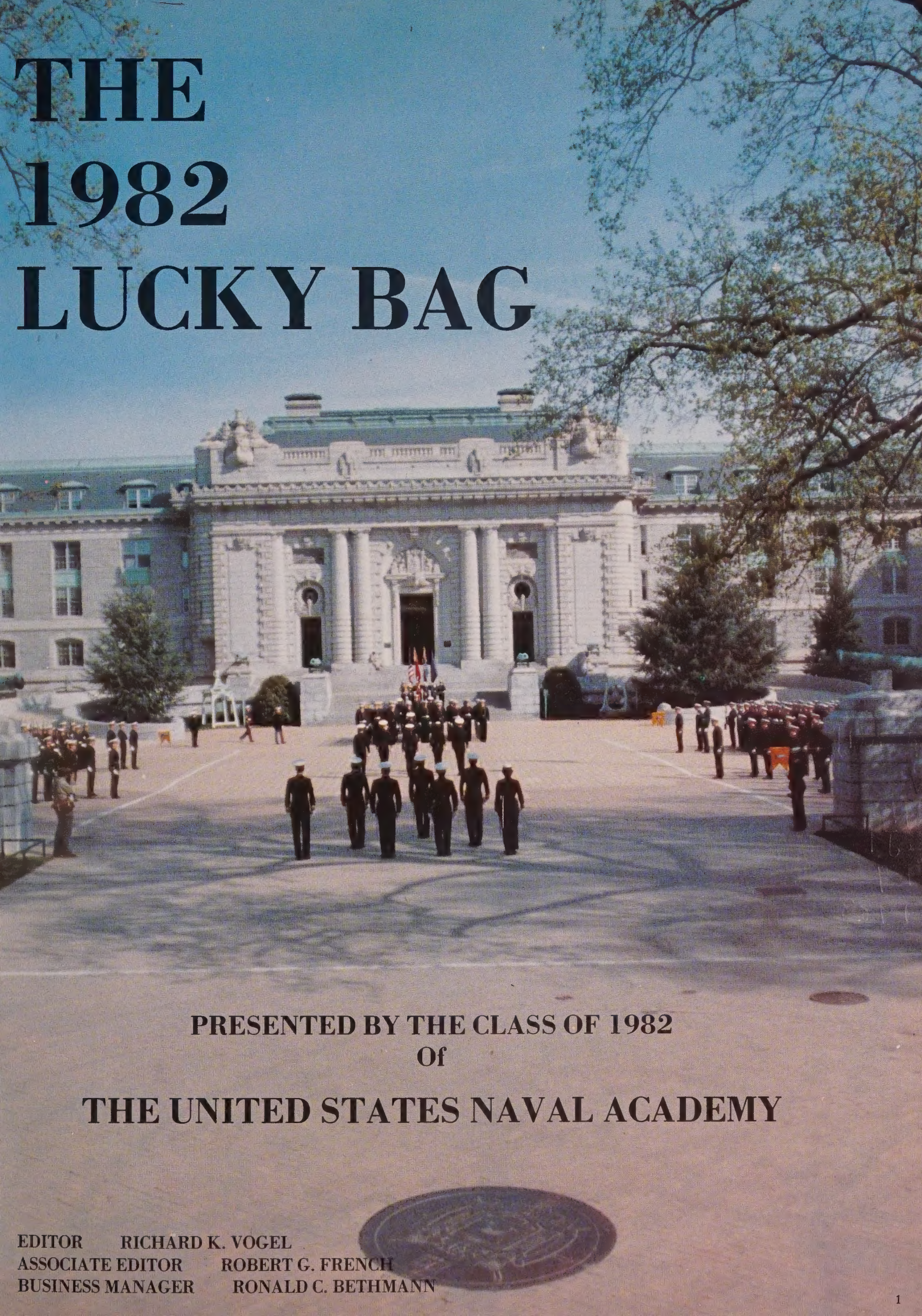

# THE 1982 LUCKY BAG

PRESENTED BY THE CLASS OF 1982
Of

## THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

EDITOR RICHARD K. VOGEL
ASSOCIATE EDITOR ROBERT G. FRENCH
BUSINESS MANAGER RONALD C. BETHMANN

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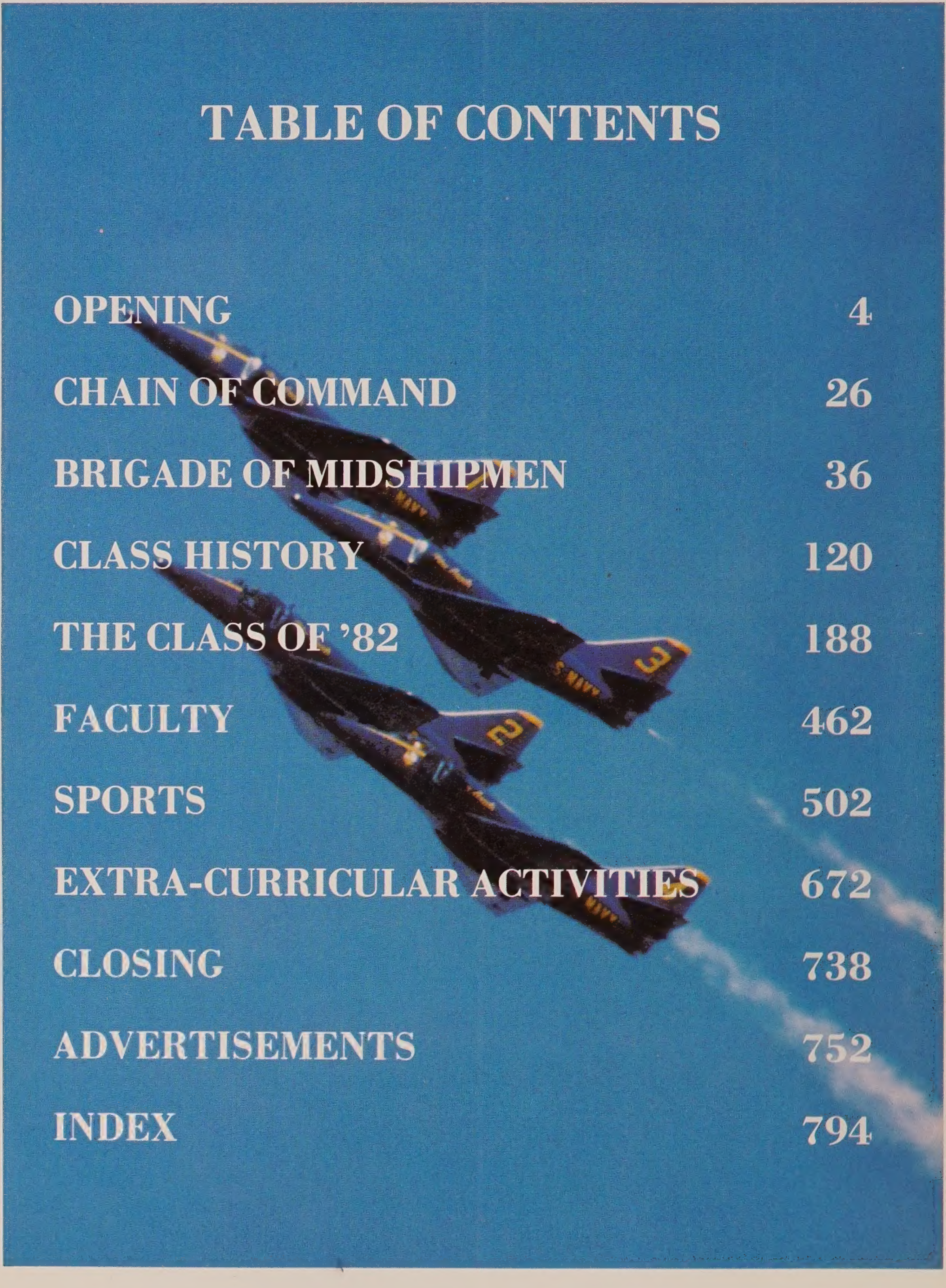

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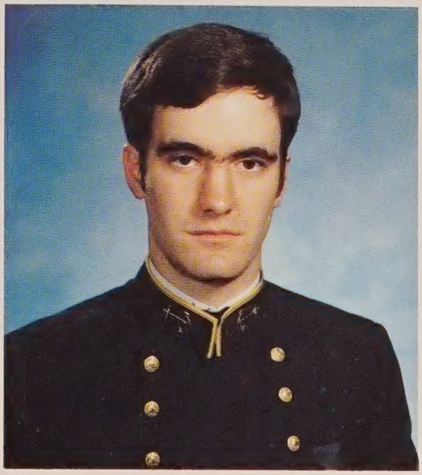
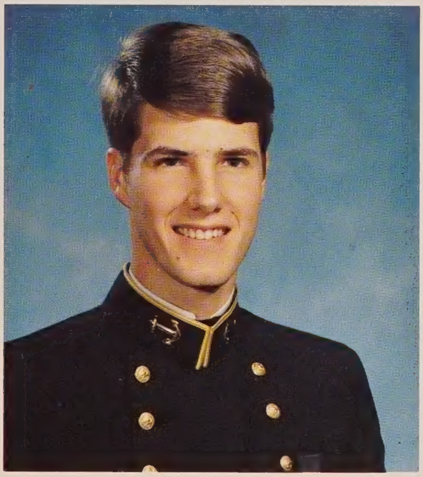
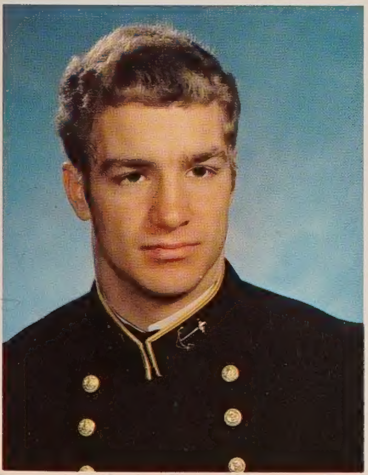
# THE STAFF

CDR Paul Galanti, Officer Rep.


Rich Vogel, Editor


Bob French, Associate Editor

Ron Bethmann, Business Manager


Kendall Miller, Layout Editor

Steve Hemmelgarn, Photo Editor

Bill Patterson, Schedules

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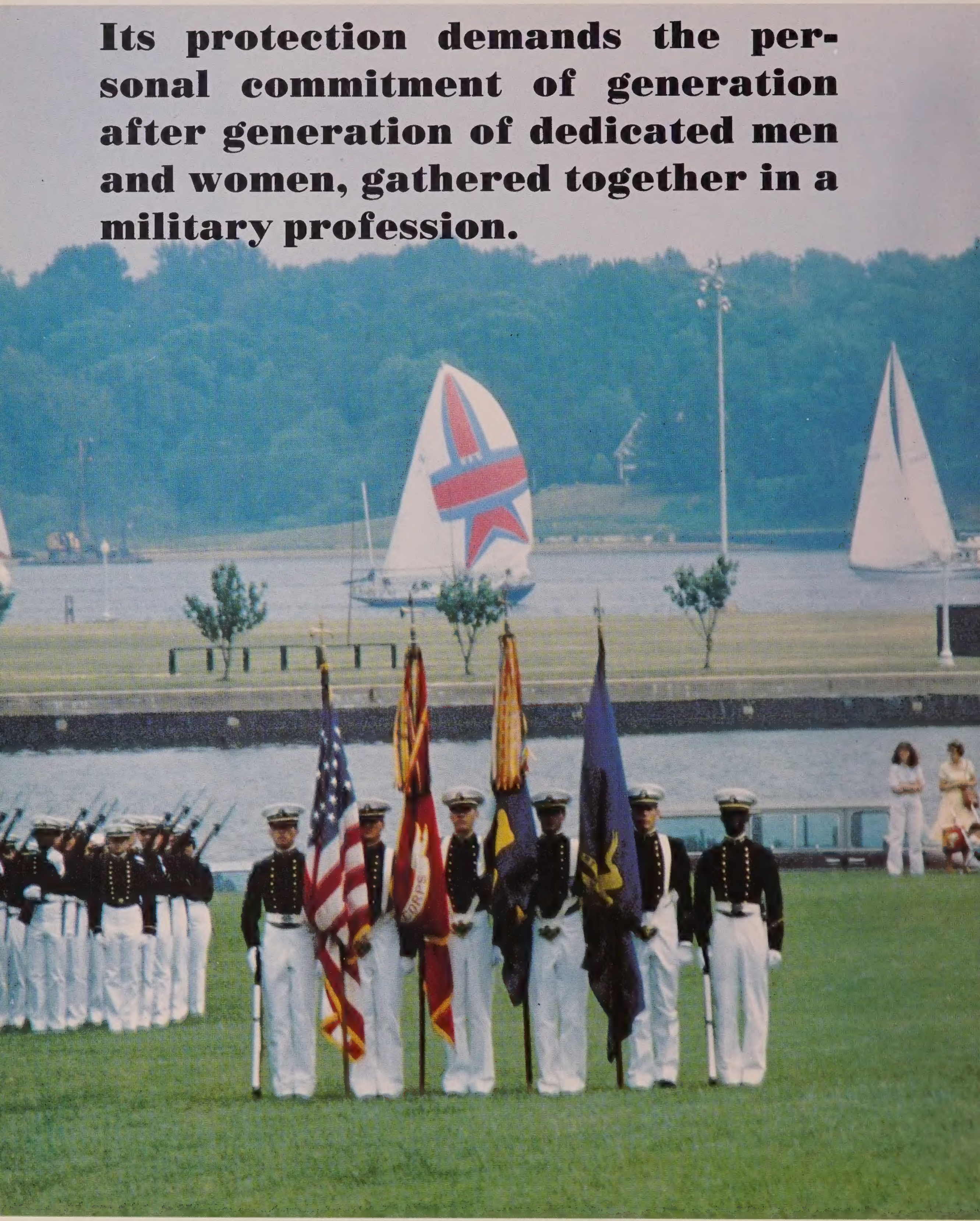
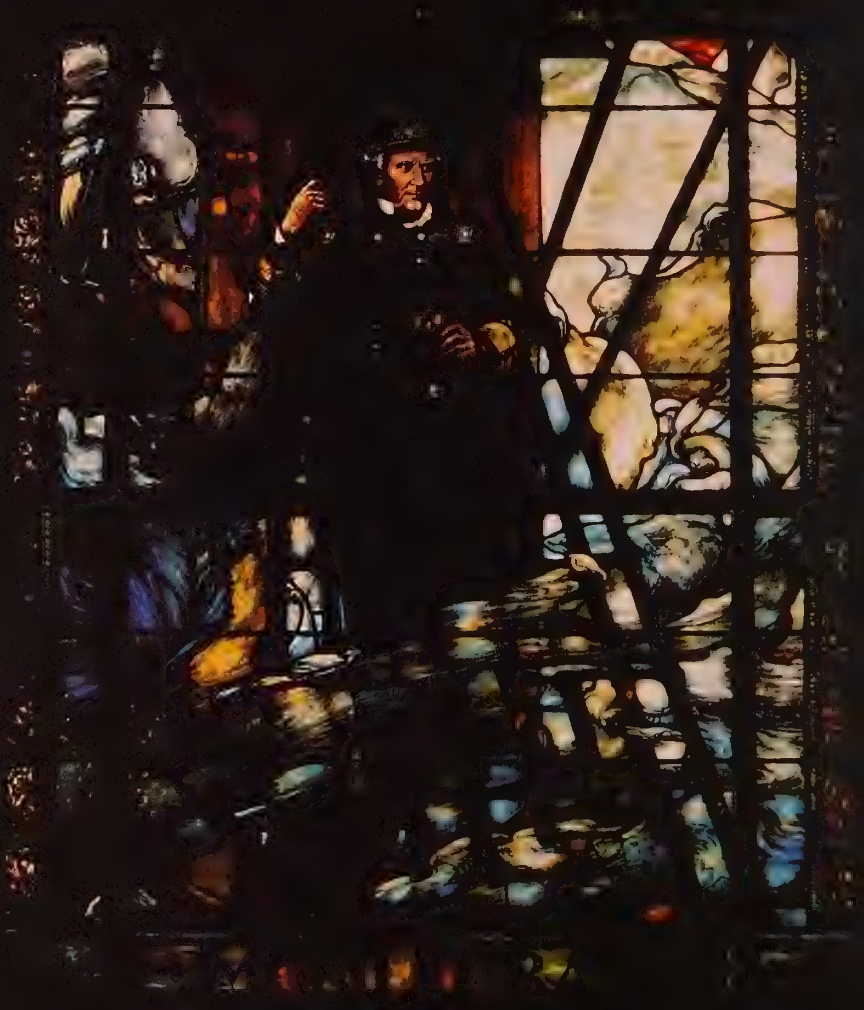
**We have all heard the call which has resounded throughout our nation's history, the call to protect our richest treasure — Freedom.**

**Its protection demands the personal commitment of generation after generation of dedicated men and women, gathered together in a military profession.**



The Naval Academy has been an enduring source of leaders for that profession for more than 135 years.

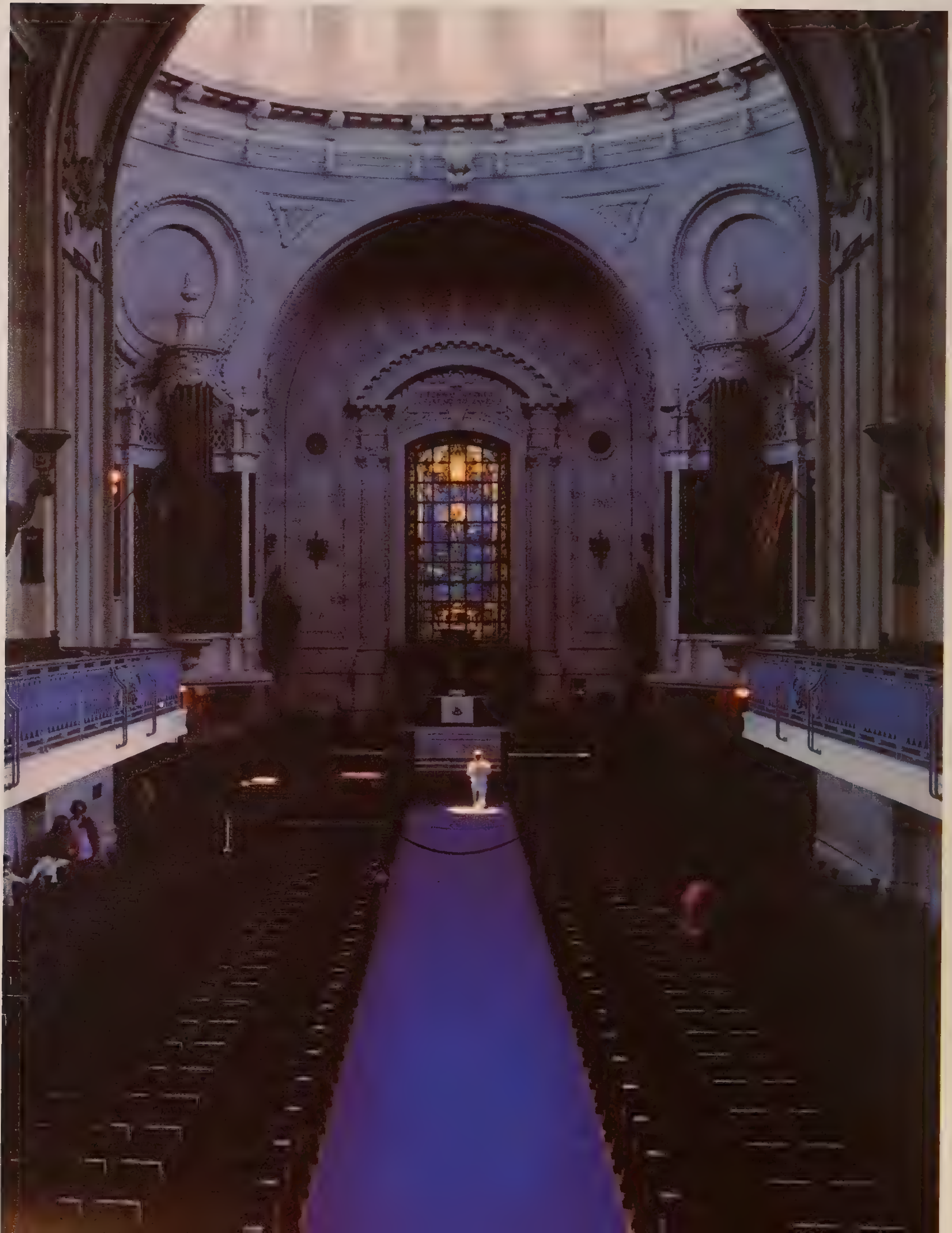
Our predecessors have often shown immeasurable courage,



**And far too often they have given their lives in the line of duty.**

**The Class of 1982 is ready for the challenges set before us.**

# We have grown morally, mentally and physically,



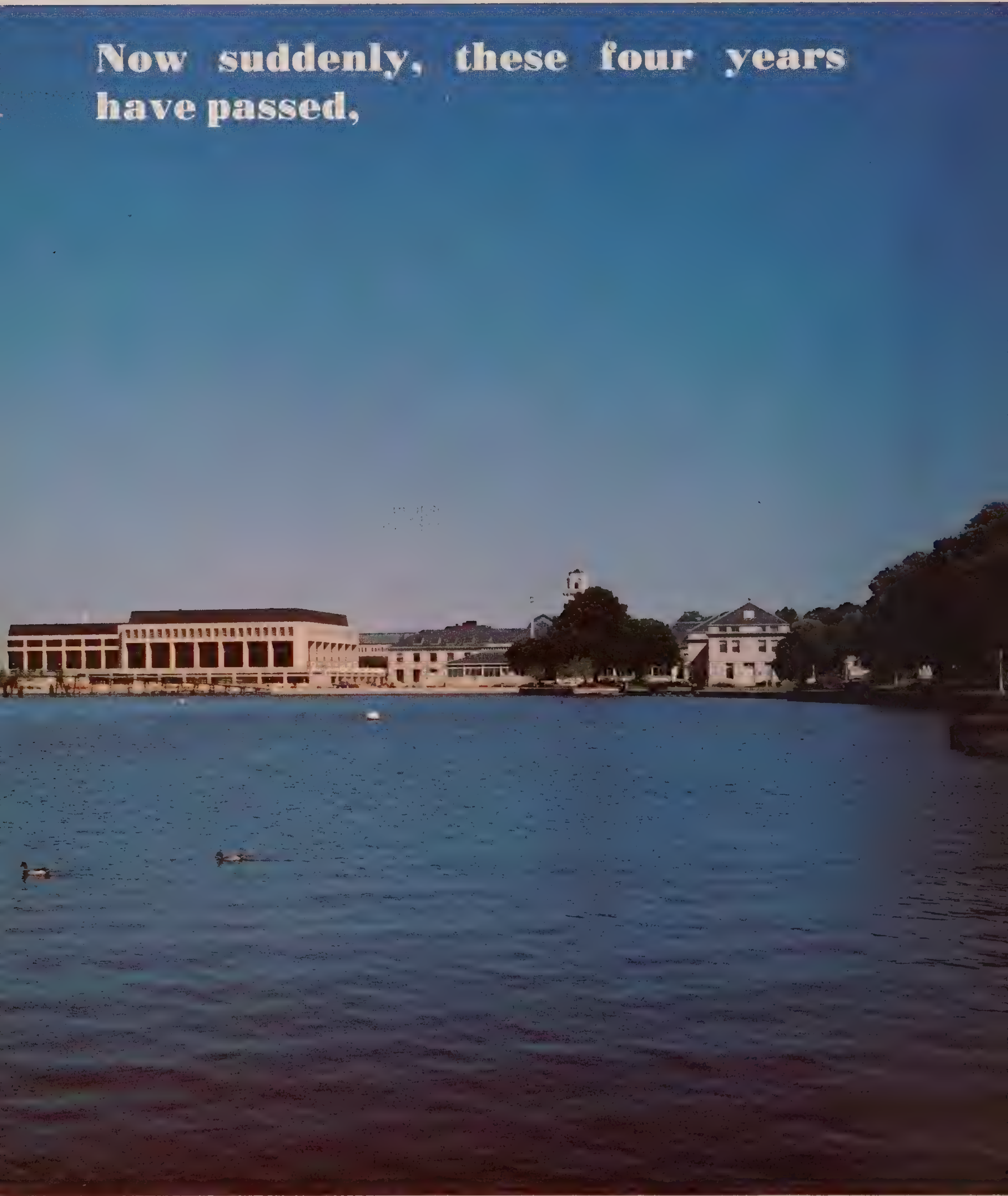
MACDONOUGH HALL

# While creating lifelong friendships and sparking unforgettable memories.

2-0
DELI

EXIT

Now suddenly, these four years have passed,



**The time has come to take our place beside those who have gone before us, with the knowledge that our lives have been forever colored by**

# By the Navy Blue and Gold

# CHAIN OF COMMAND

# COMMANDER IN CHIEF

*President Ronald R. Reagan*

# SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

*The Honorable Casper W. Weinberger*

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

# SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

*The Honorable John F. Lehman*

# CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

*Admiral Thomas B. Hayward*

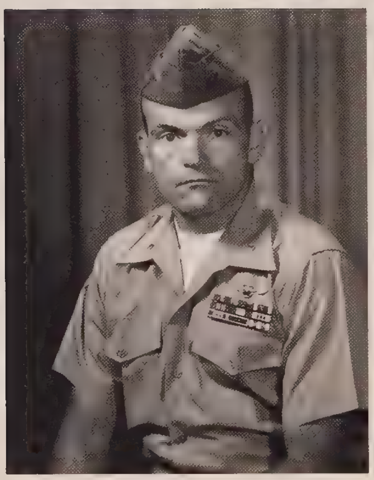
# SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ACADEMY

*Vice Admiral Edward C. Waller*

# COMMANDANT OF MIDSHIPMEN

*Commodore Leon A. Edney*

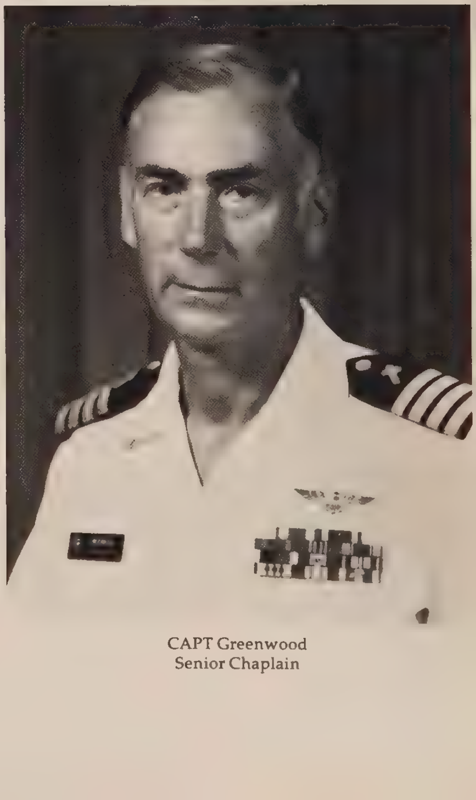
# ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF OF THE COMMANDANT


MAJ Williams
EA to Commandant

CAPT Holcomb
Deputy Commandant

CAPT Taylor
Dental

CAPT O'Donnell
Medical


CAPT Greenwood
Senior Chaplain

# OPERATIONS

CDR Byrnes

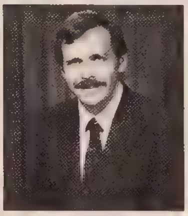
LT Murashige
Asst. Ops.

LT Libutti
Activities

LT Black
Schedules

LT Sloane
Movement

LCDR Beck
Band Dir.


Mr. Talley
Music Dept.

Mrs. Baysinger
Social Dir.

# ADMINISTRATION

LCDR Poch

LT Yieser
Performance

LT Kelly
First LT

LCDR Ledvina
Legal Advisor

LCDR Dowd
Conduct

# SUPPLY

CAPT Zieberlein

LCDR Neeb LT Schweer
Food Services

LCDR Herbert
Midn. Store

LT Love
Uniforms

LT (jg) Mower
Disbursing

LT Hahndorf
Financial Adv.

# THE BRIGADE

# Brigade Staff

## First Set

Commander, Andy Palowich; Deputy, Dobie McArthur; Adjutant, Scott Leftwich; First Lt., John Weidman; Admin, Ken Perry; Supply, Max Mullholland; Ops, Steve Taracevics; MIS Liaison, Steve Goertzen

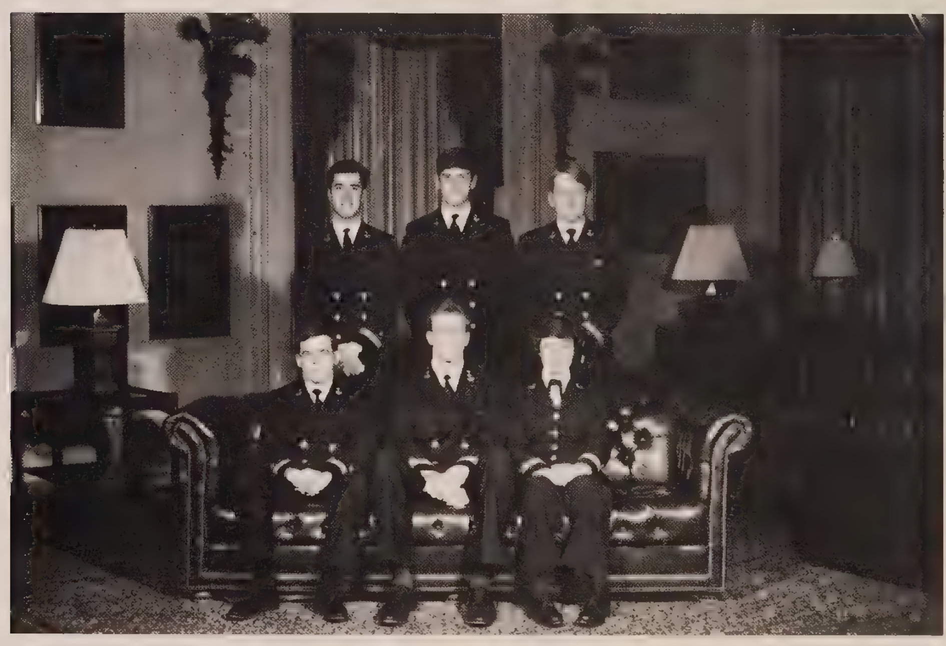
## Second Set

Commander, Walt Nobles; Deputy, Kevin Wilhelm; Ops, Rose McGrath; Adjutant, Joe Donovan; Admin, Dan Leader; Supply, John Somplasky; First Lt. Dennis LaRochelle; MIS Liaison, Scott Vasina

# First Regimental Staff First Set

Commander, Robert Sturgell; Sub-Commander, Kevin Mcguire; Supply, Rus Janicke; Adjutant, Ray Savich; Admin, Mark Stammer; Ops, Cathy Calhoun

## Second Set



Commander, Jim Righter; Sub-Commander, Jennifer Brooks; Ops, Mark Ginda; Adjutant, Rick Breckenbridge; Admin, Rich Rayerman; Supply, Mike Crowley

# Second Regimental Staff First Set

Commander, Jeff Campbell; Sub-Commander, Larry Nordvig; Ops, Carrie Musso; Admin, John Richardson; Adjutant, Dave Dunaway; Supply, Scott Harris

## Second Set

Commander, Kevin Boreen; Sub-Commander, Paul Shaw; Ops, Mike Golightly; Adjutant, Steve Burris; Admin, Tom Crook; Supply, Butch Smith

# First Battalion

LCOL Lecornu

## FALL SET

Commander, D. Culbertson; Sub-Commander, C. Batchlor; Ops, D. Zeise; Adjutant, T. Galpin; Supply, T. Riggs; Admin, B. Hagenbuch

## SPRING SET

Commander, D. Dinkins; Sub-Commander, M. Tabert; Ops, J. Hatten; Adjutant, D. Tracy; Supply, C. King; Admin, E. Larson

# Second Battalion

CAPT Soupiset

## FALL SET

Commander, R. Miles; Sub-Commander, L. Brasher; Ops, K. Hagmann; Adjutant, G. Loureiro; Supply, R. Ward; Admin, M. Murdter

## SPRING SET

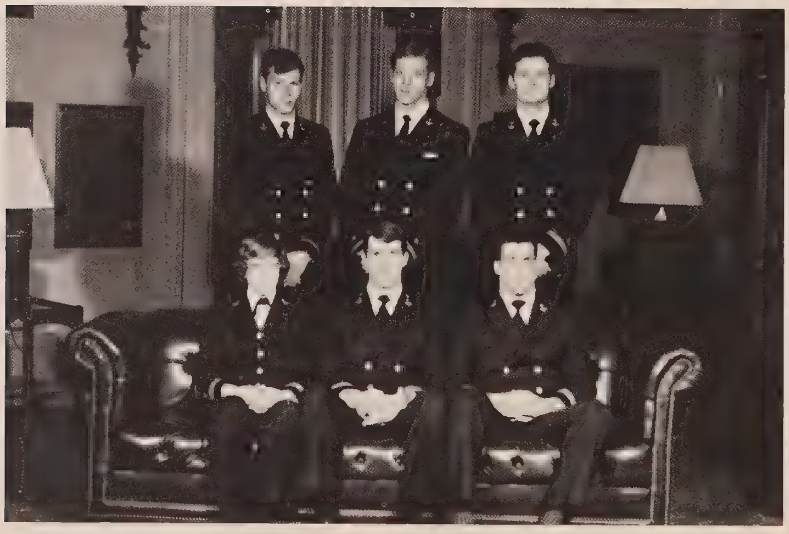
Commander, P. Healy; Sub-Commander, J. Plude; Ops, S. Irwin; Adjutant, B. Swanson; Supply, P. Skopowski; Admin, F. Gorman

# Third Battalion

CAPT Cheaure

## FALL SET

Commander, M. Sharpe; Sub-Commander, S. Sunseri; Ops, M. Stresemann; Adjutant, W. Popovich; Supply, R. Alexander; Admin, J. Davidson



## SPRING SET

Commander, J. Capstaff; Sub-Commander, S. Kovel; Ops, T. Jackson; Adjutant, R. Craft; Supply, R. Schumacher; Admin, J. Wendell

# Fourth Battalion

CDR Galanti

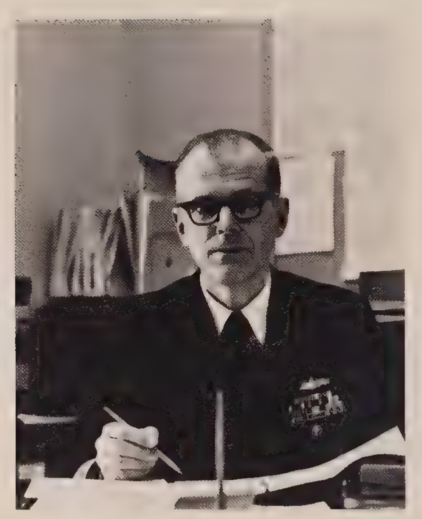
FALL SET

Commander, D. Lynch; Sub-Commander, D. Lowe; Ops, R. Fricker; Adjutant, C. Blackadar; Supply, T. Aruffo; Admin, J. Alverez

SPRING SET

Commander, B. Arnold; Sub-Commander, S. Duffy; Ops, C. Miller; Adjutant, J. Welter; Supply, P. Hartzell; Admin, P. Haglich

# Fifth Battalion



CAPT Strasser

## FALL SET

Commander, F. Lowery; Sub-Commander, E. Dachowski; Ops, K. Baugh; Adjutant, G. Cook; Supply, B. Fell; Admin, P. Schulert

## SPRING SET

Commander, D. Martin; Sub-Commander, J. Hornick; Ops, D. Dittmer; Adjutant, B. Kyllo; Supply, S. Corley; Admin, P. Gamble

# Sixth Battalion

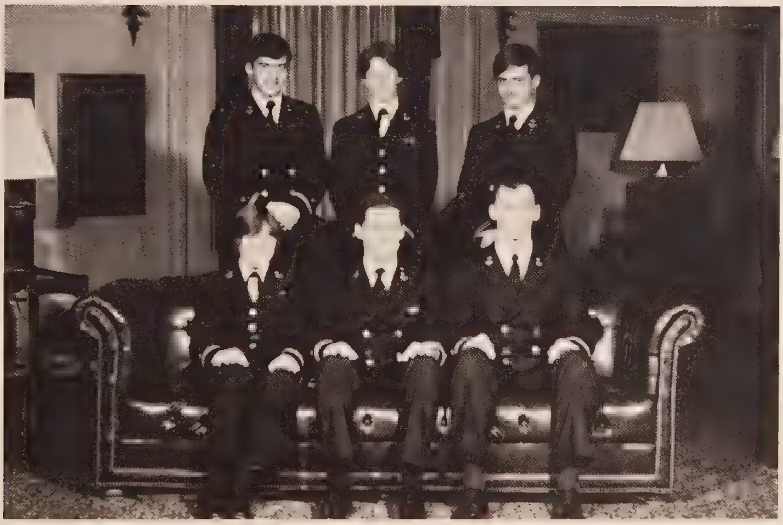
CAPT Karcher

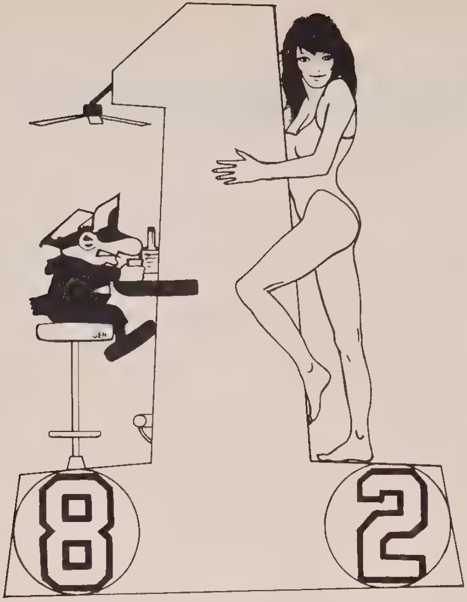
FALL SET

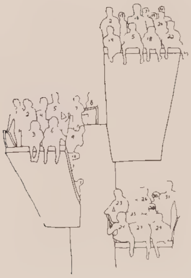
Commander, D. Mewbourne; Sub-Commander, W. Wright; Ops, S. Barr; Adjutant, K. Keenan; Supply, R. Matthews; Admin, M. Hoppe

SPRING SET

Commander, L. Gilpin; Sub-Commander, T. Brannen; Ops, L. Postenrieder; Adjutant, C. Wilson; Supply, C. Mcguire; Admin, C. Morgan





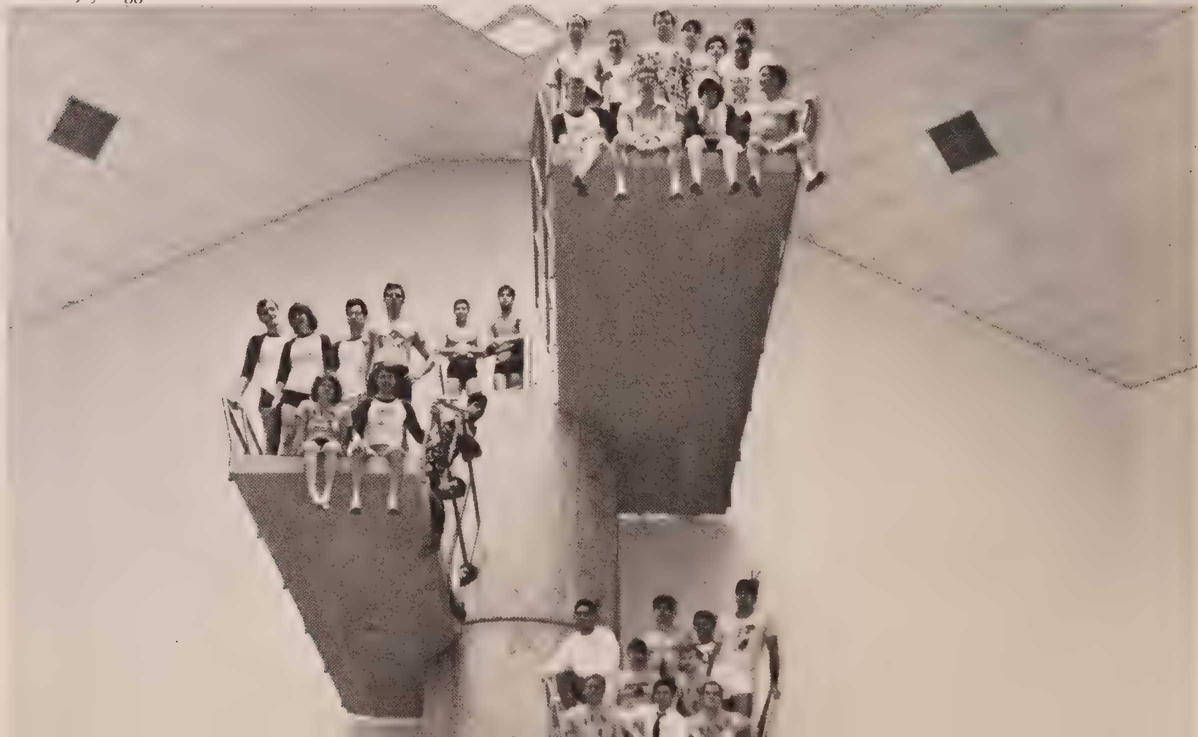


1. Bill Schmidlin 2. Pam Kocornik 3. Terri Riggs 4. Mike Foster 5. Tim Galpin 6. Jeff Criswell 7. Herby Hendrickson 8. Mike Rouser 9. Greg French 10. Rich Clyborne 11. Tom Kennedy 12. Greg Robillard 13. Larry Weber 14. Dave Grim 15. Paul Urey 16. Tim Krese 17. Dave Andrews 18. Donna Esposito 19. Will Morales 20. Neal Zendle 21. Craig Hardin 22. Rick Chapman 23. Paul Krug 24. Dave Ruff 25. Bill McCormack 26. Rick Breckenbridge 27. Mark Tabert 28. Ken Murray 29. Tom Kiser 30. Jay Higgins 31. Will Morris

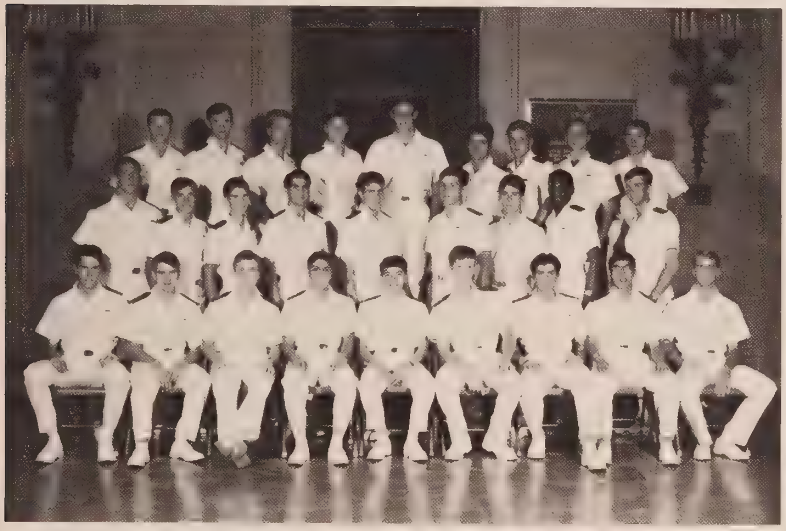
LT Curtis, 1st Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT David Ruff, M/LTJG Greg French, M/ENS Craig Hardin
*Spring Set* — M/LT Herbert Hendrickson, M/LTJG Tim Krese, M/ENS Mike Foster

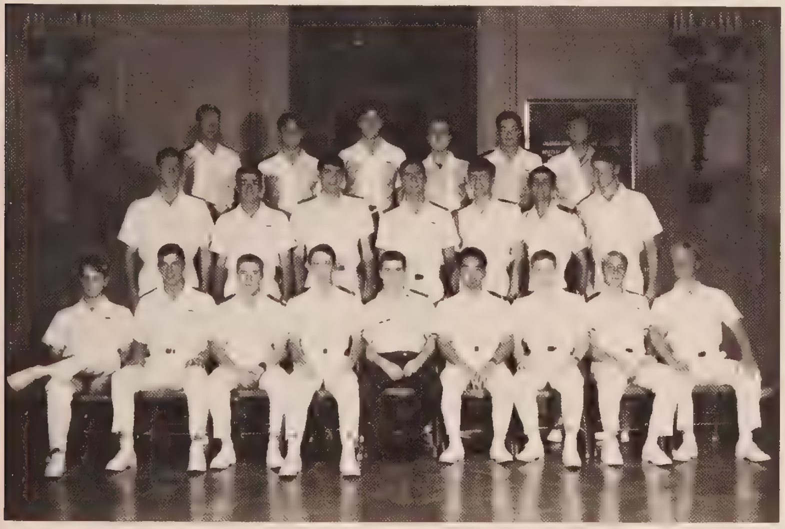
1st Co. Fun One: a state of mind. Yes, once again 1st Company proved that mids can get the job done without losing their cool. Under the laid-back leadership of '82, 1st Company set the pace for the Brigade. In P-rades, the boys strolled to a casual 3rd place overall without all of those dreary morning practices. Academically, Fun One was once again tops in the Brigade — not to mention the five post-graduate scholarships for '82. Not to be outdone, the company athletes did their part. In addition to the many varsity lettermen (including an All-American swimmer and the Liberty Bowl Defensive Player of the Game), the company had three varsity team captains. Of course the in-company athletes did their part with division championships in heavyweight football, fieldball, and soccer. So remember, it's all a state of mind.



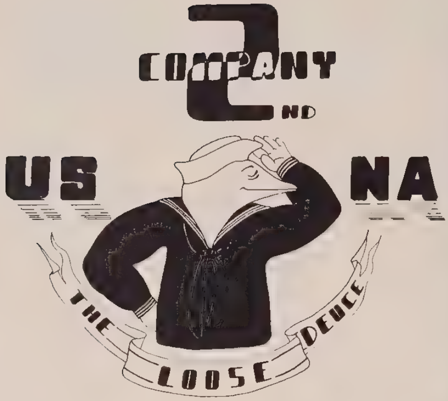
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* D. Acton, J. Houfek, B. Dunleavy, M. Gorenflo, A. Smith, K. Ikeda, L. Powell, E. Disher, D. Bevington; *Row 2* R. Breuil, K. Hymes, J. Kuzma, J. Gordon, B. Hicks, J. Llarena, B. Hodges; *Row 3* J. Guthrie, P. Heim, B. Costello, K. Phillips, E. Hodgson, G. Smith



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* K. Burke, D. Steinberg, G. Romero, D. Selas, R. Johnson, A. Gallota, M. McDowell, C. Cheu, M. Meuller; *Row 2* L. Beese, A. Hollingsworth, N. Larson, S. Noreika, L. Carr, K. Hart, C. Karnbach, C. Kizzee, J. Vann; *Row 3* S. Bibeau, L. Ondrey, C. Bertoleh, M. McGiveny, B. Ratcliffe, L. Holtkamp, P. Buckley, J. Hamm.



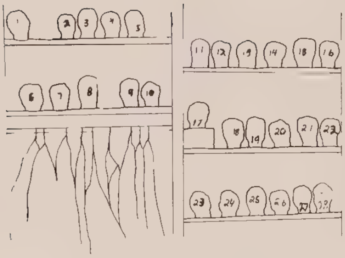
**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* A. Marouie, T. Salza, R. Reid, J. Beadles, R. Tilghman, J. Henry, M. Dunning, J. Shevis, T. Owen; *Row 2* M. McDonough, I. Gone, J. Evans, C. Holte, E. Beckler, R. Stewart, A. Hinkley, J. Sims, D. Hahn, J. Hendrix, A. Coetzee, J. Marr; *Row 3* A. Sterret, B. Coblentz, D. Reuster, J. Lennox, K. Cozad, T. Digges, S. Stevenson, M. Bryant, A. Bartosik



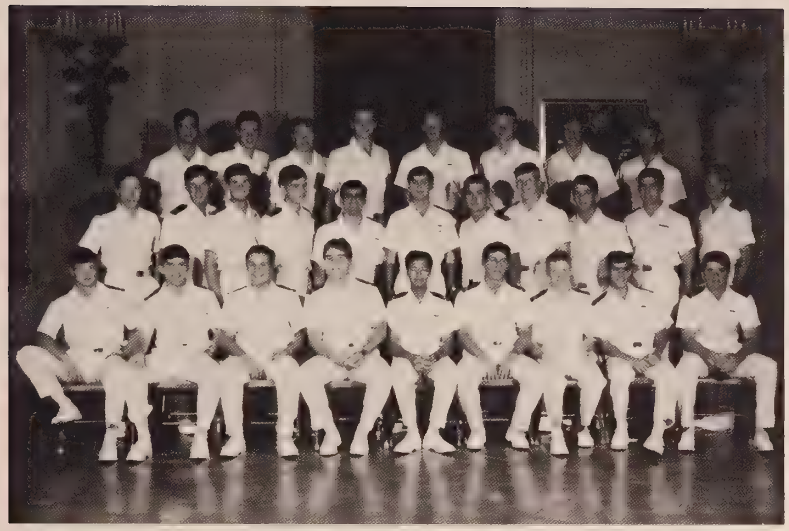
Lt. Horne, 2nd Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Mark Williams, M/LTJG Russ Daniel, M/ENS Johns Vance
*Spring Set* — M/LT Gary Sandala, M/LTJG Bob Centeno, M/ENS Vince Lamolinara

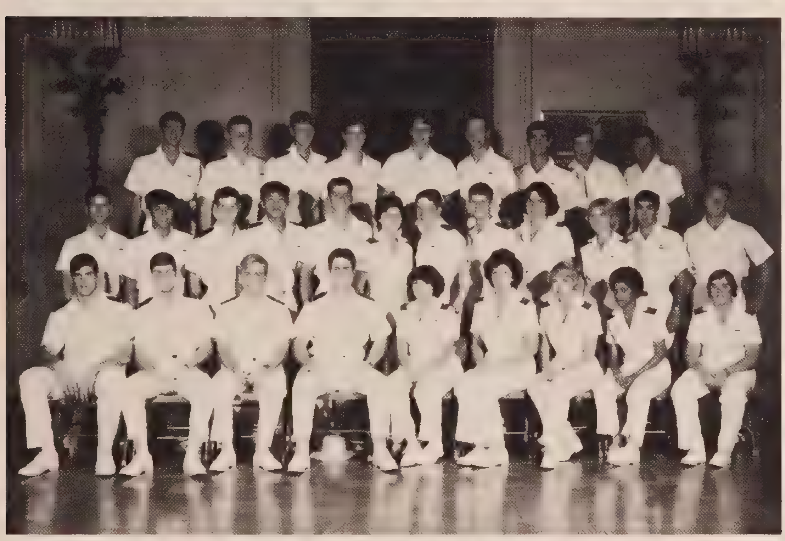
2nd Co. *LOOSE DEUCE:* Insert, Ayatollah, Dr. D'bag, 2 week Fryin' Hawaiian, Steady Freddy Boom Boom . . . What can you do for me Roger? — Nice hair Bob! Where's yours Bill? What are you laughing about Gary? Jose bag got *how many* letters today? DAD GUM — FDR! Snickers bars and Dr. Pepper . . . Tom, Bakes and the green beans. CLINK! SPLASH! Whose ring was that, Boo? GO Greg, Charlie 1, 2, 3 . . . Over the state line is kidnapping, Steve! Rte. 2 drag strip. Monuts' letter sweater, FINALLY! *Another* star for your sweater Vach? How was the Med Jerry? Eaglebeak/Vincey-schnoz, The Cane, Radio Rick's cute shorts, JP the H.O. Hatchet man, Ken Mangione (Magic Lips), Dave the duck hunter, The Woodpecker/Mumbles, John the Mechanical Sage. Incorps is best Bill, no sleep for Willey (Jose either), Witt's positive thinking, Chicken murders and the Iowa 4, 2-ton Tessie and Slim Jim, Uncle JD and Wild T too, . . . Spiffy fry and HAT TOSS!



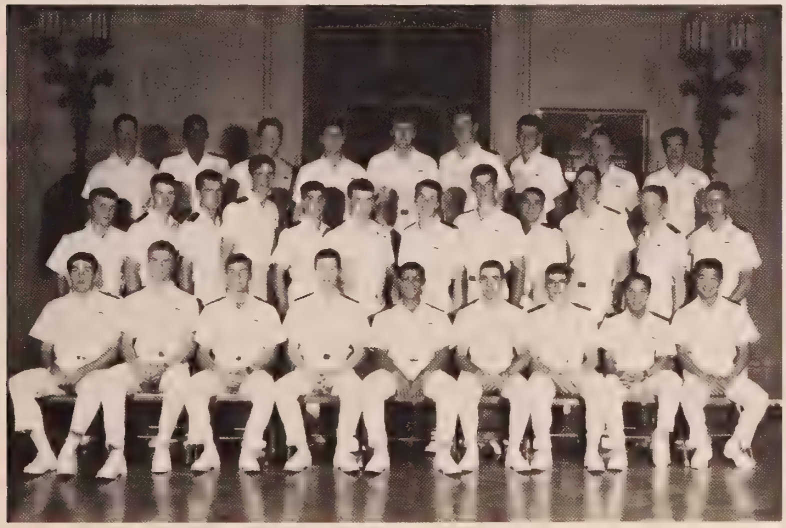
1. John Lenehan 2. Dean Studt 3. Chris Klentzman 4. Gerald Lahr 5. Bob Centeno 6. Brent Hagenbuch 7. Andy Fuller 8. Bill Kovach 9. Gary Sandala 10. Scott Larson 11. Steve Kingston 12. Greg Wittman 13. Clint Knudson 14. Bob Adrion 15. John Vance 16. John McCaffrey 17. Vince Lamolinara 18. Dave Schmick 19. Bill Vargo 20. Charlie King 21. Mark Williams 22. Tom Guerrasio 23. Ken Perry 24. Russ Daniel 25. Roger Bradford 26. Rick Low 27. Joe Cherra 28. Greg Hanson



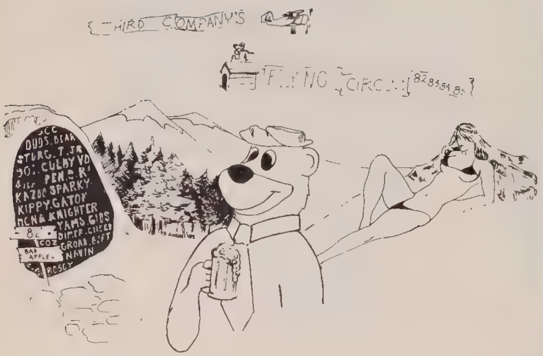
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Drew Schlaepfer, Al Silver, Walt Molano, Don Haas, Ben Espe, Javier Covelli, Dave Fisher, Al Lenz, Neil Davidson; *Row 2* Chris Kiergan, Doug Streit, John Dace, Steve Herrmann, Rob Piroumian, Mike Simmons, Mike Quinlan, Tim Herndon, Chip Walter, George Whitbeck, Drew Jensen; *Row 3* Johm Croce, Mike Astleford, Mike Vermillion, John Hults, Eric Yotz, Keith Walker, Andy Gallop, Dan Casmey; *not pictured* Tyrone Thames, Steve Kennedy, Mike Parra, Joe Mokris, Evan Edwards

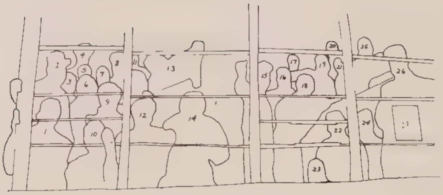


**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Rick Pagel, Brian Jones, Kent Peters, Jeff Amerine, Gina Dinicolo, Helen Stahley, Kari Standard, Heather Carrington, Patti Lynch; *Row 2* Mike Lancaster, Jeff Galicia, Tim Goff, Mike Yu, Dean Schmidt, Amy Thomas, Eric Cook, Mark Desens, Linda Schumacher, Sue Borden, Jim Brennan, Charlie Swift; *Row 3* John Jolley, Kevin Andersen, Scott Woessner, Harold Hoffman, Dan Eldredge, David Stender, John Weigold, Pete Brannigan, Jason Wharton; *not pictured* Kathy Eaves, Pete Oswald.



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Chris Lowery, Greg Olson, Mike Tranchina, Dave O'Neil, Geoff Gex, Tom George, Dan Stout, Humilde Prudencio, George Lange; *Row 2* John Berg, Dave Bailey, Bill Shulz, Jeff Heida, John Puglisi, Steve Wilson, Andy Butterfield, Tony Orlando, Ralph Portnoy, Dave Randle, Lou Chiavacci; *Row 3* Gary Kent, Curtis Bryan, Tim Szymanski, Joe Valentine, Jact Stem, Steve Purdy, Brian Broberg, John Mlincsek, Vinnie Young.


THIRD COMPANY'S
FLYING CIRCUS
82 83 84 85
JCC
DUDS. BEAR
STURG. T. JR
90Z. CULBY VD
PEN. S.R
4 ibs
KAZOO SPARKY
KIPPY. GATOR
MONA KNIGHTER
YAMS. GIDS
82
DIMER. CHICO
COZ GROAD. BUTT
BAD APPLE
NAVIN
ROSEY

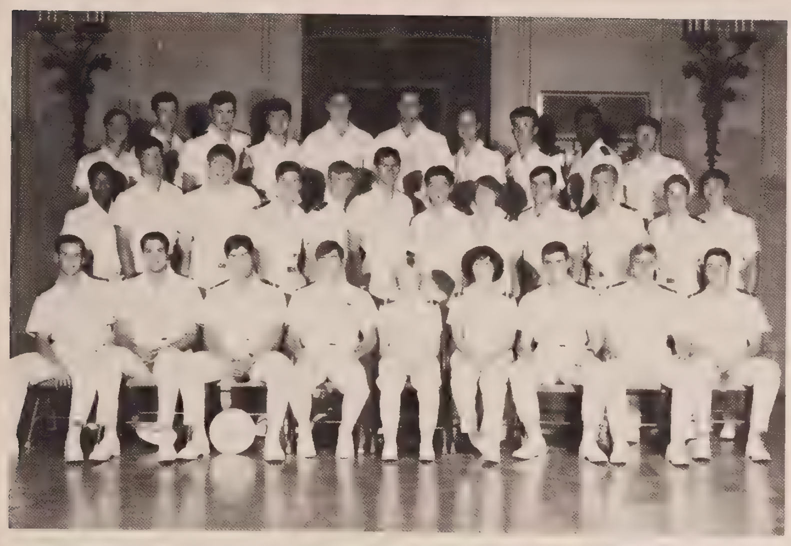


**1. Eric Reinke 2. Joe Wilson 3. O-Newton-Saki 4. Gavin Giddings 5. Dean Yamasaki 6. Brucie Schmickley 7. Bruce Dudley 8. John Hatten 9. Mona Loa 10. Sweat Surko 11. Gerry Rowe 12. Randy Smith 13. Tommy Tkac 14. Bob Dimas 15. Space Logue 16. David Culbertson 17. Al Davitt 18. Richand Simmons 19. George Bonsall 20. Navin Jurceka 21. Greg Chico 22. Eddie Delaney 23. Joey Head 24. Phil Peyton 25. John Knight 26. Bobby Sturgell**

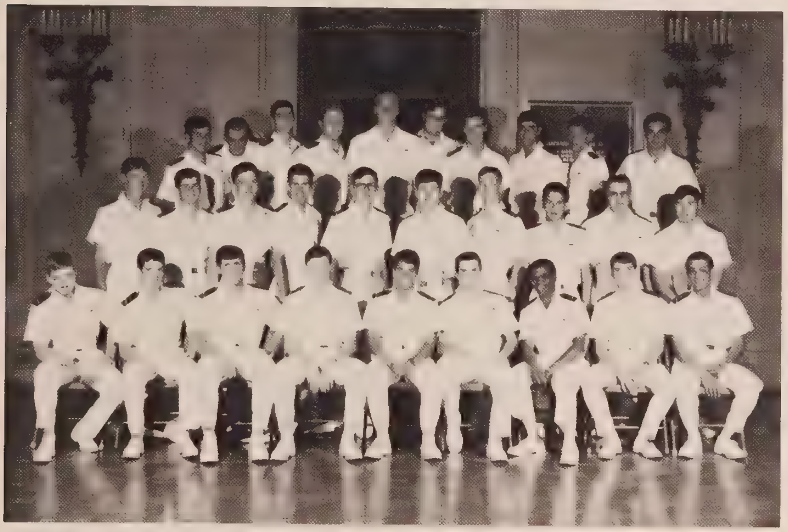
Lt. Johnson, 3rd Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Dudley, M/LTJG Surko, M/ENS Chico
*Spring Set* — M/LT Peyton, M/LTJG Tkac, M/ENS Giddings

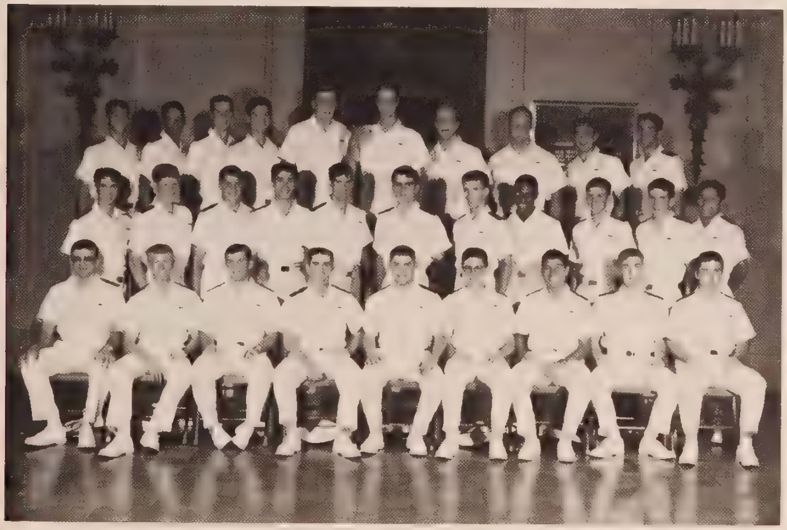
3rd Co. "Avoid Pain, Pursue Pleasure" — so say our Thirsty-Third T-shirts. We've definitely kept with tradition and gone for the gusto this year. From regimental fieldball champs to varsity athlete jocks, from Pat and Ed on YPs to Jim and Iggy as cheerleaders, from Sturg the striper to Surks the trident scholar, from Phil and Tom in charge of VTNA to Duds the brigade's auto mechanic, we took Canoe U. by storm. Under the never-present leadership of Lt. (TF)$^2$, we pursued pleasure. There was the annual pilgrimage to the Halloween Saturnalia and a Christmas party that turned into quite a "roast." Unfortunately, we got caught in some of our antics: How were the crabs at Riverside? How 'bout our youngsters bringing the party into the hall one Friday night? During Army week, a Marine Corps smoke grenade brought us to the 4-1 skyline *again*. So what else is new?!



**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Bob Graham, Jay Pondya, John Reich, Jim McKinley, Lisa Thompson, Ann Furtner, Bill Leitzau, Dave Radi, Jeff Heavener; *Row 2* Don Beard, Mike Wallace, Ken Fancher, Frank Halliwell, Mike Arnold, Pete Hunt, Larry Vonier, Pam Allinger, Mark Wilson, John Farrell, Bill Grant, Bill Mvsinger; *Row 3* Chuck Shipper, Ed Powell, Fred Bowers, Bob Harris, Dwight Jenkins, Dan Molthen, Bill Traub, Mark Scheaffer, Darrel Lakins, Paul Henkel

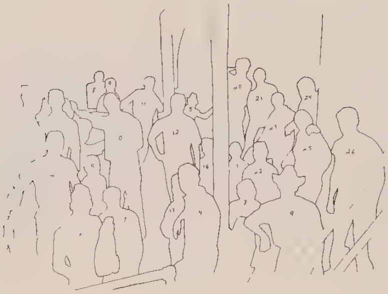


**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Bob Beach, Mike Peast, Alex Casimes, Pat Walsh, John Stamos, Maurice Fairley, Davis Smith, Dave Forney, Jean-Francois Turner; *Row 2* Dick Donnelly, Gary Watson, Greg Pease, Mike Murphy, Byron Bond, Jerry Mosher, Pat Rabun, Raphaez Ulloa, Dave Marang, Bob Megarrity; *Row 3* John Nowell, Joey Head, Glenn Schultz, John Fusto, Ray Clark, Kevin Jennings, Clay Richmond, Tony Medina, Mike Kutelmack, Mike Wilson.



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Andy Bellus, Rob White, Mike Gilday, Lenny Gonzalez, Dan Holzrichter, Frank Novak, Gene Mendoza, Marty McEnroe, Tim Berg; *Row 2* Chris Hickey, Mark Waterman, Mike Fazzio, John Van Cleave, Rick Merriman, Andy Cheney, John Williams, Chuck Mills, Dan Seigenthaler, Dale Horan, Jeff Baquer; *Row 3:* Mark Poindexter, Pete Phelps, Rob Wileman, Tom Higgins, Steve Cade, Bruce Thompson, Hugh Walter, Bob Goodman, Steve Debonis, Rene Puliatti

USNA
FOURTH
COMPANY

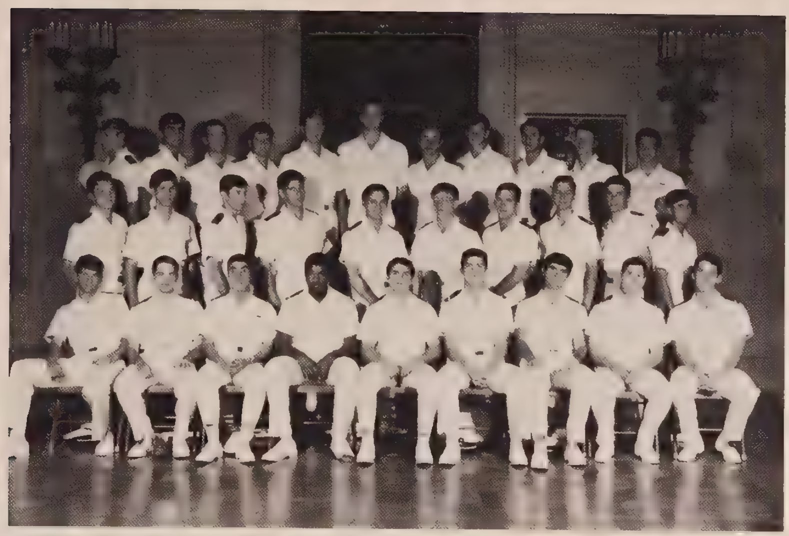


1. Dave Dinkins 2. Red Jentz 3. Biff Browning 4. Brian Underwood 5. Bob McKenzie 6. Mark Olechowski 7. Jim Lingar 8. Chuck Borowski 9. Hank Schneider 10. Tom Brown 11. Brian Riso 12. Pat Gill 13. Mike Jordan 14. Jeff Heibel 15. Bill Flynn 16. Don Clements 17. John Vargo 18. Bernie Fitzgerald 19. Jim Buglewicz 20. Ivan DeBate 21. Bob Claypool 22. Jenny Sullivan 23. Steve Wechsler 24. Marcus Yonehiro 25. Pam Pitkin 26. Pat Thurman

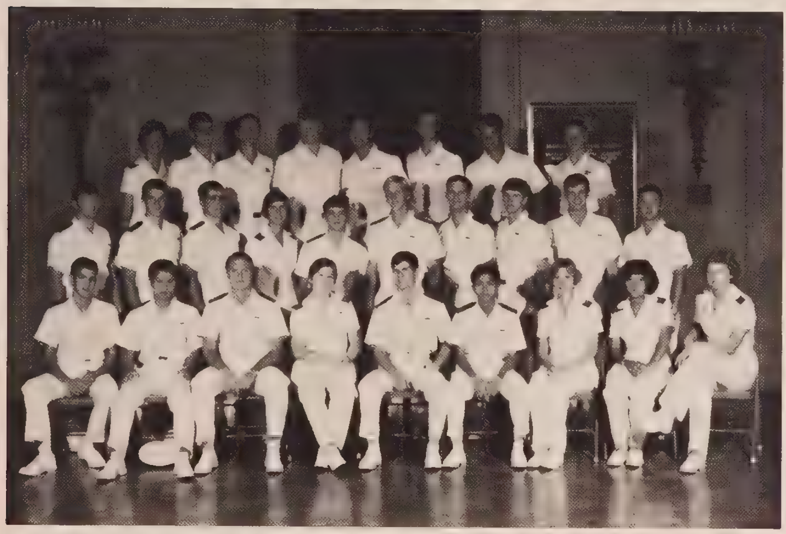
Maj. Lasher — 4th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT William Browning, M/LTJG Mark Olechowski, M/ENS Patrick Gill
*Spring Set* — M/LT Brian Underwood, M/LTJG Patrick Gill, M/ENS John Bullock

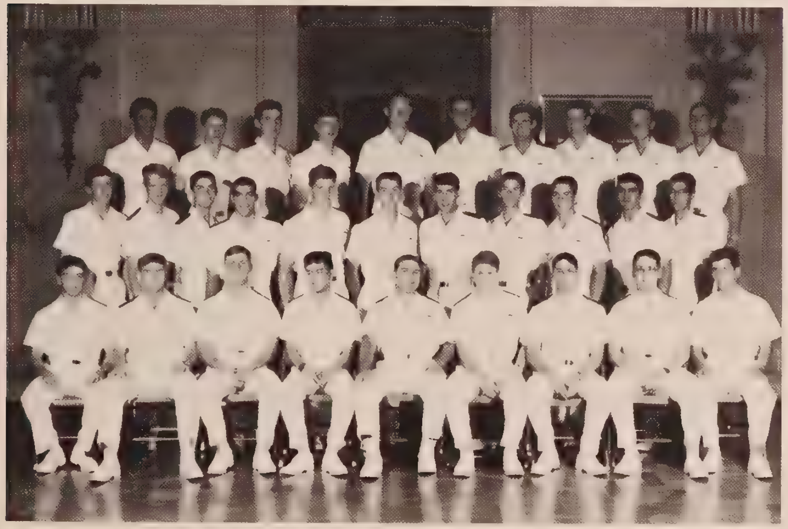
4th Co. Phoamin' Phour spent most of the year in the thick of the race for color company. A solid company composed of well-rounded individuals — skilled in athletics, academics and good times — Fourth Company supplied the driving force behind the Brigade Champion Battalion Football team and, with much the same group, defended the Heavyweight touch football crown. The mainstays of the brigade champ stixball team as well as two Class A skippers came from Fourth Company. "Work Hard, Play Hard," the company motto, became the general attitude for the whole company. We did work hard most of the time, but we played hard *all* of the time. (The Major's house may never be the same.) As years and classes pass, none of us will ever forget the times, both good and bad, that we spent in Fourth Company, the closest group in the Brigade.



**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* G. Manley, D. Hopkins, K. Rivera, R. Moore, G. Salty, F. Okie, S. Trainer, D. Wayne, J. Murray; *Row 2* K. Hawk, S. Olevenik, M. Hellcat, M. Thurman, M. Bait, W. W. Wells, V. Texdale, F. T. Longer, E. T. Block, C. Voigts; *Row 3* S. Bird, F. Porneau, J. Geddy, L. Zilla, M. E. Thane, D. Axeman, L. Ipps, R. Gambrillo, K. Zoom, J. Curper, J. Hair.



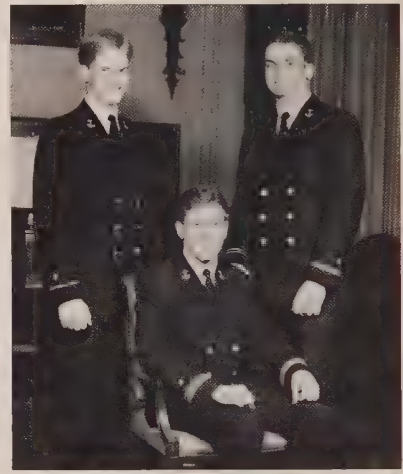
**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* R. Syring, S. Oh, D. Mitchell, S. Pfeiffer, J. Dorbin, L. Hiponia, R. Christopherson, B. Baker, C. Eppers; *Row 2* T. Quigley, T. Mortensen, J. Thompson, P. Futcher, T. Stubbs, J. Westerbeke, D. Schmode, T. Ransom, D. Zevotek, J. Mooney; *Row 3* V. Wall, R. Rabuse, S. Griffin, B. Murphy, K. Blum, G. DeBode, M. Eves, M. Thompson; *not pictured* K. Holderied, J. Fellowes, J. Conklin, S. Saxton, A. Manning, M. Flaggs.



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Cuthbert, Loblein, Dean, Sun, Dibono, Cameron, Stout, Thompson, Gomez; *Row 2* Ballard, Hanson, Kowalewski, Hauman, Switzer, Preddy, Beygo, Phillips, Grill Warda, Spear; *Row 3* Mata, Pimple, Kintzel, Kyser, Klooster, Selvy, Hoppa, Grenier, Bourbeau, Berger.

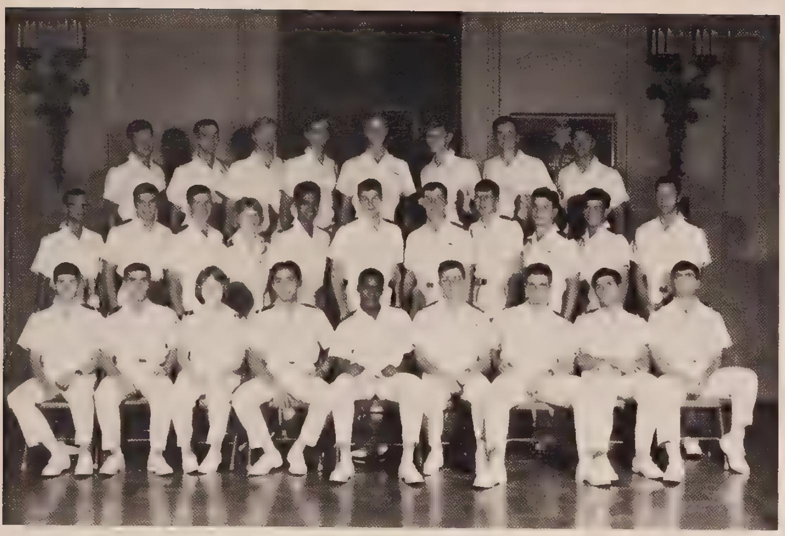
**INCOGNITO**

LCDR Reese 5th Co. Officer

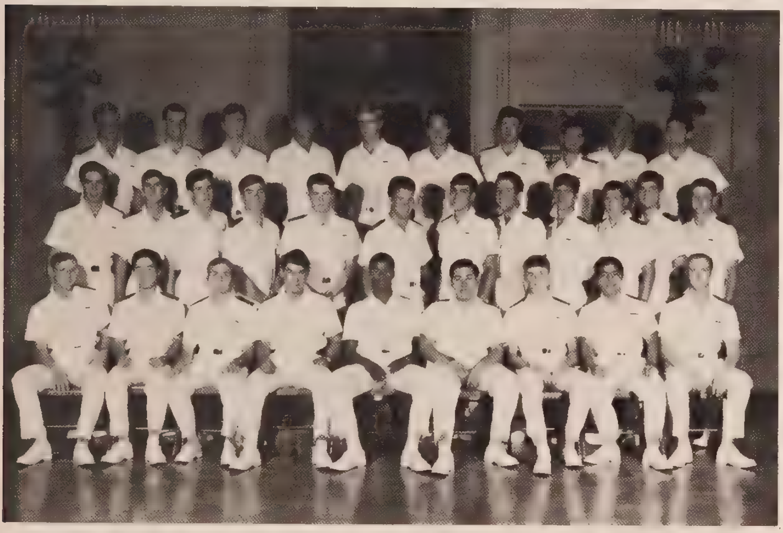


*Fall Set* — M/LT Reese, M/LTJG Watson, M/ENS Klunder
*Spring Set* — M/LT Watkins, M/LTJG Hackett, M/ENS Buss

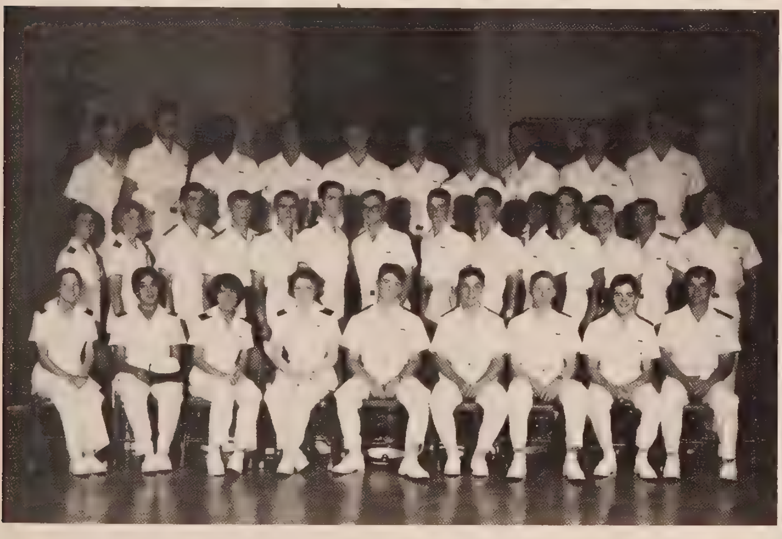
Fifth Company. Fighting Five? Remembering the good times that we shared, perhaps we should call ourselves Frat Five. This fall the company socialized after every home football game at the Edward Hackett Pre-Memorial Tailgaters. We held several "sports nights" first semester and saw 1981 out with a Christmas party. During the second semester we avoided the snow by holding an ice-skating party, and we braved the cold April winds for a chilly — but enjoyable — picnic. *However*, it wasn't all play and no work for 5th. We upheld the name of *Fighting* Five by proving our tenacity in sports and professionalism. We won the brigade championship title in lightweight football, the regimental title in soccer, and a special award for best and most professional company area. In addition, each of the four classes averaged better than 3.0 on the PCR. Frat Five or Fighting Five . . . or *both?*



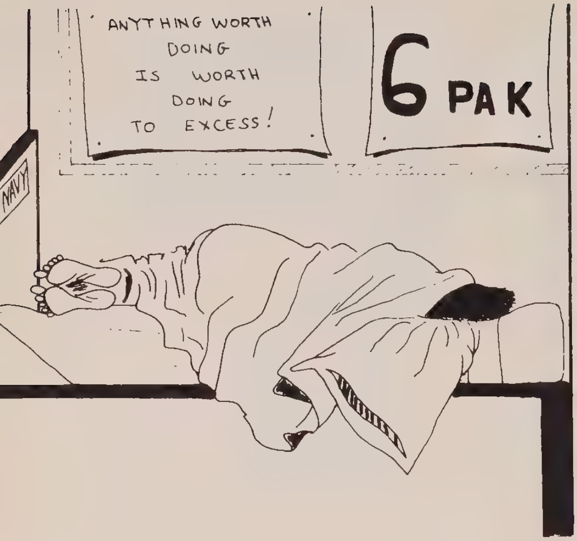
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* John Lovering, Jeff Faye, Denise Pellete, Vic Mercado, Robert "Juice" Martin, John Cerasuold, John "JB" Newell, Richard Wehman, Brian "Hinks" Hinkley; *Row 2* Dave "Beef" Scott, Jim Riegel, Patrick Ellis, Heidi Wolfangel, Joe Cooney, Bob Clyborne, Greg Butler, Mike Philbrook, Tim "TJ" Jewel, Dave Gwilliam, Brian LaRoche; *Row 3* Joey Miller, George DuPont. Darren Anderson, Joe Harding, Tim Rexrode, Mike Ott, Sean Freeman; *not pictured* Bruce Dammeier, Dave "Grunts" Buesner.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Steve Berninger, Glen Otis, Jim Bishop, Scott Kushino, Troy McSwain, Paul Silva, Doug Cassidy, Robert Gonzalez, John Glaeser; *Row 2* Peter Dallman, John Abbot, Joe Cook, Randy King, Brian Gehringer, John Herron, Tom Huff, Peter McDevitt, Claude Coucoules, David Weely, Robert Speer, Clayton Saunders; *Row 3* Dave Kiehl, Alan Abramson, Mathew Egeli, Craig Michaels, Kit Marnane, Woody Harris, Dave Goins, Mark Mohr, Richard Byers, D. R. Dugan.

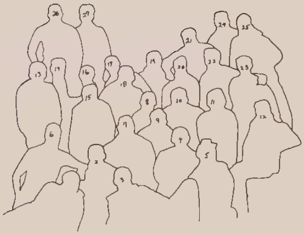


**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Patti Rouble, Kathy McCartan, Sue Saalav, Andrea Webb, Jeff Belt, Charles Burns, John Hannink, Mark Walters, Jim Cochrane; *Row 2* Lucinda McKinney, Stephanie Green, Dave Williamson, Vonnie Joy, Eric Gardner, Joseph Flynn, Robert Ivey, Tom Huffstubler, Bill Fenton, Tom Adams, Glen Hamilton, Dave Gunker, Lou Cedrone, Gary Cozad; *Row 3* John Wiltgen, Curtis Pearson, Mike Greenwood, Scott Olsen, Mike Yankovitch, Dave Baker, Tony Landauer, LeMonte Adkins, Dave Price, Tom Fritz.

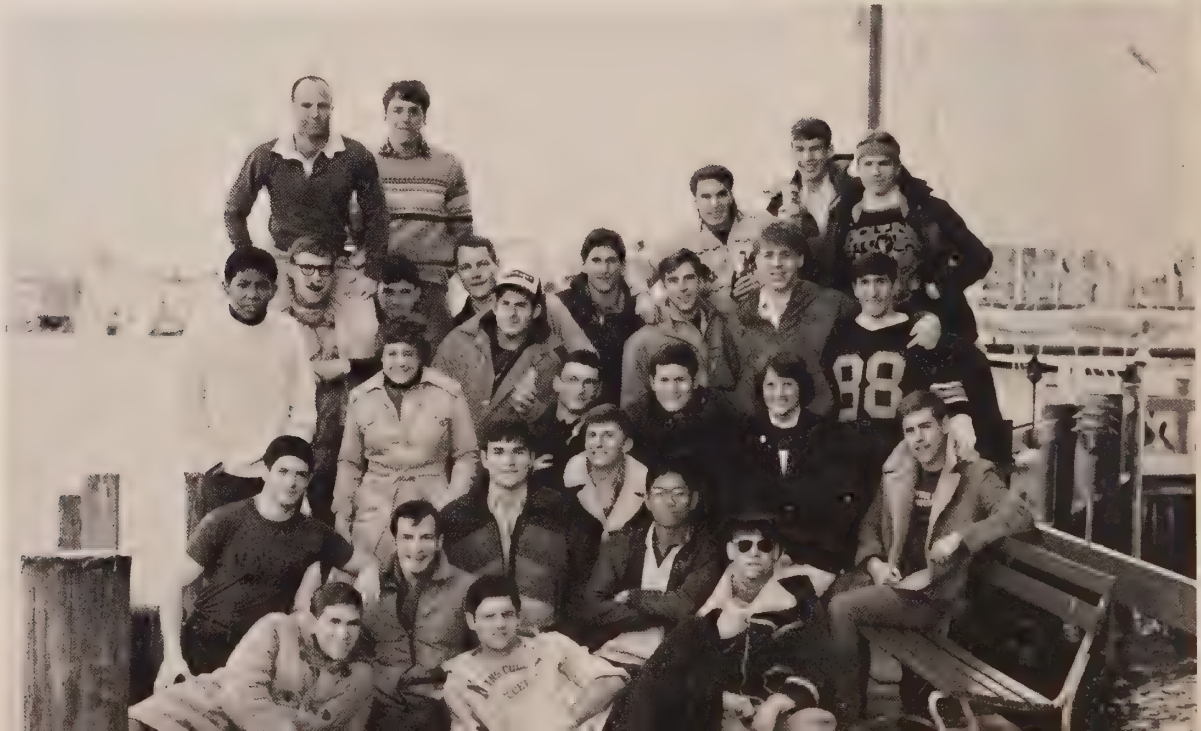


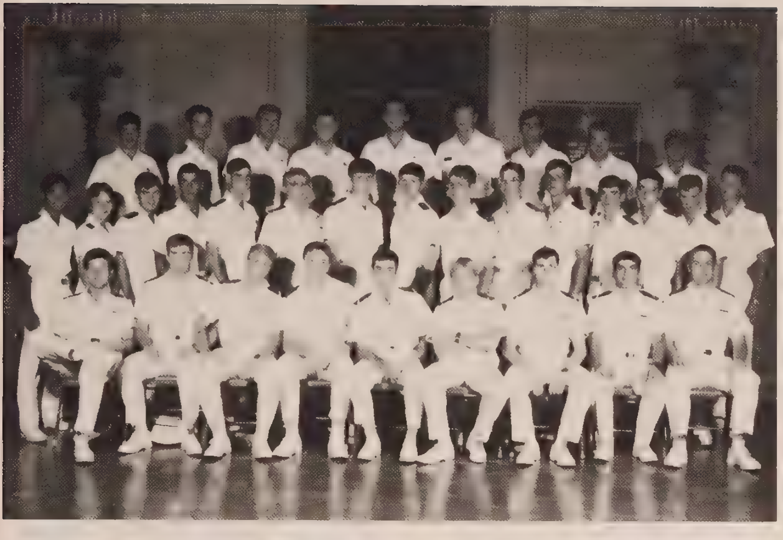
Lt. Moss — 6th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Gus Anderson, M/LTJG Al Dobler, M/ENS John Viniotis
*Spring Set* — John Kelly, M/LTJG Phil Davidson, M/ENS William Kearley

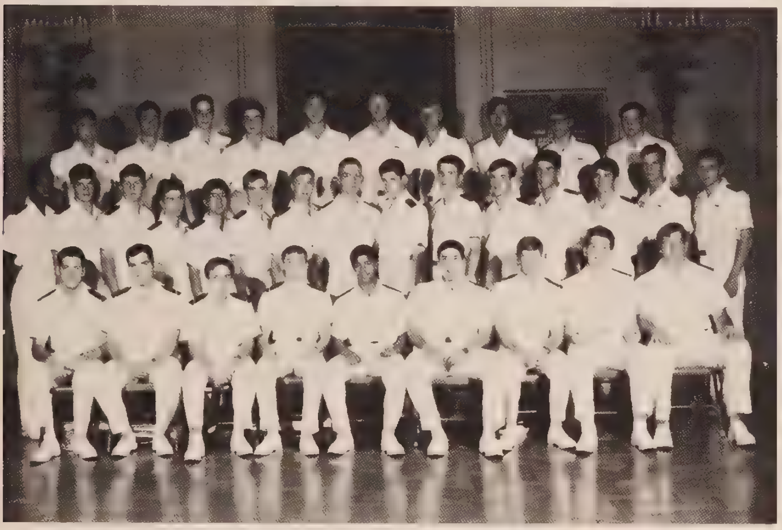


1. Frank Koye 2. Steve Gatanis 3. Matt Cissel 4. Ed Manzano 5. Gus Anderson 6. Mike Quercia 7. Bill Chemey 8. Mark Miller 9. Jack Wassink 10. John Judge 11. Emmi McLean 12. Pete Strait 13. Noel Davis 14. Al Dobler 15. Sandy Martin 16. Bill Kearly 17. Eric Larson 18. Dave Clopp 19. Hans Larsen 20. Sean Steeves 21. Paul Limbacher 22. Phil Davidson 23. John Viniotis 24. Paul Friedrichs 25. Bob Wimmer 26. John Kelly 27. Dan Zeise

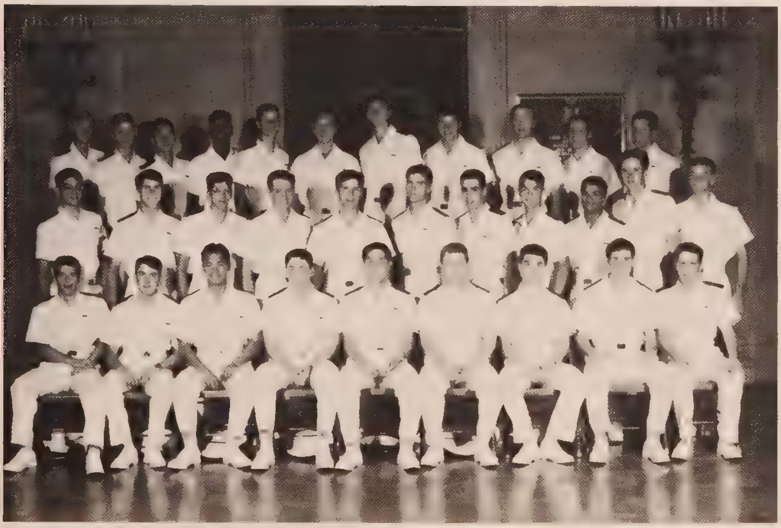




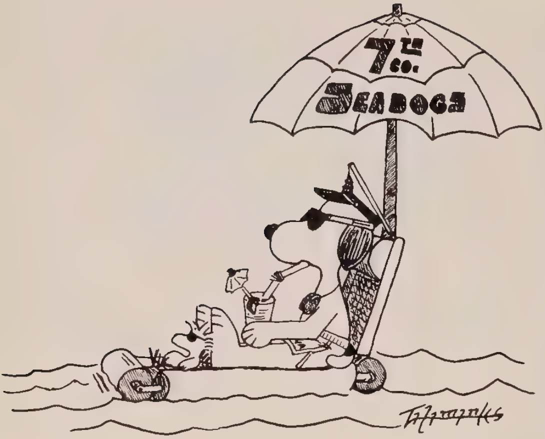
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* David Kelley, John Krepps, Mike Koval, Larry McCombs, Jim Hille, Dan Krall, Charles Piersall, Mike Seaver, Kirk Anderson; *Row 2* Pete Manibo, Carol Sink, Brian Collins, Elmer Roane, Andy Macyko, Darrell Page, Eric Revter, Jim Drake, Jay Benner, Frank Gallow, Chip Ressel, Ernie Sax, Dan Forney, Bill Omberg, Dave Linton; *Row 3* Chris St. George, Wallace Smith, Darrell Montgomery, Tim Thomson, Darrell Overcash, Phil Skatinak, Joe Tafolo, Gary Schmidt.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Mike Cameron, Alex Daverede, Tod Lutton, Tom Goaley, Joselyn Wilson, Dan Adamus, Steve Brawley, Pete Strance, Gary English; *Row 2* Randy Nixon, Tom Mesara, Kerim Powell, Matt Marron, Pete Valejo, John Jorgenson, Glen Carpenter, Pat Kolbas, Pete Mahyer, Dan Boucher, Ken McGann, Carl Garbolotti, Mike Devin, Sean Hilferty, John O'Sullivan; *Row 3* Randy Gustafson, Mike Massey, Joe Thein, Dan DaCruz, Scott Randolph, Brent Poynter, Trevor McIntyre, Mike Martinez, Eric Wills, Tom Miller.



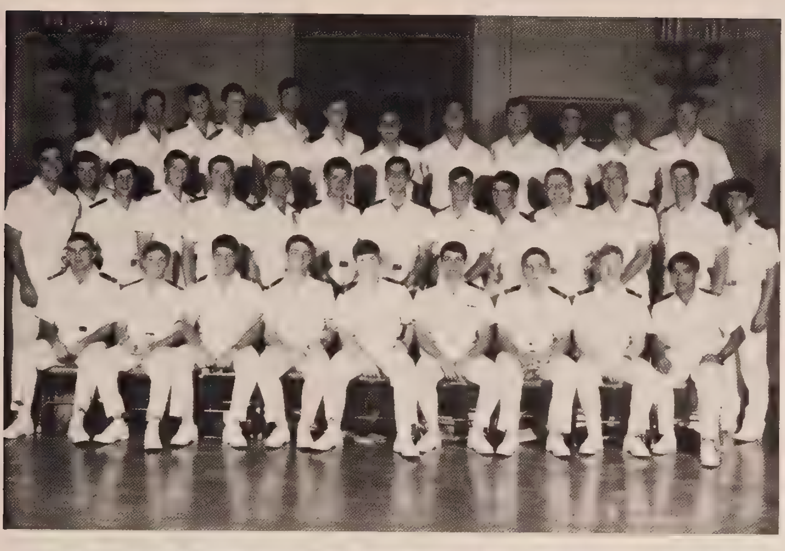
**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Tom Mohr, Rob Racoosin, Jun Payoyo, John Boyle, Ray Legenza, Brad Williamson, Joe Packard, Barry Davis, Pete Matthews; *Row 2* Marv Brownell, Jeff Smith, Jim Punelli, Jeff Horton, Joh Wade, Matt Fletcher, Del Martins, Curt Lyter, Colin Studevan, Dan Morris, Dave Schweizer; *Row 3* John Matic, John Ireland, Paul Hee, Mario Maddox, Tim Costello, Ed Pogue, Rick Cobb, Kevin Mosher, Rich Lumsden, Pat Douglas, John Schmit.



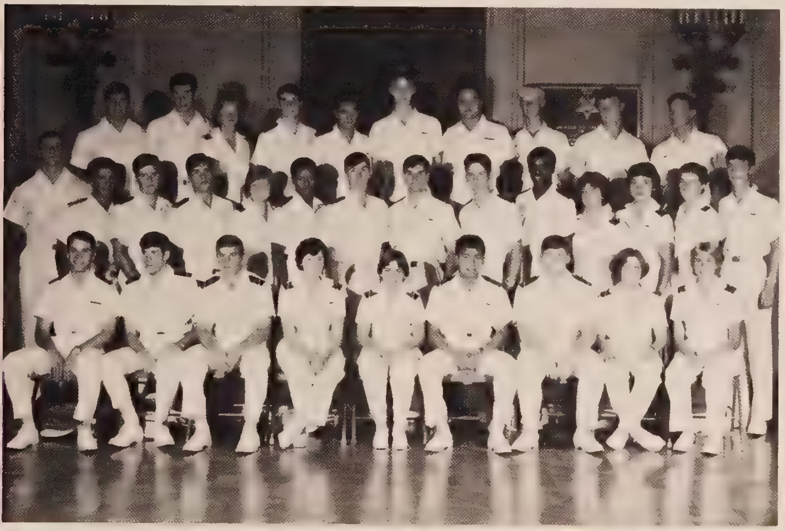
Lt. Rudd — 7th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT C. Henry, M/LTJG R. Duncan, M/LTJG J. Tondu
*Spring Set* — M/LT Van Petten, M/LTJG P. King, M/LTJG Robertson

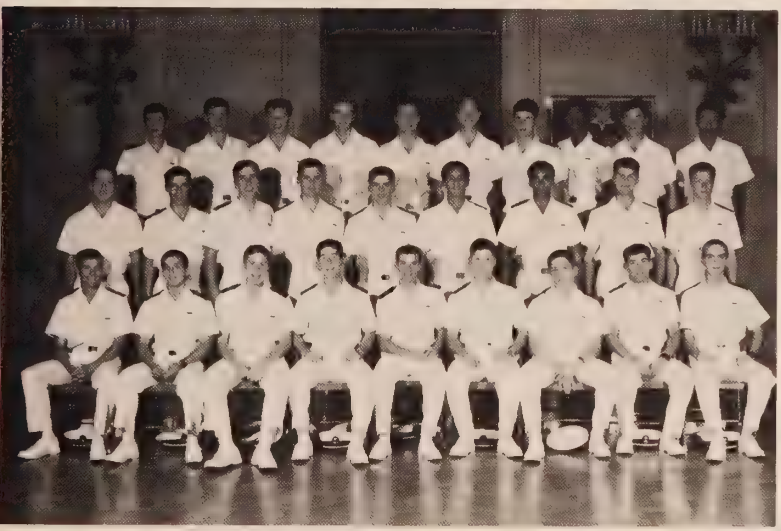
7th Co. The 7th Company began AY 81-82 under the guidance of a new company officer, Lt. Jerry Rudd, a nuke surface type. The mids in Seventh Company involved themselves in a wide variety of activities throughout the yard: Glee Club productions, brigade boxing, three varsity sports captains (wrestling, women's fencing, men's rifle), 150# football, and masqueraders; that's not to mention the several sailors. The Seadongs of Severn were known for their outstanding marching abilities; as well as their tremendous academic prowess — or lack there of? On the spirit-related side, late-night rumbles were always fun — that is, until restriction musters set in. Even with eyes keen of graduation the first class in 7th Company managed to keep all classes in control, while assuming the duties and privileges of Junior Officers.



**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Mark Powell, Lawrence Bryla, Scott Brummett, Gary McCarthy, Philip Savage, Jeff Armstrong, Daniel Schroeder, Daniel Dixon, Jessy Gogue; *Row 2* James Anreano, David Karson, Mark Neff, James Koeler, Brian Corcoran, Steven Savery, N. Filippone, Carlos Rivera, Trace Callaghan, Wesley Lyon, James Wooley, Robert Aronson, John Rupp, Mark Hellstern; *Row 3* Michael Krechel, John Greenway, Dale Owen, Harry Tillman, Robert Fields, Michael Hinton, Carl Weber, Ed Vicini, Matthew Gubenski, Anthony Rodgers, Victor Genco, David Magness.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Mark Davis, Jeff Weber, Glenn Gurback, Rox-Ann Wix, Kathleen Murray, Danny Kumauyai, Gerald Murphy, LouAnn Nesta, Rhonda Beagle; *Row 2* Doug Barreback, Andrew Litton, Tom Horn, Steve Clemency, Virginia Forehand, Cameran Manning, John McCorwick, Russell Krause, Scott Chessman, Terrance Walton, Marjorie Rowhouser, Mary Green, Diane Wuestnburg, Brett Comstock; *Row 3* Andy Pausiegs, Jim Schofield, Allison Webster, Bradley Flock, John Augustine, George Butler, Willard Tillman, Robert Brown, Scott Vagel, Scott Biel.



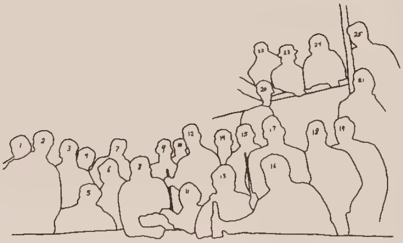
**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Underwood, LaCorte, Perry, Delgado, Chase, Howell, Culpepper, Marquis, White; *Row 2* Scott, Llyborne, White Becker, McArthur, Armes, Pleasant, Olt, Buehler; *Row 3* Norris, Tuten, Price, Kerber, Sutton, Brooks, Mearig, Alexander, Peck, Johsnon.

SKATE
EIGHT
JA

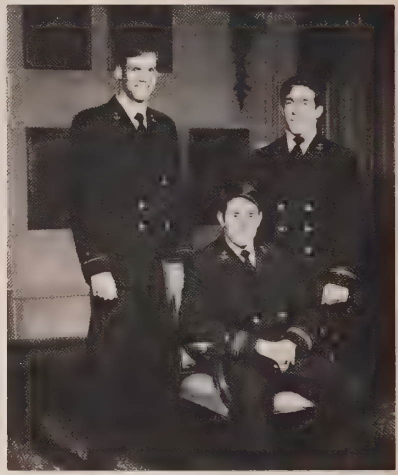
Lt. Youngsborg — 8th Co. Officer

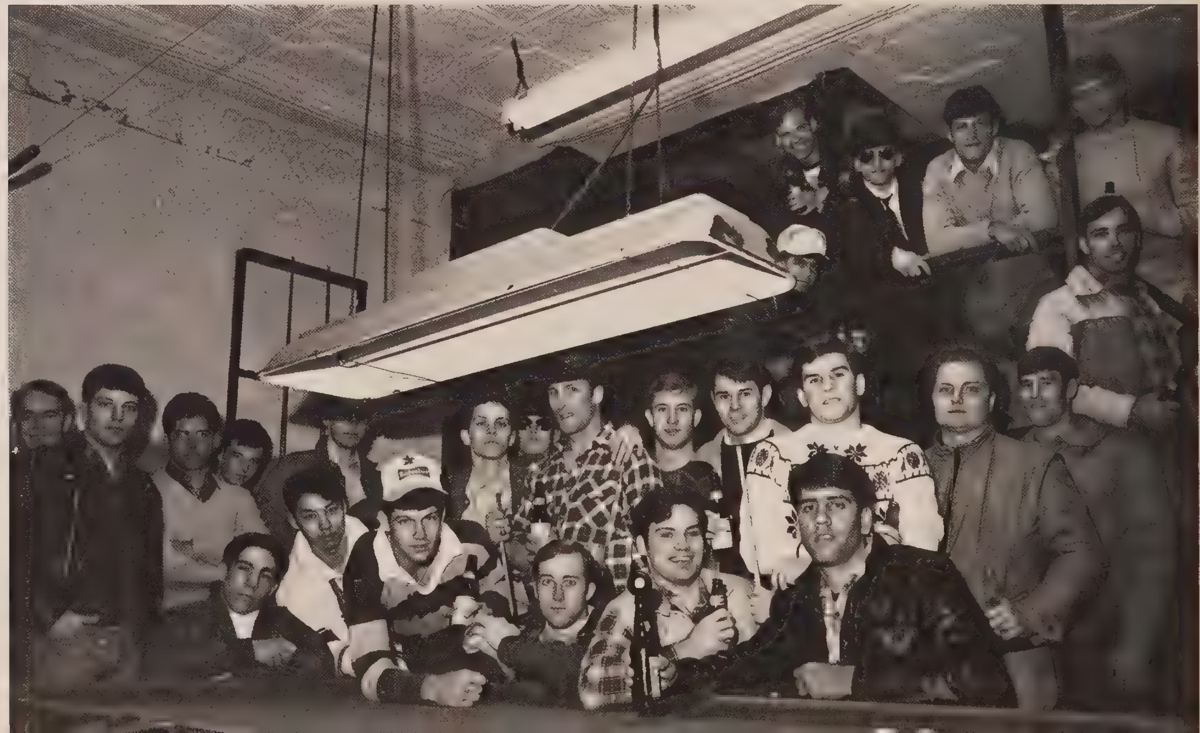
*Fall Set* — M/LT Jeff Mauro, M/LTJG Andy Shelter, M/ENS Steve Blankman
*Spring Set* — M/LT Jim Yohe, M/LTJG Frank Valente, M/ENS Mark Richardson

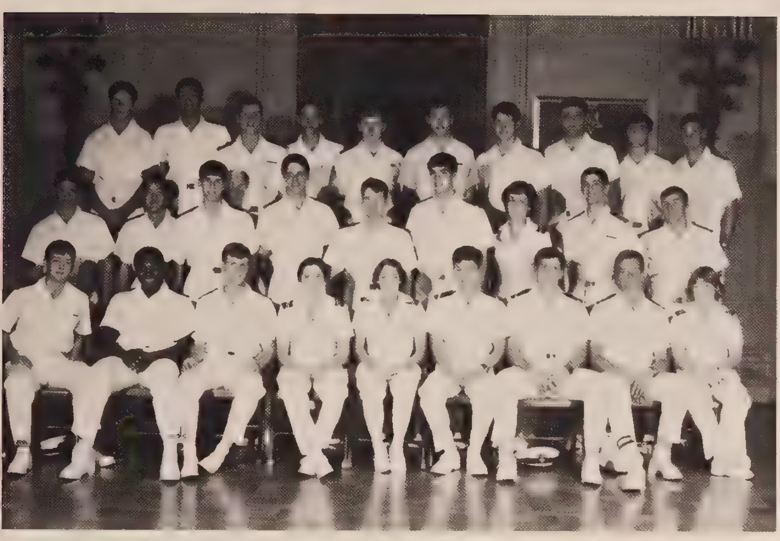
8th Co. They hailed from all corners of the nation, brought together by a common desire to become leaders of men. A potpourri of personalities the Boys learned early in the game to work together. They used this skill on many institutions outside the confines of the wall, ravaging "in masse" many of the local colleges. However, the Boys did not limit their mayhem to any locality. They gained notoriety at the Debutantes' Ball in New York, covered the Pentagon with an indelible message and turned Memphis and the Liberty Bowl upside down. The Boys held false notions about capturing color company; however, they did lead the Brigade in such stellar activities as Hall Olympics, cliff diving, Greco-Roman wrestling with the Uptown Dudes and cheating death with their driving prowess. They came, kicked over every stone, brushed off and hit the fleet.



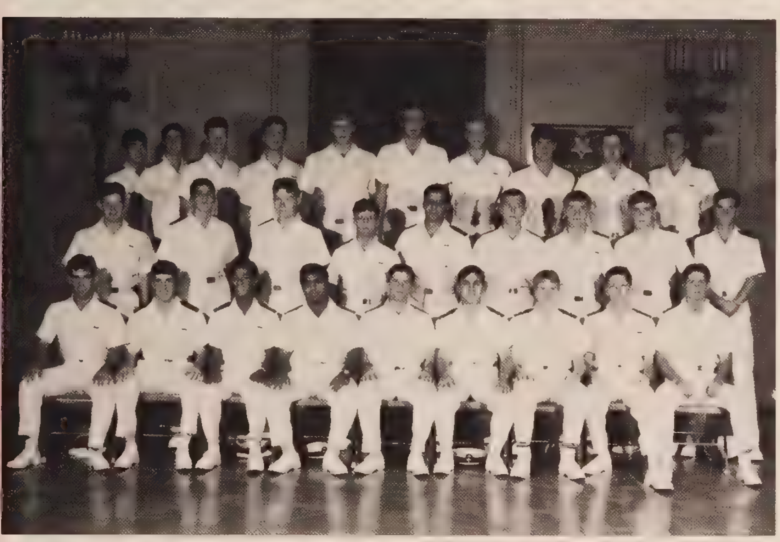
1. Chris Castanian 2. Steve Blankman 3. Javi Juarez 4. Pete Young 5. Frank Valente 6. Jim Akiyama 7. Ralph Ward 8. Mike Morris 9. John Korn 10. Andy Harper 11. Steve Cooksey 12. Steve Acalin 13. Lou Meier 14. Jeff Sands 15. Jim Yohe 16. Brad Weiner 17. Matt Combo 18. Bob Kerno 19. Russ Gentry 20. Dave Fillion 21. Craig Ryneiwicz 22. Marc Richardson 23. Andy Shelter 24. Marc Dapas 25. Jeff Mauro



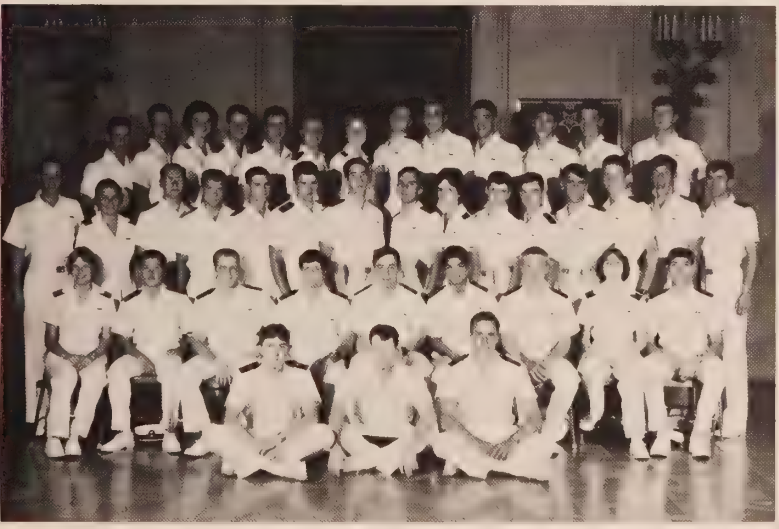




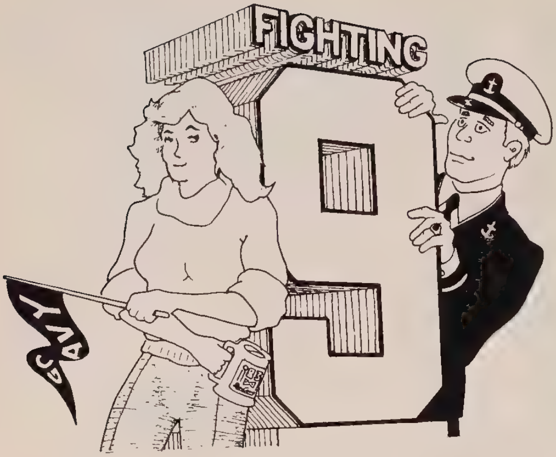
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Paul Shankland, Adolph Seissom, Don Clause, Linda Bolan, Nancy Ingerson, Kevin Lui, Doug Wadsworth, Glenn Woodruff, Kim Williams; *Row 2* Mike Chavez, Steve Oda, Lacy Bartee, Steve Thoreson, T. V. Shindelar, John Holland, Maj Zap, Brook Schurman, Mike Breen; *Row 3* Andy Skehan, Joe Wilson, Jeff Weis, Mitch Cart, Charlie O'Brien, Rich Belisle, Tom Dacy, Jim Loper, Greg Lester, Rodney Guseman.

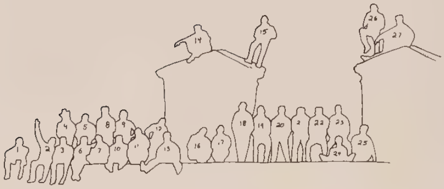


**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* P. Lluy, J. Pagano, J. J. Smith, T. Dua, S. Kirschner, M. Chimiak, M. Newman, A. Lopez, G. Wilson; *Row 2* D. Myre, T. Ivan, W. Guerrero, A. Farrell, A. J. Ponturiero, S. Eash, S. Buvington, M. Waldschmidt, E. Renda; *Row 3* D. Benson, J. Gelinne, B. Krueger, C. Melcher, R. Olsen, R. Babicz, T. Green, D. Wilkes, A. J. Stuart, S. Smith



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Brian Caisse, T. V. Tuminnello, Brian Ledbetter; *Row 2* Sandy Mahlum, Mike Torbit, Wade Schmidt, Jime Jensen, Don Hume, Ken Yamashita, Kurt Gerwitz, Elaine Bushore, Jerry Jordan; *Row 3* Terry Garbuzinski, Cindy Thehaud, Eugene Wozniak, Dan Thisdale, Brett Wiseman, Bill Lyons, Will Constantini, Mike Miller, Gretchen Dayoub, Keith Brunni, Kevin Jenkins, Richard Johnson, Chris Lutz, Doug Volgeneau, Tim Zebell; *Row 4* Mark Johnson, Tom Lekch, Gay Shindelar, Harold Barr, Richard Carr, Tim Risherg, Debbie Miller, Barry Benzing, Chris Weiler, Mark Meloro, Ken Heine, Mike Hajosy, Rick Ryder.



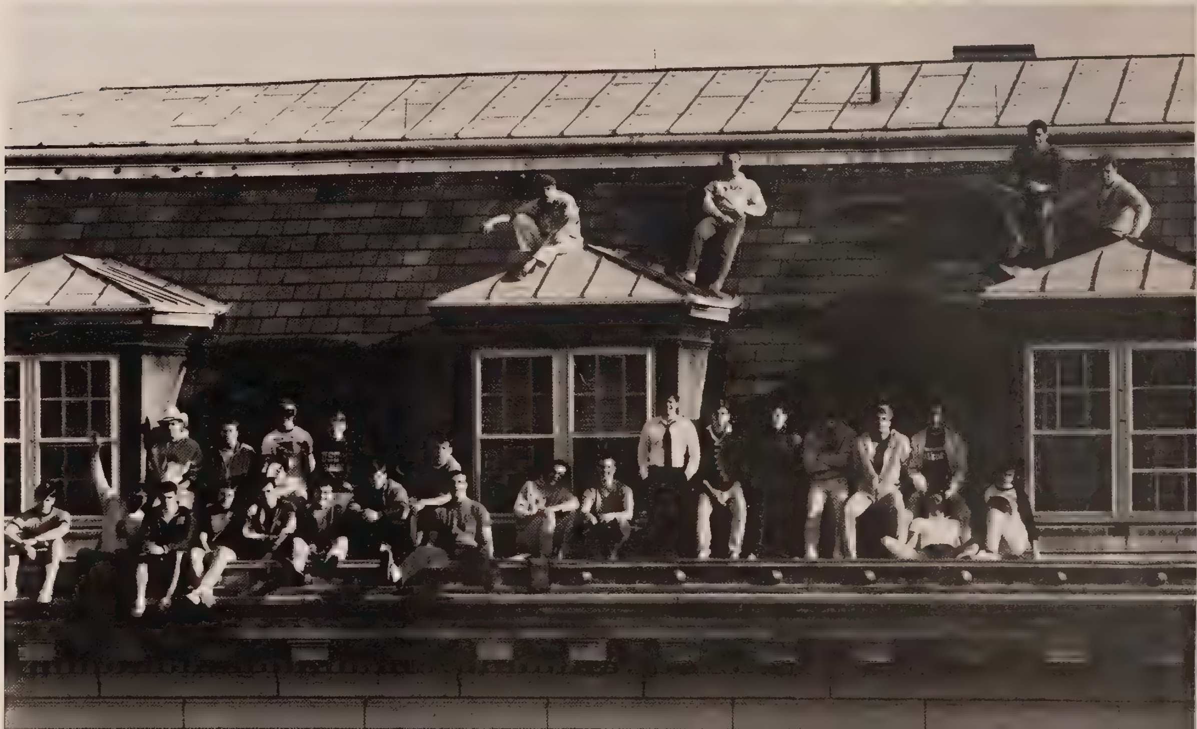


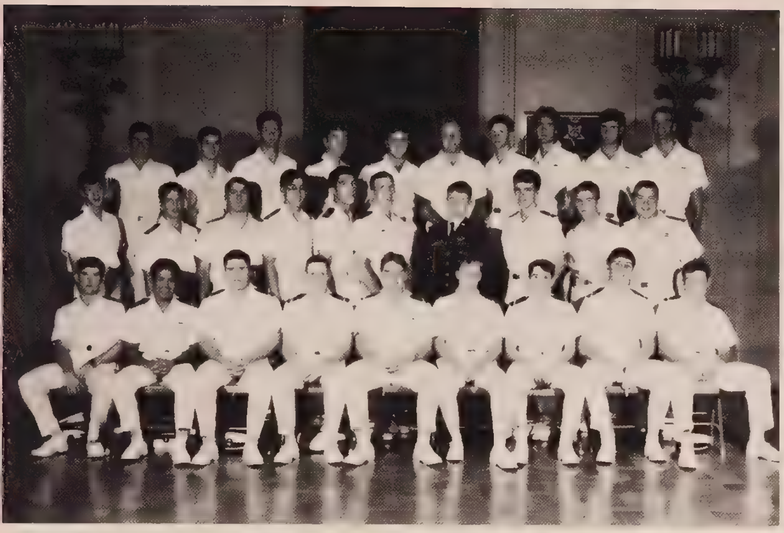
1. Warren Hubler 2. Russ Luersen 3. Greg Montesi 4. John Roberts 5. Tim Anderson 6. Mike Murdter 7. Rick Smith 8. Doug Groters 9. Rich Rayerman 10. Elliot Kugel 11. Dave Simpson 12. Bob Green 13. Wayne Hintze 14. Keith Roberts-Horsfield 15. Ted Stank 16. Tim Bertch 17. Tim Powers 18. Bill Thayer 19. Pete Phabie 20. Kevin Sweeny 21. Tont King 22. Greg Thomas 23. Phil Donaher 24. Rob Fisher 25. Gus Lourierdo 26. Rene Velez 27. George Tagart

LCDR Leib — 9th Co. Officer

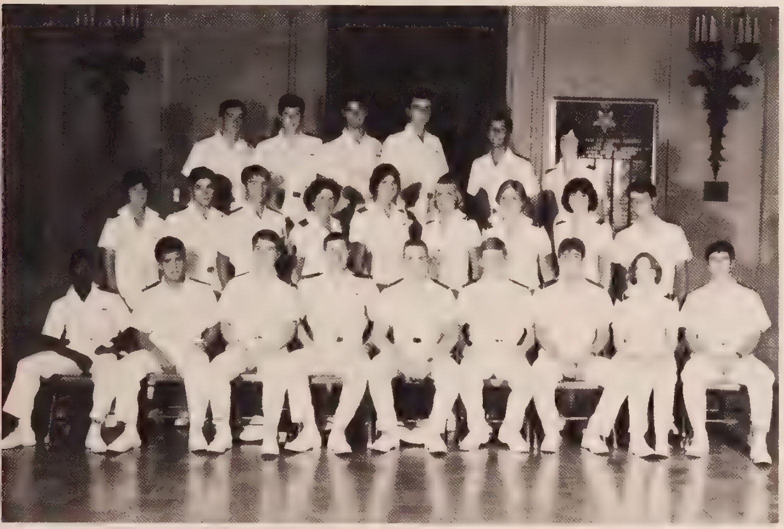
*Fall Set* — M/LT Warren Hubler, M/LTJG Tim Metzler, M/ENS D. Lema
*Spring Set* — M/LT Rene Velez, M/LTJG Rob Fisher, M/ENS J. Dzminowicz

9th Co. What can be said about a year that one has waited for so long to arrive? Like any other year at USNA the bad seems to overshadow the good. Yet in the years to come the stories will be embellished and only the good times remembered, as it should be. We will remember the rumbles of the year and the weekend the whole company restricted together ... the tailgaters which were a hit due to "Gramps" and his truck ... the night our company officer was OOD and he parked his car in Smoke Hall (he's new at the job) ... the night '82 finally dominated the company sports night in football. So long Mother B.

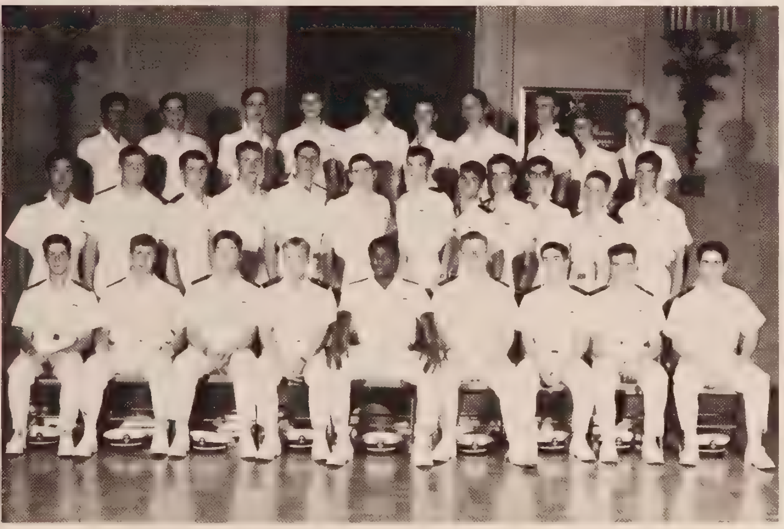




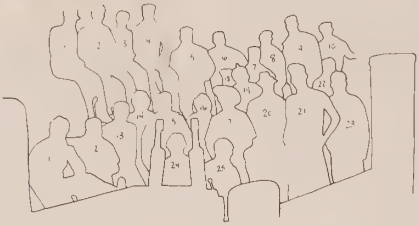
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Marion Brown, John Marana, Jeff Weaver, Kevin Humers, Joe Johnson, Tom Crompton, Bill Hart, Pete Gamerdinger, Larry McAllister; *Row 2* Ed Feege, Jon Harding, Chris Montross, Dave Eguchi, Chris Colon, Bruce Eikenberg, Scott Hagen, Paul Vujica, Paul Wilkinson, Bryan Bigger; *Row 3* Paul Johndrow, Chris Ballister, Mike Hapeman, Charles Lukenbill, Jaime Rivas, Craig Husa, Ralph Williams, Joe Boddiford, Brian Ostrom, Eric Kaniut



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Derek Hudson, Chris Nelson, Todd Sperry, Rich Farrell, Greg Waters, Mark Quigley, Bart Rowe, Deborah Sheppard, Mike Nevins; *Row 2* Connie Justice, Mark Sakaniwa, Bob Hammett, Gail Haberlin, Patricia Merrill, Karen Englehart, Alice McManus, Jan Chinn, Rob Everist; *Row 3* Gordon Catlin, Dallas Roper, Larry Naeyaert, Larry Quinn, Mike Strano, Joan Taverna



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Kevin Leeds, Paul Lerke, Scott Harrison, Jim Winkler, Eric Wallace, Bob Poor, Ralph Divito, Jerome Godeaux, Niles Lang; *Row 2* Angus McDonald, Greg Watka, Dan Harrison, Alan Assel, Bill Stegall, Jeff Clapp, Rich Palidino, Joe Fordam, Bill Thone, Bob Hoffer, Bill Fitzgerald; *Row 3* Andy Bota, Randy Hyer, Troy Smith, Jeremy Bruce, Phil Reiff, Rick Wilson, Vincent Bowhers, Bill Blatter, Phil A. Shio, Greg Locher

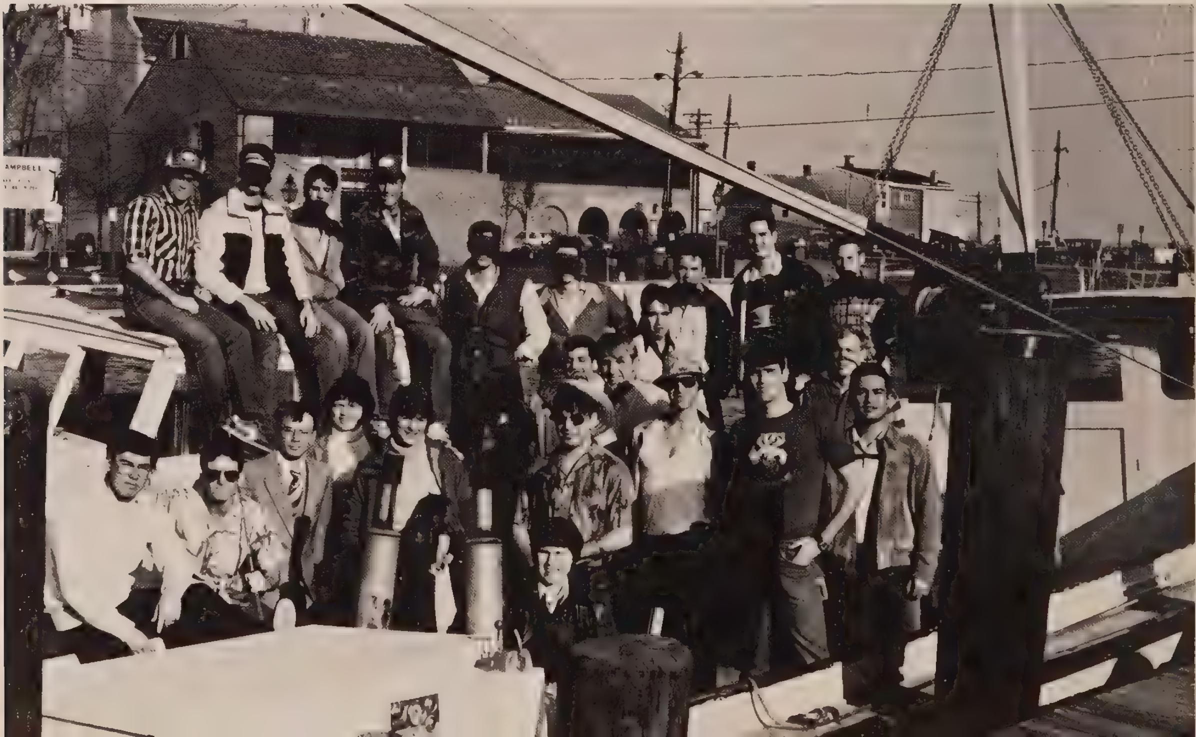


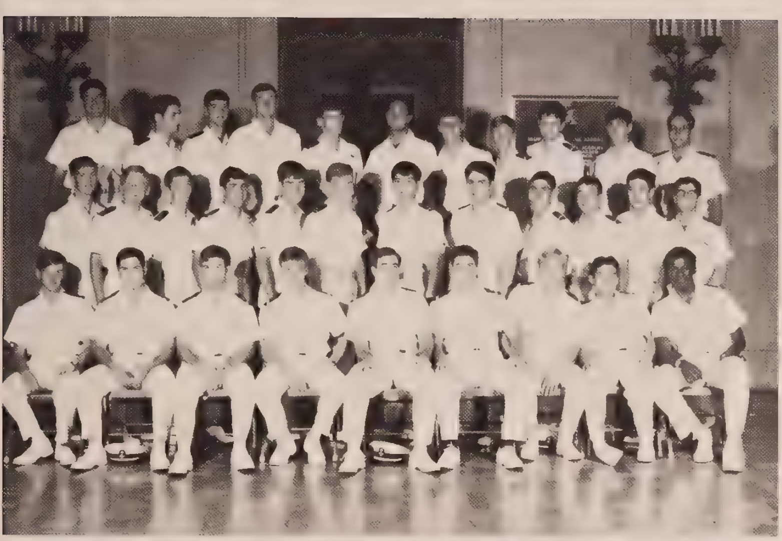
1. Kevin McGuire 2. Royce English 3. Ernie Mattacotta 4. Tim Bacci 5. Ed Cataldo 6. Jack Joynson 7. Phil Perez 8. Frank Gorman 9. Bob Brennan 10. Curt Garland 11. Rex Heagy 12. Laurent Reinhardt 13. Kevin Mabon 14. Rose McGrath 15. Sue Steen 16. Sue Hittle 17. Terry Richie 18. Joe Direnzo 19. Rick Bohner 20. Paul Shigley 21. Dave Spoerl 22. Mike Crum 23. Nick Covell 24. Joan Curry 25. Mary Sesbeau

Maj. Wilson — 10th Co. Officer

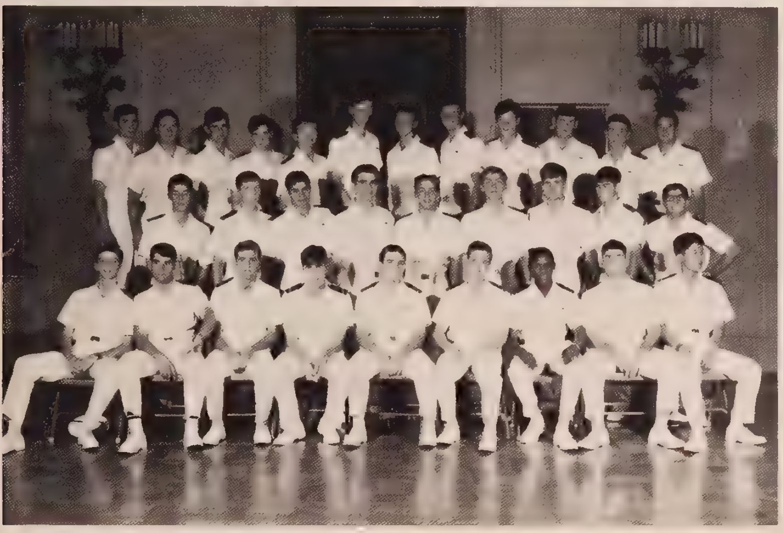
*Fall Set* — M/LT Bob Brennan, M/LTJG Ed Cataldo, M/ENS Joan Curry
*Spring Set* — M/LT Jack Joynson, M/LTJG Royce English, M/ENS Joe Direnzo

1981-82 was a good year for "Marching 10." Company highlights included high color company standings, football tailgaters, key wardroom improvements, morning PT sessions, and fantastic WUBA Gang skits. The annual company dining-in was a smashing success; the guest speaker was Norman Polmar, author of the biography *Rickover*. Company intramural teams fared well, but playoff berths remained elusive. Almost everybody in '82 got what they wanted at service selection, and three got what they wanted at the altar. (Bob, Dave and Ed, many more are likely to follow you shortly.) The departing Class of '82 wishes the best of luck to those left behind in Good Times Ten.

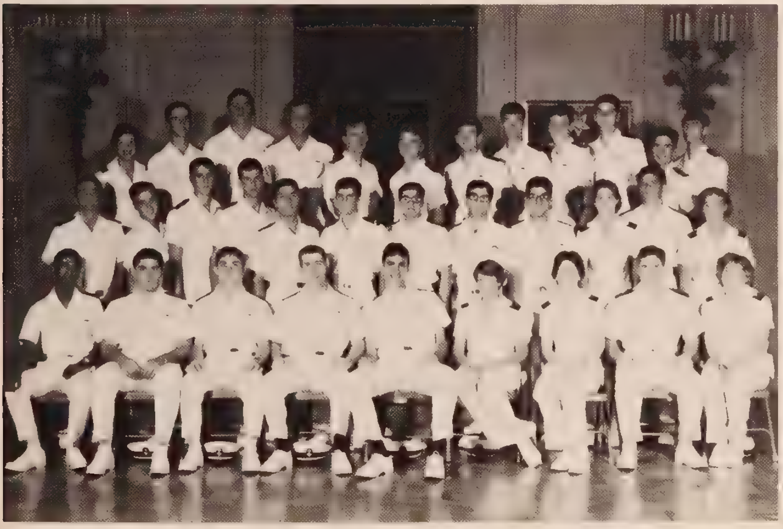




**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* R. J. Rusnak, Mike Mahan, Lou Traglia, Dave Groff, Mark Nicholson, Dan Strubble, Mike Markovitch, Marcial Dumlao, Brian Posey; *Row 2* Andy Caldwell, Charles Landrum, Blake Welling, Scott Baer, Richard Linnekin, Lee Schonenberg, Paul Marshall, Tim Casey, Greg Murray, Jeff Boyle; *Row 3* Mike Donner, Bill Flannery, Pete Bouffard, Steve Johnson, John Peterson, Steve Bondura, Mark Carlson, Gregg Smith, John Gori, Leon McIlvene, Gary Dalley.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* J. Dunson, J. Escobar, C. Dukes, G. Kearney, J. Fijalkowski, M. Plaisance, G. Peoples, N. Freeman, W. Lee; *Row 2* J. Pasternak, M. Parsons, R. Fernandez, M. Cedrun, S. Chachula, M. Miller, S. Szymanski, L. McIlvene, J. Shippey; *Row 3* G. Maruil, M. Ehlers, S. Ceraolo, J. Zwirner, J. Mongau, T. Pence, B. McMasters, M. Guyll, R. Melland, J. Oberle, H. Hein, S. Shepard.



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* W. Jones, R. Clouse, D. Adamiak, D. Guthrie, J. Moraytis, L. Dunbar, D. Shroyer, R. Dorrell, C. Grehofsky; *Row 2* Dukes 3/C, Plaisance 3/C, W. Thomas, G. Waidelich, M. Trujillo, D. J. Richardson, W. Snight, J. Shippey, M. Ricci, S. Speith, C. Lindsay, L. Blaise; *Row 3* J. Goodwin, S. Price, R. Coombs, J. Warther, V. J. Richardson, G. Coles, G. Floyd, T. Tees, J. Uhl, E. Jaenichen, R. Nelson, C. Stengel.

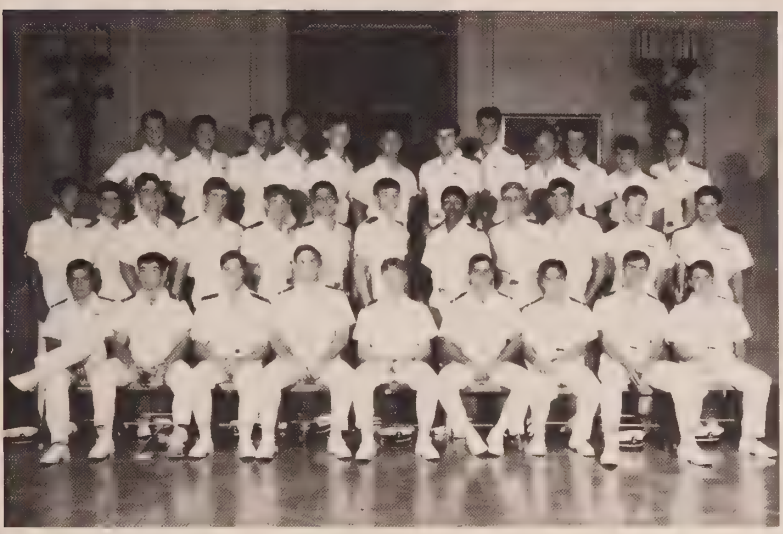
NAVEL
POWER
11

1. Ron Rice 2. Mike Wetherell 3. Tom Clemons 4. Bill Ault 5. Joanne Cerasuolo 6. Norm Rantz 7. Rob Blythe 8. Dave Price 9. Rob Deuca 10. Chuck Toner 11. Mark Russell 12. Scott Smith 13. Paul Donofrio 14. Rob Miles 15. Brad Conners 16. Kevin Thorne 17. Phil Goodman 18. John Ratkovick 19. Paul Healy 20. John Volkoff 21. Don Bosnic 22. Debbie Dunbar 23. Mike Keating 24. Mike Fierro 25. Compie Newman 26. Cathy McGurk 27. Rich Langford

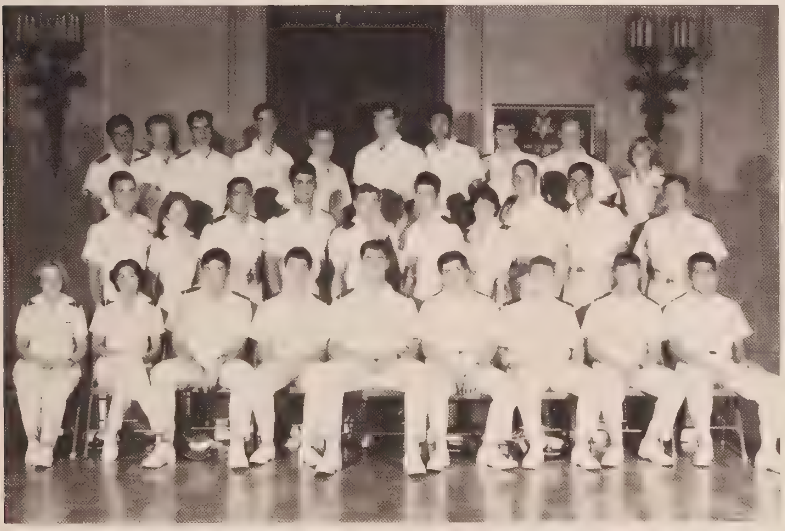
LCDR Kehoe — 11th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Kevin Thorne, M/LTJG Scott Smith, M/ENS Rich Langford
*Spring Set* — M/LT J.C. Newman, M/LTJG Paul Donofrio, M/ENS Ron Rice

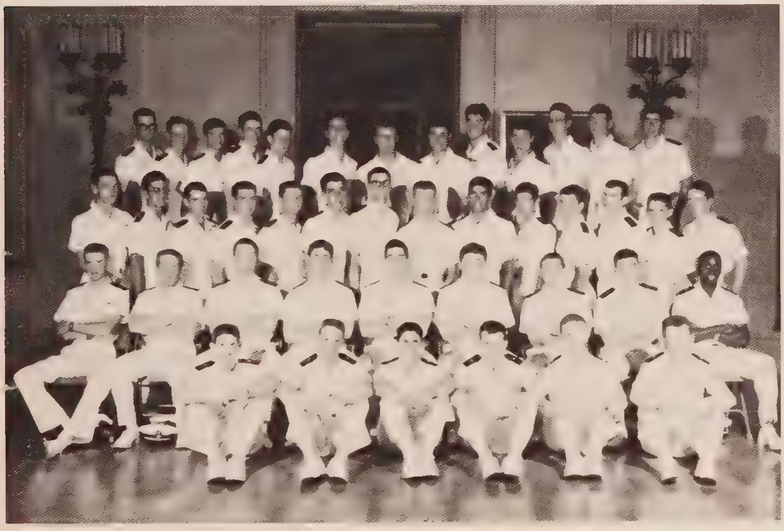
11th Co. A question has been raised concerning the social activities of the 11th company during the reign of the Class of '82. When contemplating the answer to this question still another question arises: What haven't we done? We've gone on road trips to Atlantic City and to parties at Vickie's; we've done skits at Christmas and had tailgaters at the football games — you name it! Perhaps that's why the plebes insist so vehemently that we're all part of a partying company.



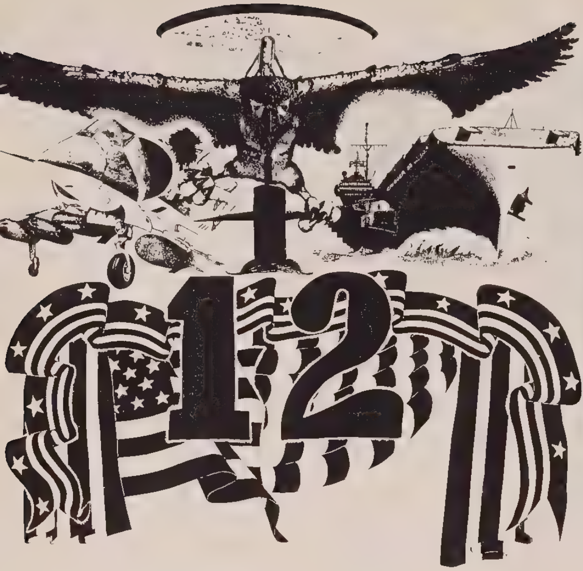
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* P. Webb, P. Becker, C. McDonald, D. Fisher, R. Schott, J. Anderson, J. Segura, J. Rose, J. Johannesen; *Row 2* T. Matthews, S. Kiehne, T. VanGunten, M. Rafter, B. Wehner, M. Radice, K. Fitzpatrick, K. Kelly, M. Heitkemper, J. Hudson, D. Renner; *Row 3* C. Faller, E. Takesuye, J. McGovern, J. Battle, K. Wilson, L. Hayward, J. Lett, J. Morrison, M. Rohrbach, J. Hendricks, D. Barland, D. Needham



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* D. Rolloway, J. Giron, D. Karabin, M. Petrosino, T. Hastings, A. Munoz, D. Aumuller, M. Matteo, W. Castaneda; *Row 2* J. Sylvester, B. Intoy, R. Haddad, D. Stevens, M. Porter, B. Lewis, G. Moulton, J. Albergo, P. Higgins; *Row 3* T. Bowman, T. Williamson, G. Crabtree, J. Lennon, T. Ploeger, T. Baker, M. McLean, T. Collins, C. Gromek.

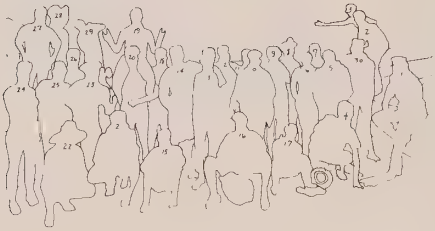


**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* B. Lunifeld, D. Mosley, S. Racine, H. Murphy, P. Sullivan, S. Cramer; *Row 2* J. Edwards, T. J. Mulich, B. Byron, B. Fahy, B. Flnneran, K. Brooks, B. Donohue, D. Pacious, K. Morant; *Row 3* C. Hull, F. Mitzel, C. Crowe, F. Simei, K. Best, M. Perdomo, N. Olmsted, B. Neaphy, M. Simmons, M. Bessel, J. Stemple, R. Fry, J. Waltermire, S. Powers; *Row 4* J. Salley, R. Morgan, S. Munich, T. Winter, C. Kolley, R. Perry, G. Benoble, D. Bixby, M. Jagger, N. Young, C. Smith, R. Hugenroth, S. Mooradian.

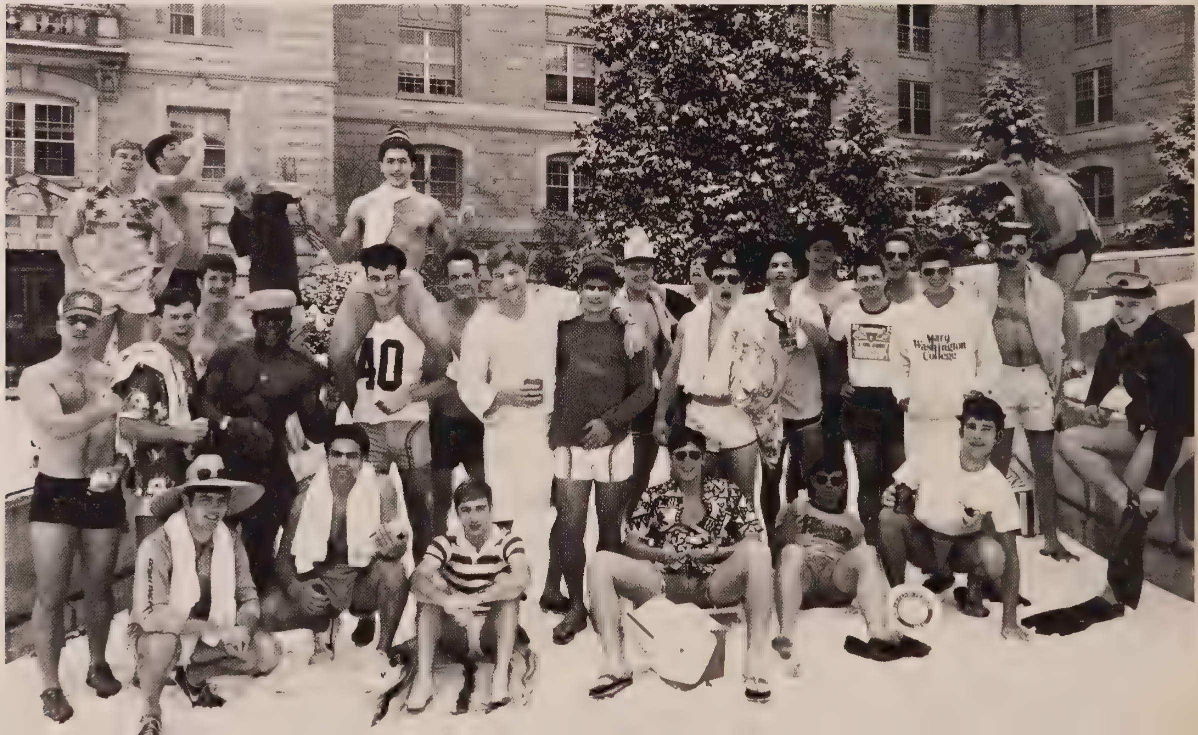


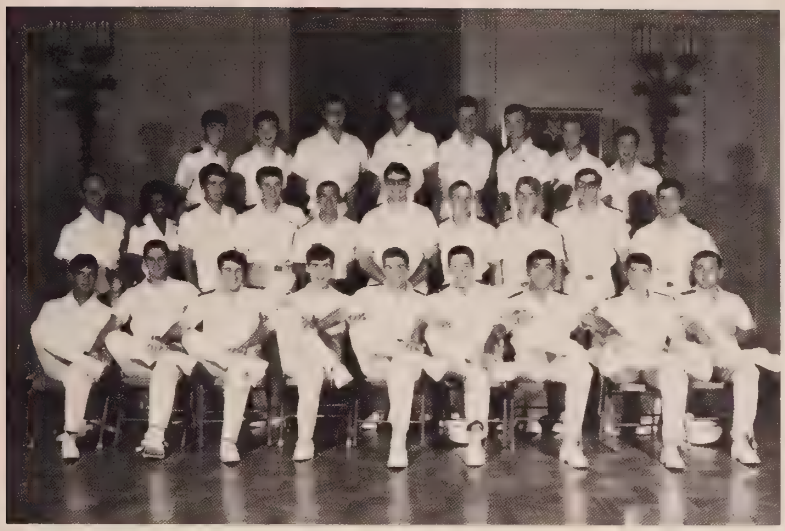
Maj. Hannigan, 12th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Mark Muenzhuber, M/LTJG Jack Goetz, M/ENS Bill Patterson
*Spring Set* — M/LT Jamie Riegart, M/LTJG Lang Reese, M/ENS Larry Cates

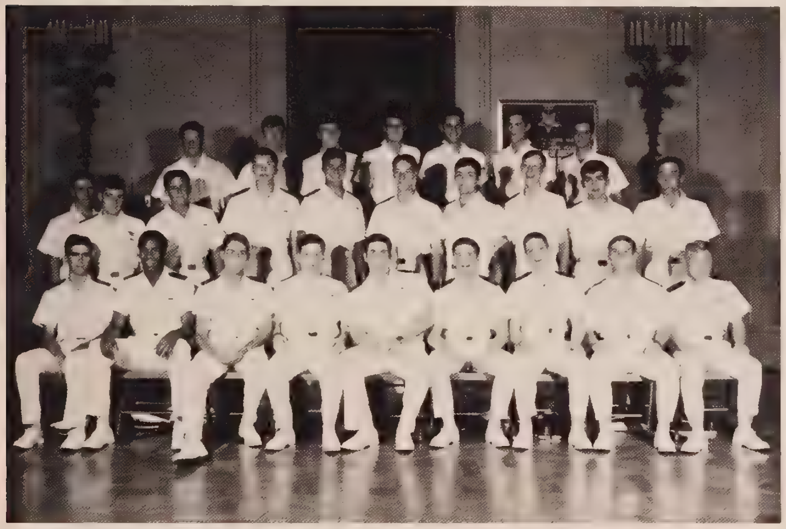


1. Dana Moss 2. Richard Vogel 3. Phil Botero 4. Dave Pine 5. Gordon Thomson 6. Tov Brog 7. Doug Nordman 8. Jamie Riegert 9. John Weidman 10. Tommy Garrison 11. Tom Pax 12. Lang Reese 13. Carlos De Izcue 14. Dave Belt 15. Steve Hemmelgarn 16. Steve Irwin 17. Pete Dreher 18. Tom Savidge 19. Mark Muenzhuber 20. Jack Goetz 21. Will Butts 22. Mike Walley 23. Eddie Meyers 24. Bob Hendry 25. Larry Cates 26. Brian Newton 27. Lance Brasher 28. Rick Nicklas 29. Joel Miller 30. Peter Holden

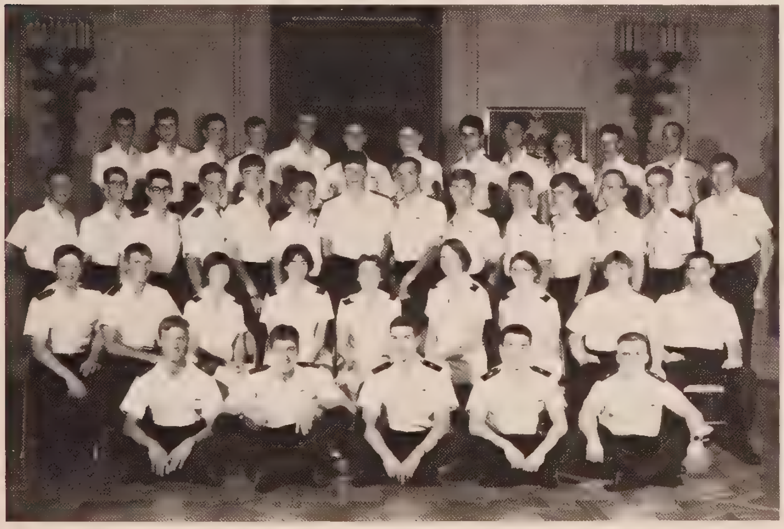




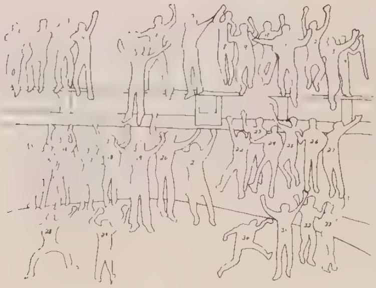
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* P. Coronaldo, D. Snider, B. Marin, W. Oxx, W. Dobbratiz, J. Monahan, J. Duran, B. Miller, S. DeAngelis; *Row 2* M. Oravle, G. Hester, R. Torres, P. McKenney, J. Ecklund, C. Brisnahan, R. Crigger, M. Coyan, T. Tarquinio, J. Flatley; *Row 3* B. Budai, C. Hinderliter, J. Emery, J. Whitesides, M. Barbour, S. Larson, J. Evans, T. Edwards.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Ditton, S. Skimver, R. Lawrence, R. Gradel, E. Dunn, J. Funk, C. Hobaugib, K. Koehlea, J. Hasbrouck; *Row 2* B. Kellor, S. Gravini, T. Schuaffer, R. Oakenell, E. Panco, G. Vancinberg, H. Summerfield, D. Ruedi, F. Carothers, C. Kirshten; *Row 3* H. Riedel, E. Baker, D. Conkey, D. Sileg, P. Alicea, C. Cusumano, P. Barr.



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* B. Minsenmayer, P. Wilkins, B. Wright, B. Young, J. Mullican; *Row 2* E. Bush, J. Merritt, D. Peck, G. Olsen, D. Harter, E. Harmon, E. Gilstad, V. Meyer, D. Fisher; *Row 3* J. Geier, V. Debban, L. Smith, G. Jones, S. Stevens, S. Vahsen, E. Krivak, R. Dalton, M. Stepaniak, F. Fries, E. Bush, J. Edwards, M. Rose, K. Mende; *Row 4* B. Burke, E. Evans, K. Diederich, J. McNeilly, E. Strong, W. Clark, M. Gannon, M. Montesanti, J. Williams, P. Shepard, G. Brown, A. Muscariello.

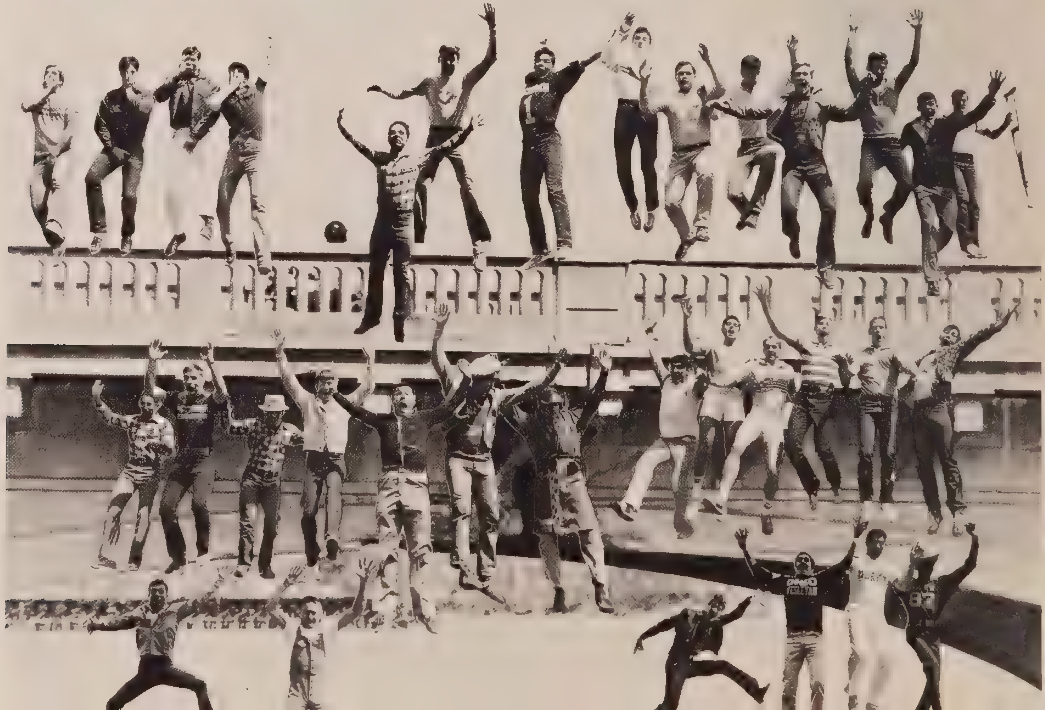


1. Jeff Hansen 2. Chuck Tamblyn 3. John Mueller 4. Tom Whalen 5. Jose Vasquez 6. Bill Hughes 7. Brian Gawne 8. Rich Samolovitch 9. Tyrone Hughes 10. Jeff Cleary 11. Bob Civilikas 12. Pete Hayes 13. Rich Alexander 14. Wayne Gluf 15. Tim Thomas 16. Ted Thiede 17. Paul Eichelberger 18. Chris Scott 19. Pete Jaszczyszyn 20. Steve Rapp 21. Dobie McArthur 22. Bob Robledo 23. Chris Vance 24. Jim Hardy 25. Bob Donahoo 26. Jeff Hippler 27. Dan Brady 28. Matt Sharpe 29. Dave Samples 30. Bob French 31. Mark Ginda 32. Joe Rardin 33. Ken Carodine.

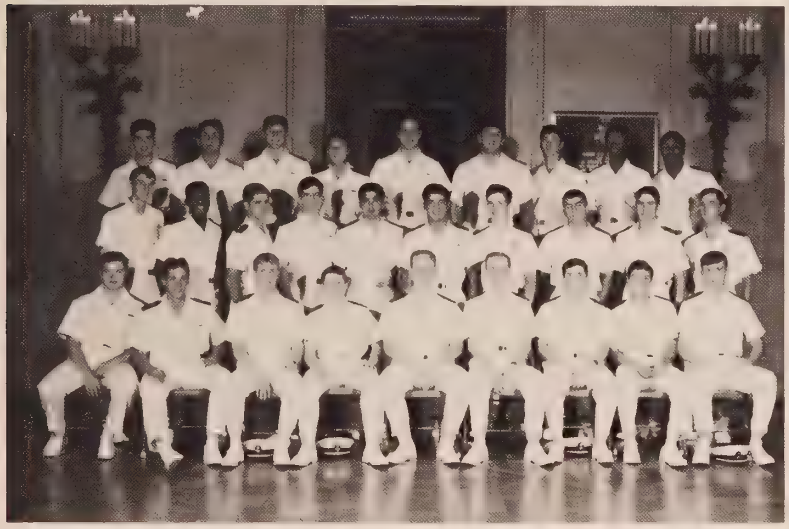
Capt. Noto, 13th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Dave Samples, M/LTJG Brian Gawne, M/ENS Rich Samolovitch
*Spring Set* — M/LT Paul Eichelberger, M/LTJG Jeff Cleary, M/ENS Chris Vance

13th Co. The 1981-82 year was a very good one for the 13th Company Panthers. Setting their sights on marching and academics, the company took 6th in the Brigade in the Fall Parade Competition and 2nd in first semester academics. But it was hardly "all work, no play" for this fun-loving, dedicated group. They awakened a dormant tradition by staging a 160-mile relay from USNA to Philadelphia through a cold rainy night, probably the least conventional event of pre-Army spirit activities. During the pre-game festivities, they presented the 'Dant with a football which had covered the entire route, from T-court to Veteran's Stadium. 13 held several exciting roller skating parties and finished the year with a dining-in that drew praise from everyone concerned. Many thanks are due to Captain Noto and the outstanding leadership of the Class of 1982.

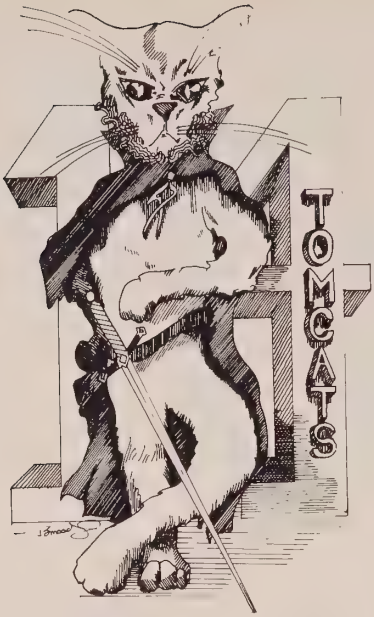


**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* J. Wiltenmuth, D. Snyder, E. Pyne, M. McMahon, M. Barclift, J. Ward, T. Sherman, J. Eberhardt, L. O'Connor; *Row 2* R. Lago, J. Finley, D. Yoder, W. Weinert, M. Feely, M. Needleman, T. Evans, G. Rusch; *Row 3* P. Holland, C. Galluzzo, D. Phaneuf, L. Young, T. Bennett, J. Hooks, A. Smith, L. Boyle.



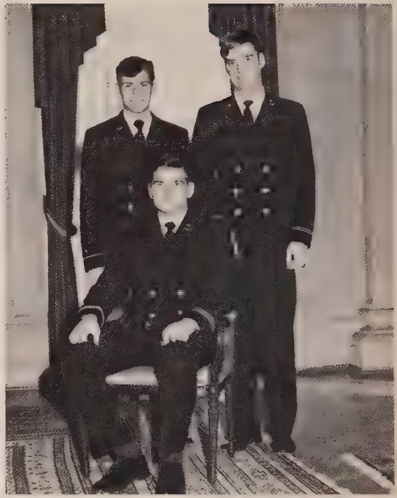
**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* L. Lesslie, D. Etkins, B. Martin, J. Zaun, J. Laughlin, C. Noah, T. Williams, J. McCreary, B. Matts; *Row 2* P. Wojtkiewicz, J. Taylor, T. Busmire, P. Lawver, J. Giangiuli, I. Guibas, H. Lasell, M. Murray, P. Johnson, E. Brady; *Row 3* S. Hatcher, F. Sutton, P. Nardi, C. Martinez, M. Deppe, J. Scannell, S. Spooner, K. Howard, D. Parrish.

**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* D. Bjordgard, B. Mimms, D. Larson, B. Espe, J. Papetti, P. McPherson, D. Kim, G. Klein, D. Magnoni; *Row 2* S. Dupuis, A. Jones, M. Stahlman, P. McElroy, F. Thola, P. Rabbit, K. Ellis, J. Overton, P. Johnson, R. Camacho, J. Reese, M. Lysaght, T. Pederson; *Row 3* C. Collins, M. Fitzpatrick, M. Prosperi, E. Hernandez, M. Long, D. Mocller, T. Stoner, W. Ridings, E. Petruncio, R. Wohld, S. O'Brian, R. Roland, J. Matza.

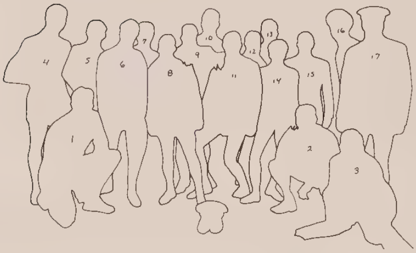


Lt. Davis, 14th Co. Officer

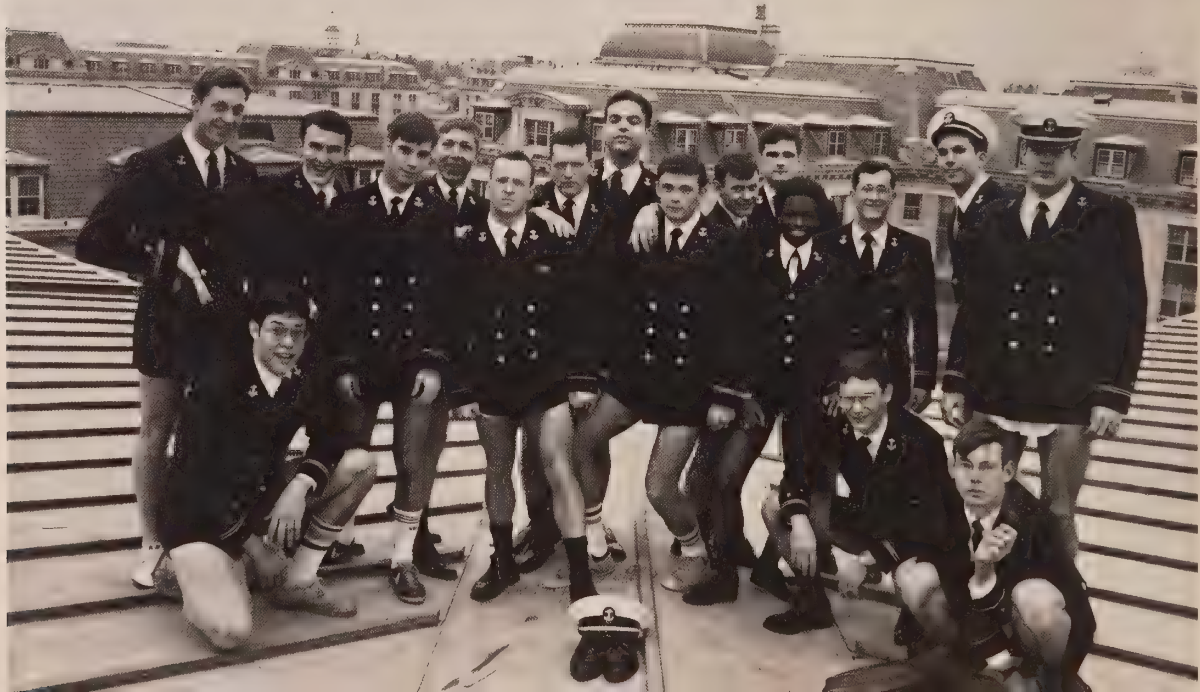
*Fall Set* — M/LT William Brennan, M/LTJG Jonathan Shatto, M/ENS Curtis Kohl
*Spring Set* — M/LT Dennis Land, M/LTJG Thomas Parry, M/ENS Ralph Soule

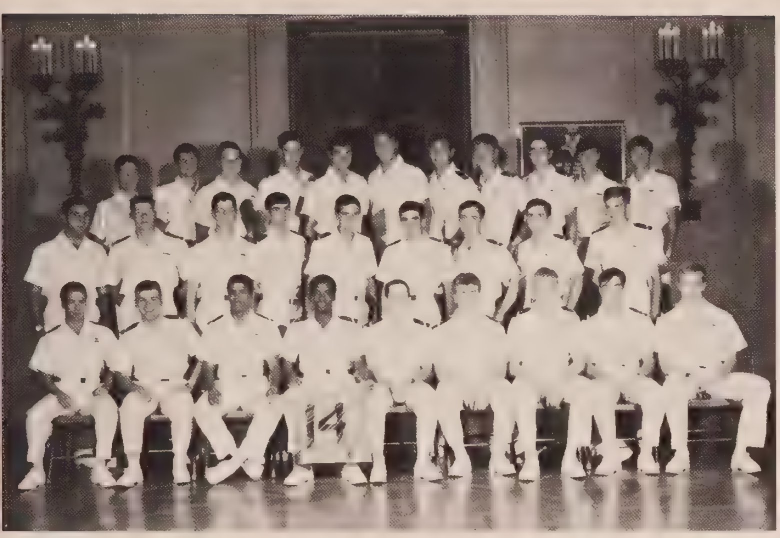


14th Co. This year has been a busy one for Fourteenth Company activities. In the fall the Tomcats were frequently on Farragut Field in football and soccer battles between the classes. On the intramural front, our basketball team had its first winning season ever, the defending brigade champion soccer team lost a close one in the playoffs, finishing as division runner-up, and we won division champs in lightweight football and runner up in heavyweights. The social side of the 7-4 residents was certainly productive: Dave Simmons won a steak dinner for the entire company with his devilish halloween costume. The company ski trip to Seven Springs, Pennsylvania was great fun for all; those who didn't get enough excitement on the slopes took to the skies for a group parachute jump. Springtime was kicked off with the company dining-in to begin the end of a memorable year.

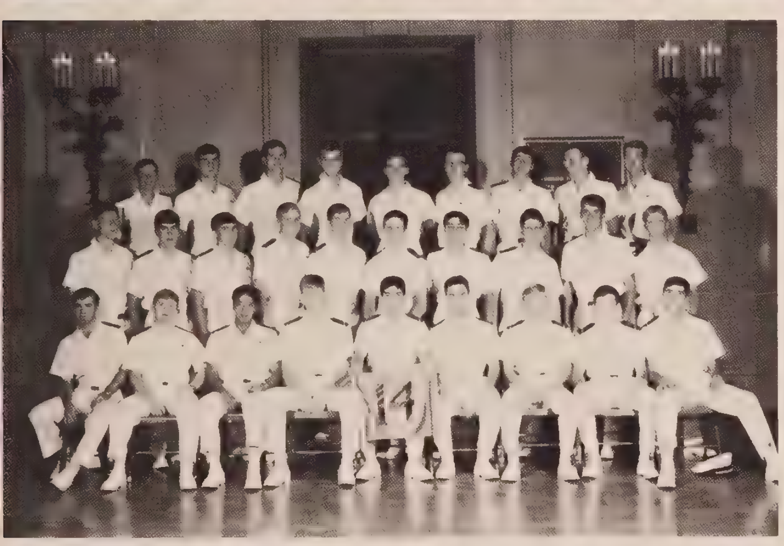


1. Mike Bannister 2. Tom Parry 3. William McKenzie 4. Randy Schumacher 5. Ralph Soule 6. Jon Shatto 7. Steve Jones 8. Shaun Stroud 9. Dennis Land 10. Ed Otton 11. Bill Rempe 12. Curt Khol 13. Bill Brennan 14. Pat Cole 15. Greg Elemendorf 16. Bill Popovitch 17. Paul Denham

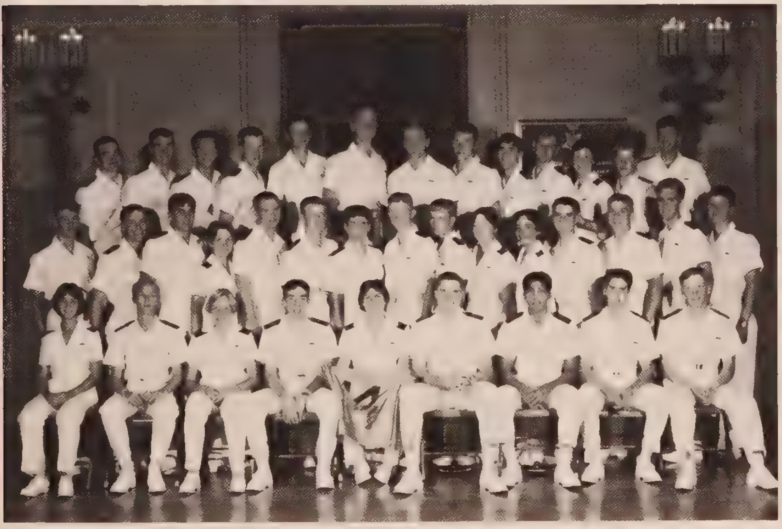




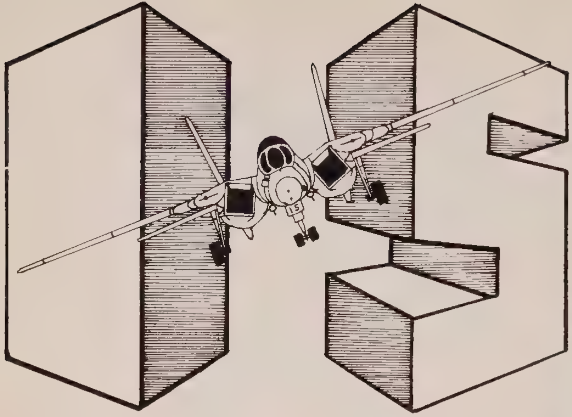
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Trace Vindich, Joe Spruill, Jerry Crockett, Troy Brannon, Joe Soto, Bret Scales, Bill Larson, Mark Hopgood, Dave Simmons; *Row 2* Keve Papp, Tim Kroft, Carl Sink, Bob Wise, Dick Jentoft, Jerry McGill, Rich Elder, John O'Leary, Joe Smith; *Row 3* Jim Guiliano, Geoff Zuschlag, Craig Williams, Mike Ray, Al Pollard, Paul Soares, Frank Flundetto, Steve Nordel, Tom Dalpini, Chris Murch, Mark Pear.



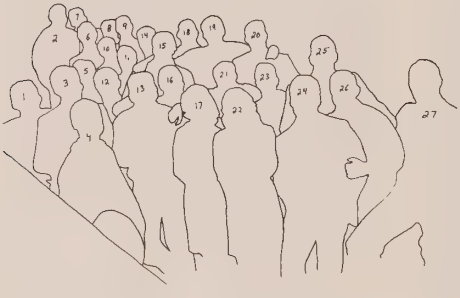
**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Brad Drummond, Phil Erickson, Art Quintong, Tom Dalton, Rick Meranda, Mike Balon, Andy Bierbrauer, John Hemmen, Mike Allman; *Row 2* John Flehart, Tom Campbell, Rob Froncillo, Grant Smith, Duane Ulisnk, Paul Povlock, Al Coomber, John Cordle, Mark Openshaw, Clay Tettelbach; *Row 3* Doug Halpin, Mark Lyons, Rich Laufer, Greg Dimitro, Jim Willson, Joe Murray, Mark Dvorak, Ralph Bower, Mike Smith



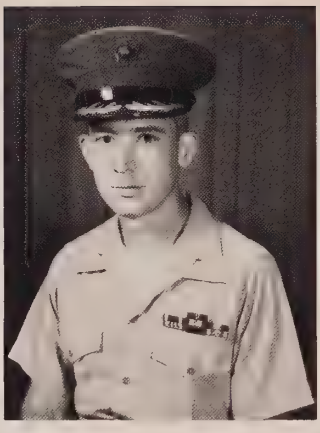
**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Lisa Caputo, Bob Cissel, Jackie Carey, Joe Beel, Sandra Kirby, Scott Melton, Jimmy Pajaro, Chris Chambers, Bob Englehart; *Row 2* Jeff Johnston, Lee Clay, Franz Wagner, Kim Horine, Rich Hale, Dave Deutsch, Eric Smith, John McCord, Dan Mellecker, Cathy Weist, Lola Neudecker, Steve Kelly, Chris Adams, Mike Ottinger, Dave Woods; *Row 3* Scott Sobka, Mike Gregory, Kevin Clinch, Pete Bishop, Shawn Callahan, Steve Grace, Bill Rogers, Brain Edner, Ted Means, Ruby Ing, Laura Falkenback, Dave Newhart, Neil Brown.



# MEAN FIFTEEN



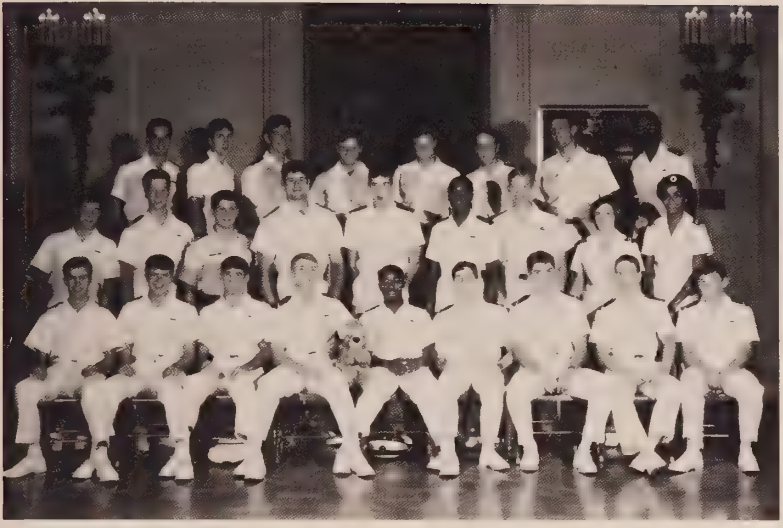
1. Kevin Wilhelm 2. Dave Palmer 3. Mike Chenide 4. Brandon Ruby 5. John Virgelli 6. Steve Murillo 7. Tim Canell 8. Jim Colasito 9. Steve Somnitz 10. Mike Crowley 11. Bill Rogers 12. John Spear 13. Terry Moran 14. Pat Madden 15. Mike Case 16. John McDonald 17. Riordan's Worker 18. Tuck Hord 19. Chuck Gepford 20. Harry Atkins 21. Ted Mortenson 22. Riordan's Worker 23. Doug Miller 24. Pete Schilke 25. Andy Wilson 26. Jay Kenna 27. Pat Reno



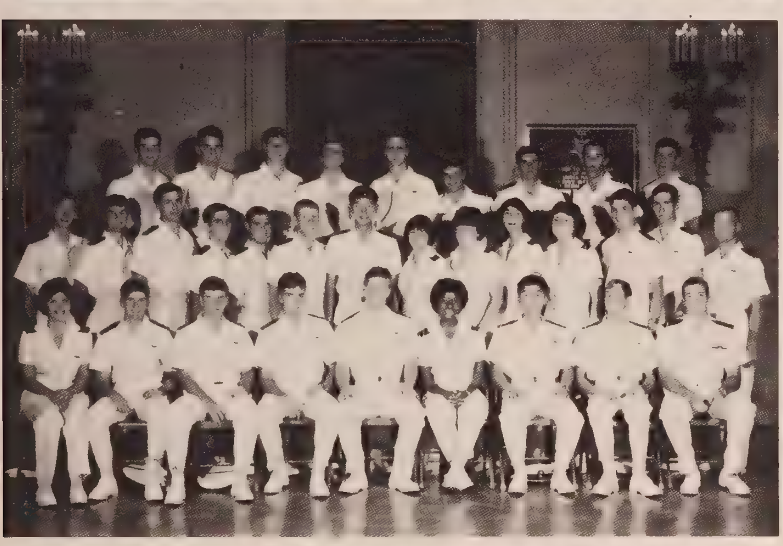
Maj. Mize, 15th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Jim Colasito, M/LTJG Pat Madden, M/ENS Mike Cheniae
*Spring Set* — M/LT Harry Atkins, M/LTJG Mike Cheniae, M/ENS John Vergelli

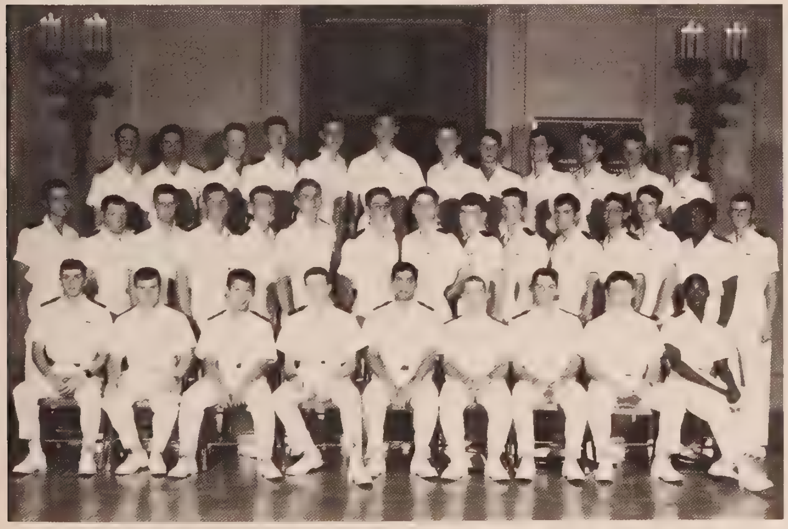
15th Co. 1981-1982 was full to the brim with good times and noteworth accomplishments. During football season, 15th became known as the Tailgate Company and her itinerary was hard to match by anyone. At the Liberty Bowl, 15 won the attendance contest and the $4,000 prize. It continued its winning ways by helping the 3rd Batt. Handball Team take the fall and winter championships. '83 won the fall intracompany sports competition and took a class ski trip to Snowshoe, W. VA. '84 qualified a man for the Boston Marathon and boasted a "chip kickin' " blue grass band, frequently heard at tailgaters and Texas meal nights. After '82 did battle at service selection, the many events became a blur for the firsties who thought only of commissioning and the things that will make all the Naval Academy experiences worthwhile.



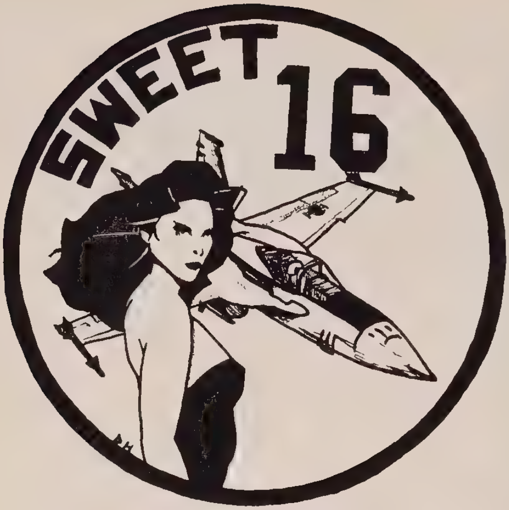
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* W. McHugh, T. Balley, D. Hicks, W. Jones, E. Jackson, W. Conrad, J. Stewart, M. Woods, M. Molkenbuhr; *Row 2* R. D'Aurizio, R. Taylor, J. Hesterman, J. Forti, P. Cahill, L. Smith, H. Smith, K. Poodlak, Y. Williams; *Row 3* B. Jacobi, P. Mahosky, P. Clark, M. Coughlin, L. Ruggierio, S. Hubeli, K. Parton, W. Tyree.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* H. Weimann, S. Bates, J. Nowicki, J. Schmitt, P. Dobbs, D. Abbott, T. Kymn, S. Bowman, T. Wise; *Row 2* R. Wach, K. K-apper, R. Clark, R. Cassetta, B. Budicin, P. Springer, J. So, M. Kirby, C. Grammer, N. Quick, J. Schmitz, F. Koprucu, R. Czechowski, N. Miller; *Row 3* S. McGinty, L. Seutter, D. Nedry, J. Prolodiak, J. Camade, T. Pickerell, G. Murray, C. Sternberg.

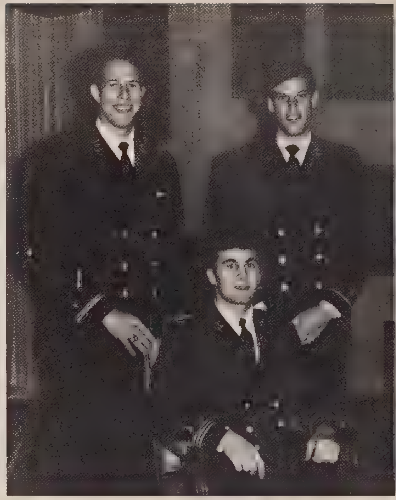


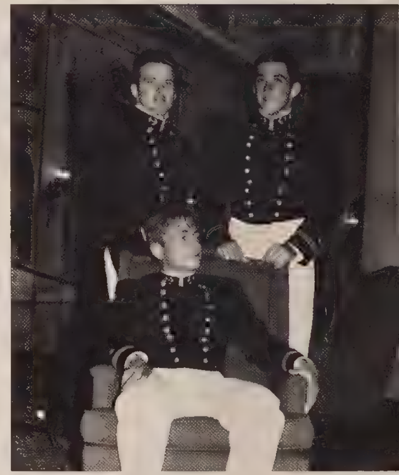
**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Rich Brown, Pat Dunn, Phong Nguyen, Eric Quinn, Tom Hobbib, John Novosel, Charles Smith, Mike Taylor, Austin Coleman; *Row 2* Jim Grimson, Mark Weber, Dave Meeks, Chris Hodges, Mark Boehle, Mark Colby, Dan Derbes, Mark Andreas, Jeff Hamman, Bill Johannsen, Todd Gardner, Phil Albert, Chuck Merrit, Dave Atkinson, Dave Peterson; *Row 3* Rod Scrignoli, Greg Garcia, Dan Boelsche, Tim Croy, Greg Ramsden, John Walters, Tom Plofchan, Shawn Titus, Steve Genn, Greg Maxwell, Jeff Henson, Mike Casey.



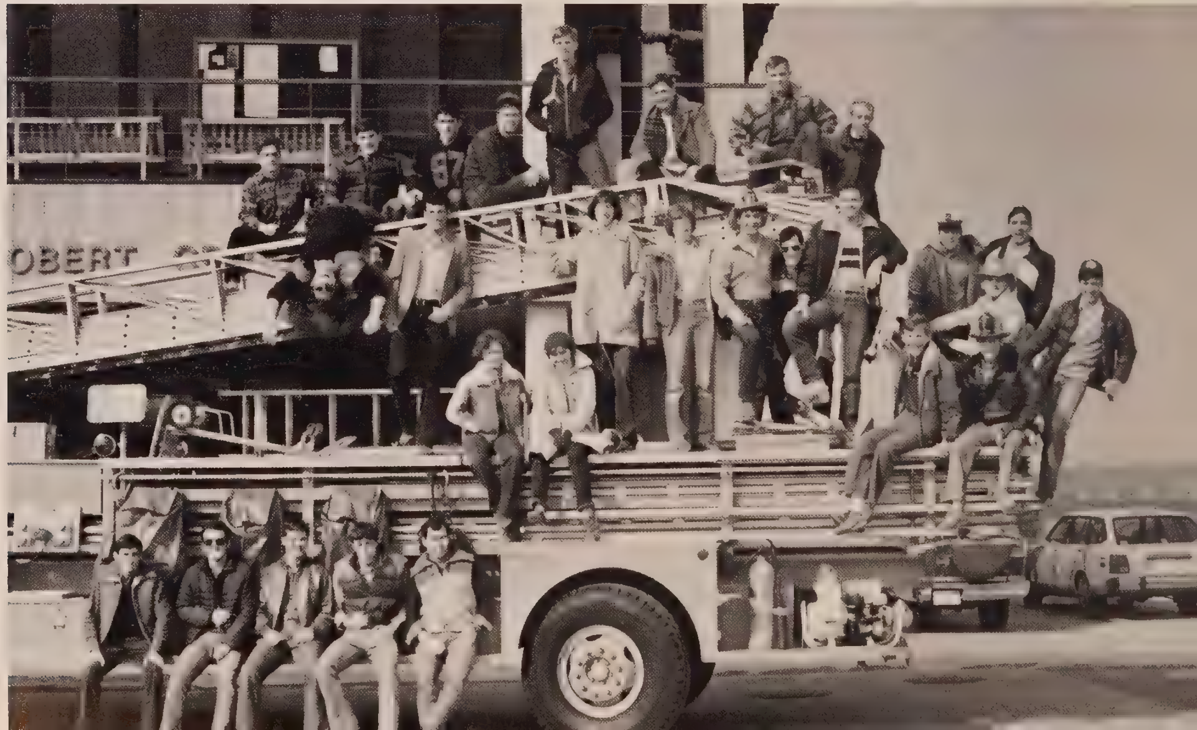
Lt. Donovan, 16th Co. Officer

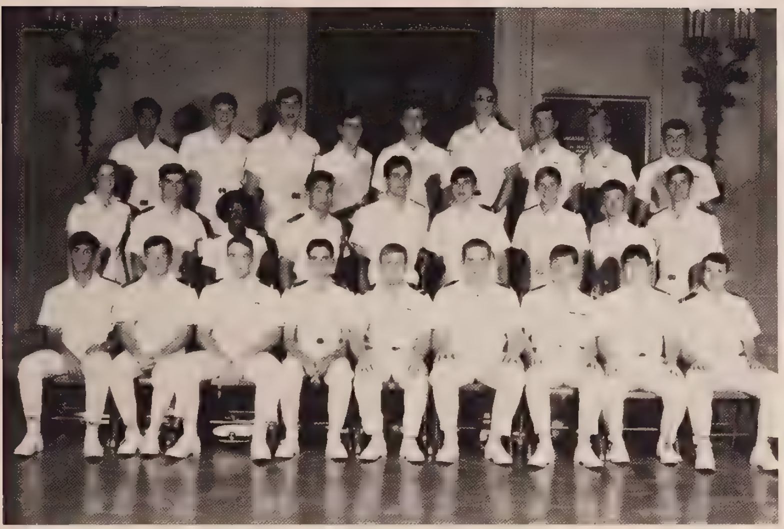
16th Co. Life in 16th Company took an interesting turn during 1982; the year started off with a bang, as plebe detail and the 4/C put forth an outstanding effort, garnering color company honors. The responsibilities of being first in colors weighed heavy on the company for 12 weeks, and the "Lean Mean Drilling Machine" set new company records. The entire company, especially firsties, grew quite fond of the infamous Wa-Dong-a-Thons, although many referred to them in more unkind terms. This animal became an institution firmly embedded in the 1915-2045 time frame on Wednesday nights. The quest for a bigger and better carrot was passed down to '83 by '82. Yet at times, the carrot mysteriously was transformed into its alter ego, the banana. All in all, USNA may not have been a better place because of MEAN 16, but it was definitely more interesting! BETTER GREEN THAN MEAN!



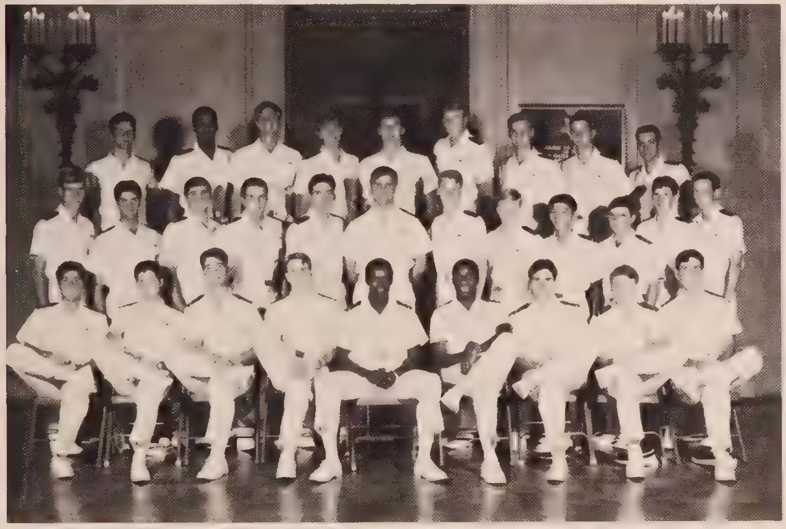


1. Glenn Patton 2. Rich Hunt 3. Tom Hipshman 4. Steve Golay 5. Marty McKown 6. Dwayne Clark 7. Tom Buterbaugh 8. John Bugbee 9. Jay Kennedy 10. Tom Millard 11. Al Grecco 12. Steve Heid 13. Franz Coetzee 14. Mike Stresseman 15. Ross Sawtelle 16. Coleen Ellis 17. Debbie Furlan 18. Lynne Coe 19. Sarah Kovel 20. Greg Edelmann 21. Lyman Parkhurst 22. Brad Craft 23. Randy Kasamoto 24. Ed Wojtan 25. Bill Stackhouse 26. Jack Davidson 27. Bill Cooper 28. Bill Bartrum

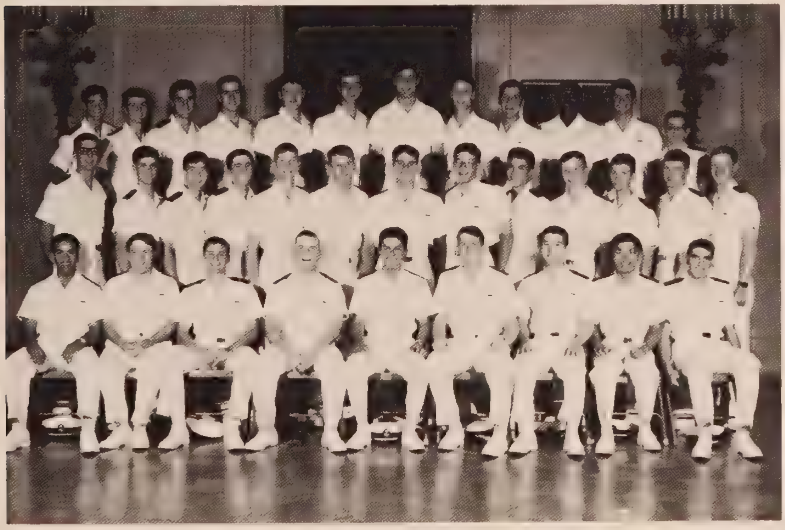




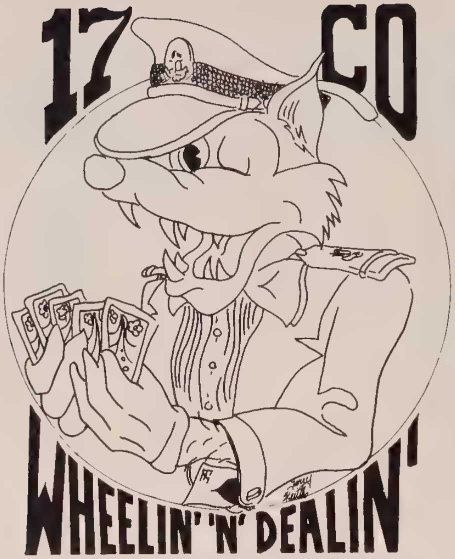
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* B. Festa, D. Claque, T. Murphy, J. Harrington, P. McKenna, T. Carey, J. Stuber, M. Saluato, P. Sawyer; *Row 2* A. McCrary, C. Bevilacqua, C. Alexander, M. Claps, S. Boracchia, E. Ferris, A. Grace, M. Redman, B. Favara; *Row 3* M. Labrador, C. Johnson, R. Robinson, J. Sherrard, J. Fears, T. Frakes, D. Dober, B. Greer, D. Dickenson.

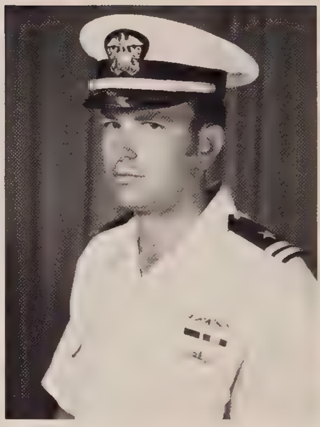


**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* D. Nenna, M. Johns, S. Lanier, J. Doyle, S. Neal, R. McDonald, M. Patterson, D. Oser, A. Meurer; *Row 2* H. Matzlose, C. Acquilino, B. Jenkins, J. Hartman, T. Smyers, J. Reimer, A. Sharp, D. Miller, J. Katz, D. Baker, A. Smith, M. Chase; *Row 3* C. Perkins, J. Kimbrew, J. Sanders, E. Dennin, B. Stevins, K. Mann, C. Collins, W. Heys, M. Edwards.



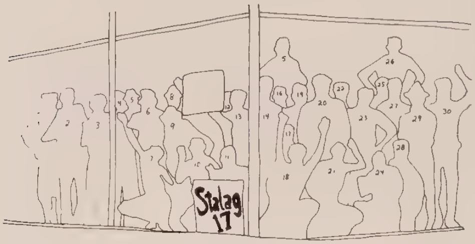
**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* M. Graham, G. Taylor, G. Rosen, P. Redmon, R. Villar, J. Anderson, R. Lente, L. Ramirez, D. Fields; *Row 2* E. Isaminger, A. Miasiazek, B. Stone, B. Harris, C. Drenter, B. Wooten, P. Sotesz, J. Bernardi, B. Grover, K. Admas, T. Daniels, K. Mayer, T. Logan; *Row 3* S. Bugai, J. Franke, J. Rist, J. Hull, R. Dill, J. Vancigay, T. Alexander, A. Gibb, S. Mack, B. Melvin, B. Convay, M. Liborate.





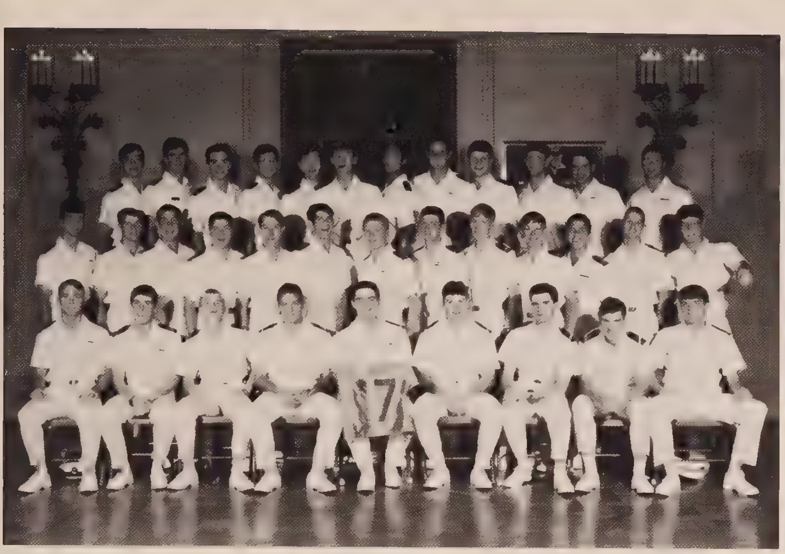
Lt. Foster, 17th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Chip Janichen, M/LTJG Phil Tissue, M/ENS Craig Uffman
*Spring Set* — M/LT Mike Smith, M/LTJG Craig Uffman, M/ENS Bruce Bushong

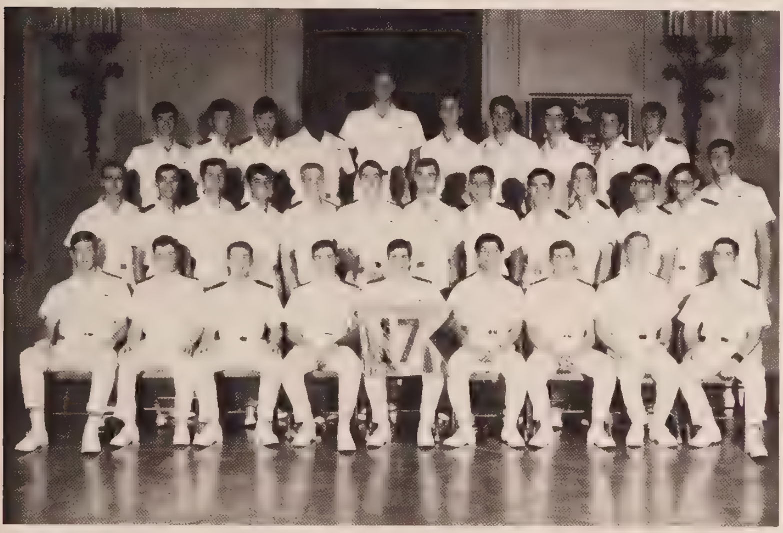


1. Gus McColl 2. Chip Jaenichen 3. D. Werenberg 4. Chris Miller 5. Wil Hall 6. Tom Page 7. Dominic Dixon 8. Bruce Bushong 9. David Johnson 10. Greg Parsons 11. Steve Pollard 12. Steve Sunseri 13. Prichard Ortiz 14. Pete Sherman 15. Phill Tissue 16. Tim Jackson 17. Steve Fisher 18. John Russell 19. Mike Ullrich 20. Vidal Rodriguez 21. Barb Crutchfield 22. Mark Tarango 23. Craig Uffman 24. Cathy Calhoun 25. Tim Glasow 26. Dennis Wells 27. Joe Capstaff 28. Lloyd Edgerly 29. Alan Wilde 30. Greg Upright

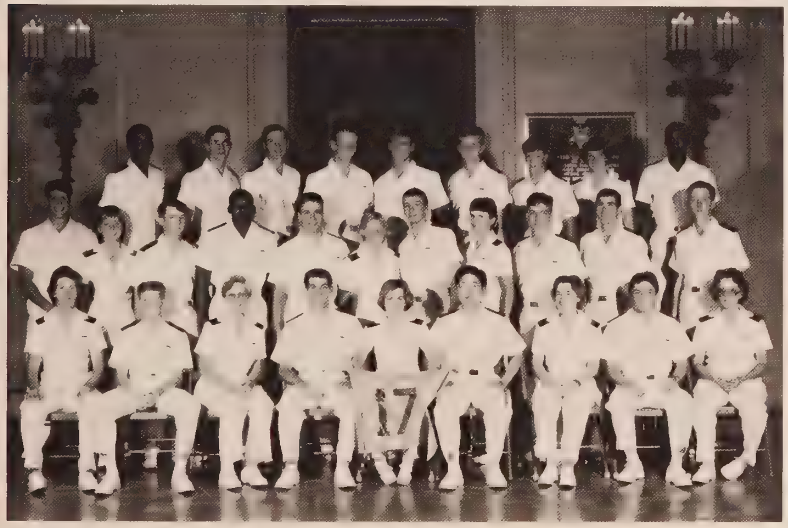
17th Co. Stalag 17 enjoyed another fine year of activities, spirit, and comraderie. During the fall, our company sports night helped break the monotony of the drill field. Arm wrestling, backgammon, bowling, and racquetball tournaments relieved the boredom during the Dark Ages; the company staff also helped with pizza and taco runs. Naturally, everybody was working for the weekend; the Service Selection Party and Ski Trip weekend was a particular highlight for the first class, while the second class continued their bucket brigade festivities. Our annual Mess Night strengthened the traditional bonds of fellowship among friends. Finishing in the top five in color competition the past three years, the departing firsties can rest assured that the gang on 7-2 will continue to uphold the high standards of the 17th company for years to come. Congratulations and Good Luck to all!



**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Jeff Clark, Scott Steeves, Chris Pietras, Frank Shaffer, Ben Mathews, Jeff Fletcher, Rob Campbell, Scott Bubier, Dirk Ellsworth; *Row 2* Ed Baldwin, Derek Rydholm, Mike Crosby, John Mason, Bruce Koivu, Dave Nameroff, Sean O'Connor, Chris Loria, Willie McCool, Gordon Haines, Terry Keith, Oliver Chase, Jim Mathers; *Row 3* Randy Mahr, Phil Clough, Ed Becker, Derek Roberts, Craig Walker, Mark Johnston, Steve Jackson, Brian Riegel, Gerry Esper, Brent Flaskerud, Jim McKeon, Bob Chapleski.

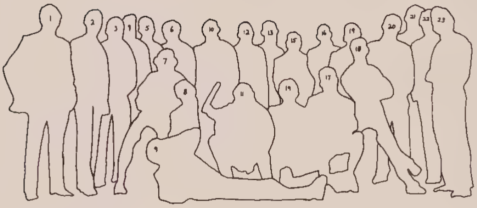


**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Kent Whalen, JR Moulton, Jack Lerchbacker, Barry Witte, William Freeman, Michael Biron, Robert Sichler, Gary Swain, Lee Burke; *Row 2* Robert Gundlach, David Lihani, Craig Selbrede, Joseph Pasola, William Faucher, David McClary, Michael Salach, Robin Myers, Mark Prusinski, David Anderson, Virgil Gabion, James Lindsey, William Weiden; *Row 3* Mark Robinson, Pat Harkey, Geoff Zimmer, Billy McKinney, Clifford Maurer, Robert Rowsey, William Harrison, Terry Miller, David Berke, John Heiss.



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* K. Martin, J. Strieter, K. Miller, T. Hogsten, D. Judy, K. Kaneshiro, T. Wiggs, M. Vance, T. King; *Row 2* Harrisen (3/C), J. Vakkur, J. Noel, G. Figgins, J. Berdegeauz, H. Graf, J. Smithers, E. Coyne, S. Bryan, S. Patton, R. Sweeney; *Row 3* C. K. Burkey, C. Mueller, M. Hitchcock, J. Wright, C. W. Burk, W. Taylor, R. Russell, M. Ford, C. Pierce; *not pictured* M. Brown, J. Rosner.

# Serene Eighteen

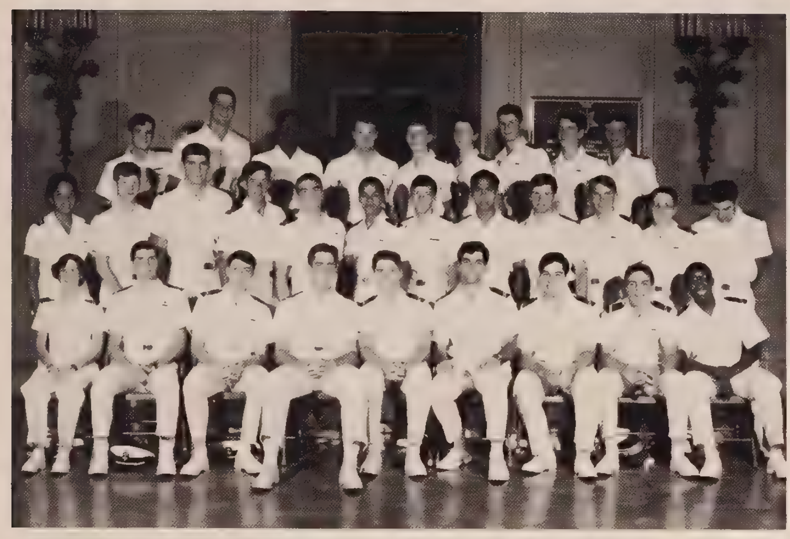


1. Phil Conlon 2. Joe Wendell 3. Dan Stultz 4. Ray Luscinski 5. Matt Maxwell 6. Len Barker 7. Rick Stein 8. Mike Maze 9. Paul Ferrell 10. Steve Lowrey 11. Romero Iral 12. Gary Butter 13. Mark Murphy 14. Pat Odonnell 15. Willie Gay 16. "Doc" Williams 17. Steve Goertzen 18. Carroll Lefon 19. Tom Remly 20. Doug Lender 21. Jim Hogan 22. Clarence Wiggins 23. Ed Dawson

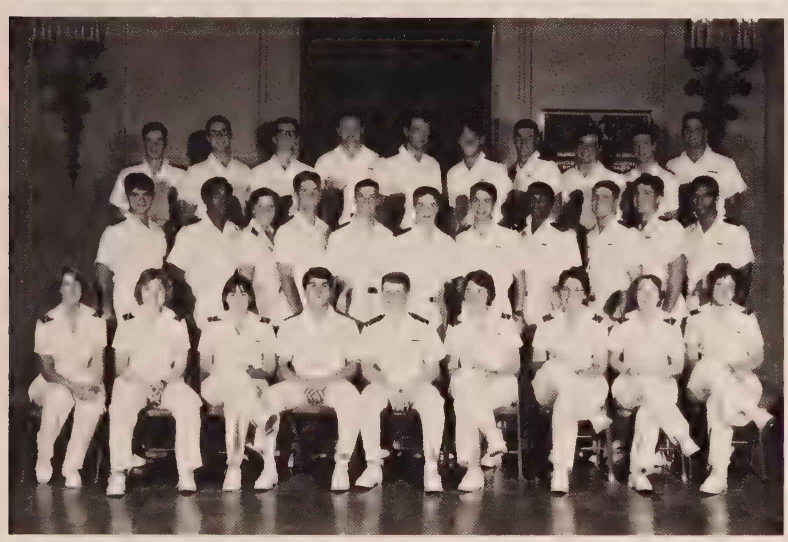
LCDR Blakey, 18th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Phillip Concon, M/LTJG Carroll Lefon, M/ENS James Hogan
*Spring Set* — M/LT Mark Murphy, M/LTJG Paul Ferrell, M/ENS Clarence Wiggins

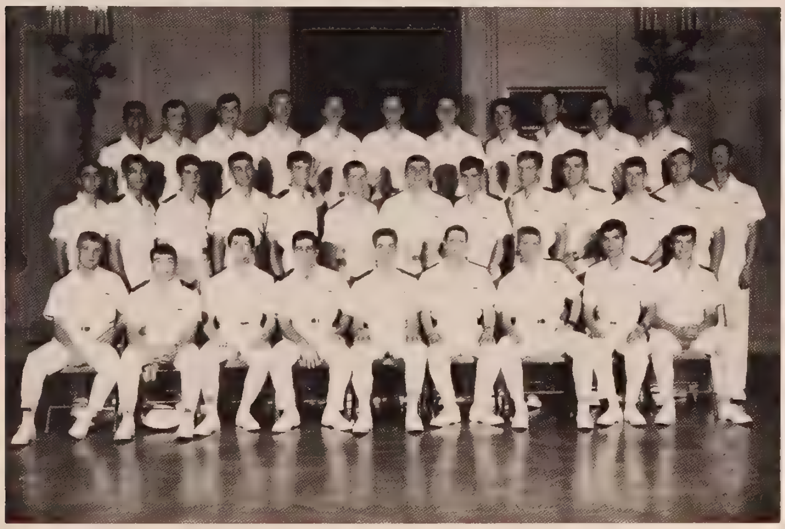
18th Co. 18 rolled right along with the best spirit in the Brigade. Morale was even higher this year due to the arrival of LCDR "Patch" Blakey, at last a regular officer. 18's support of Navy football was recognized by the CNO, who lent his voice to a few controversial 18th Company cheers. While many traditions changed, the 4/C still had a plebe year, thanks to reaming, screaming 2/C and supportive 1/C. A new rug improved the wardroom for the "Brideshead" and "Hillstreet Blues" gangs, and "Working Our Way Through The Academy" won a C-note. "You gotta love Navy" was heard a time or two in the hall and movement orders to Little Campus, room rugby, and ski trips were all a part of company life. From fifteen kegs in the El Rancho to parties at Dawson's, 82 left in style, passing a legacy to the rest of the company, "Work hard, Play hard."



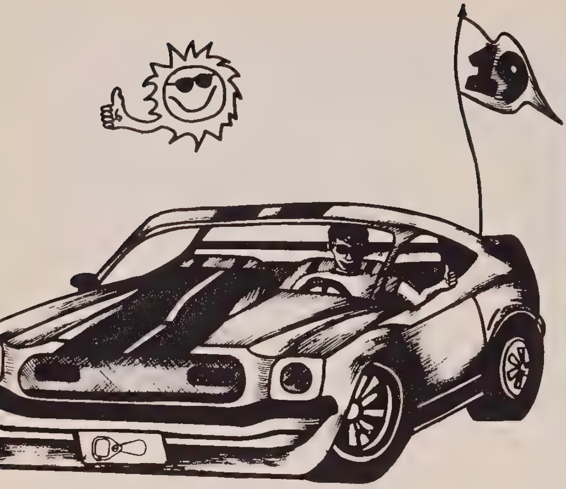
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* A. Goehrig, R. Woodford, J. Gillespie, M. Shippee, G. Brandquist, M. Dellatto, S. Gabriszeski, D. Drehoff, R. Waye; *Row 2* G. Santos, M. Kohrs, D. McCall, B. Moran, M. Resnick, J. Blake, E. Reintjes, R. Convento, P. Roach, M. Byman, G. Kessler, G. Miksch; *Row 3* A. Laney, A. Colao, K. James, M. Tammen, R. Hennelly, S. Wickerson, G. Mayo, M. Olson, W. Galinis; *not pictured* L. Gill.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* G. Hatfield, K. Winering, A. Tolg, R. Aiken, K. Kilday, K. Comnick, H. Merk, E. Boudereau, M. Chipkevich; *Row 2* C. Talamantes, M. Shepherd, R. Bolster, D. Brumley, R. Richardson, R. Lee, E. Wilson, R. Darden, K. Tirman, T. Downing, R. Sexton; *Row 3* D. Cooper, P. Cochran, G. Karpick, R. Sheldahl, S. Hedges, S. Orren, D. Doster, L. Clark, D. Caldwell, D. Callagahan.

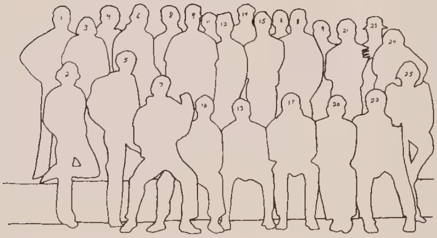


**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* T. Olson, W. Nolan, J. Walker, L. Hickey, R. Geis, J. Wiley, G. Smith, A. Andow, G. Milowicki; *Row 2* T. Morris, M. McNamara, J. Kilgore, G. Habel, J. Miley, B. Saxman, S. Hillman, R. Nowak, D. Diest, W. Higgins, A. Solgere, C. Boone, M. Huggins; *Row 3* B. More, F. Gunsallus, M. Yniguez, S. Boerighter, D. Wood, J. Kelleher, T. Marshall, T. Malick, C. Smith, G. McGiffney, W. Johnson.



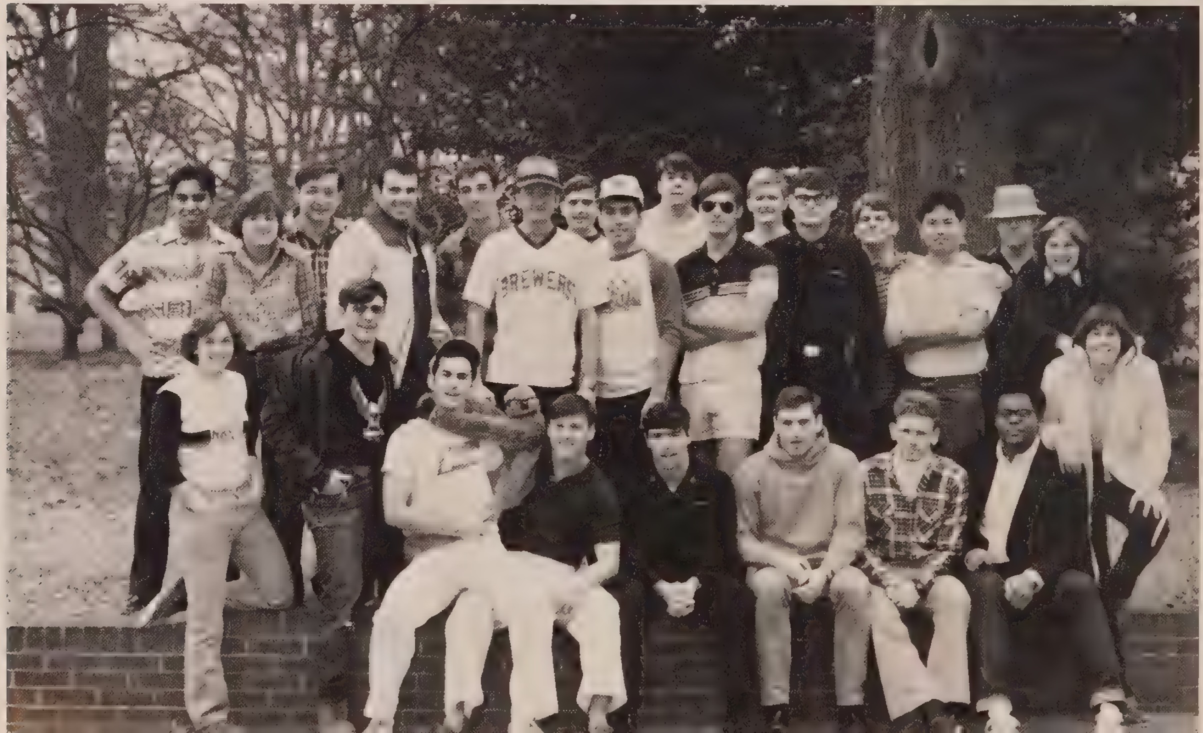
Lt. Locklear, 19th Co. Officer

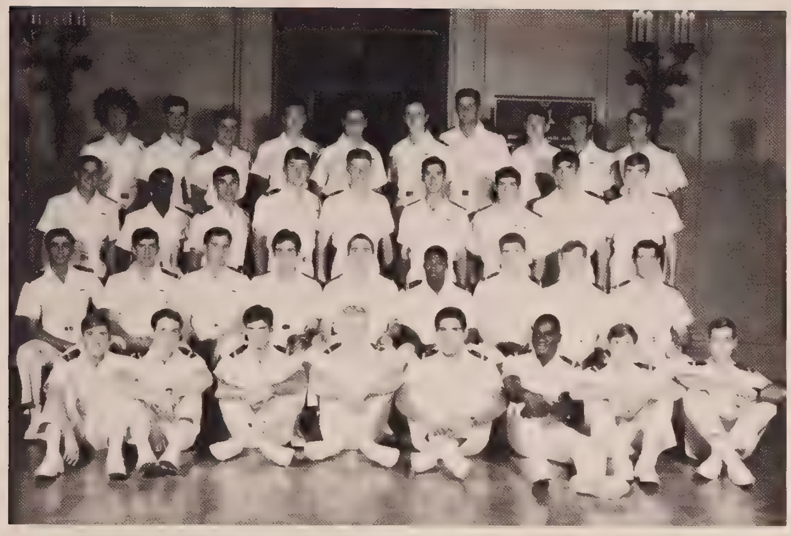
*Fall Set* — M/LT Mathew Moury, M/LTJG Juanne Pottey, M/ENS Christopher Perry
*Spring Set* — M/LT Michael Luciano, M/LTJG William Swinton, M/ENS Joanne Pottey



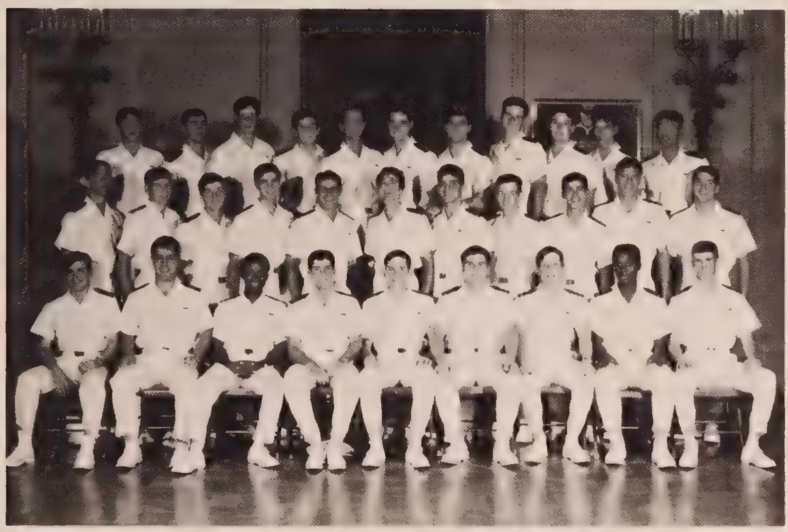
1. Luis Alvarez 2. Joanne Pottey 3. Reeta Whitney 4. Dave Dickenson 5. Andrew York 6. John Price 7. Matt Moury 8. Steve Montague 9. Pete Suave 10. Ron Bethman 11. William Boeh 12. Mike Luciano 13. Chris Perry 14. Garry Gasdner 15. Mark Jantzen 16. Robert Chen 17. Craig Benson 18. William Swinton 19. Scott Wilson 20. Dan Bergin 21. Herb Yee 22. Earl Goodson 23. Sam Blackadar 24. Mary Sue Bittle 25. Sheila Duffy

19th Co. Cloud 19. We're well renown within the brigade, as we peer down from the heights of 4-4 and 2-4, insuring the rest of the brigade's safety. At least that is what we tell everybody as we keep ourselves out of trouble. After several years of leading the brigade in drill we decided this year to let the rest of the companies catch up. First semester we started high, then finished low with the rest of the battalion (wonder why?). Remaining in that position until the beginning of second semester P-rade session, we then began to climb again through devine intervention. 19 boasts of the 3/c PCR studs, a hard-won brigade championship title in soccer, and numerous varsity athletes; we also have many outstanding members in ECA's from water polo to the Drum and Bugle Corps. Good Luck 19! May success always be with you.

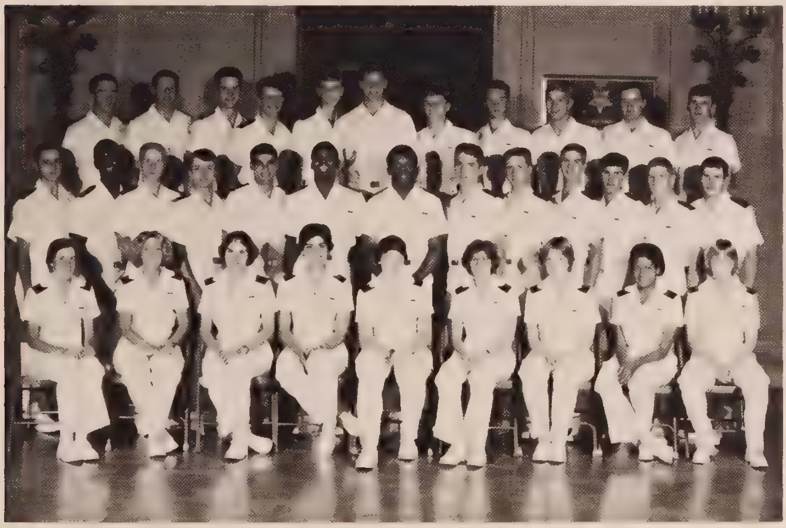




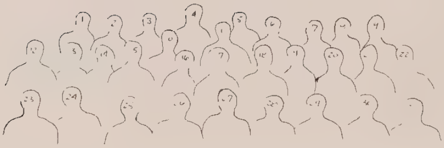
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Mike Poirier, Dave Weaver, Brian Cahn, John Amy, Bob Alcala, Dennis DeBerry, Chris Callagher, Blake Ramsey; *Row 2* Tom Kalfas, Dave Bogdan, Robert Papp, Mike Treadwell, Tom Corcoran, Chris Butler, Jim Wood, Paul Siegrist, Bob Russell; *Row 3* Andy Powell, Jesse Wrice, Mike Kendus, Scott Bell, Eric Moss, Fred Forney, Lance Zahn, Karl Kornchuck, Larry Comerford; *Row 4* Andrew Hofley, Tom Cheamitre, Dave Saba, Brian McGee, Mike Melillo, Tim Mahony, Steve Marr, Tony Wilding, Chuck Sitarski, Bob Shoemaker; *not pictured* Greg Miller, Brian Belcher, Dave Cullison.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Mark Stolarski, Paul Gawryzenski, Jeff Brown, Matt Wallace, Gary Williams, Craig Hamner, Lantz Ellis, Lenny Price, Dave Vanderschoot; *Row 2* Scott Rasplica, Scott Atkin, Rob Sawyer, Paul Arends, Tony Onorati, Dave Gellene, Bill Blue, Greg Navin, Dave Hall, John Quint, Matt Jacobson; *Row 3* Mike Purcell, Scott Vogelsang, Mark Granier, Bill Elliot, Sto MaCarthur, Andrew Hale, Tony Mauro, Dan Burns, Scott Williams, Ron Hollenbeck, Noel Enriquez.



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Jane Bailey, Kin Anderson, Ashley Yetman, Sandra Simpson, Beth Clark, Lynn Bever, Allison Gross, Rani Bush, Susan Wells; *Row 2* Sam Platt, Chris Belton, Scott Carlson, Wade Burchell, Greg Garbes, Byron Williams, Dave Tolliver, Tim Hanson, Devin Mitchell, Dinnis Barham, Mike Gradwohl, Steve Pimpo, Scott Reichard; *Row 3* Jim Sheldrup, Dave Wite, Steve Bongardt, Greg Beck, Walter Bell, Eric Rutherford, Doug Burton, Chip Denman, Jim Syvertsen, Jim Budway, Tom Sylvester

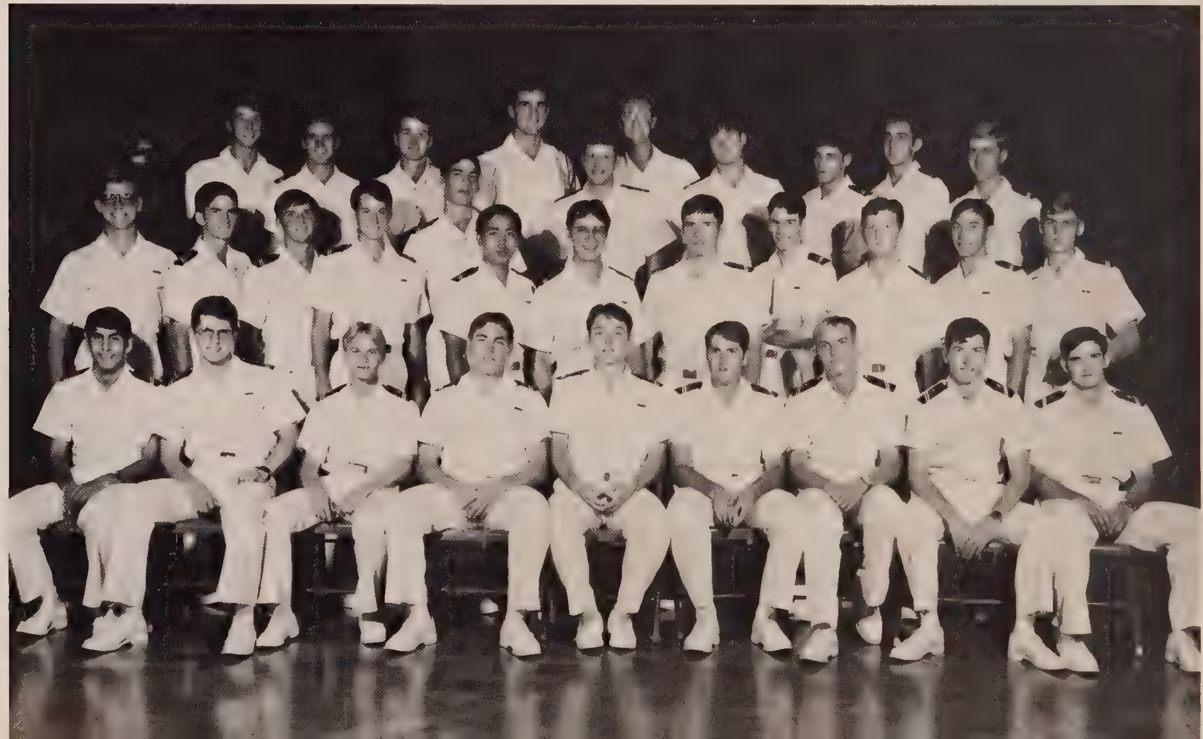


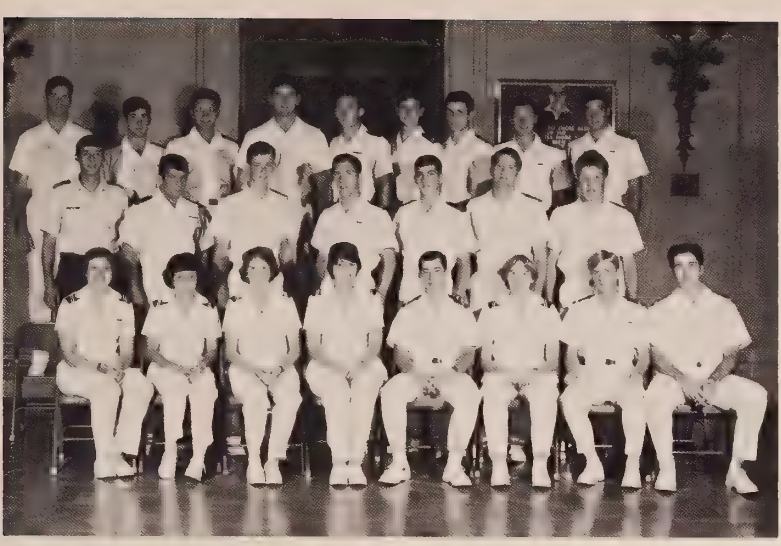
1. Craig Powers 2. John McCarty 3. Kevin Smith 4. Warren Rice 5. Charles Kineke 6. R. Reifsnyder 7. Jeffery Cramer 8. Peter Nikitas 9. Steve Johnson 10. Mark Bakotic 11. Mark Lopresto 12. Joe Welter 13. James Clifton 14. John Doherty 15. Danny Miller 16. Edward Yee 17. Mike Golightly 18. Steve Weaver 19. Leo Balk 20. Robert Lee 21. Perez-Vergara 22. Dale Kemper 23. Joe Taschetta 24. William Druce 25. Ricky Vandagriff 26. Ron Caswell 27. Joe Carpenter 28. David Jones 29. Darryl Manwarring 30. R. Robichaud 31. Doug Lowe

Lt. Bergman, 20th Co. Officer

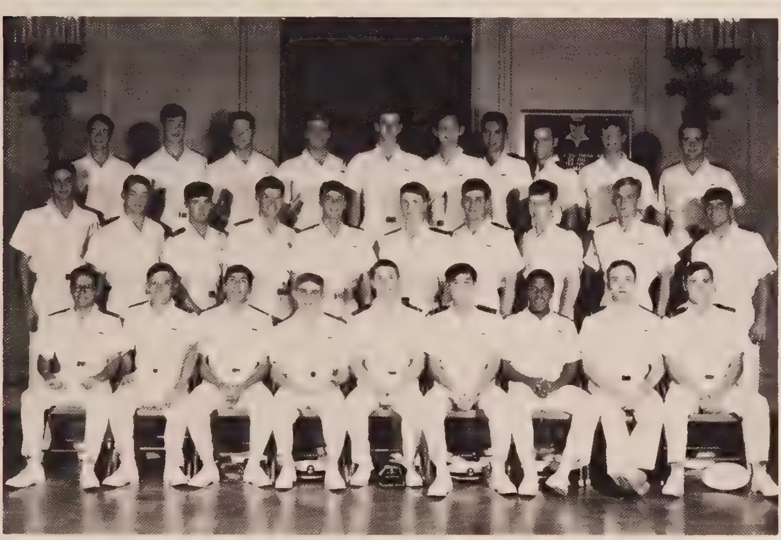
*Fall Set* — M/LT Powers, M/LTJG John McCarty, M/ENS Charles Kineke
*Spring Set* — M/LT Lopresto, M/LTJG Steve Weaver, M/ENS Ron Caswell

20th Co. Creativity is the hallmark of this spirited crew of engineers, lacrosse buffs, fencers, sailors, YP jocks, surfers, guitar strummers, runners, politicians and other assorted wildmen. It was obvious that this gang had something extra: real pep rallies, classic scuba parties and the greatest Christmas skit ever added to this bunch's enviable reputation. Partying was a specialty of the men of 20 as memories of bashes at the House of Caswell and Mama La Presto's Restaurant attest. Those still lurking about Bancroft Hall include the ex-Company Commander without a car, the Coca Cola Kid, the Company Commander with a heart as big as his midsection, Cas the Ladies' Man, the Nose Twins, and a cast of tens. Bancroft will indeed be sad to see these characters gone. Success and God be with you all, brothers of 20!

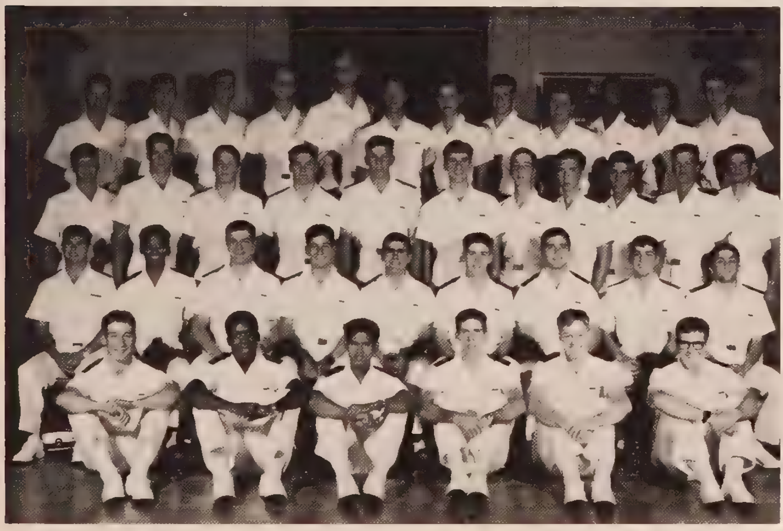




**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Lynn Thomas, Cathy Gaul, Laura Hinkley, Sue Koye, Peter Ditullio, Nanacy Schiavetta, Jim Mulligan, Steve Murphy; *Row 2* John Gartska, Chris Bush, Mark Kanakis, Ken Levins, Jack Raynold's, Randy Fuch's, Steve Wirshing; *Row 3* Tom Fernan, Dave Diorio, Carlos Delto-o, Richard Guest, Richard Hayes, Jeff Benson, Mark Skidmore, Ron Jordan, Mike Foley.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Ralph Espinosa, Richard Cox, Mike Lopez, Bob Wiegert, Tim Rogers, Chris Tuey, Willy Hosch, Charlie Frederick, Ed McCarthy; *Row 2* John Bowie, Tom Meadows, Matt Avila, Dave Ratte, Warren Belt, John Johnson, Jim Hannan, Kent Peckenpaugh, Sandy Heyward, Tom Deitz; *Row 3* Greg Shore, Dave Booth, Greg Heruth, Al Grosskurth, Kurt Scott, Tom Cuff, Manny Garcia, Tim Nolan, Tom Wing, Chuck Bagwell.



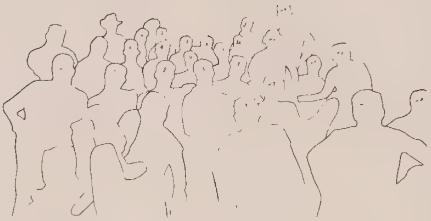
**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Chet Wilson, Paul Harris, Henry Castillo, Joe Skufca, Phil Criswell, Dave Cooksey; *Row 2* Rick Snow, Arthur Castillo, Todd Polinchock, Vince Zaccardi, John Holland, Ed Mayfield, Mike Mize, Scott Ducker, Jeff Thomas; *Row 3* Mike Haumer, Tom Dop, Jeff Hoyle, Dave Island, Tom Moore, Todd Landefeld, Kevin Gue, Frank Sheehan, Todd Park, Bert Desoie, Bob Muxlow, Bob Walzer, Mike Dahlin; *Row 4* Mike Merritt, Dave Gilmore, Larry Lasseter, Mike Siewertsen, Troy Bates, Eric Doyle, Jim Syring, Jeff Biggs, Jim Polo, Dave Oliver.

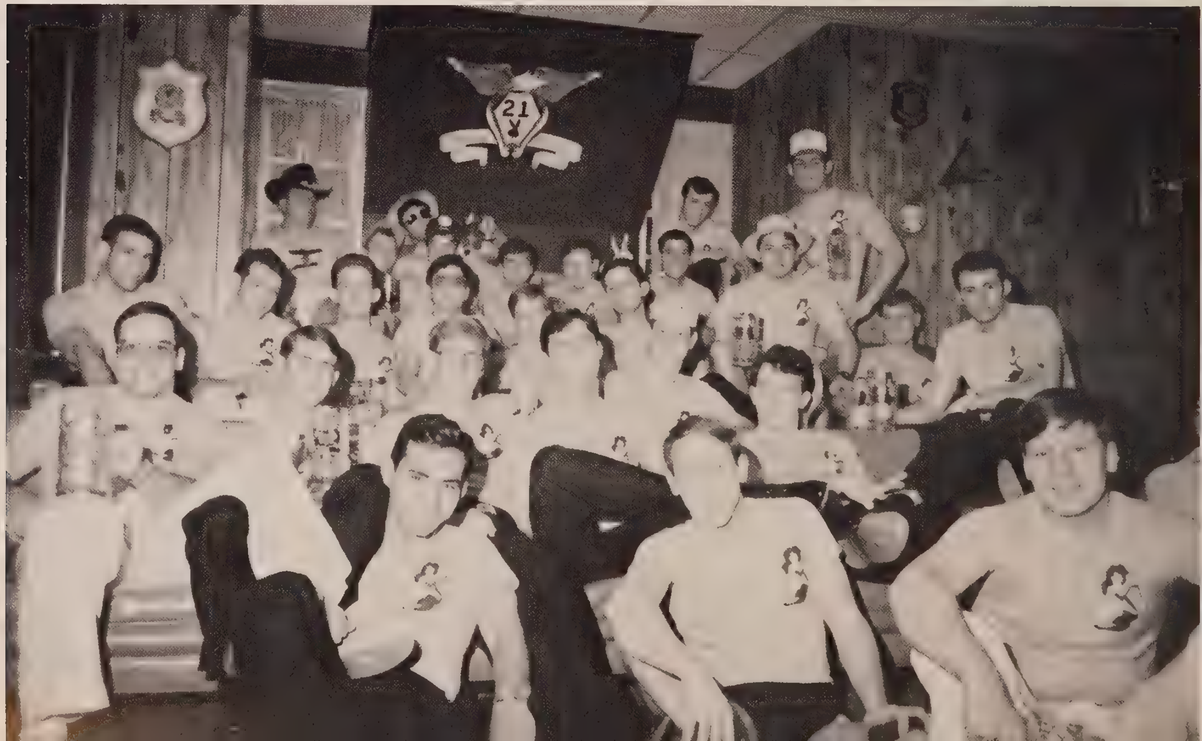
PLAYBOY
TWENTY ONE

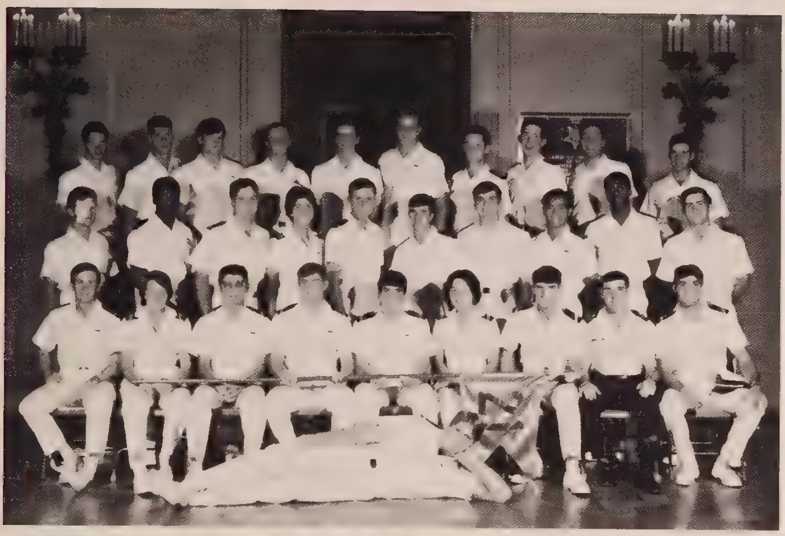
Lt. Northam, 21st Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Glenn Snyder, M/LT-JG John Lang, M/ENS Pete Haglich
*Spring Set* — M/LT Craig Smith, M/LT-JG Rick Dempsy, M/ENS Ward Carrol

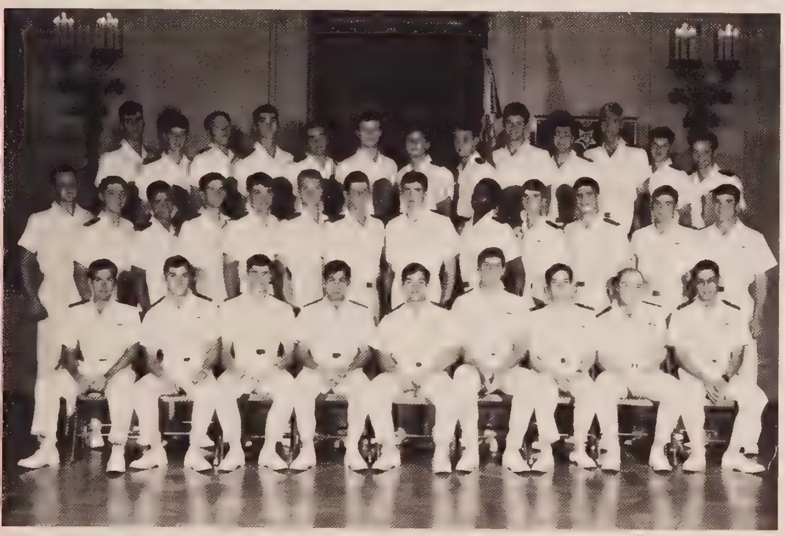
21st Co. The '81-'82 year was nothing less than a roaring success in the PLAYBOY COMPANY. The firsties got the plebes off to a blazing start with an enjoyable summer of fun and frolics. Academic year rolled around and 21 was reunited to enjoy a redecorated wardroom, compliments of '82. The segundos took charge of the plebes while the youngsters settled into the syndrome. All hands learned a new vocabulary consisting of "Good Morning, Navy" and "class act." Tailgaters were great; one even turned into a striper board. 21 got a Basketball Jones and proudly ascended to Brigade champs. The year was finished off with a boat party, a mess night featuring Cap'n Jack, and the annual softball game at Sandy Point. Take the conn '83; '82 stands relieved.


1. John Kurtz 2. Steve Klemencic 3. John Lang 4. Ralph Hubbard 5. Rett Rasmussen 6. Ron Fricker 7. Mark Rios 8. Bob Bybee 9. Javier Sotelo 10. Roger Conley 11. Jim Settele 12. Rick Dempsey 13. Jeff Amick 14. Doug McElheny 15. Ward Carroll 16. Lidden Pate 17. Ron Parson 18. Charles Anderson 19. Tony Smith 20. Rich Ayuso 21. Brian Grady 22. Steve Niskanen 23. Tim White 24. Craig Smith 25. Rudy Heller 26. Glenn Snyder 27. Pete Haglich 28. Ron Snyder

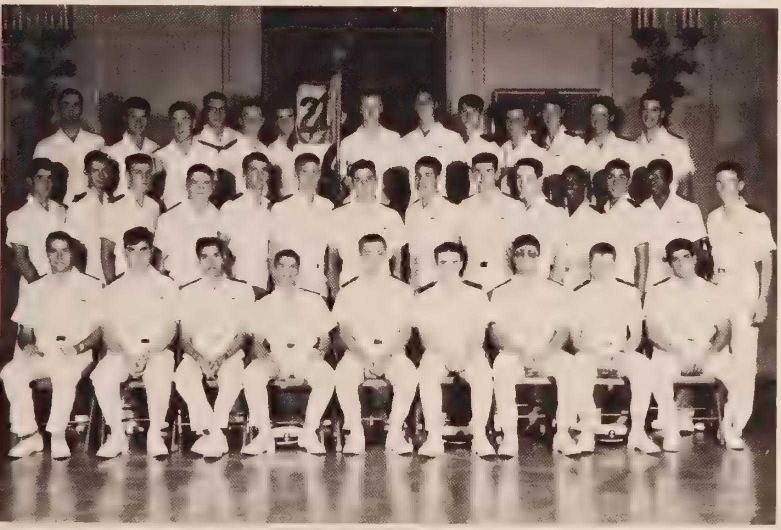




**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Terry Burt, Ruth Voor, Larry Hovind, Luke McCollum, Brad Murphy, Tomoko Ishikawa, John Mullen, Scott Brooks, Steve Shatynski; *Row 2* Tom, Boynton, Darryl Gaston, Joe Nolan, Erica Ryder, John Nielsen, Bill Mattingly, Jeff Wilcox, Feb Caile, Joe Williams, Bill Gott; *Row 3* Paul Froede, Ed Lester, Mike Price, Frank Blankemeyer, Mark Gallagher, Tim Batzler, Chris Ratliff, Brian Sheppard, Pete Fanta, George Ellard.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Bill Mergen, Keith Wagoner, James Calrk, Arsenio Menendez, Ramon Collazo, Bruce Kocher, Jerome Stefanko, Jeff Hoke, James Tasiri; *Row 2* Scott Gordon, Chuck Marini, Javier Roquebert, Hal Morrison, James Lazeunick, Maartin Vermsat, Robert Ernst, Stacy Turner, Fred Fegan, Russell Deal, Douglas Suriano, David Kowalick, Jon Hartman; *Row 3* Mike Jelepis, Leigh Armistead, Scott Newman, Wes Montgomery, Charles Lynch, Andrew Laing, Thomas Luke, Scott Spearing, Don Griffin, Peter Mullenhard, Dan Adams, Nick Palmiotto, Greg Carlson.



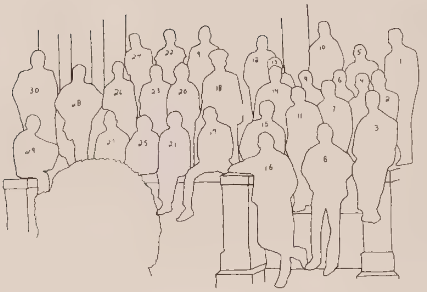
**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Mark Hasty, Timothy Calloghan, Robert Quinton, Eric Campbell, Stephen Siletsky, James Conley, Doug Grossman, Greg Hess, John McIlhargy; *Row 2* Steven Kennedy, Ed Whitehouse, Stephen Miernicki, Mark Livingston, Larry Brandon, Alex Kiefer, Andrew Zdenowicz, Cory Springer, James MacDonald, John Marshall, Michael Flowers, Rogilio Figueroa, Thomas Parham, David Pflieger; *Row 3* Eric Mogelgaard, Timothy Dison, Jeffrey Peters, Mathew Licholai, Ed Mullen, Kyle Frietas, Timothy Tinney, Kevin Patton, John Co-nors, Robin Farley, Dan Williams, Mark Coonrod, Lawrence Henigan.

# 22ND COMPANY

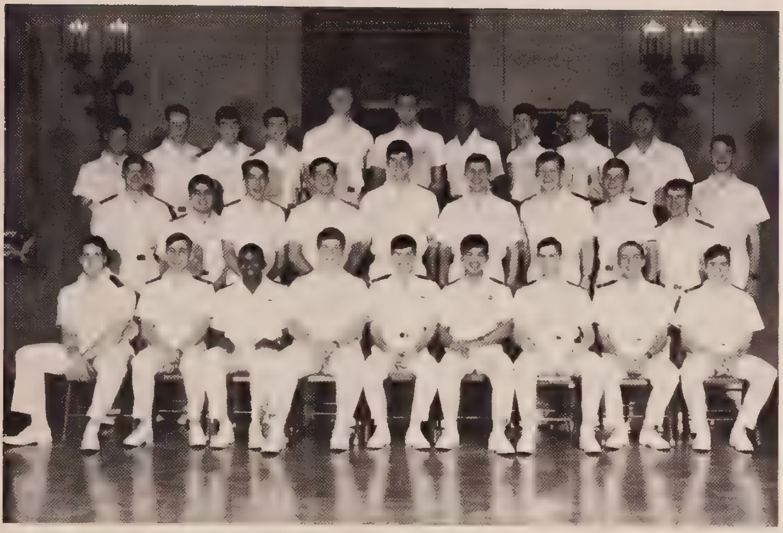
Capt. Connolly, 22nd Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Dave Halladay, M/LTJG Greg Tyson, M/ENS Barb Juarez
*Spring Set* — M/LT Mike Brewer, M/LTJG Mark Hardy, M/ENS Greg Lawler

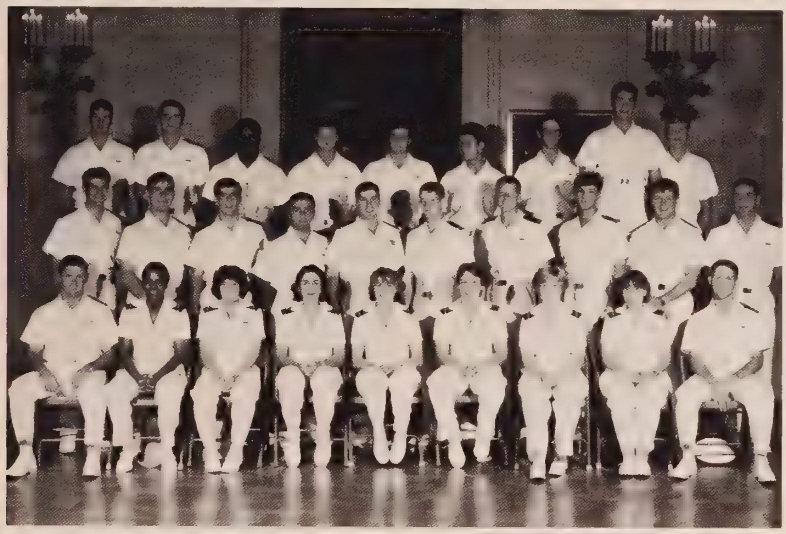
22nd Co. Upon returning for the academic year we were met by a new company officer, Capt. P. V. Connally, USMC. From the first day, we knew that things would be different. Our leatherneck mentor left us little time to reminisce about times gone by as he (we) immediately began "setting the pace for the brigade." 22 survived waxy-buildup and close order drill in the dark to become the harbingers of USNA's newest wave of professionalism. 'Marching 22' got off to a great start by capturing dead last in the fall P-rade competition. We proved to ourselves that any adversity can be overcome with a mixture of hard work (i.e. "supervision") and good humor, and we were blessed with a glut of the latter. There is a lot of pride in our ability to say that our company's standards far exceeded the norm. If there's any truth to the saying that our eventual gains are commensurate with our sacrifices, then we can hardly wait.



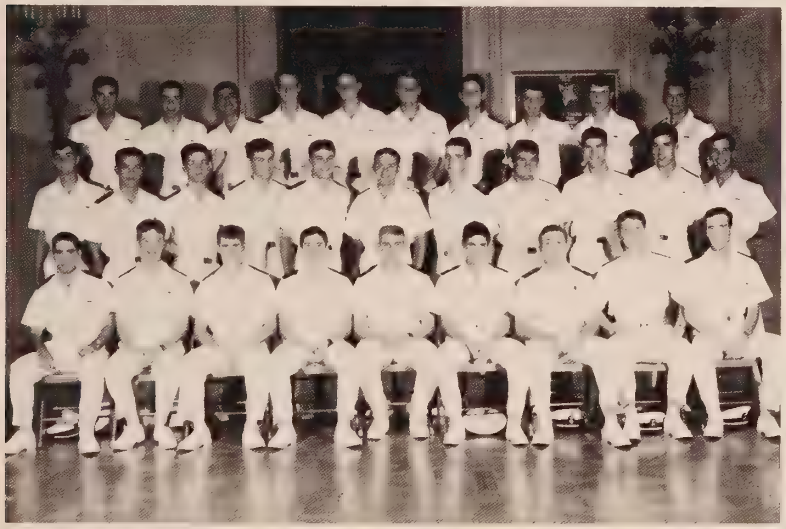
1. Mark Hardy 2. Greg Tyson 3. Bruce Bille 4. Ed Moszewski 5. Tom Arruffo 6. Ed Jaison 7. Dave Halladay 8. Greg Lawler 9. Ed Carroll 10. Bill Kennington 11. Terry Parker 12. Tom Ellison 13. Geri Dovalgo 14. Chris Bielik 15. Bob Guest 16. Dave Howe 17. Mark Frost 18. Paul Borren 19. Paul Shilling 20. Jackie Binhlam 21. Jan Lamison 22. Dan Humphries 23. Brad Arnold 24. Chris Lester 25. Barb Juarez 26. Mike Brewer 27. Dave Silvious 28. Gabe Diaz 29. Kendall Miller 30. Nick Marcantonia



**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Mike McCool, Kyle Hancock, Frank McNeil, Ken Spafford, Jim Sweeney, Jeddy Ruiz, Ken Switzer, Jeff Hallin, Walt Ryon; *Row 2* Doug Hintze, Tony Sanchez, Ty Voughn, Tim Nail, Graham Rossano, Dusty Brzostek, Malcolm Lemay, Brian Antonio, Randy Black; *Row 3* Kevin Smith, Goeff Walborn, Jim Beatty, Dan Ball, Ken Wilson, Ed Logue, Kevin Miller, Dave Fuhrmaun, Jon Houser, Randy Wood, Keith Beatty.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* John Wilcox, Ieean Fortune, Kathy Farnett, Rebecca Barrish, Susan Honan, Diane Hardin, Shari Wright, Sonja Solens, Eric Rice; *Row 2* Matt Chapman, Don Merino, Dan Teclaw, Edward Flores, Mark Quinn, Colin Chaffee, Steve Blau, John Pollak, Jim McConnell, Konrad Kircher; *Row 3* John Judy, Perry Willette, Chris Davis, Ken Everill, Scott Campbell, John Riley, Tom Leach, Joe Sawitsky, Dave Juba; *not pictured* Brian McIlvaine.

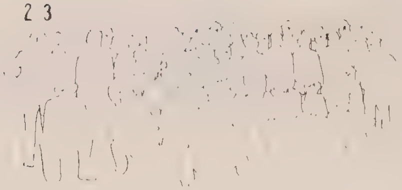


**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Phillip Richmond, Gene Anderson, Patricio Salgado, Sydney Pohl, Joseph Royal, Scott Field, John Nixon, James Wilcox, Larry Roberts, Dachim Ruhe; *Row 2* Michael Midgley, John Figuerres, David Barnett, Michael Smith, Timothy Shoenburn, Craig Hrabal, David Lynn, Robert Poitral, Criag Beyfe, Riki Young, Michael Lester; *Row 3* Ricardo Price, Richard Johnson, Christopher Reynolds, Mark Hawkins, John Grippo, Anthony Frueger, Louis Papet, Charles Beem, Michael Borrosh.

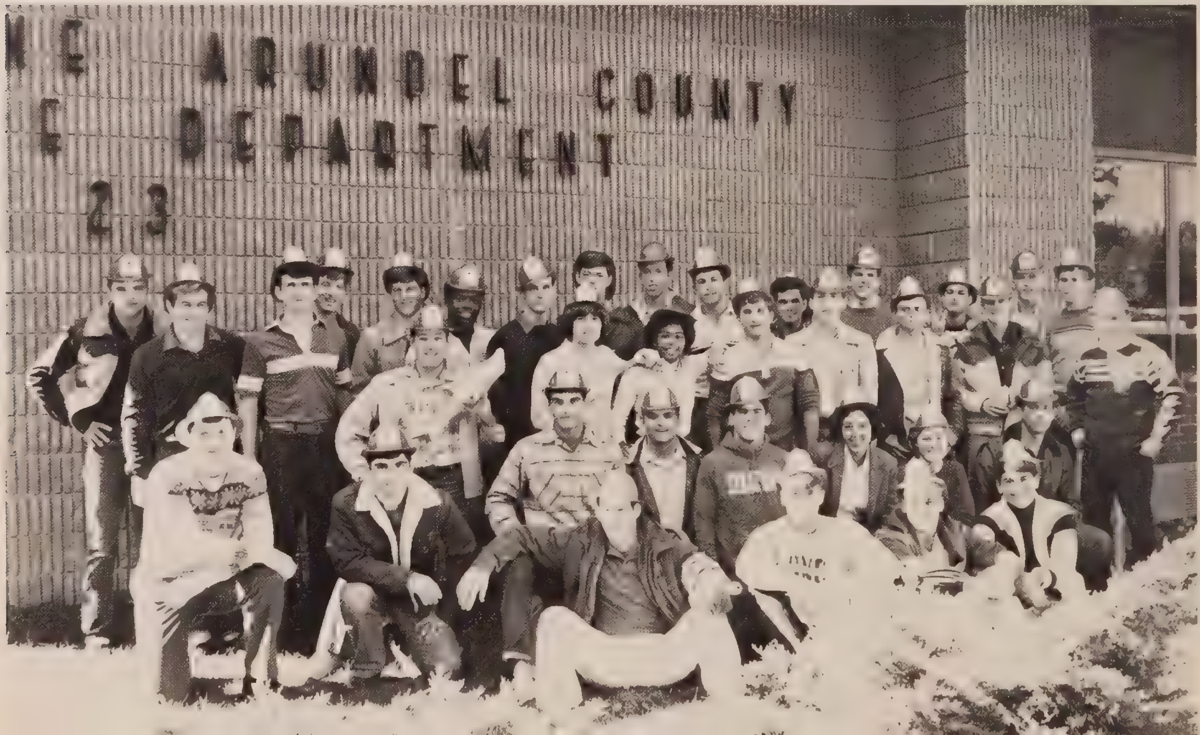
Lt. O'Brien, 23rd Co. Officer

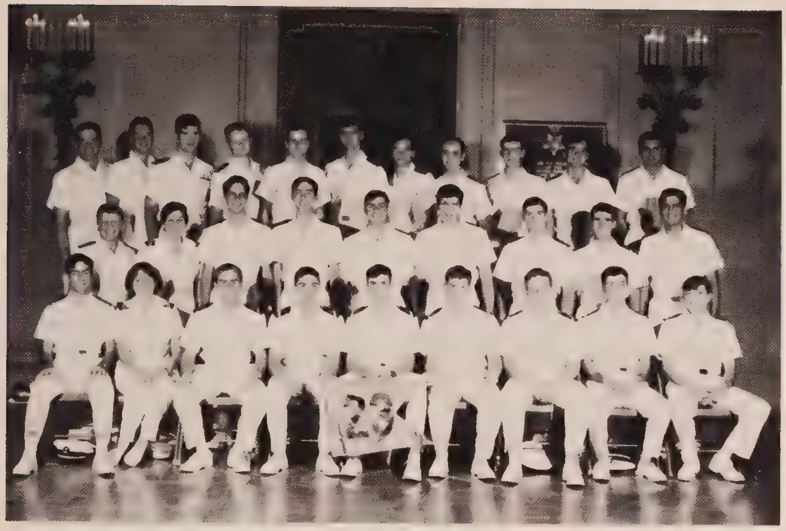
*Fall Set* — M/LT Dave Grassetti, M/LTJG Scott Gilbert, M/ENS Darrell Morben
*Spring Set* — M/LT Darrel Morben, M/LTJG Dan Lee, M/ENS Gary Nevaras

23rd Co. As usual, it took a few weeks for the 23rd Company to get on its feet after '85's Plebe Summer, an exciting experience for all, smoothly run by the Class of '82. The fall season will be remembered for the march-overs (let's take a strain!), the tailgaters and a great Army party. The return from Christmas leave saw both the lightweight and heavyweight football teams go for the brigade championships, with the heavies falling short in the championship game. The spring season promised to be another strong year for the '81 brigade champion slow-pitch softball team. Each class had its individual accomplishments as well: '85 led the way in demerits, '84 led in company sports, '83 led in academics, and '82 led in just plain enjoying themselves in preparation for graduation. The company will be proudly represented in the fleet.

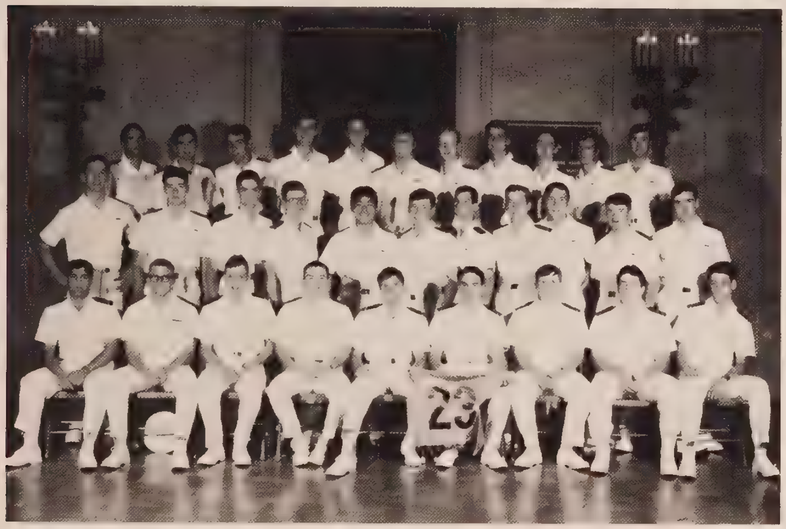


1. Dan Lynch 2. Tom Watson 3. Dan Lee 4. Gary Neveras 5. Barry Neveras 6. Don Bennett 7. Dave Grassetti 8. Darrel Morben 9. Scott Gilbert 10. Todd Malkasian 11. Lou Venturelli 12. Mark Mooshagian 13. Eric Vanhove 14. Dan Noble 15. John Kane 16. Don Maconi 17. Gary Brown 18. Mitch Taylor 19. Clay Miller 20. Max Mullholland 21. LT. O'Brien 22. Chuck Murphy 23. Carrie Coulter 24. Michelle Howard 25. Mike Valore 26. Tony Wood 27. Tom Doughty 28. Carrie Musso 29. Paula Hartzell 30. Mike Malcom 31. Brian Jones 32. Bob Rubin 33. Jim Steele 34. Shuan Mank 35. Scott Vasina

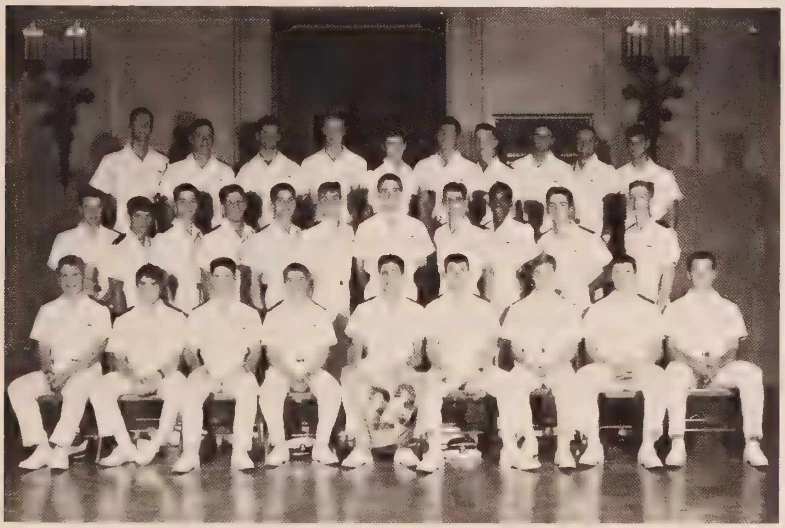




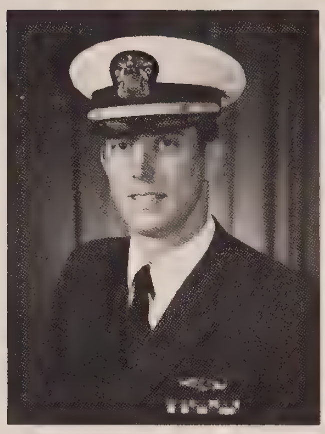
**Class of 1983:** *First Row:* Tom Spriesterbach, Linda Petrone, Kurt Kammerer, Robert Corolla, Timothy Rebhorn, Mark Ploof, Richard Hans, Ray Herb, Timonthy Bonnett, *Second Row:* John Scanlon, Pamela Horine, Jack Hoch, Charles Ray III, Michael Huffman, Kevin Newmeyer, Dave Sneddon, Alan Mangan, Wadi Farach, *Third Row:* Scott Miller, William Lewis, Scott Sundt, William Stacia, Michael Worley, Kevin Talbert, Paul Boyne, Roy Liles, Manfred Arlondl, Mark Watson, Michael Silva



**Class of 1984:** *First Row:* Astrup, Hook, Wallace, Baker, Collins, Allman, Leanhart, McGregor, Gilrath, Dohoda, Goff, Miller, Sichav, Chun, Dion, Caradini, Elkin, Lamontagne, Newton, McCabe, Wilson, Sanchez, Saver, Crespo, Frey, Ridder, Ridge, McCann, Esch, Quist, Bishop



**Class of 1985:** Kindshuh, Bianchi, Slyh, Sladcik, Eicher, Knaver, Ulbright, Miller, Elmer, Orr, Ruiz, Paige, Ravch, Commons, Osborne, McDuffie, Johnson, Marsh, Proctor, Reimer, McHale, Mudd, Loesh, Callahan, Francis, Perreca, Nelson, Lascari, Yorovich, Hefti

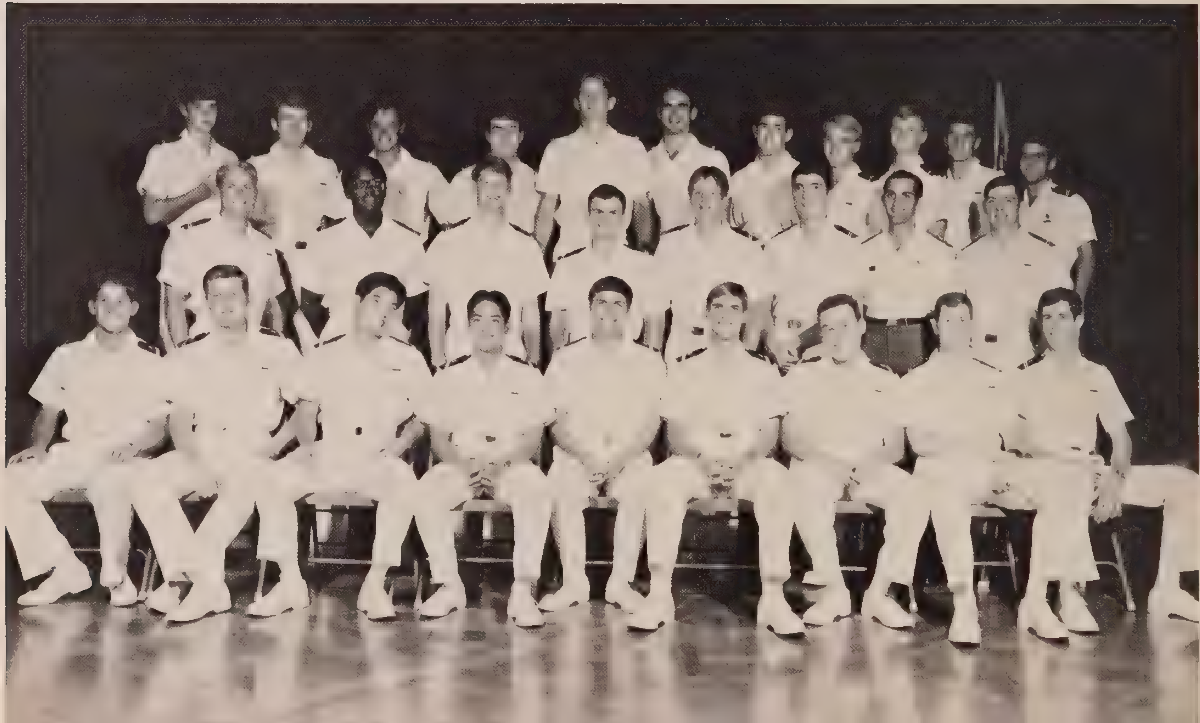


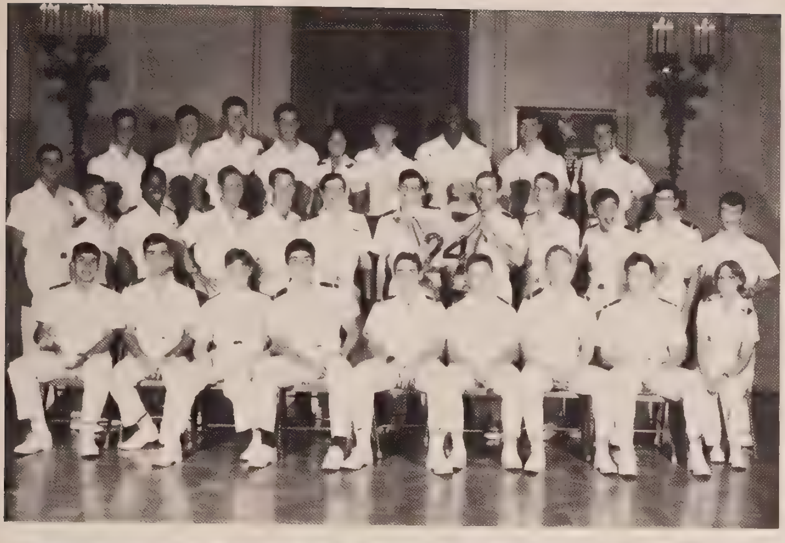
Lt. Eichelberger, 24th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Eisman, M/LTJG Al Salindong, M/ENS Bob Kapcio
*Spring Set* — M/LT Dryhurst, M/LTJG Ron Jamison, M/ENS Mike Ford

24th Co. The ones that made it made it with style. Nothing could have stopped Vic from wearing his designer PJ's or swayed Maddog from venerating Bobby Clarke. But it was these little distinguishing idiosyncrasies that made us complete in our diversity. We laughed at Jerry playing John Travolta with the Hood girls, at Frank performing at the Academy Motel and at Krafty, White, and Brown in their impersonation of Siamese triplets joined at the elbow . . . yes, this it where the essence of our survival together was derived! This is how we got through bad times which were really worse than we thought. Led by the natural abilities of RK and Moso, the 1/c even made it to Schlepper's wife's house to see where the winds of service selection would blow. No conformity, no standards — just a common bond of knowing we made it together.

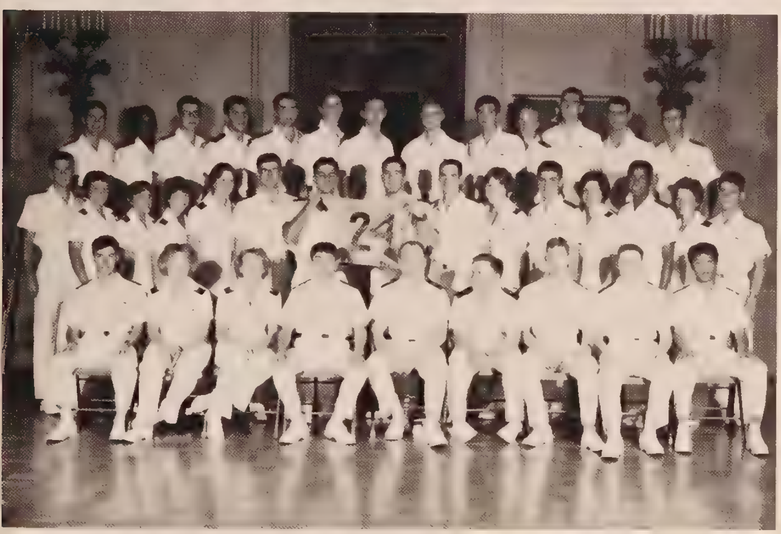
1. Scott Negus 2. Andy Palowitch 3. James Sakai 4. Art Salindong 5. Barry Prokop 6. Brad Rowe 7. Victor Casada 8. Charles Collins 9. George Dryhurst 10. John Sompasky 11. Rory Watson 12. Ken White 13. Kevin Brown 14. James Krafty 15. Ron Jamison 16. Pete Adams 17. Greg Eisman 18. Mark Shields 19. Mark Hunter 20. Mike Ford 21. Bob Kapcio 22. Gerald Sherrill 23. J. Mossbrucker 24. Mike Quillin 25. Tom Rowden 26. Tom Padden 27. Rich Simon 28. Fernando Lopez



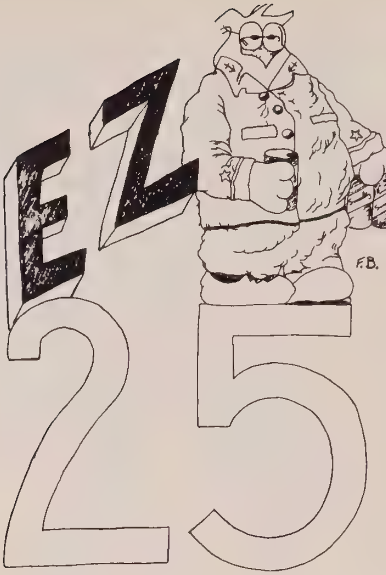


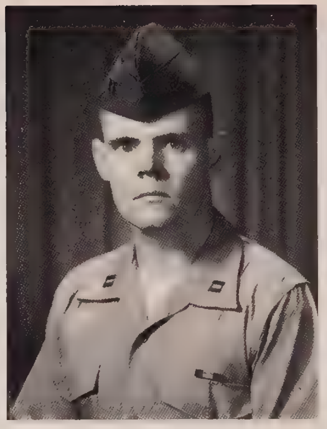
**Class of 1983:** Cam Sen, Bob Herzog, Alton Readen, Sean Buck, Valerie Villanueva, Wayne Fairchild, Leo Williams, Toddy Bostock, Dixon Smith, *Second Row:* Jeff Korn, Doug Barnhurst, Kevin Hale, Tom Crigger, Don Ogram, John Nelson, Earl Schenodell, Mark Laudie, Bob Woods, Josh Rubin, Mark Quartere, Wayne Weir, *Third Row:* Brian Kulick, Anore Maraoni, Bob Gross, Mark Alevizos, Bob Bianchi, Dan Evans, Matt Stapleton, Vince Macanany, Sue Smola

**Class of 1984:** *First Row:* Dave Abell, Mike Hagan, Carl Schwender, Glenn Stahl, Steve Peters, Brian Doyle, Norm Smith, George Herlong, Brent Canady, Branch Wrzeszcz, *Second Row:* Bob Kametz, Dave Petit, Thomas Manley, Bill Wright, Greg Crabtree, Chris Decker, Mike McCuthchen, Mark Heaphy, Phil Desjardins, Jeff Graham, Jim Coogan, Leonard Gains, *Third Row:* Tony Saccivino, Bruce Lipphardt, John Daniels, Scott Allen, John Lyon, Rob Ryan, Conrad Brown, Gerrald David, John Pendola



**Class of 1985:** *First Row:* Jim Challender, Chuck Nolan, Dave Buckta, Paul Sinuk, Dana Ellis, Scan Logan, John Beach, Dave Morgan, Dennis Hasson, Mark Little, Lloyd Wright, Mark Stevens, Mike Mudd, *Second Row:* Joel Huey, Robin Hooker, Susan Razura, Conny Coia, Mary Beth Smith, Mike Beatty, Mike Kessler, Neil Hudson, Doug Haack, Laura Reik, Mark Denno, Debrah Carson, Lester Philip, Tina Johnson, Don Cooper, *Third Row:* Scot Edmiston, Neysa Slater, Kelly Myers, Ralph Croce, Ken McElroy, Pat Mooney, Steve Smith, Doug Hudson, John Villsnueva





Capt. Eaton, 25th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Glenn Tracy, M/LTJG Warren Samoluk, M/ENS Mark Stuart
*Spring Set* — M/LT Brendan O'Friel, M/LTJG Peter Valiuske, M/ENS Steve Jung

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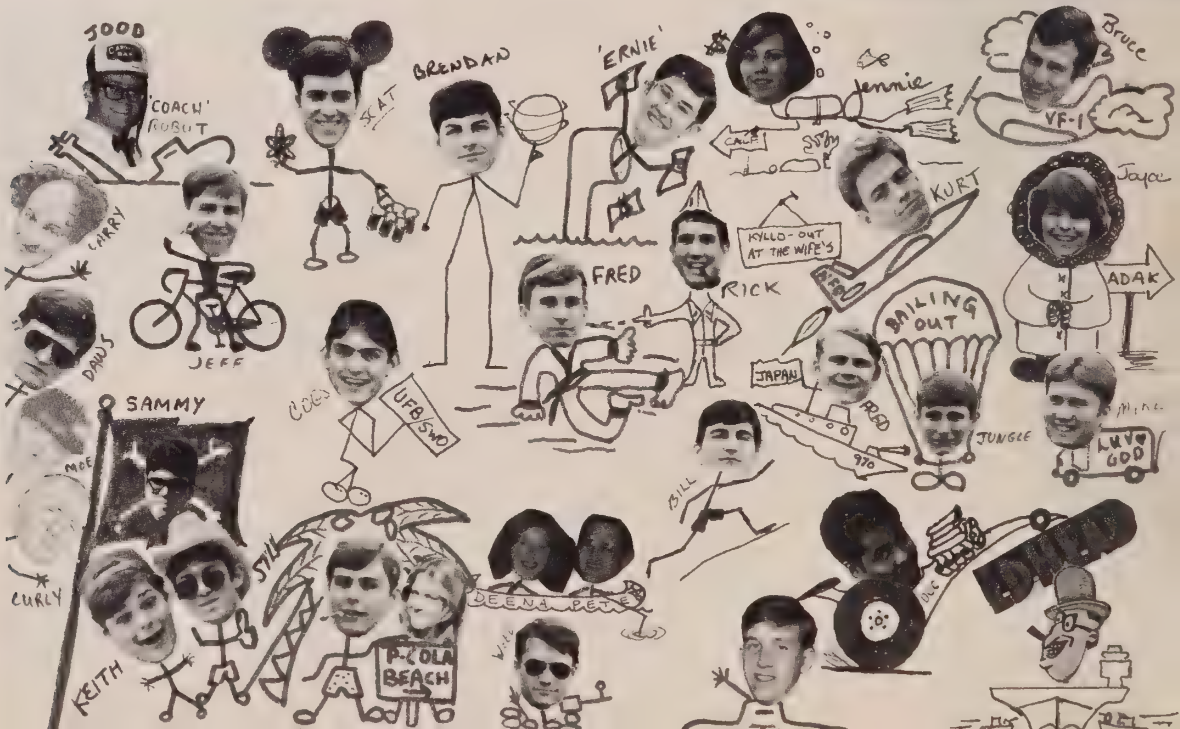
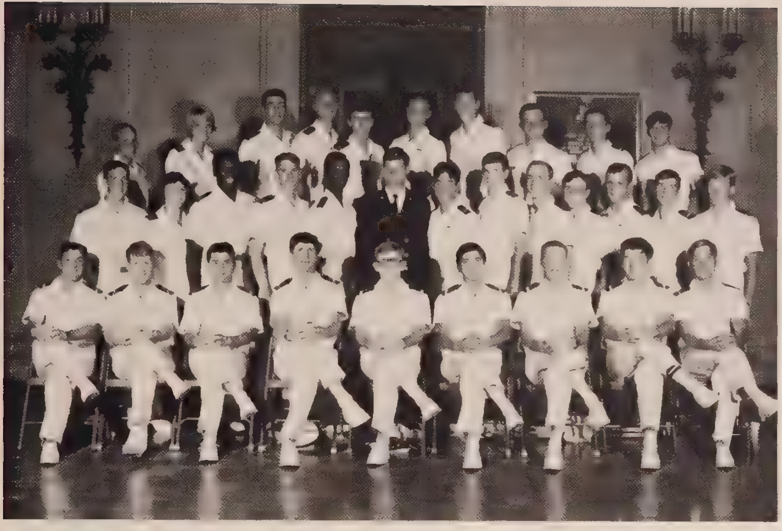
1. Robert Ives 2. Dale Crothers 3. Brandon O'Friel 4. Glen Tracy 5. Jenny Powell 6. Bruce Lindsey 7. Joyce Reeves 8. Kurt Kunkel 9. Rick Franklin 10. Fred Byers 11. Bill Cogan 12. Jeff Campbell 13. Bill Dawson 14. Warren Samoluk 15. Keith Boring 16. Mark Stuart 17. Bob Rountree 18. Phil Patch 19. Pete Valinske 20. Bill Meier 21. Fred Bourassa 22. Steve Jung 23. Michael Overby 24. Vidal Hayes 25. John Webb

25th Co. As the academic year at Camp Tecumseh began, all the firsties in EZ-25 had to stop and ask themselves if this was for real: unlimited weekends, cars close enough by so that hiking clothes weren't as necessary as your keys, parties, fun and games. It took the better part of a week to realize that we were still members of good ol' USNA. After having accepted this lofty position, the 25er's began a memorable year. Road trips were numerous, with Harvard, Long Island, local ski slopes and many a house of good cheer serving as rest stops. After living through the Dark Ages, often with only the comfort of a flagon of spirits, these young men's thoughts turned to spring and love, with the 1/C concentrating on service selection and getting the hell out of Dodge. After the preakness the real world would deal with the ducks. Good luck and God speed 25.


JOOD
'COACH'
ROBUT
BRENDAN
SCAT
'ERNIE'
Jennie
Bruce
VF-1
CALIF
Joyce
LARRY
KURT
KYLLO - OUT AT THE WIFE'S
ADAK
FRED
RICK
BAILING OUT
DAVIS
JEFF
COGS
UFB/SWO
JAPAN
JUNGLE
Mike
LUV GOD
SAMMY
MOE
970
BILL
CURLY
STU
DEENA
PETE
P-COLA BEACH
KEITH



**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* R. Mize, G. Thomas, K. Belland, D. Landess, B. Stolley, L. Dahl, M. Fillis, J. Varga, P. Bollinger; *Row 2* K. McCarthy, C. Brown, W. Hicks, D. Pearson, M. Edmonson, H. Reeves, S. Wu, D. Brooks, K. Jones, L. Molloy, B. Voigt, K. Peterson, J. South; *Row 3* T. Seibert, J. Daane, W. Stevens, C. Kelly, K. Heinerl, D. Hahne, D. Smith, B. Butcher, J. King, M. Eddy.

**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* R. Mize, G. Thomas, K. Belland, D. Landess, B. Stolley, L. Dahl, M. Fillis, J. Vargas, P. Bollinger; *Row 2* D. Newhouse, J. Andrews, B. Hawley, B. Butler, W. Hudak, B. Wittick, M. Gerharot, N. Rich, J. Young, J. Wilhelm, S. Nelson, E. Rosen, P. Bernard, P. Naramura; *Row 3* R. Leonard, J. Weires, R. Stubblefield, G. Pregel, P. Tracy, B. Goodrow, R. Stowe, P. Joseph, V. Pratt, R. Muldoon.

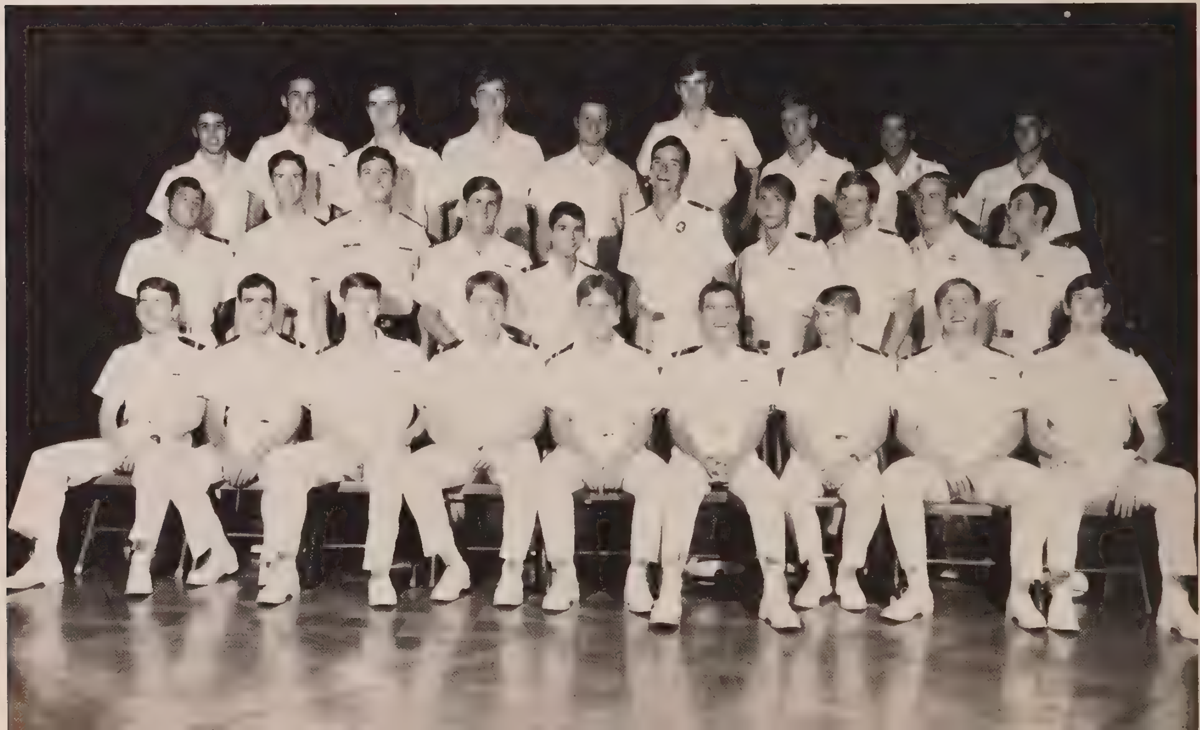
**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* E. Ollson, T. Taylor, J. Trettin, J. Bonomo, D. Ballard, J. Nolan, K. Kettel, T. Smith, D. Lesser; *Row 2* T. Holt, F. Muna, D. McDonnel, A. Lewis, J. Savino, V. Otero, D. McNamara, T. Urban, J. Ward, C. Reese, P. Butler; *Row 3* P. Piercey, S. Newton, J. Devers, G. Morrow, G. Holmes, K. Koch, M. Dillard, B. Burke, R. Dezelon.

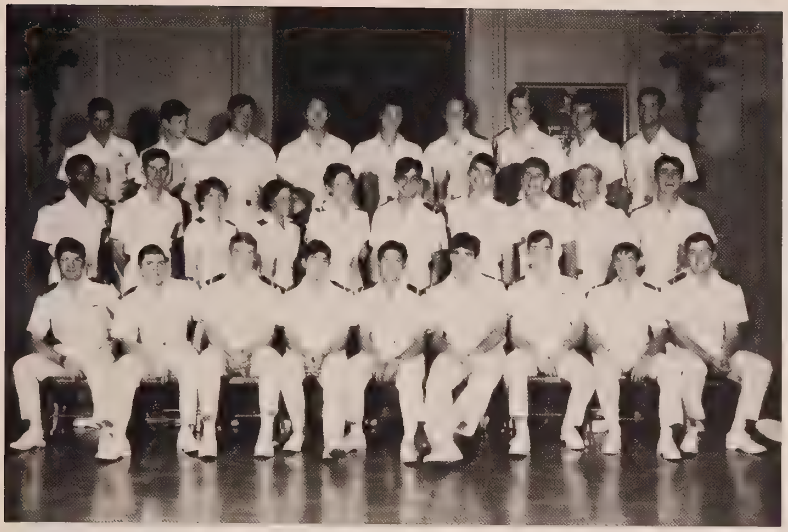
1. Bill Davis 2. Rich Deloach 3. David Baudhuin 4. Tom Allis 5. Mark Snyder 6. Gerald Cook 7. Dave Dittmer 8. Jim Coatney 9. Jett Bell 10. Chris Segura 11. R. Armknecht 12. Steve Billian 13. Rich Brown 14. John Gallo 15. C. Whalley 16. C. Schulz 17. Steve Dahlquist 18. Rich Delong 19. D. Slowikowski 20. Ron Ungaro 21. Don Parrott 22. Tom McGraw 23. Henry Wykoff 24. Danny Kowalski 25. John Sanders 26. Mark Jackson 27. Joe McClain 28. John Richardson

Lt. Thiemann, 26th Co. Officer

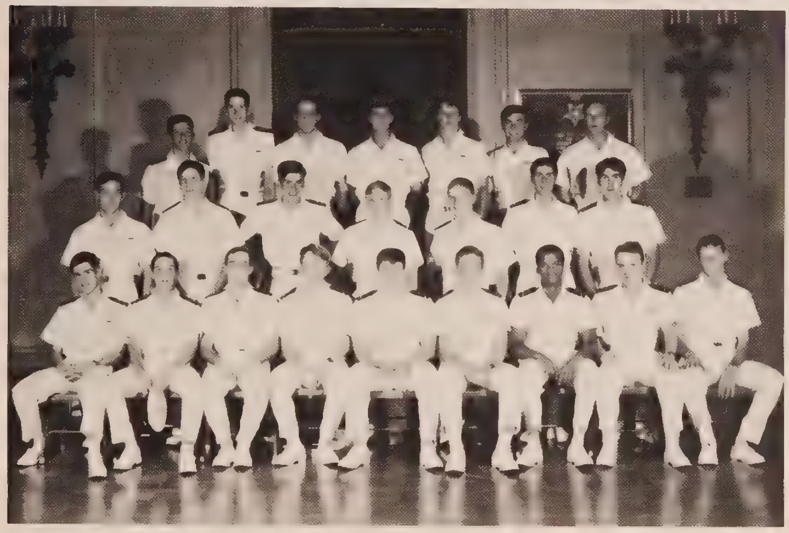
*Fall Set* — M/LT John Gaud, M/LTJG David Bandhuin, M/ENS Richard Armknecht
*Spring Set* — M/LT Danny Kowalski, M/LTJG Lawrence D'Avenia, M/ENS John Sanders

The year flew by, but not fast enough for the firsties. We came up a little "short" on company leadership, but we still stood head and shoulders above the rest (sorry Jay and Danny). We saw quite a few changes take place too: We learned that there is life after the marine corps, as we got underway on nuclear power. This change was welcome; we needed the station wagon for the tailgaters. It worked better than a volkswagon! We also got a new look at free enterprise with our massive can-collecting drive, and we learned the difference between aluminum and alloy cans. (The $13 was a big profit too!) Our basketball team had a close call, almost taking regimentals; lightweight football even won some games! Don't forget to sign up for your Cheap Trick tickets, and has anyone seen O'Branski's "Face Dancer" album? Smooth sailing '82.





**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* R. Rodrigues, M. Theberge, D. O'Hara, J. McQuade, G. Cerezo, R. Bingham, B. Jones, M. Mundt, J. Reilly; *Row 2* T. Mitchell, J. Pasch, M. Gregorich, K. Mulvaney, B. Bell, F. Matin, D. Kuhlmann, G. Zingler, A. Vasquez, J. Montgomery; *Row 3* J. Yates, J. Depp, A. McKee, L. Smith, M. Mauro, J. McPherson, R. Sauncook, L. Gianotti, E. Jones; *not pictured* Thomas Connally.



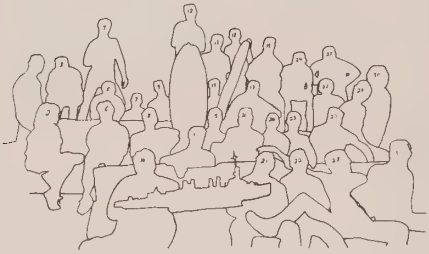
**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Norman Crump, J. Graves, Jim Waugh, Chris Dickerson, Kevin Stevick, Mike Flynn, Bob Curbeam, Larry Cline, Gary Douglas; *Row 2* John Stewart, Jim Hirst, John Oleson, John Hammann, Dan Johnson, Chris Sonderman, Bob Burger; *Row 3* Gerry Doyle, Mike O'Gara, Tom Quinn, Dave Sousa, Greg Brand, Ken Braithwaite, Eric Byrnes.

**Class of 1985:** G. McKenney, A. Ruiz, R. Carlson, C. Cox; *Row 2* J. Hurley, M. Menzies, A. Lawrence, T. Fasanello, B. Makridis, T. Norman, J. Bizzaro, K. Buss, G. Becht; *Row 3* S. Williams, L. Juba, L. Lawrence, M. CAmp, T. Dunkel, F. Butlerworth, L. Brown, J. Futlenberg, S. Garuer, J. Delcamp, A. Curtis, G. Adams, E. McGinn, A. Kerr; *Row 4* P. Williams, P. Schuhlein, J. Feldman, G. Padich, J. Sutlon, B. Creager, N. Honan, R. Skaruan, D. Woodruff, O. Johnson, K. Smith, R. Barton, T. Lowry, A. VanOrden.

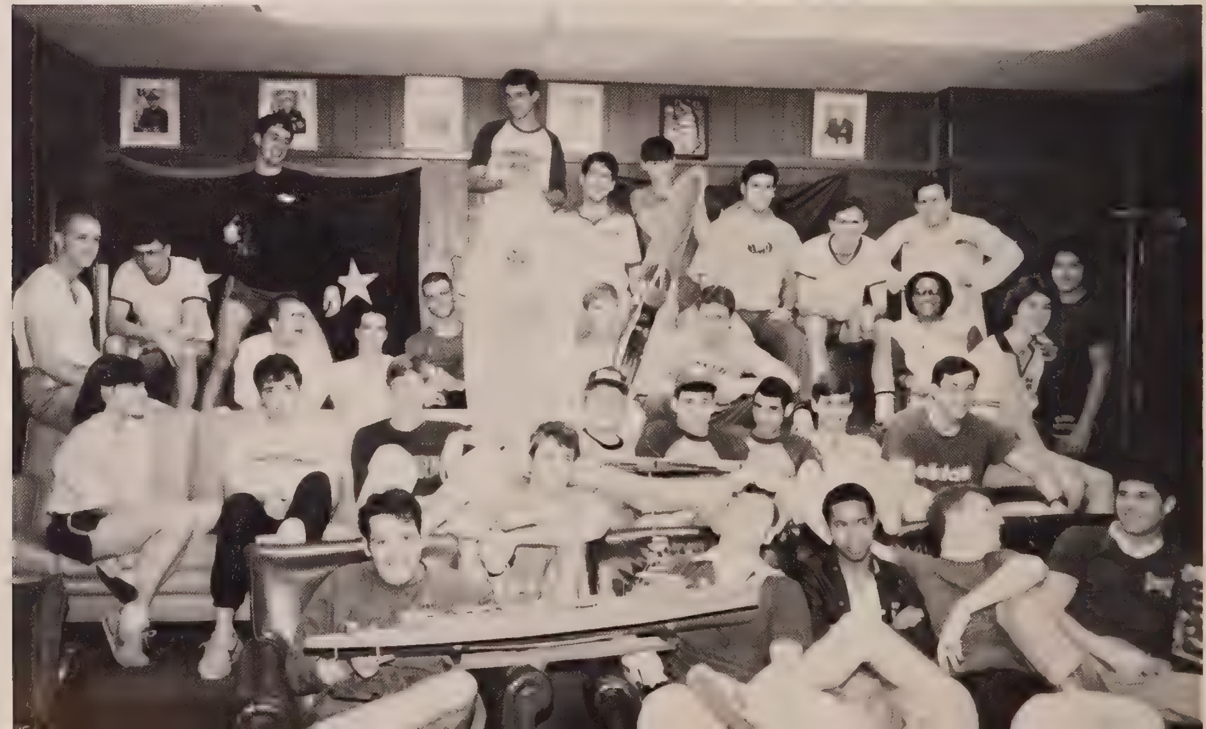
Lt. Ingham, 27th Co. Officer

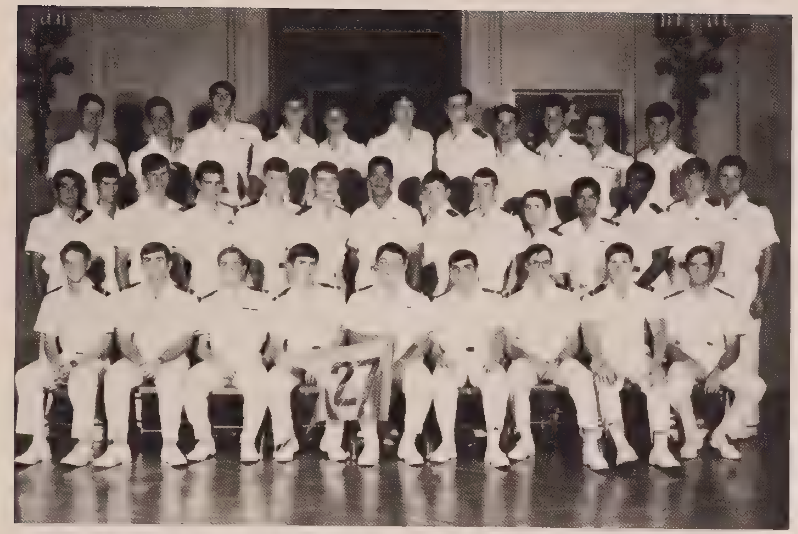
*Fall Set* — M/LT Ken Harvey, M/LTJG Terry Dietz, M/ENS Stacy Vanhouten
*Spring Set* — M/LT Larry McKenny, M/LTJG John Vandenberg, M/ENS John Bell

27th Co. The 25th Company was ably led during the fall set by Ken Harvey and Terry Dietz. They concentrated on breaking in the plebes of '85 and the new company officer, Lt. Ingham, who was the fourth company officer for 27 in as many years. In the spring the Marines landed and 27 sent more grads to the Marine Corps than any other company in '82. Otherwise the variation in choices was wide. Harv and Terry went back to being their normal selves, for which Harv got to talk to the Deputy 'Dant. The company had a dining-in, at which VADM Dyer, class of 1919, spoke of his naval experiences. Other noteworthy events include the company firsties' party after service selection, which will probably be taught in future plebe history courses — the conclusion to western civilization.



1. Joe McKenney 2. Randy Kurtz 3. Frank Pursel 4. Keith Ayres 5. Joe Bell 6. Buck Graham 7. Joe Pedley 8. Jim Byrd 9. Joe Vandenberghe 10. Kent Varnum 11. Mike Guenther 12. Mark Criswell 13. Don Ringel 14. Mike Stahl 15. Larry Mokan 16. Stacy VanHouten 17. Dave Fitzgerald 18. Pete Gamble 19. Cliff Hagan 20. Al Ruiz 21. Brian Vaugn 22. Mike Johnston 23. Jeff Mahon 24. Frank Lowery 25. Chip Souser 26. Donna Hazzard 27. Steve Johnson 28. Ken Harvey 29. Jody Leisch 30. Terry Deitz

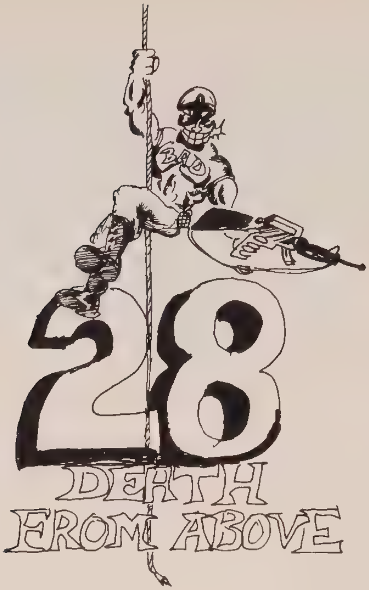


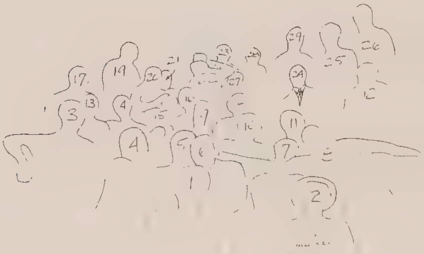


**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Craig Gibson, Mark Young, Mike Chromczak, Don Reis, Steve Young, Sam Mills, Dave Waugh, Mike Blasik, Eric McNamara; *Row 2* Mark Schoonmaker, Rick Zapata, George Anderson, John Edgerly, Phil Adams, Bill Bissenas, Angelo McCoy, John Kenney, Rick Paisley, Dale Halling, Hector Atienza, Russell Robinson, Ross Woodson, Sam Kramer. *Row 3* Bill Schulz, Dave McGuire, Terry Preble, Craig Malloy, Randy Beekman, Bob Dabbs, Morri Leland, Mark Belton, Phil Raimondo, Don Heiken, Rick Hartman; *not pictured* Bruce Seitz, Doug Sellers, Ed Sollar

**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Herman Nelson, Marty Damask, Jane Lochner, Erin Bonnell, Lee Bricketto, Karen Malloy, Kevin Monahan, Liz Young, Bill Karditzas; *Row 2* Eric Fippinger, Joe Arnoso, Tim Daseler, Mike Olhaver, Chris Phifer, Mike Nichols, Ed Harnage, Steve Walton, Mary Helinski; *Row 3* Jorge Rodriquez, Alan Nichols, Jay Bass, John King, Jim Fogerty, Danny Moore, Mike Sullivan, Bob Gass, Hal Murdock; — *not pictured* Larry Moore

**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Doug Chen, Tim Decelle, Jeff Sigler, Frank Taboada, Chuck Rush, Al Vangordan, John Piathiewicz, Marty Migliori, Steve Bishop; *Row 2* Chris Hughes, Paul Neira, Wally Hirsch, Chris Griffith, Chris Pikes, Joe Stewart, Tony Malpartida, Paul Rosmilso, Mark Kold, Nick Lebredo, Ken Chrisman; *Row 3* Bob Castleton, David Asjes, Steve Ploof, David Moore, Ricky James, Napolion McCallum, Don Germans, Tim Hurt, Fred Unchans, Tom Moxness; *not pictured* Mike Lewis, Jamew Modseman



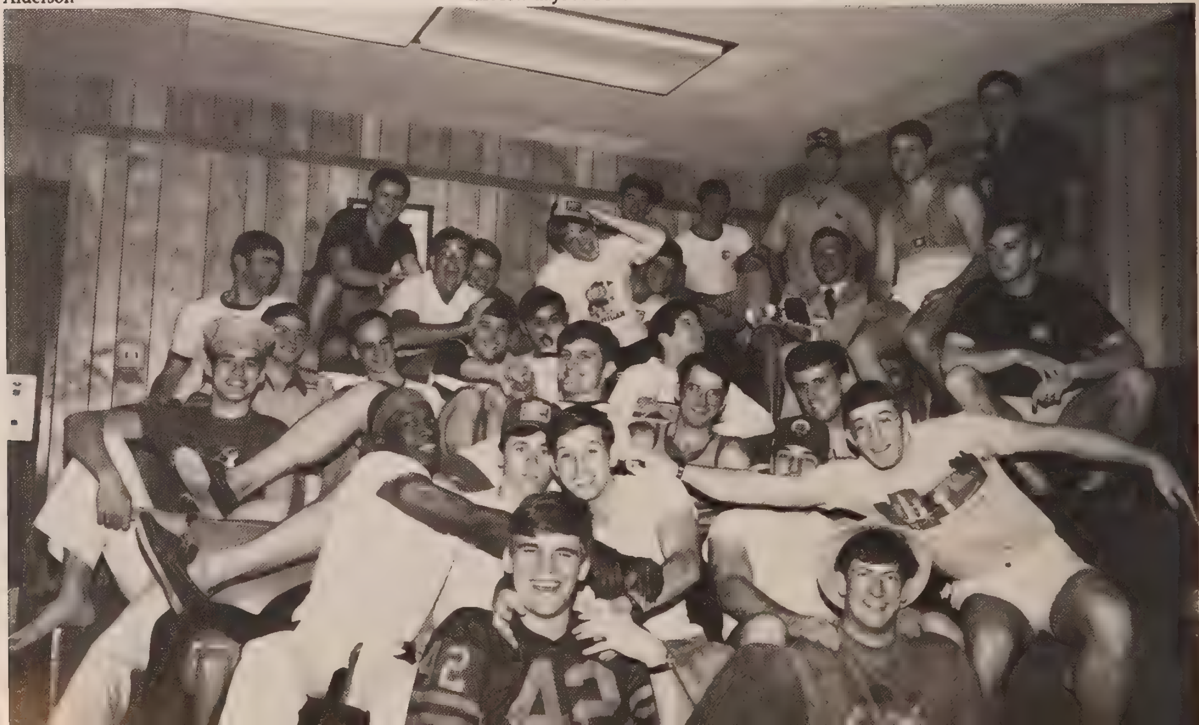


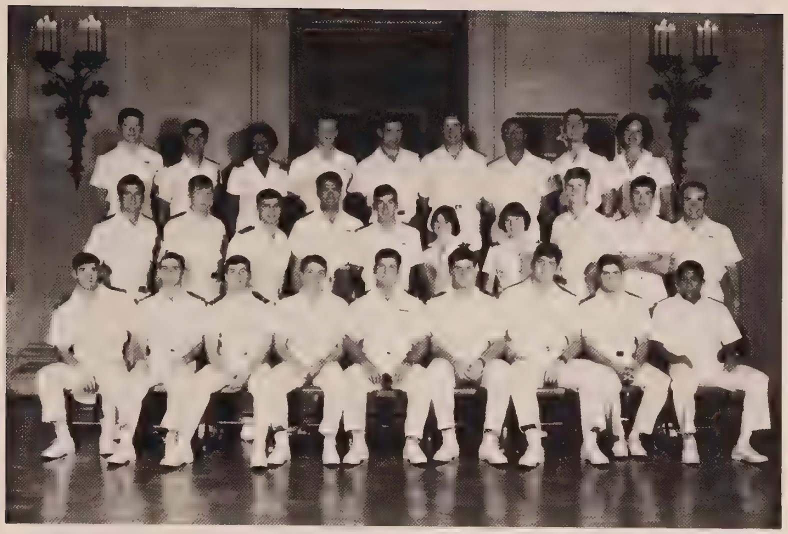
1. Perry Bingham 2. Robin Russel 3. Dave Murray 4. Tony Williams 5. Andy Logsdon 6. Tim Harrington 7. Bob Kiser 8. Duane Martin 9. Chris Cechak 10. Jim Daly 11. Paul Morrissette 12. Ken Carkhuff 13. Randy Johnson 14. Wayne Blanding 15. Mark Cwick 16. Dennis Omeara 17. Phil Ewing 18. Bill Moylan 19. Dave Gneiser 20. Bill Derr 21. Randy Gideon 22. Brian Fell 23. Mike Quillin 24. Kevin Boreen 25. Mike Teate 26. Paul Johnson 27. Tod Reinert 28. Mike Williams 29. Ralph Alderson

Lt. McCall, 28th Co. Officer

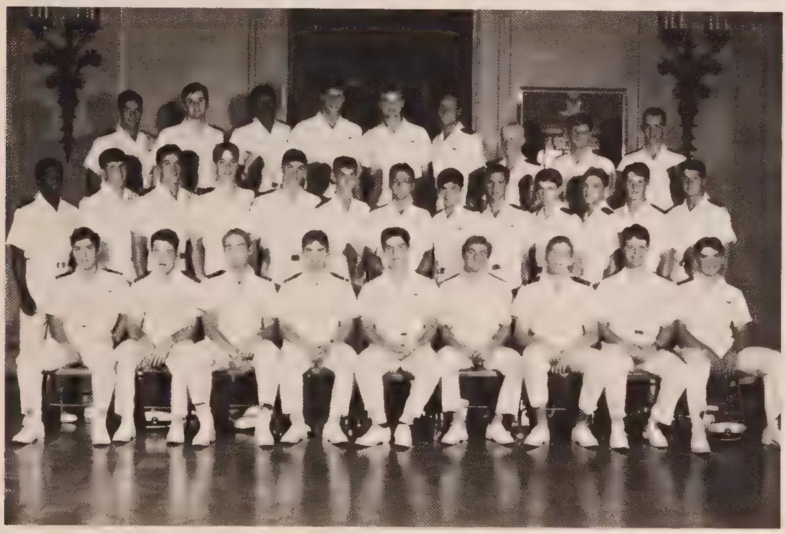
*Fall Set* — M/LT Vince Drouillard, M/LTJG Tim Harrington, M/ENS Paul Johnson
*Spring Set* — M/LT Ken Carkhoff, M/LTJG Mike Teate, M/ENS Dave Gneiser

28th Co. The '81-'82 academic year was a successful one for 28th Company. During first semester, the company managed to live up to its "professional" reputation: there were not only outstanding performances on the athletic field, but also a second place finish on the parade field. The "flaming" second classmen continued the tradition of giving 28th company inductees "a plebe year" (at least in part). A lull in activities followed an Army Week which was almost devoid of "misdirected spirit." Academic reserve allowed 28th company the opportunity to compete for the dubious honor of "Dumbest Company in the Brigade." As the dark ages set in, the company mellowed out, and the plebes became JG's. As midterms passed and three-striper libs and "delegation" to the Class of '83 came, '82 set their sights on graduation and the fleet, enjoying their last few days at USNA.

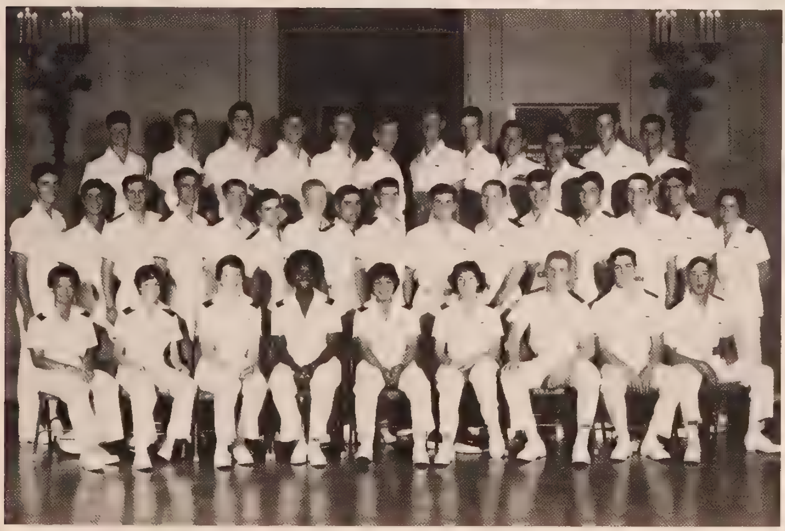




**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* J. D. Wood, D. W. Nobles, R. T. Wileman, K. L. Johnson, J. P. Rector, C. Hauer, S. Burt, M. Gubosh, K. Bedell; *Row 2* J. Davis, D. Emerson, E. Harrcom, C. W. Rice, J. Henderson, C. Canby, C. Bowling, R. T. Whelan, W. Liston, C. Henkel; *Row 3* A. Gray, B. Loyola, J. Blackwel, A. R. Griffith, R. D. Brogan, K. Byron, G. Carter, H. Frank, A. Smith.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* D. Mabin, M. Mullin, B. Stevens, C. Fricer, J. Fitzpatric, J. Wasko, S. Dirito, A. Galsgard, B. Garland; *Row 2* J. Howard, G. Marcum, M. Cebulski, D. Depman, R. Eason, J. Intintolo, M. Clark, T. Johnson, T. Wertz, M. Vowel, W. Dempsey, T. Calahan; *Row 3* T. A. Bruner, A. McClean, T. Andrews, M. Rahn, J. Schlaegel, G. Sterling, M. Ennis, A. Pullium, D. Marr.

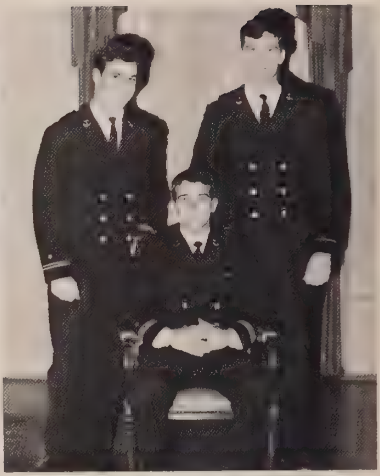


**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* L. Bugg, K. O'neil, B. Neumann, R. McKinney, B. Bolivar, L. Caballero, J. Blakely, D. Mitchell, J. Debauge; *Row 2* R. Williamson, K. Perrone, A. Lawhead, J. Robertson, B. Goddard, M. Molinari, R. Getty, S. Bamonte, M. McKay, M. Henderson, S. Macolino, J. Baldyga, K. Richcreek, K. Kirkbride, C. Gaulke; *Row 3* M. Shatzle, T. Kane, J. Kowalkoski, G. Sears, J. Rosati, E. Olson, J. Johnson, L. Olson, K. Reeds, G. Lastra, J. Vanbrabant, B. Reed.

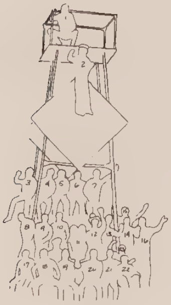
TWENTY NINE
IN VINO VERITAS

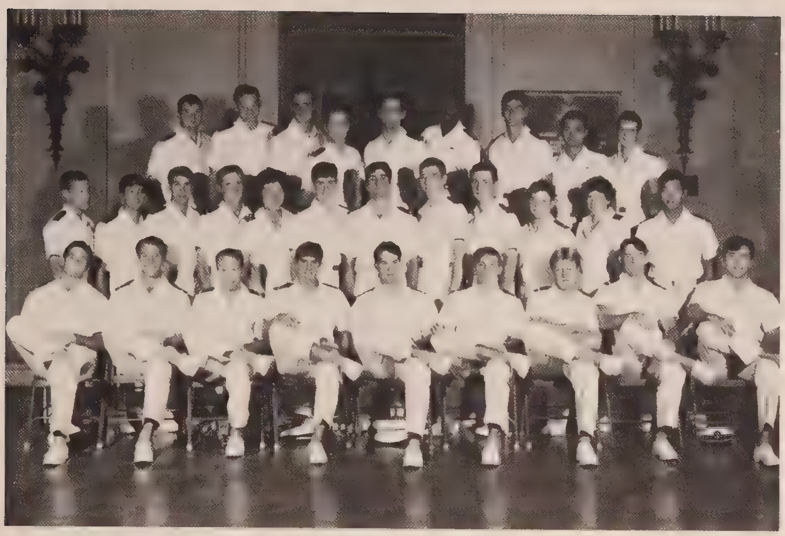
Lt. Payne, 29th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Baker, M/LTJG Hunter, M/ENS Chamberlain
*Spring Set* — M/LT Pa Paioanou, M/LTJG Bustle, M/ENS Holland

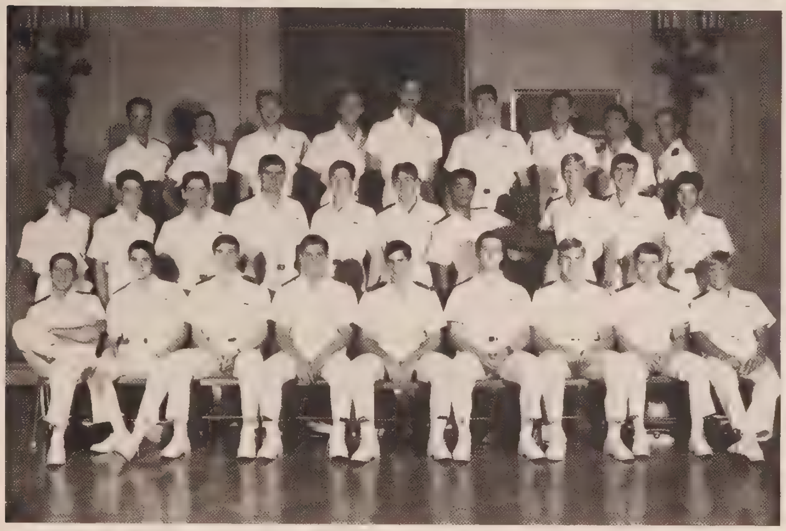


29th Co. The new year with a new Supe, new 'Dant, new Batt. Officer and even a new Company Officer. Although not an Academy grad, Lt. Payne quickly learned his way around and received 29's "Seal" of approval. Eager to show their spirit, 29 sponsored tailgaters for every home football game, with a special "Chili and Tunes" 'gater put on by the second class. The Company Dining-In, a third class production, was also very successful: traditional prime rib washed down with plenty of California's best (no doubt most recently bottled) burgundy, and the smoking lamp lit with a blow-torch. Hardline 29 also held its annual Mr. Olympia contest, where the meek and the macho all come to flex. Best wishes to those who will leave us.

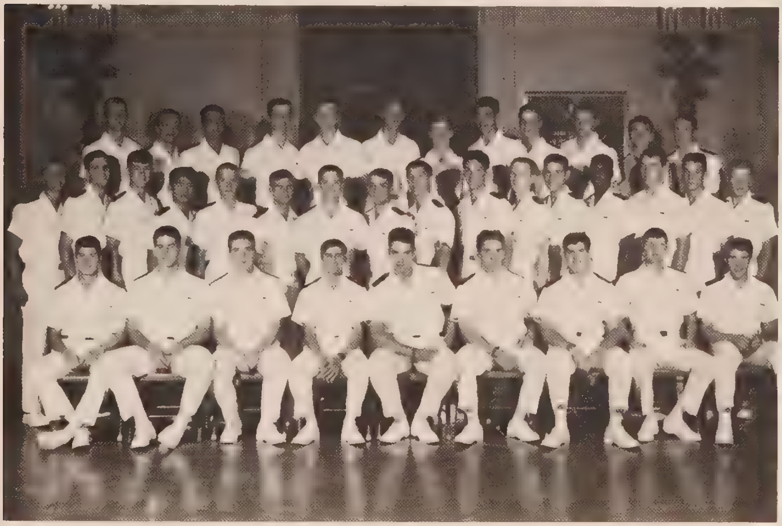

3. Ken Johnson 8. Dennis Sinnet 15. Seitz 16. 17. John Hornick 19. Pete Dowd 20. Dave Burns 21. Bill Lang 22. Kathy Bustle 23. Tim Holland Others unknown



**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Dan Braswell, William Smith, John Hughes, Russ Bartlett, Mark Dowd, Matt Hamilton, Mike Keating, Lindsey Dibler, Craig Lucas; *Row 2* Brian Larson, Tom Looke, Charlie Youngblood, Tony Vegel, Nancy Yang, Mike LaFremiere, Jack Leary, Harry Dorman, Leonard Bumbaca, Chris Baniewicz, Pan Corwin, Yo Hoffner; *Row 3* Andy Stephenson, Bill Frietag, Al Plewniak, Craig Mueller, Norbert Doerry, Tim Coles, Steve Culpepper, Hank Miranda, Bob Moran; *Not in picture* Jim Hart, Iric Bressler

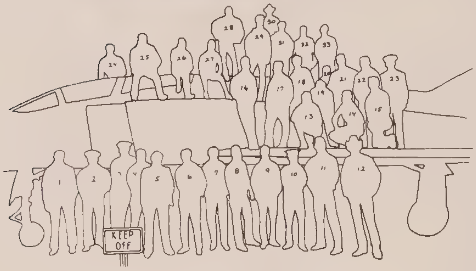


**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Mark Stys, George Zamka, David Kriete, Mike Midas, Mike Groody, Jon Scholl, Eric Meyer, Tod Ray, Mike McGee; *Row 2* Bayly Taff, Dave Alber, Timmy Summers, Tom Nolen, John Morrow, Jim Churbuck, Ed Domingo, Ross Holcomb, Cliff Brunger, Chris Chun; *Row 3* Randy Simmons, Rocky Goins, Bill Paulson, Bill Orton, Gary Price, Joe Miller, Ross Wilhelm, Carlos de Leon, John Parillo; *Not in picture* Vernon Martinez, Billy Few



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Tom Castes, Mark Alexander, Pete Hanlon, Steve Speed, Pete Schnorr, Evan Oliver, John Clifton, John Moulton, Jimmy Roberts; *Row 2* Kevin Hollis, Brendon Doud, Jeff Kehlenback, Victor Leung, Mark Pecaut, Tom Loeblein, Geoff Watts, Brad Buswell, Geoff Losee, Shawn Bai, Tom Jones, Ralph Arcaro, Warren Keyes, Gordon McKinney, John Day, Chris Williams; *Row 3* Joe Coen, Jose Alas, John Carver, Doug MacKinnon, Tom Williamson, Tony De La Serna, Victor Kreeger, Earl Bowers, Tom Varallo, John Reghi, Al Dickerson, Larry Katko.

30
AGSmall '83

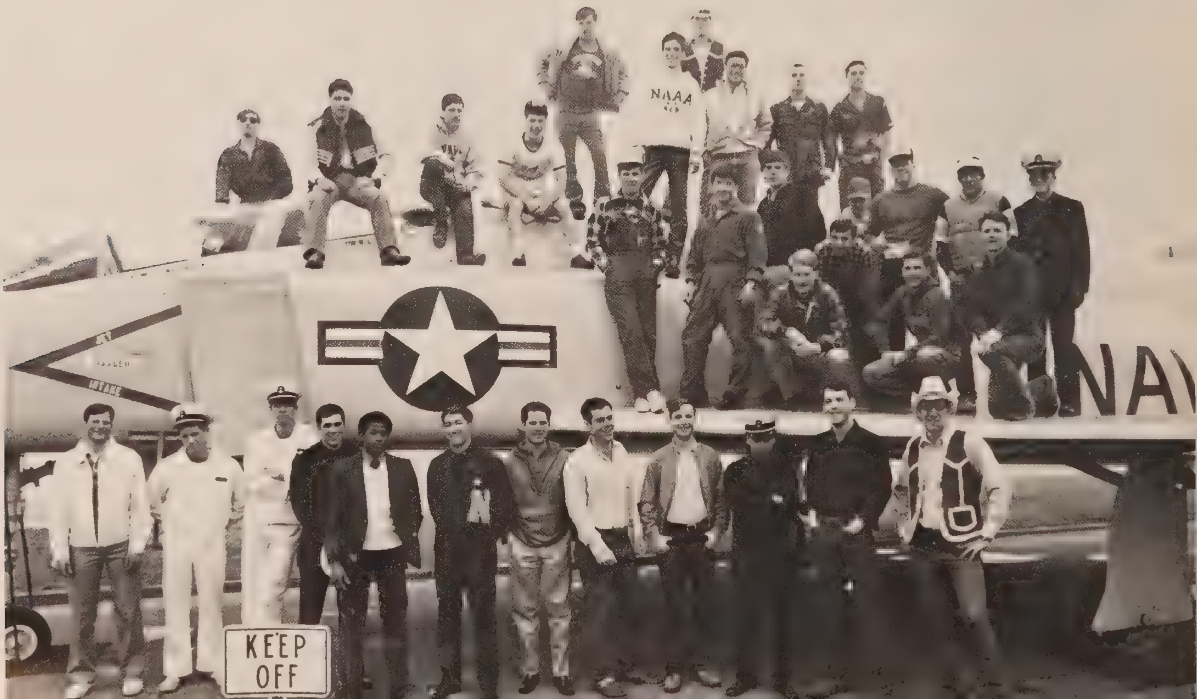


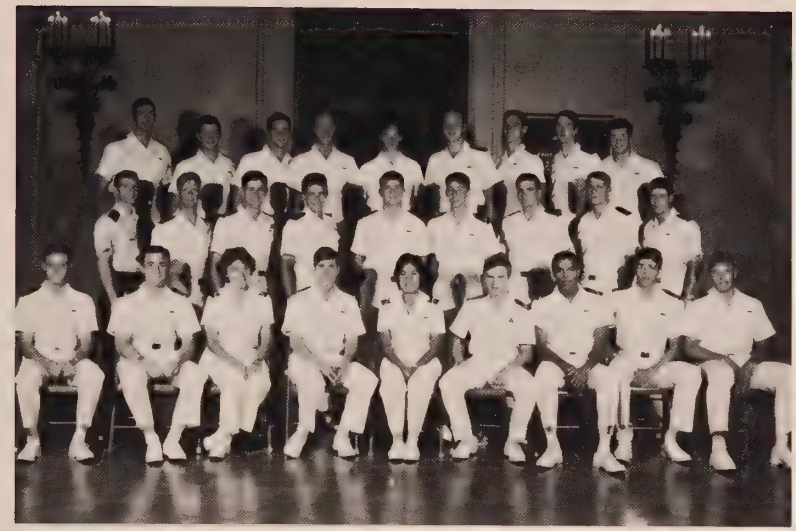
1. Rich Stoffa 2. E.T. 3. Jeff Hughes 4. John Ferrer 5. Wayne Terrel 6. Rob Zimmerman 7. Steve Corky 8. Kevin Murphy 9. Steve Dietz 10. Sam Epstein 11. John Vena 12. Ludmar Oydna 13. Mark Fisher 14. Lee Cohen 15. Pat Friel 16. Pete Schulert 17. Jeff Voight 18. Bill Klansek 19. Roy Radcliff 20. Steve Parks 21. Peter Warker 22. Randy Britt 23. Paul Yorio 24. Jim Firanzi 25. Matt Scassero 26. Ron Reimer 27. Steve Hurris 28. Dhuck Ratte 29. Dhris Paul 30. Mark Wralstad 31. Rob Cheong 32. Dave Dejarnette 33. Biff Hammond

Lt. Pearsall, 30th Co. Officer

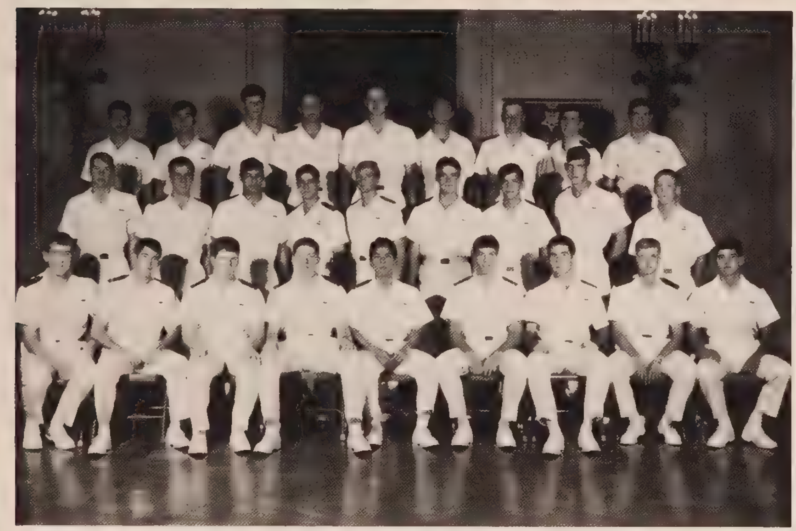
*Fall Set* — M/LT Fisher, M/LTJG Cheong, M/ENS Hammond
*Spring Set* — M/LT Murphy, M/LTJG Dietz, M/ENS Stoffa

30th Co. Under the new stewardship of Lt. Pearsall, we, the men and women of Dirty Thirty once again set a standard for the Brigade in comraderie, pride, and professionalism. To no one's surprise, we excelled in every area of performance: from #1 in marchovers to being the only company first set without an ac-board visitor. And even though company sports sometimes had it rough, how can we forget "the heavies' " fine performance in division play-offs or our varsity athletes like three-time All-American Bernt Oydna. To think all this was accomplished despite LCDR Food's "virus!" The Dark Ages didn't even dampen our strive for excellence, as '82 was again the Brigade's PCR leader. The amazing fact is that we accomplished all this while still having a good time. It is easy to see why Thirty is the definition of perfection.

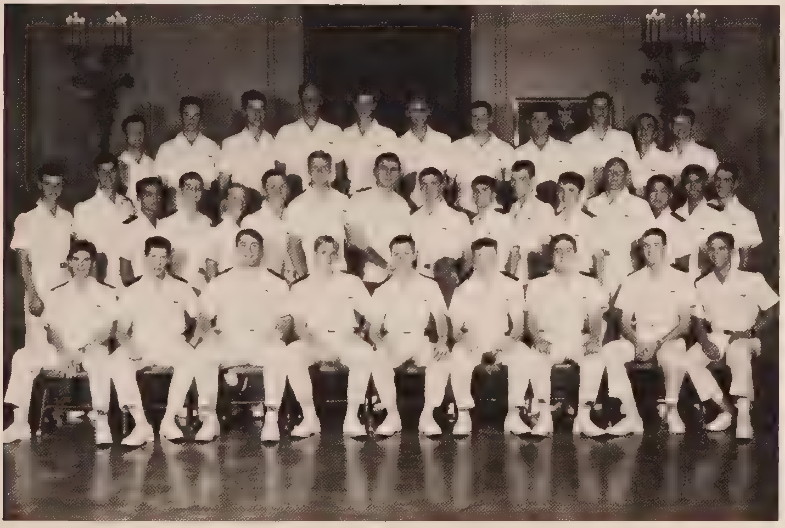




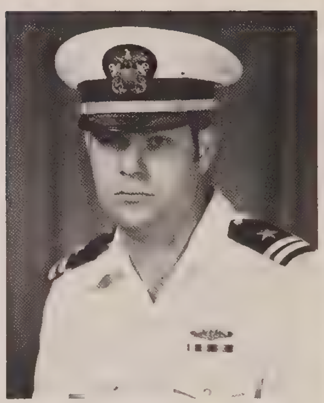
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Andy Small, Mike Hull, Lisa Yustak, Scott Phillpott, Rowena Musico, Kevin Wetterskog, Wilbur Crozier, Mike Ortega, Mike Klorig; *Row 2* Scott Poppleton, Lee Cowden, Hank Bond, Fred Eissler, Tim Thomas, Rick St John, Ray Hoffman, Eric Borowicz, Mike Bowers; *Row 3* Tom McKavitt, Tim Luffy, Mike Murph, Dan Valaik, Jim Dee, Alex Tanski, Joel Yourkowski, Paul Pritchard, Perry Puccetti.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Kurt Woltersdorf, Tom Jones, Fred Gallagher, Noel Vinson, Don Schleicher, Mark Delmonte, Joe Long, Jim Lara; *Row 2* Steve Wright, Bill Deroche, Bryan Caraved, Chucj Hollingsworth, John Przybyszewski, Bob Olds, Mark Barranco, Mike Burgess, Blaise Scioli, *Row 3* Sam Mohs, Bob Broadstob, Dave Hover, Tim Birdsong, Al Lamson, Tom Beck, Doug Denneny, Rich Inman, Rusty White.

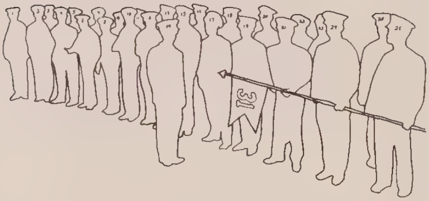


**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Pat Turner, Barry Goehler, Tom Schill, Scott Lansing, Shawn Cassidy, Olen Langford, Brian Arnold, Dave Taylor, Rich Rutkowski; *Row 2* Danny Barron, Bob Altheide, Pete Zarate, Craig Shelden, Gene Wolski, Mike Petouhoff, Tony Bruno, John McCoy, Chris Holdstein, Kurt Collom, Mark Brooks, Paul Mathews, William Bachmann, Joey Legaspi, Dominic Cuyno, Jim Baratta; *Row 3* Steve Devore, Troy Watson, John Edwards, Scott Smith, Kent Fitzgerald, Steve Chapin, Ed Waigand.

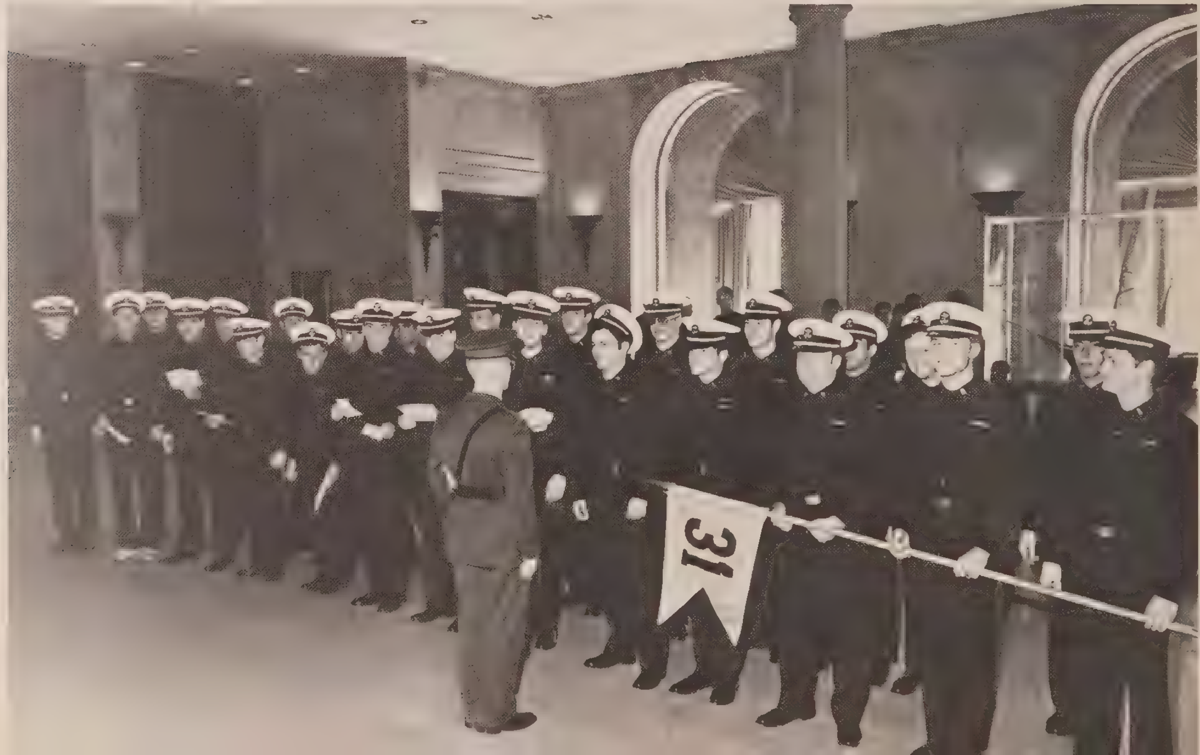


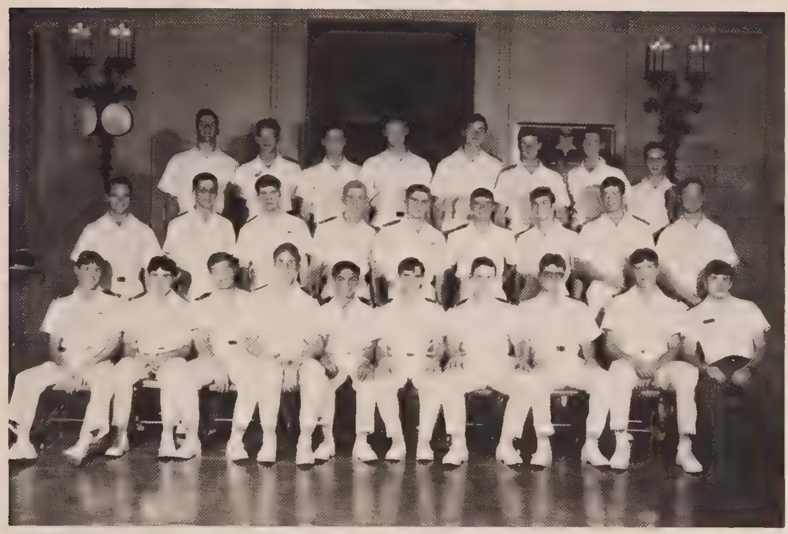
Lt. Baker, 31st Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Walker, M/LTJG Mack, M/ENS Villarin
*Spring Set* — M/LT Langen, M/LTJG Pasternak, M/ENS Wardach

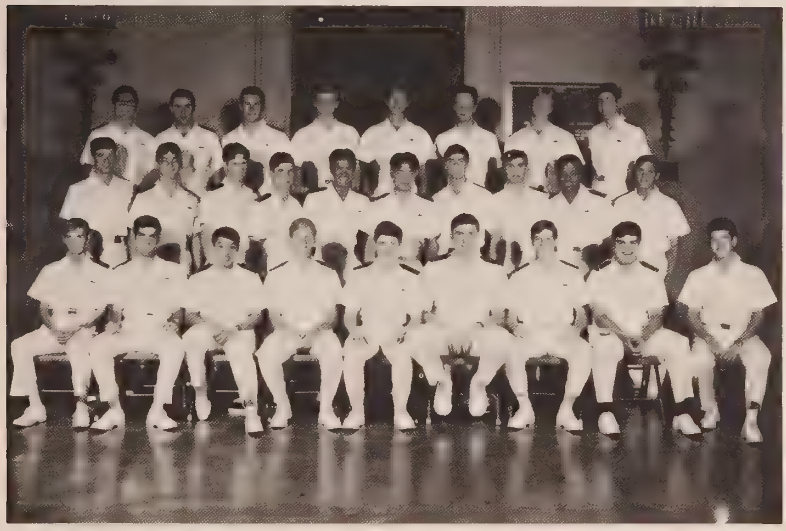


1. Bill Laingen 2. Mary Converse 3. Roger Patterson 4. Geno Whitney 5. Dave Jarspoefer 6. Paul Shaw 7. Dee Mewborne 8. Scott Leftwitch 9. Wayne Walker 10. Sam Kojun 11. Nolan Villarin 12. Daly Mack 13. Jim Maloney 14. Capt. Cohnley 15. Dave Brosh 16. Bill Fazekas 17. Joe Rainey 18. Shelly Jones 19. Niel Bourassa 20. Dan Smellow 21. Rick Merck 22. Dan Prouly 23. Tom Towler 24. John Warpach 25. Tom Pasternak 26. Tim Stramske

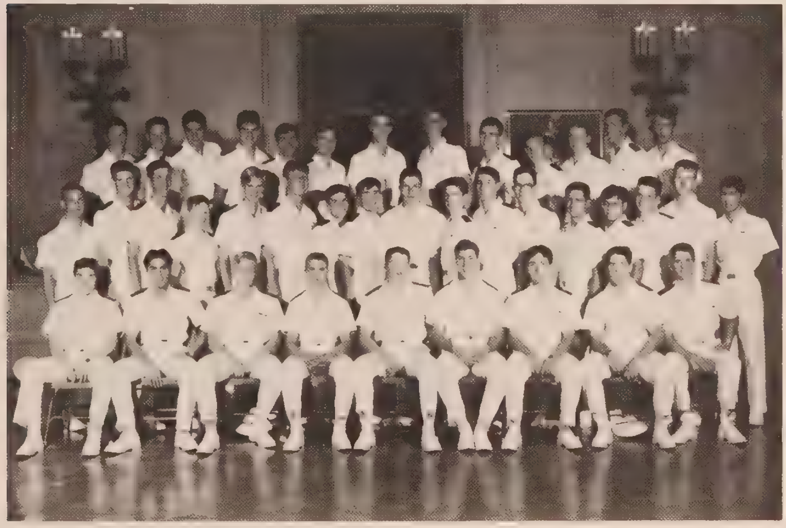




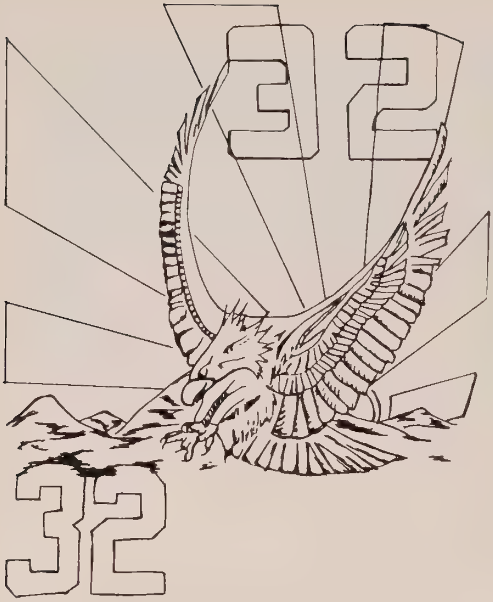
**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Mike D. Thomspn, Stephen D. Lewia, Scott Laverentz, Douglas Karn, Carl M. M. Lee, Dwight M. Diorio, Timothy Lombardo, Edwin V. Rahme, Chris Russak, Michael W. Brown; *Row 2* Stepehn J. Pollak, Stepehn Fischer, Adnrew L. Cassity, Robert C. Sauer, Thomas A. Sawyer, David Anderson, Thomas D. Stuart, Eric V. Ricketts, Todd C. Davis; *Row 3* Frederic Lastar, M. J. Vormbrocker, James M. Bors, Randall B. Gross, Richard Schieke, Steven Ockerman, Robert W. Barhite, Barton Taylor.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* John C. Stecke, Mark S. Bouldon, David G. Jung, Steven Thatcher, Mark E. Michavo, Joseph L. Carroll, Thomas Calabrese, Thomas Forrestal, Ray A. Peterson; *Row 2* Glen D. Kroeger, Joseph D. Gufford, Neil C. Kinnon, David Yablunosky, Leonardo Gacusan, Jonathan H. Kan, Patrick R. Hogan, Thomas P. Draper, Eric W. Clayton, John W. Wiggins; *Row 3* Timoth Molgne, Kenneth Shaffrey, Peter N. Lengyec, Lance E. Lewis, Mike P. Potochniak, Chris Kowalczuck, Robert K. Romaince, John D. Lenda.



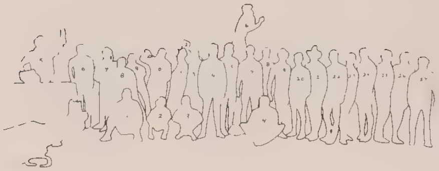
**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Robert Fullerton, Jay Manzano, Norman Peters, James Peters, Edward Gunning, John Milligan, Joseph Canvin, William Harrington; *Row 2* Richard Webster, Shawn Jenkins, Stephen Krowtow, Randy Ransier, Marcus Flagg, Mark Walker, Charles Sims, Michael Merren, Charles Schott, Andrew Hambey, Anthony Caroon, Gard Clark, Jorge Gauaria, Gerald Torres, Bradley Mai, David Porter, Alonso Thompson; *Row 3* Jeffery Reeves, Andrew Fremuth, Carlos Orendain, Donald Alberto, Christopher Fazio, Kenneth Ross, Paul Severs, Ashley Lightfoot, James Wther, Peter Martino, Robert Hall, Michael, Christman, Stewart Card.



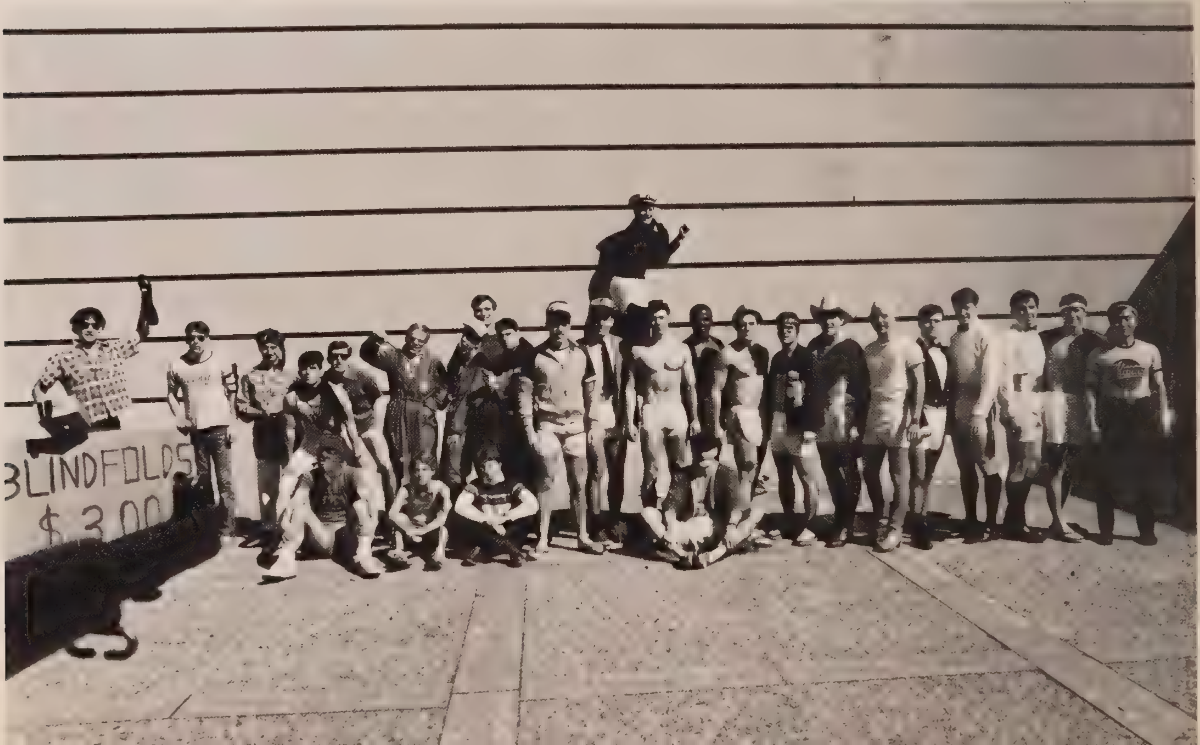
LCDR McMunn, 32nd Co. Officer

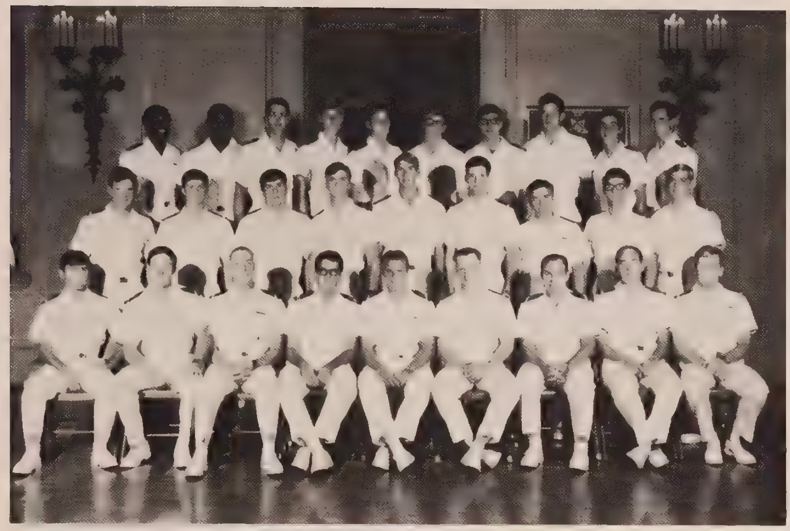
*Fall Set* — M/LT Fowles, M/LTJG Laroque, M/ENS Landis
*Spring Set* — M/LT Kenny, M/LTJG Smith, M/ENS Daugherty

32nd Co. The 32nd Company started out the year by acquiring a new Company Officer, trading the famous M-grams for the equally feared BAM-grams. The company survived first semester by supplementing its painfully adequate marching ability with a few excellent tailgaters. Life on 8-0 was also made easier by purchasing the now famous popcorn machine, which kept everyone happy (with the possible exceptions of LCDR McMunn and the Chief). The highlight of the year had to be the massive effort which produced the best 8th Wing Players that the Brigade or Kathy Wildflower has ever seen. 36 fielded some of the best 2nd place intramural teams, as well as a large number of varsity athletes. Come graduation time, 28 members of "The Class That Never Grew Up" hit the fleet to uphold 32's fine traditions.



1. Paul Laroque 2. Kathy Gregory 3. Casey Wilson 4. Mike Smack 5. Ed Viering 6. Steve Michaelson 7. Chris McGuire 8. Mark Poole 9. Greg Landis 10. Roger Matthews 11. Tom Crook 12. Pat Greene 13. Bill Klorig 14. Bob Grimm 15. James Fowles 16. Eric Sjublom 17. Steve Kenny 18. Mark Banks 19. John Foley 20. Paul Ricciuti 21. Ed McDaniel 22. Brian Daugherty 23. Mike Clark 24. Rusty Smith 25. Dave Dunaway 26. Kelly Baragar 27. Ho-Song Dupont

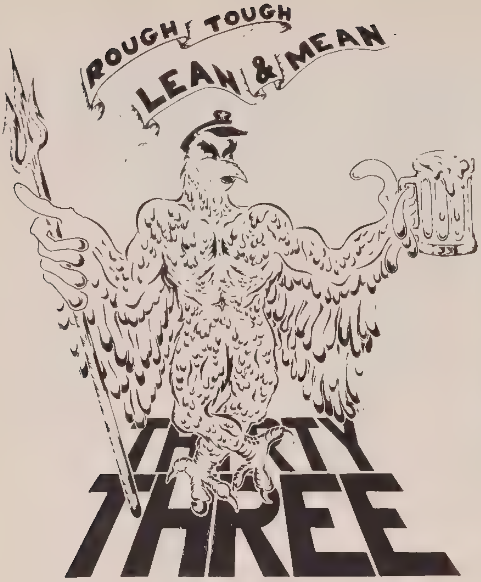




**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* F. Rameliz, E. Kirkley, M. Boehle, J. Doyle, K. Wauters, J. Wright, C. Tolbert, H. Kieth, D. Nagle; *Row 2* K. Richeson, B. Ricketts, T. Munns, G. Stenstrom, M. Kalmback, E. Wheeler, P. Alexander, J. Fisher, J. Knudsen; *Row 3* K. McKlusky, G. Fears, K. Ingalls, S. Butts, S. McCormich, J. Murphy, J. Laufer, R. Crowers, T. Deluca, B. McGeorge.

**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* C. Kerr, D. Wright, R. Kent, C. Freeman, M. Storto, N. Frost, W. Sympson, B. Bradley, A. Duff; *Row 2* C. Stephens, A. Gilles, D. Petersen, A. St. Pierre, W. Perez, J. Davis, K. King, W. Watson, C. McKenna, B. Campbell, S. McGann; *Row 3* H. Gibson, P. McCawley, P. Hullinger, B. DeGroff, S. Porter, D. Thomas, M. Falish, L. Campbell, J. Woods, M. Becker.

**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* G. Will, R. Duncan, J. Raspberry, J. Borneman, M. Moore, S. McAllister, G. Whitfied, J. Bucayan, D. Flint; *Row 2* J. Wray, M. Schaeffler, K. Rogozinski, R. Loria, B. Wain, C. Ryan, M. Skelly, S. Panico, C. Burke, J. Veneble, D. Lawton, P. Stamps, R. Hadley, R. Etkins, J. Derainian, R. Alfaro; *Row 3* C. Stieger, R. Vaughn, W. Fitzgerald, J. Denardo, J. Hein, S. Nicholson, R. Earle, S. Idziur, D. Matzke, E. Brzezinski, C. Pfeiffer, F. Henry, M. Shihadem.



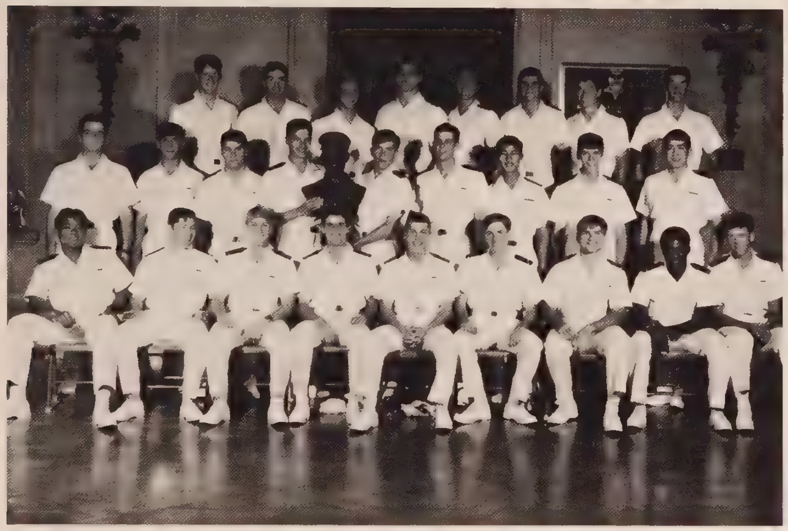
1. Tim Wild 2. Ron Horton 3. Mara Heatherington 4. Mike Barth 5. Jeff Ohl 6. Mik Maurer 7. Jeff Smith 8. Koziel 9. Mike Morris 10. George Dinardo 11. John Fernandez 12. Rick Bernal 13. Mike Roskind 14. Pete Brooks 15. Joy Philon 16. Eric Dahl 17. Mike Short 18. Eric Werling 19. Linda Postenreider 20. Tom Scuccimarra 21. Moscolo 22. Kelly Keeman 23. Larry Nordvig 24. Kevin Clover 25. Doug Otte 26. Frank Gren 27. Alma Rodriguez 28. Tim Jordan 29. Andrew Smythe 30. Brian Brittain 31. Herbert 32. Joyce Harrison 33. Kurt Sonderman 34. Mark Ammons

LCDR Kelly, 33rd Co. Officer

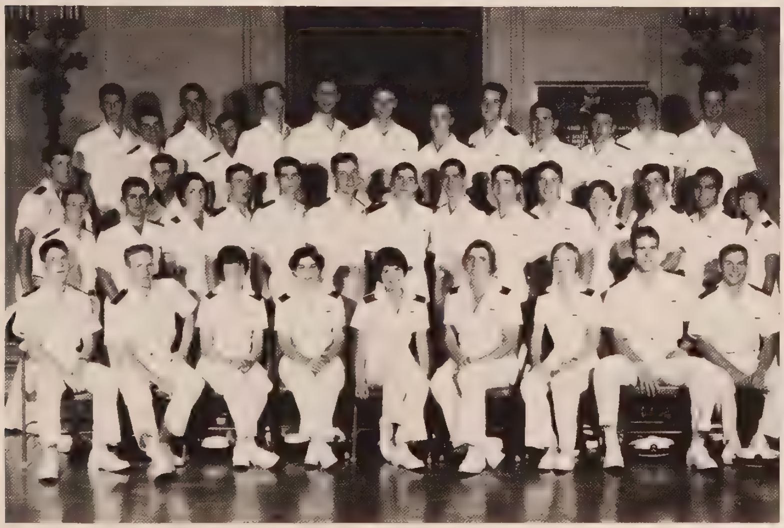
*Fall Set* — M/LT Ohl, M/LTJG Clover, M/ENS Smythe
*Spring Set* — M/LT Otte, M/LTJG Ammons, M/ENS Nordvig

33rd Co. In the beginning, there was Plebe Summer. And the plebes were without form and discipline. And '82 said, "Let there be flame," and there was much flame. And '82 saw that this was good. And this was the first day. It came to pass that there went out a decree that all the midshipmen should return and be counted. And this was Ac-year. And the midshipmen did study and wax floors and have inspections. And they did party. And they were punished for their wayward ways at Army. And they were smitten with final exams, but they were delivered from evil unto their homes for Christmas. Alas, Christmas leave did end and the Dark Ages began. There were plagues of professionalism, and they were bummed-out. And Spring came upon them, and there was much rejoicing. And '82 saw that all this was good, and on the 26th of May they passed into the Promised Land. And there was very much rejoicing.

**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* K. Carr, Kamay, Kelln, Fletcher, Haynes, Stitt, Smith, Snyder, Hauge; *Row 2* Mackay, Luithly, Morrison, Bousdom, Muna, Isabelli, Thompson, Carroll, Hayes; *Row 3* Soderstrom, Sedlack, Mountford, Cusalk, Enriquez, D. Carr.



**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Pitpit, Haynes, Young, McKelvey, Rainey, Donlan, Hoy, Rasbury, Harber; *Row 2* Sullivan, Buck, Hanson, Haugen, Cooper, Sodeur, Alabata, Frake, Hinen; *Row 3* Collins, Diantonio, Vautier, Johnson, McCallum, Lott, Hacker, O'Connell.

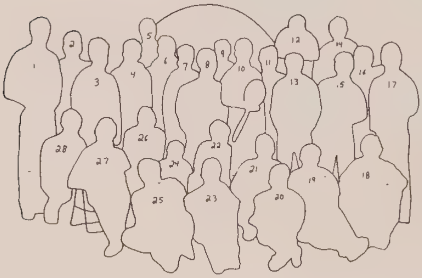


**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Goffit, Wright, Naples, Spinelli, Bandy, Peterson, McGill, Rasnyk, Winkler; *Row 2* O'Connell, Haidvogel, Abounader, Sodeur, Wheeler, Kulsa, Rocha, Vandiver, Zucco, Mahoney, Benson, Dishman, Edmiston, Walls, Wolff, Krepzs; *Row 3* Steadley, Klimcyk, Selvy, Sham, Sharkey, Gabel, Gilliam, Smith, Lankau, Earl, Pierce, Schubauer, Schieffer.

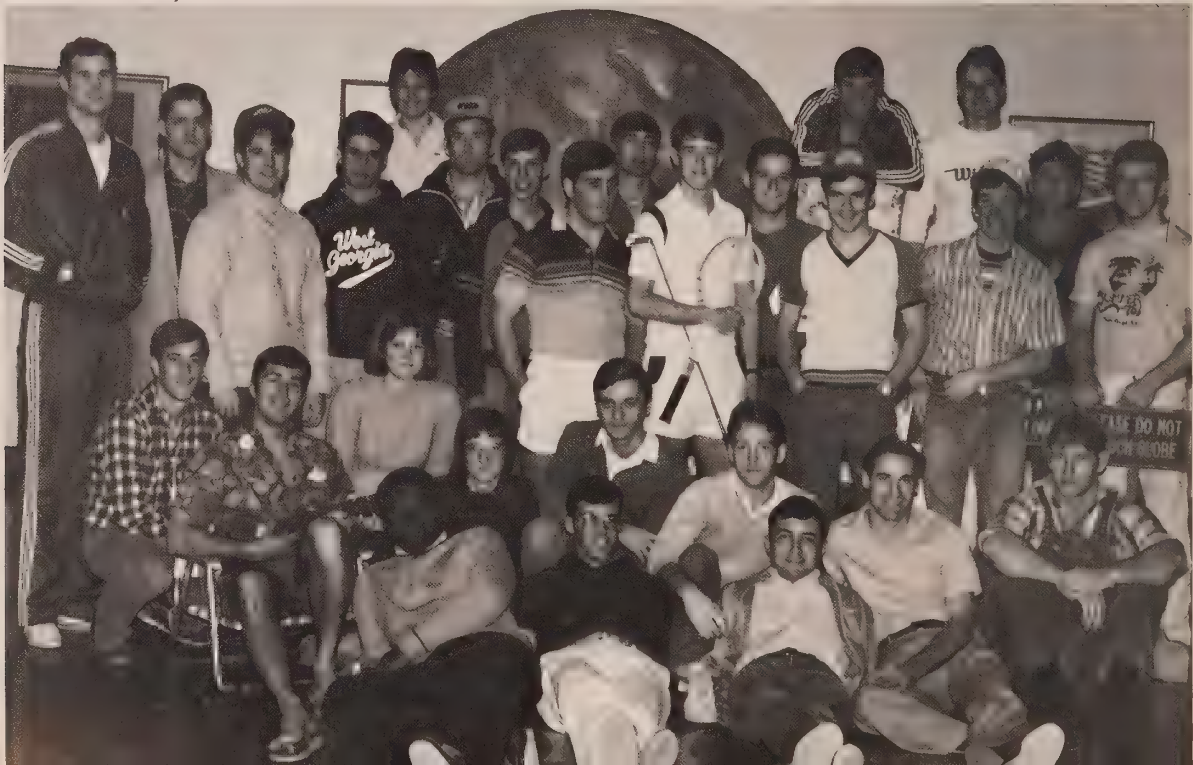
# CLUB 34 USNA

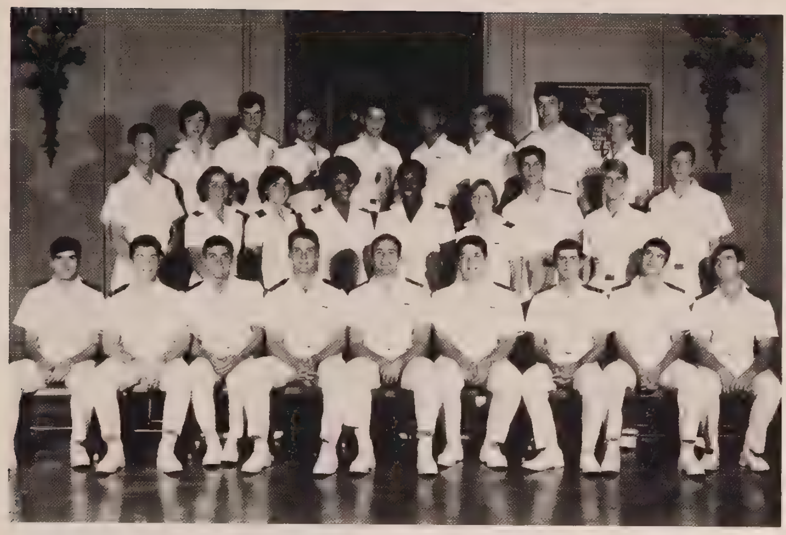
LCDR Faminco, 34th Co Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Rasmussen, M/LTJG Gates, M/ENS Misch
*Spring Set* — M/LT Monger, M/LTJG Sears, M/ENS Segura

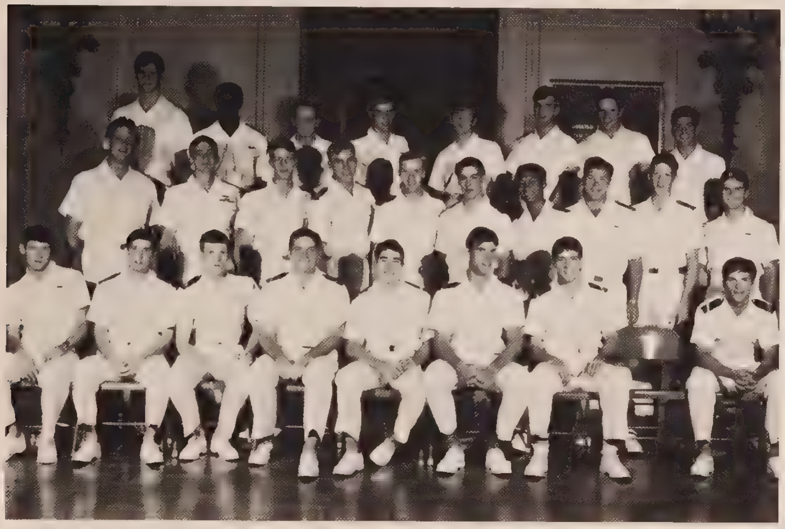


1. Greg Papajohn 2. Mark Chlarson 3. Chris Carbot 4. Juan Armas 5. Collren Casidy 6. Rick Forbes 7. Clem Segura 8. Ken Silvers 9. Chris Borcik 10. Paul Monger 11. Louis Gilpin 12. Steve Schulte 13. Todd Morgan 14. Rich Hine 15. Jeremiah McEnerney 16. Jeff Oldham 17. Tim Brewer 18. Kevin Proctor 19. Tony Wilkins 20. Miguel Rodriquez 21. Steve Ross 22. Mike Hoppe 23. Pete Gates 24. Jean Misch 25. Art Odom 26. Kristen Collins 27. Glen Sears 28. John Rasmussen

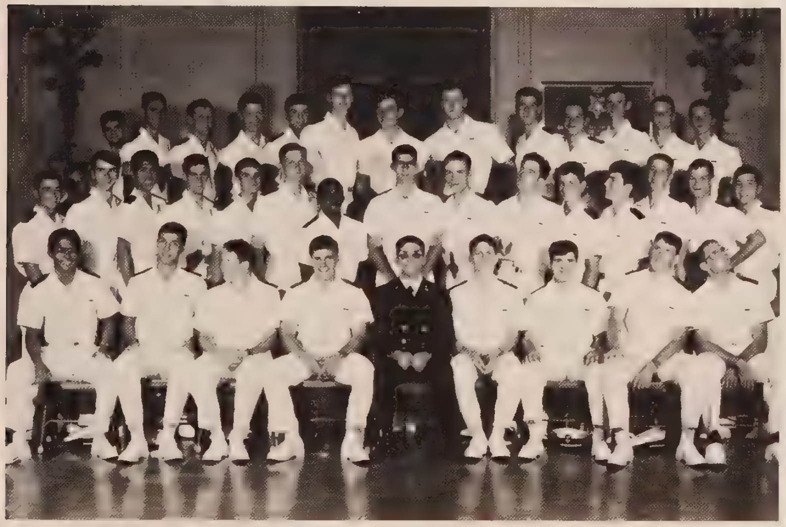




**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Greg Brunetti, Brain Donegan, Al Bowman, Greg Hall, Dana Weiner, Dino Auilles, Mark Russ, Bill Murray; *Row 2* Randy Wood, Jim Kalb, Chris Biow, Rich Reichel, Ron Freeman, Ted Picchini, Stan Simpliciano, Brent Ditzler, Jerry Boyenga, Tom Twomey; *Row 3* Derek Foskett, Mike Reed, Jose Cortez, Paul Menninger, Joe Wangle, Gary Hobson, Don Bryant, Bob Papadakis; *Not in picture* Owen Houcks, Mike Rodgers, Pat Ryan.

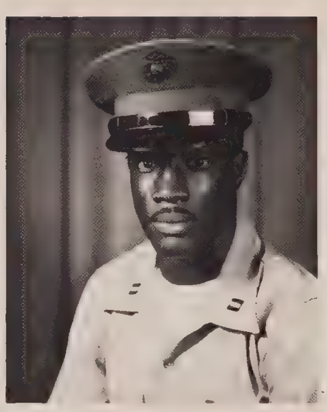


**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Jonas Litonjua, Steve Boone, Brenda Daly, Tom Moretta, Kevin White, Dean Peters, Dwane Schroeder, Bob McLean, Charles Pauch; *Row 2* Rob Duzan, Paul Carstensen, Gordan Mangente, Brian McDonald, Scott Cull, Wade Wheatley, Joey Hines, Robert Burgard, Jack Hall, Andy Tretta, Steve Pettit, Steve Belair, Chris Rhodes, Ed Alberts, David Brodeur; *Row 3* John Ellegood, Robert Luman, Scott Wild, Steve Holmes, Rich Jordan, Kayle Watson, Steve Chambers, Ron Zaleski, Robert Clark, Gus Otero, David Herrington, Scott Nasson, Joseph Monagham.



**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Kurt Storey, Harry Ward, Steve McGaugh, Jon Rees, Victor D'Andrea, Lowell Crow, Chip Lindsay, Greg Sims, Tom Fisher; *Row 2* Mike Collins, Mary Kasprzak, Julie Roberts, Monica Stevens, Barbara Wajeiak, Rob Tillery, Jim Derdall, Mike Spradlin; *Row 3* Beth Gwin, Nail Duffy, Larry Stovall, Don Campbell, Andie Embestro, Bill Harms, Dave Gallear, Keven Hays.

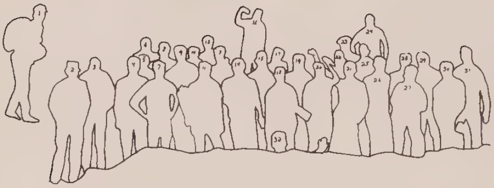
35
stands
alone
CBW '82



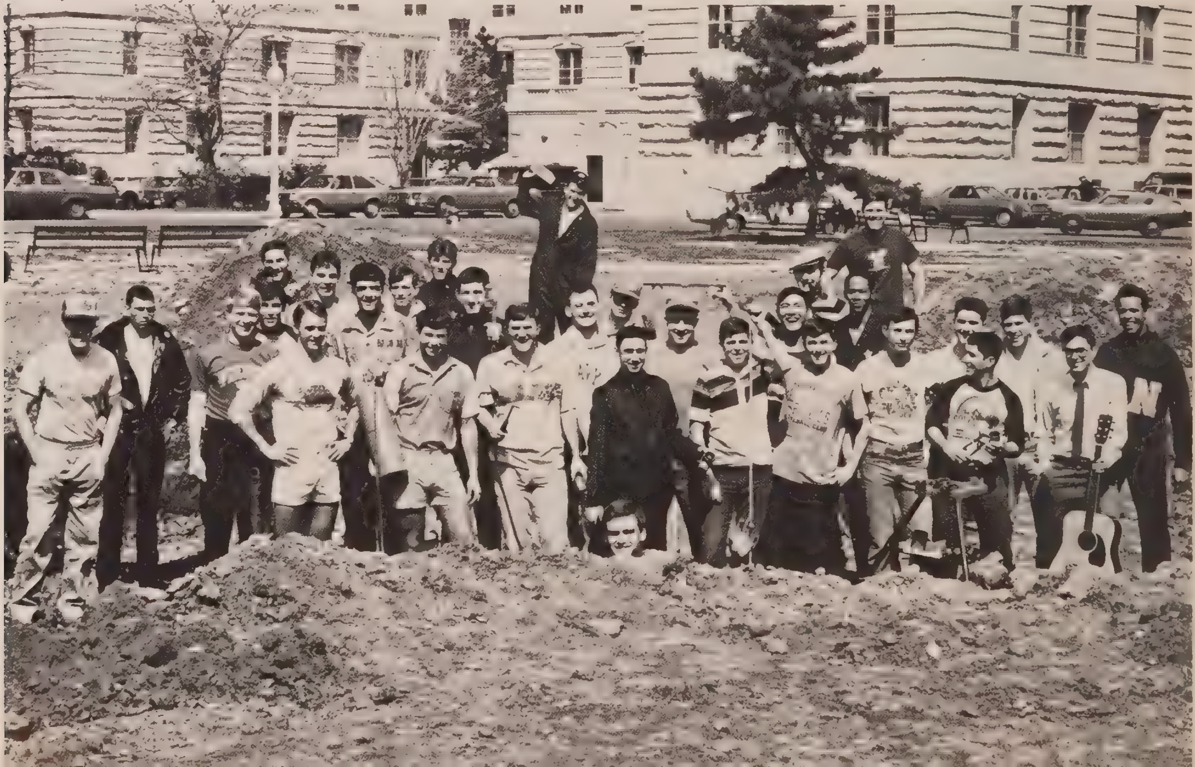
Capt Robinson, 35th Co. Officer

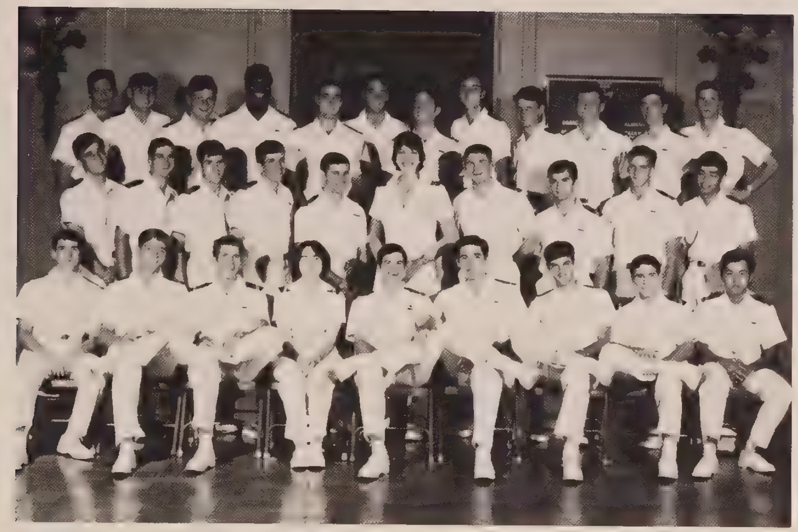
*Fall Set* — M/LT Shoemaker, M/LTJG Hauke, M/ENS McHale
*Spring Set* — M/LT Johnson, M/LTJG Grosklags, M/ENS Wanstall

35th Co.: 35th Company started the year off by welcoming aboard a new company officer, Captain Charles Robinson, USMC. Fall activities included the company mess night held at Fort Meade; true to form, many of us racked up heavy fines for breaches of etiquette. 35 returned to Fort Meade for the company picnic, where the first class dominated all of the athletic events. Back in the yard, the 35th company edition of "8th-Wing Players," directed by Cecil B. DeDille and complete with Mrs. Food's rolls, turned out to be our first successful version in recent years. The spring semester started the final countdown to graduation. 100th Night, 82 Night, ring deliveies and tri-weekly formal room inspections marked the passing days. Oh, and one final announcement: On 26 May, Dillevision presented its final feature, "Graduation '82."

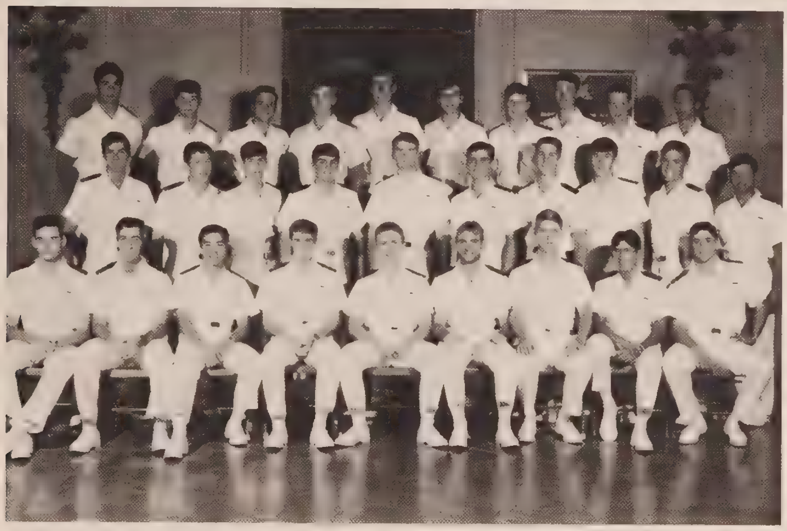


1. Wade Johnson 2. Todd Allen 3. Greg May 4. Mark Johnson 5. Kurt Welty 6. Paul Grosklags 7. Mike Shoemaker 8. Dave Gaylias 9. Peter Hoffman 10. Randy Lundquist 11. Mike McNellis 12. Steve Fehr 13. Jack McHale 14. Bob Evans 15. Joe Donovan 16. Tom Brannen 17. Matt McCloskey 18. Eugene Ritter 19. Chris Wanstall 20. Matt Aylward 21. Derek Hee 22. Ed Dille 23. Steve Barr 24. Myron Simons 25. Randy Hauke 26. Ted Campbell 27. Steve Taraceiviez 28. Phil Salinas 29. Mark Lusk 30. Bill Jeffries 31. Barry Baptist

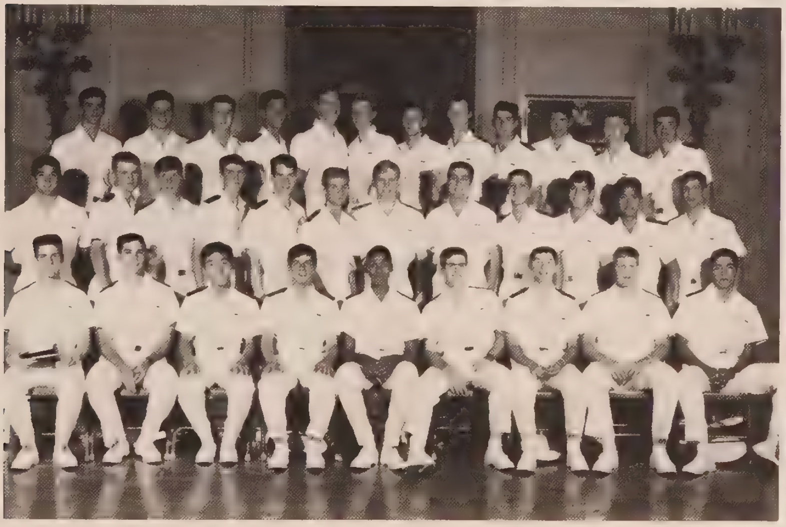




**Class of 1983:** *Row 1* Mike Kubiniec, Jeff Hoggins, Brad Page, Jenny Welch, George Ferris, Frank Jernet, George Abitante, Edward Halpin, Bill Hardest; *Row 2* Scott Ireland, Barry McKibben, Perry Ramicone, Mike Smith, Steve Zotti, Tatjana Rieger, Bill Williston, Jim Booruji, Tim Healy, Ken Toy; *Row 3* Jim Fahey, Rob Parrish, John Snyder, Don Outing, Will Hall, John McCormick, Bill Daitch, John Sheehan, Andy Loferski, Ryan Lantz, Ken Boice, Eric Dyson.

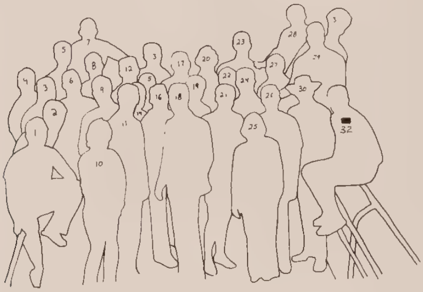


**Class of 1984:** *Row 1* Chris Flood, Ron Beasley, Gene Marquez, Scott Starling, Marc Cannice, Kevan Thompson, Greg Hazlett, John Jordan, Larry Creevy; *Row 2* Adrean Vagnoni, Don Schmieley, Mike Moran, Don Chase, Wade Knudson, Lynn Hamilton, John Worman, Steve Miller, Gardner Howe, Bill Kumangai; *Row 3* Tom Lockwood, Justin Baldwin, Cris Kramer, Carl Amiaga, Scott Poindexter, Dan Crisp, Mark Edson, Robin Franke, Dove Bomberger, Jvan Rosa; *Not in picture* Adam Levitt

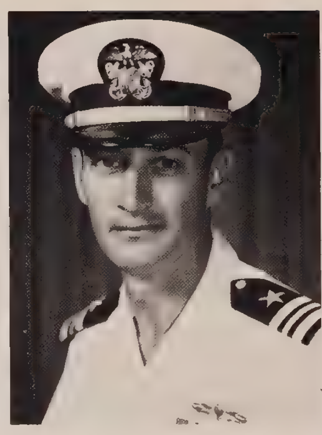


**Class of 1985:** *Row 1* Bill Leavy, Eric Bowman, Tony Kwan, Jim Micel, Reggie Rhoe, Rob McClary, Andy Thompson, Mike Morris, Mark Rubino; *Row 2* Burke Wellborn, Dave Kyto, Mike Kessler, Wes Whitbeck, Ed Kenyon, Rich Abresch, John Harms, Keith Vogt, Scott Hale, Glenn Habib, Al Acosta, Chris Kierkes; *Row 3* Steve Trust, Dale Ormond, Roger Phelps, Mike Nies, Jim Clody, Bill Ward, Dan Donovan, John O'Neil, Tim Dougherty, Don Belcher, Tim Bechter, Dan La Fave.

Nitty
Gritty
Dirt
Company
36



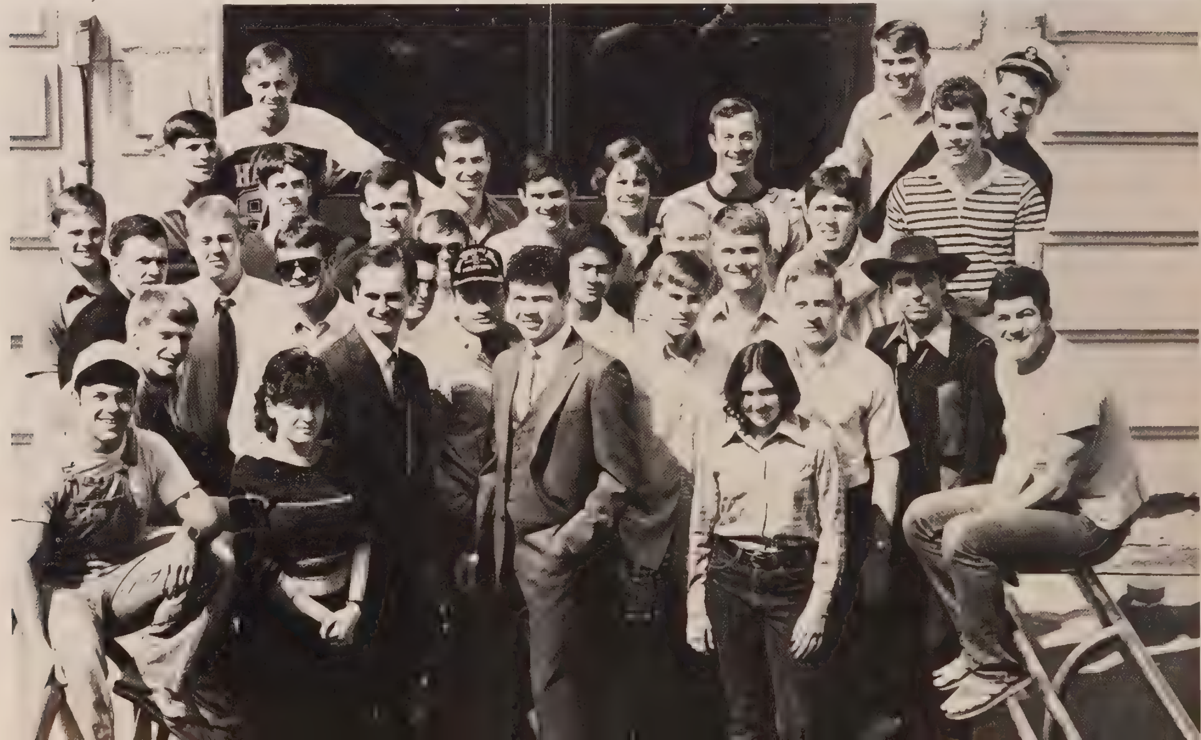
1. Scot Harris 2. Mike Enright 3. Tom Ray 4. Kurt Harms 5. Randal Mayer 6. Mark Sims 7. Bill Smith 8. Todd Brown 9. Kurt Ehlers 10. Carol Cortez 11. Ted Varner 12. Ralph Merg 13. Kevin McCarthy 14. Jim Fritsche 15. Jim Carroll 16. Al Camaisa 17. Clement Petters 18. Jim Richardson 19. John Anongos 20. Kirsten Skeehan 21. Bill Wright 22. C. Sprinkle 23. Clif Atmore 24. Craig Leonard 25. Dori Zink 26. Bill Barnes 27. Ken Olsen 28. Tom Ryan 29. Bill Fuson 30. Ron Jackson 31. Dwayne Babtist 32. John Scuteri



LCDR Barrow, 36th Co. Officer

*Fall Set* — M/LT Barnes, M/LTJG Zink, M/ENS Petters
*Spring Set* — M/LT Sprinkle, M/LTJG Ryan, M/ENS Cortez

36th Fall found the firsties of 36 fat, dumb, and in an advanced stage of graduation fever. However, second semester at the Academy provided all the entertainment for us, and what a show! First was Ronnie's congratulating all the 49er fans coming back from xmas. Then came "PCR II" (just when you thought it was safe to graduate!) and the infamous 36th company restriction squad. Ahh, the memories . . . After service selection the 1/c were looking to the future; so here's to the boys in green! And we know P-cola will never be the same after all the flyboys hit the beach (and the runway, and the stern of the aircraft carrier, . . .). There are those who were glowing all the way to the bank, and those "mighty fine" boys headed to their ships. Finally, America can sleep safe, 'cause Crazy Ted be the man what pushes the button!

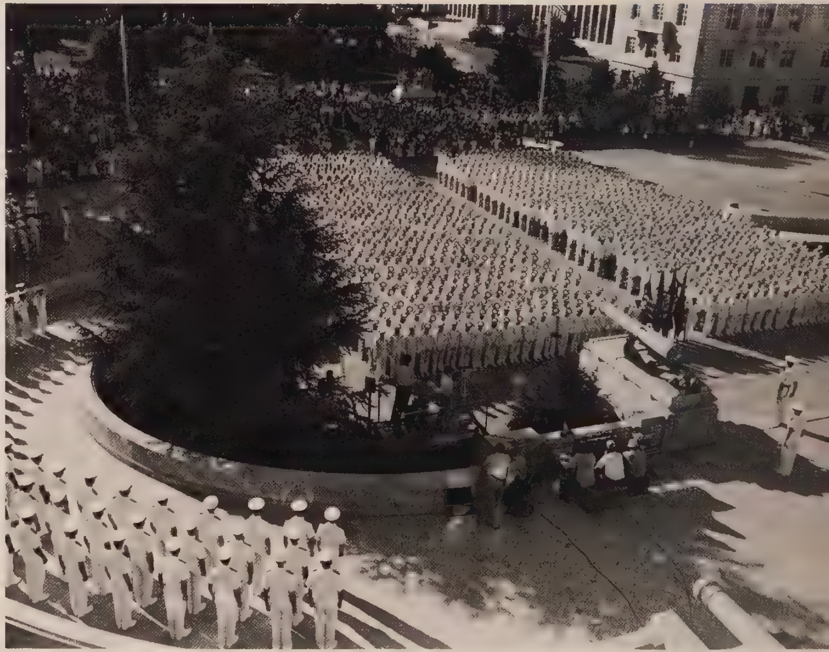


# CLASS HISTORY

# I-Day

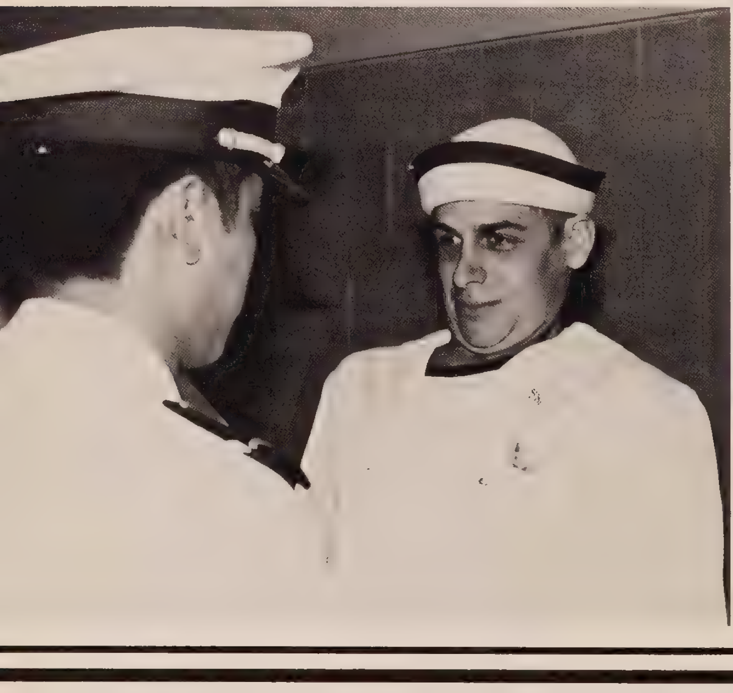
On the morning of July 6, 1978, The Class of 1982 was born. We came from around the country, from high schools, colleges, the Fleet, . . . some even came from foreign countries. At the time we had just one thing in common — our appointments to the United States Naval Academy. I wonder if any of us really knew what lay ahead.

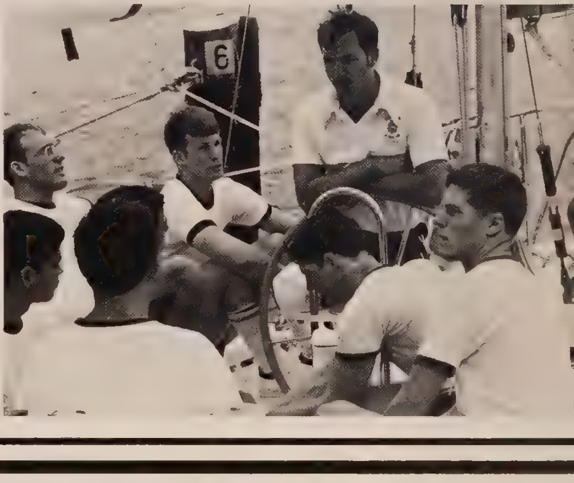
Few of us will ever forget I-Day. It began in the Field House, where we were assigned to our companies and given our first set of white works. From there we went for shots, for pictures, for haircuts, for more clothes . . . all the while marching through the vast maze that was Bancroft Hall. There were papers to sign, clothes to be folded and an Oath of Office to be learned. By the time we stood in T-Court, right hands raised, and officially became the Class of 1982, a bond had been formed, one that would grow and strengthen over the long hot weeks that would follow. It was a bond that would remain long after the frantic confusion of Plebe Summer had faded into memory.



# I-Day

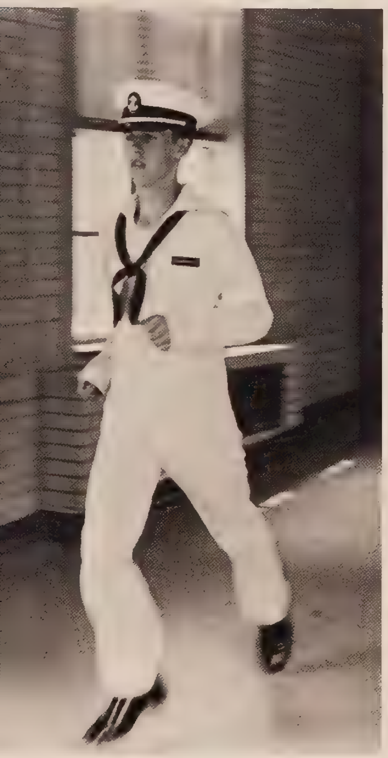
# Plebe Summer

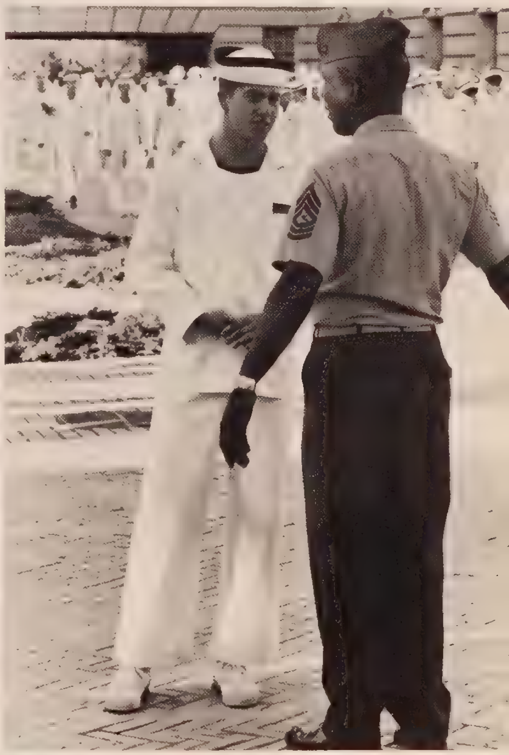




# Plebe Summer

We were pushed that summer, and we rose to meet the challenges. Under the guidance of '79 we learned to sail, march, fire .45's, and work as a team. As individuals we were stretched, forced to use capabilities most of us never knew we had, as we began to realize what being a plebe at the Naval academy really meant. Plebe Summer had its fun moments, too. We went as a class to see "THE WIZ" at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., and to an Orioles baseball game in Baltimore. We had a Regimental picnic on Hospital Point, and a first-rate talent show in the field house. Many a firm friendship was forged over cookies from home on Sunday yard liberty.





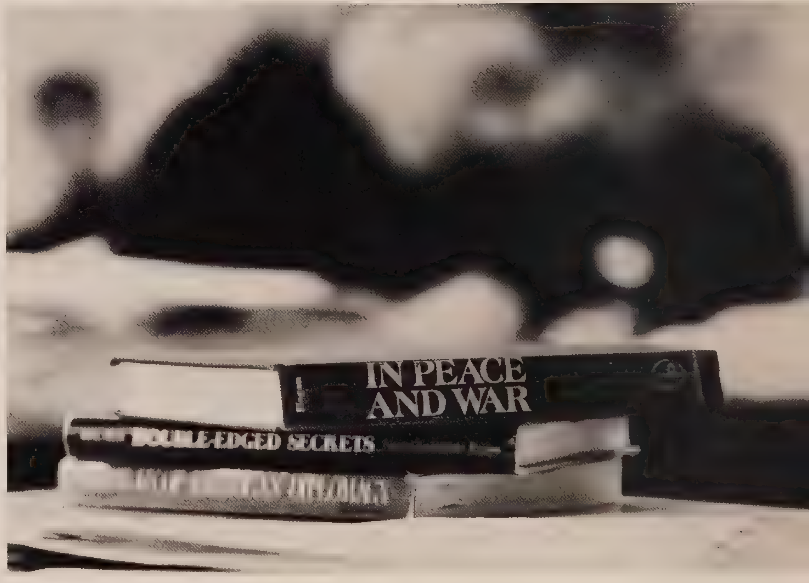
# Parent's Weekend

# Parent's Weekend

Still, none of us were sorry when Plebe Summer ended. With Parents Weekend came the family and friends that had never been far from our minds.

We entered the Academic Year with somewhat mixed feelings. We welcomed the end of Plebe Summer, but the return of the Brigade meant that we would be outnumbered nearly three to one, and we wondered what to expect from them.

# ACADEMICS


IN PEACE AND WAR
DOUBLE-EDGED SECRETS

# FOOTBALL

Soon, however, the new challenges of Ac Year routine and classes pushed those concerns behind us. There was Chem, NS, EN, Calc, History and English — we even had to use the study hour for *study*, a new experience for many.

Football season began, and Navy could do no wrong. Spirit ran high in the Brigade as the team ran up a sensational 8-3 record, and was invited to play in the Holiday Bowl in San Diego.

Of course it also included our first Army Game, and the upperclass made sure we knew all the traditions before we set foot on the buses to Philly. That afternoon Navy recovered the Commander-in-Chief's Trophy from the Woops with a crushing victory.

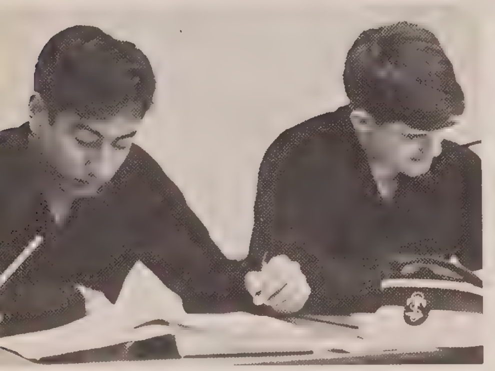
# ACADEMICS

# WINTER

We returned to the academic routine until mid-December. For the first time at the Academy final exams were held before Christmas, and we didn't look forward to them, but beyond them to Christmas leave. For most of us, the class-wide Naval Science final (who could forget that one?) was the last exam, and we were gone.

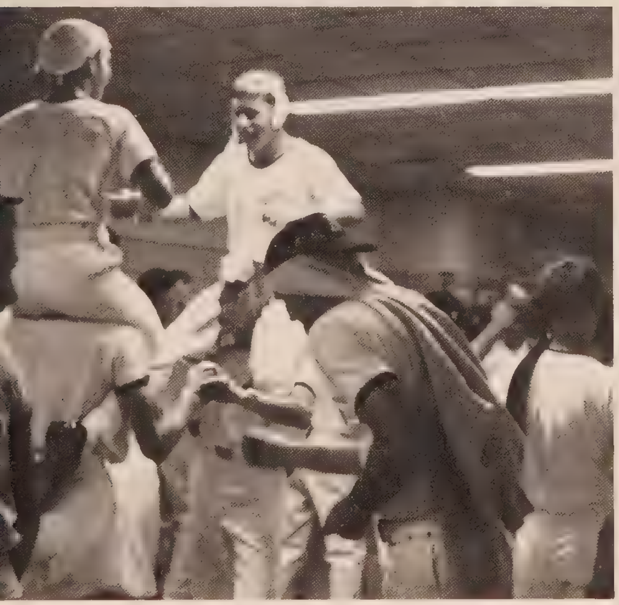
We scattered, most of us back to our hometowns and families. Leave was fantastic! We finally got a chance to relax and enjoy life a little bit. If the weeks of Plebe Summer were the longest of the year, the weeks of leave were by far the shortest, for in almost no time we were back for the Dark Ages. They weren't as bad this year with finals over and a new semester to begin. Washington's Birthday brought the "Blizzard of '79" with two feet of snow blanketing the Yard, but also an extra holiday with the cancellation of classes and most of the upperclass stranded-away from the Academy. Somehow we didn't mind a four day weekend with only a few upperclass in the Hall.

# SPRING



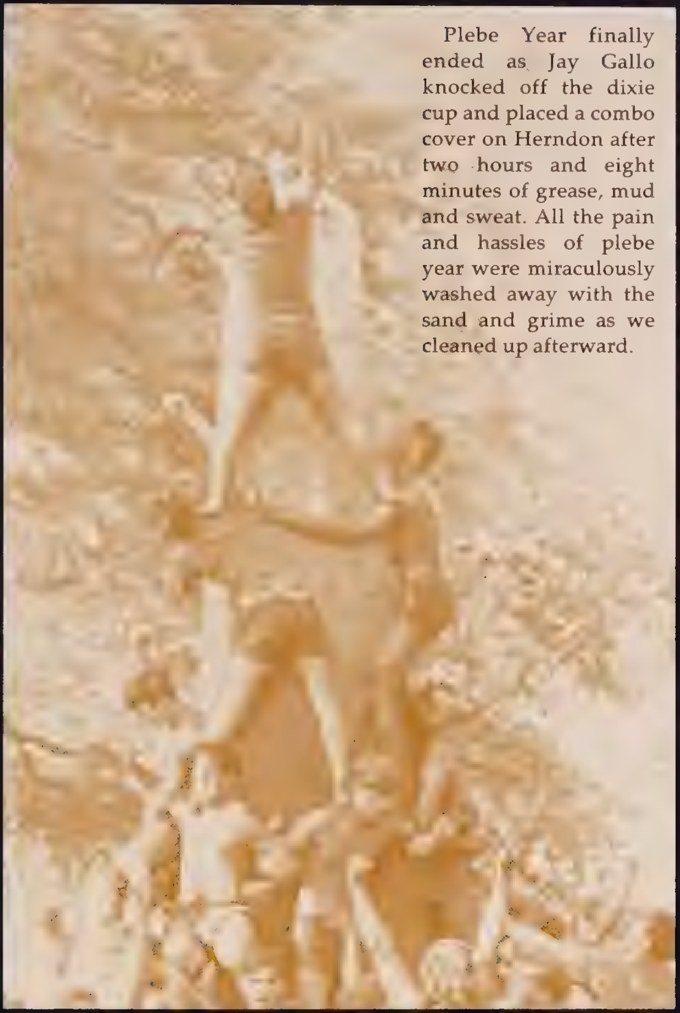
# SPRING

Spring brought with it more drill, more parades, and more tourists. Spring Break gave us the chance to experience our first road trip to Florida and Easter gave us a much needed break from the academic grind. Even so, we were more than ready for June, er, Commissioning Week when it arrived.



# HERNDON

# HERNDON

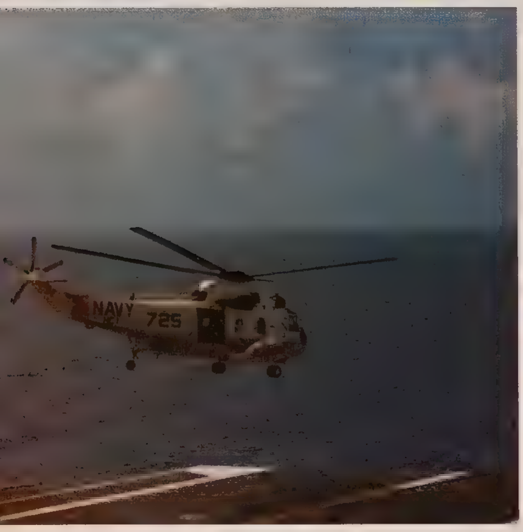


Plebe Year finally ended as Jay Gallo knocked off the dixie cup and placed a combo cover on Herndon after two hours and eight minutes of grease, mud and sweat. All the pain and hassles of plebe year were miraculously washed away with the sand and grime as we cleaned up afterward.

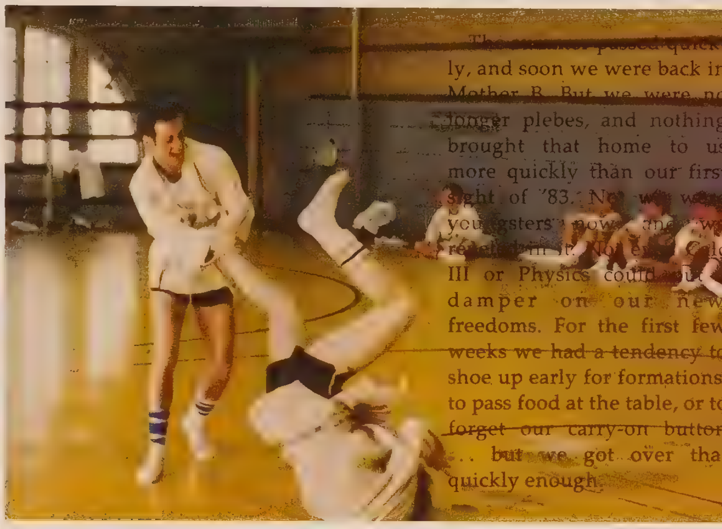
# Youngster Cruise

# Youngster Cruise

# Youngster Cruise



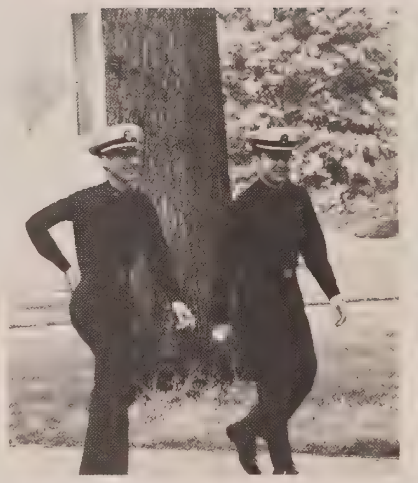
# Ac Year



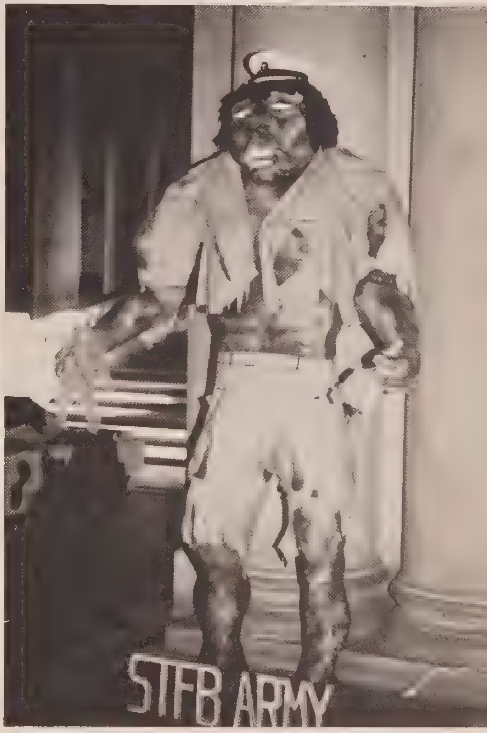
The summer passed quickly, and soon we were back i Mother B. But we were n longer plebes, and nothing brought that home to u more quickly than our firs sight of '83. Now we were youngsters now, and w reveled in it. Not even Cal III or Physics could put a damper on our new freedoms. For the first few weeks we had a tendency t shoe up early for formations to pass food at the table, or t forget our carry-on button . . . but we got over tha quickly enough.

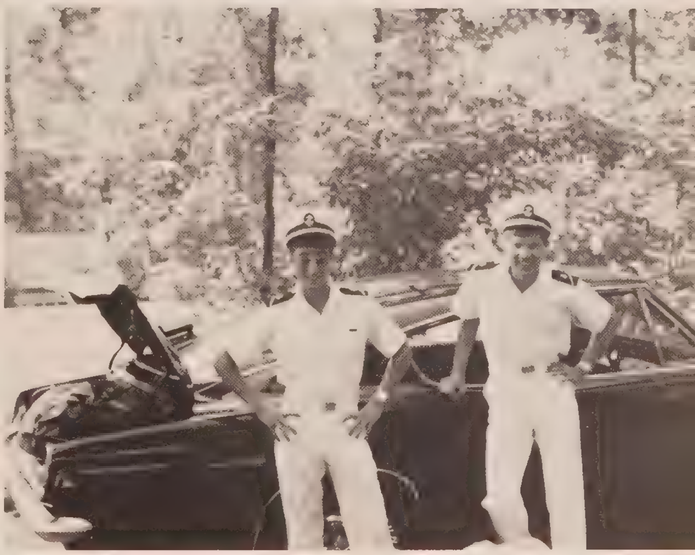
# Fall

We enjoyed the fall drill season immensely, as it rained almost every Monday and Wednesday, leaving the weekends sunny and bright for more of those exciting Navy football games. We finished the season (7-4) and once again triumphed over the Woops at Philly, sending them home after a stunning victory. We were also introduced to the Dahlgren Hallseen and the drags (er, girls) to help us spend our Saturday nights. Suddenly it was time for exams again, and then the more than welcome Christmas leave, with time for family and friends.



# Fall





# Winter

# Spring

Youngster year was an experience. The rules were a game to be played. We pushed, we tested, and we grew. By the time May rolled around, we had all changed a lot, and we began to face The Big Decision — whether we would come back next year to make our commitment.

Another Commissioning Week arrived, with nothing of great importance to us. The plebes climbed Herndon, the second class had their Ring Dance, and of course '80 had Graduation. There were almost as many reporters as graduates when "The First Class with Women" finally graduated. But we had other women to think about, and were anxious to get on with our summer plans.

# Summer

Second Class Summer found us quite busy. On Protramid we visited Quantico, New London, Pax River, and Norfolk, for a look at all of the fields open to us at graduation. Of course each of us visited only three of the four, but the sea stories we told made us each feel we had done it all. For Actramid we grudgingly returned to USNA with time out for a week on the YP's and a couple days of Firefighting School. Some of us again participated in the usual "Professional" activities that we had missed the previous summer, like jumping out of perfectly good airplanes and such.

# Summer

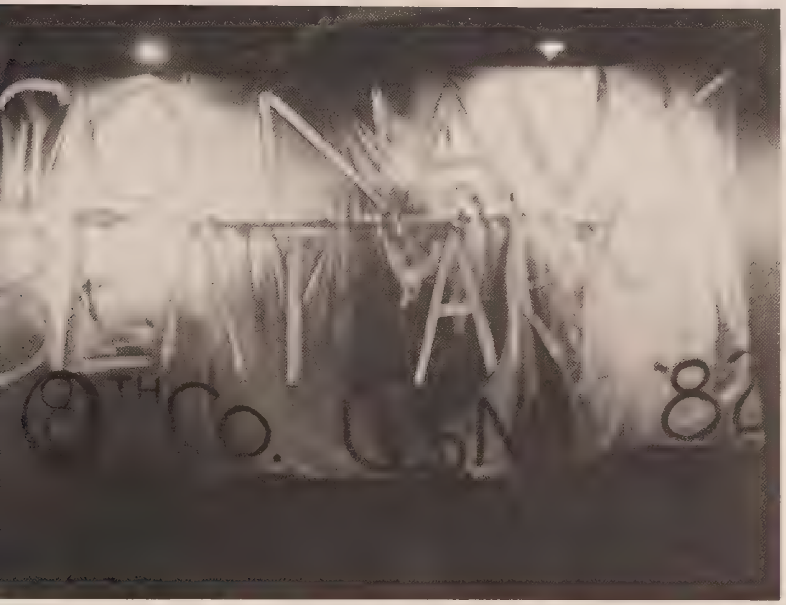
# Fall

# Fall

Then Academic year started and we had made our commitment to the Navy. We were amazed by how easy it was and how naturally it came. We even felt like Second Class. The games of Youngster Year were behind us as we dove into Wires, Cables, Celestial Nav, and our first "real" majors courses. We certainly needed those five weekends to get away and recover a little.

# Fall

# Army


NAVY
9TH CO. USN '82

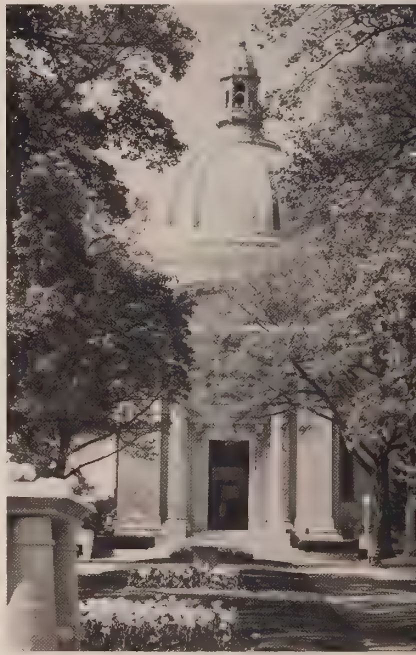
The pace of things seemed to pick up noticeably. Army came and went with Eddie Meyers working on every record in the [illegible]

# Spring

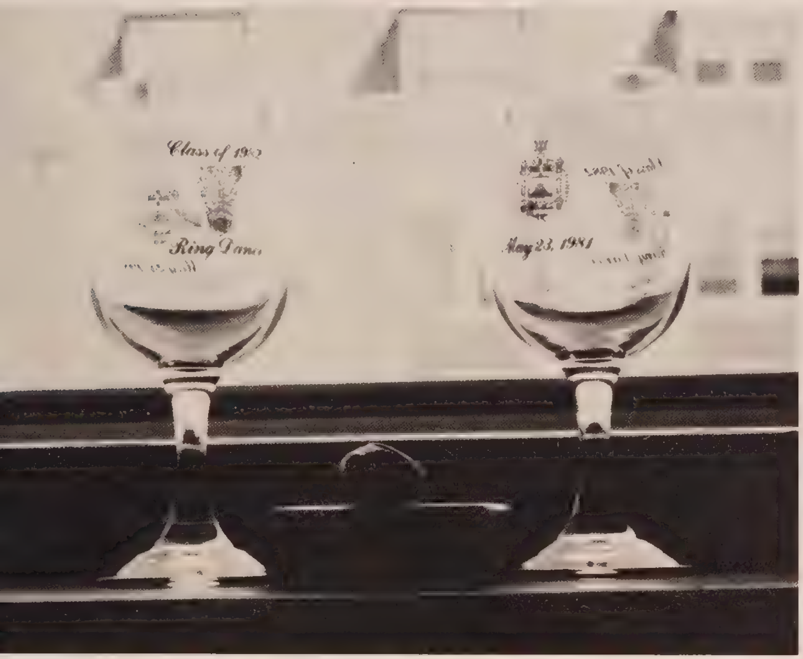
# Spring

Spring saw the 'Dant put an end to jeans, cowboy hats and sunglasses, and we read about the Academy in the papers once again, but this time not so favorably. But we survived, and soon we were illegally wearing our brand new class rings. It was worth the thirty-five cent fines.

# Spring



# June Week


Class of 1982
Ring Dance
May 23, 1981

Then came Commissioning Week once again. Our Ring Dance was everything they promised it would be, and more. Our special girls made this not just another dance, but *the* social event of the four years. Now we could wear our rings proudly and publicly. And when '81 threw their cover in the air, we were all ready to step in and take charge of the Brigade.

# 1/C Cruise

# 1/C Cruise

As the hats of '81 flew into the air, we knew we'd finally arrived — we were in charge. On went the shoulder boards with the single horizontal stripe which we'd admired from afar as plebes three long years ago.

But we weren't to receive full command of the underclassmen just yet, for first class summer with its many exciting adventures was awaiting us. Many had already left on cruise — before the ring dance even — and the rest of us were looking forward to starting. After all, being a J.O. was what we were training for. With the escalating tensions in the Middle East, many of our ships had been diverted to the Indian Ocean. The expense was too great for the Navy to send 300 of us there, so Lant I was traded for the West Pacific. We went on sub cruises to Bermuda, FOREX cruises to Japan, Marine Option Cruises to Hawaii, and of course LANT I cruises to Norfolk.

Some of us couldn't get enough of the Navy life, so we signed on for a few weeks with the training details at Orlando, San Diego, Great Lakes, . . . rough life, huh? It was certainly rough on the NAPsters where some of us spent time, but it was roughest of all on our friends in the Class of '85.

# I-Day

PLEASE
FOR BARBER TO
YOU

WEIGH
IN
HERE

# I-Day

Yes, many of us had actually taken a liking to good ol' USNA, and we hung around for another unforgettable Plebe summer — this time, however, we weren't on the receiving end of the stick.

The Class of 1985 coming from civilian life, was everything we knew they would be. Indoctrinating them to the military way of thinking was quite a task. We did what we could to be sure they had a "Plebe Summer," being careful not to interfere with their "reflection" periods. Of course we had to interfere a little — that's why some firsties "did time" for sending their plebes on an early morning forced march through the obstacle course with rifles.

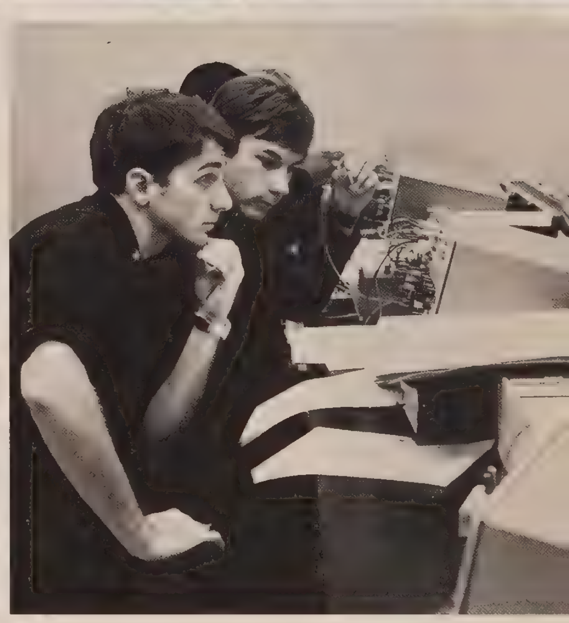
# Plebe Summer

# Plebe Summer

# Classes

But when the end of the summer rolled around, we were ready to begin anew with added responsibilities. As we returned from summer leave, we suddenly discovered the reality of being in charge. No longer did we have a class over us to take the responsibility for getting things done; it was up to us, and we rose again and again to meet the challenge.

But there was also the other side of the coin: R.H.I.P. We were finally driving our own cars and parking them in our "own" spaces. We even got our own parking tickets for doing so. We played racquetball till all hours of the day and couldn't be found on the weekends. Well, there were a few die-hards who saw the weekends as a catch-up period for additional studying, waxing floors or sleeping; and there were always the restrictees (for those of us who got into that kinda thing) and the duty section, but for the most part we were *gone.* . . . Sunning on the beach, hiking in the mountains, drinking in the bars, partying with the guys, hunting with our sponsors, or just spending a relaxing weekend with our favorite girl(s) — anything to get out of here!



# Fall Sports

NAVY
37
NAVY
34

As always we could look forward to the weekends of exciting football games. '82 was well represented on the field with All-American candidates Eddie Meyers, Tim Jordan and Steve Fehr leading the pack — How could we go wrong? Of course we provided a lot of the "excitement" for the fans there with our parade through town and our famous march-ons. But those were quickly forgotten when the games began and only a trace of the memory remained by the time we were enjoying the victory at our company tailgaters afterward. Football and tailgaters — what a release from the pressures and frustrations that had been building during the week.

# Hall & Oates/ELO

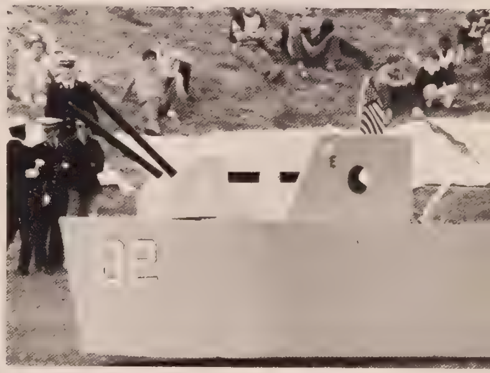
There was one weekend when we really opened the valve on the pressures. We experienced one of the best concerts ever when Darryl Hall and John Oates paired up with The Electric Light Orchestra to perform in the field house. We could still recall the time Hall and Oates had visited us during plebe year (back when a concert was a *concert* and there were plenty of them), but they topped that one easily. Then along came ELO, and nothing could beat their light show. Nothing, that is, except their talking robot. What a show!

# Fall Parades

Yes, we were certainly living for the weekend, but at 1830 on Sunday it was back to the old grind. Studying, eating, studying, sleeping (a little), studying . . . and marching. It's no wonder we were counting the days; the Parades alone were enough to make us want to leave the place. Oh, but *everybody* loves a parade. Those people in the stands sure seemed to enjoy them.

# Football Activities

# Football Activities



# Fall

Parade season finally ended and the leaves on the trees began changing colors. We took our mid-terms and fought the computers for our last course registration. We had a few special meals in the Wardroom (or was it King Hall, including Surf and Turf, Maryland Seafood Night, Texas Bar-b-que, Crabs (with hammers) and Ribs, Ham Hocks and Black-eyed Peas (Tyree Dinner) . . . CDR Food (alias LCDR Neeb) really fixed us up, didn't he? (Too bad we couldn't elect him Commandant or something.) We all had a great time on Halloween too, especially with the pumpkin decorating contests.

# Halloween

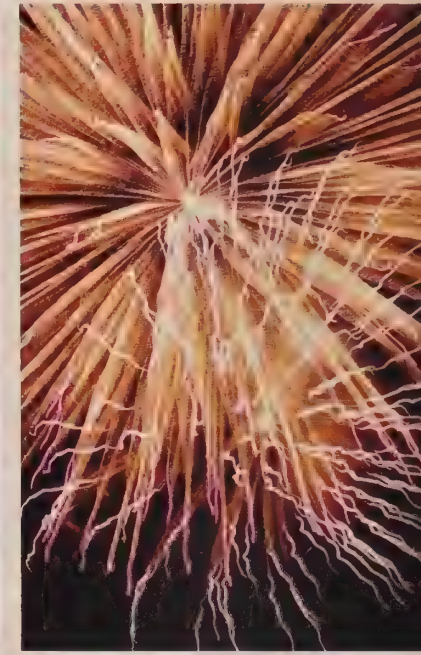
USN
NEVE
AGAI

# Forrestal Lectures: *Mr. George F. Will*

# Chief of Naval Operations

# Army Game

RUN
EDDIE
RUN



# Army Game

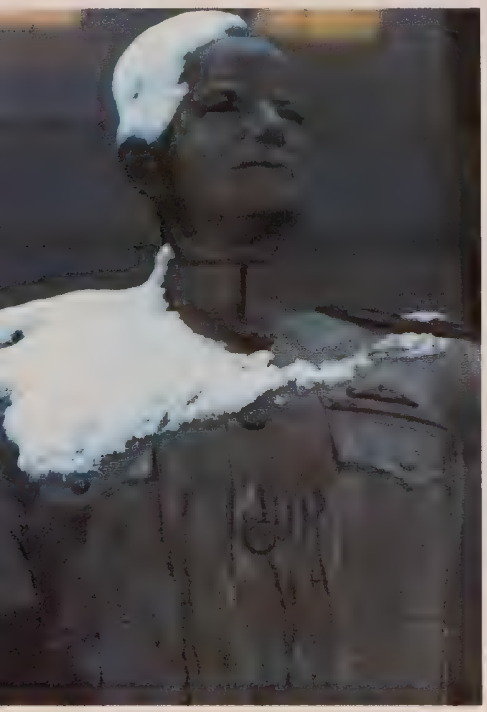
Then there was Army Week in the Wardroom (er, King Hall) when there's no telling what'll happen. We "successfully" prevented food fights from erupting (we're still glad that '79 couldn't stop them, but we value our liberty). No one could quell the cheers, however: "AAAAAAH! I'm testing my company commander's head for Army, sir!" And the spirit-related activities must go on; we pulled the usual stunts like moving our company officers into the head or into goat court, but we found out that some "spirit related" ideas don't sit well with the 'Dant. We were looking forward to our fourth (in a row) triumph over Army, but we had to settle for a 3-3 tie — how humiliating!

# Christmas Dinner

# Christmas

But there was always Christmas to look forward to, and we had the usual Christmas Dinner to get us into the spirit for finals. Following the Christmas Formal we were once again "outa here" for three well-earned weeks of leave.

# Winter

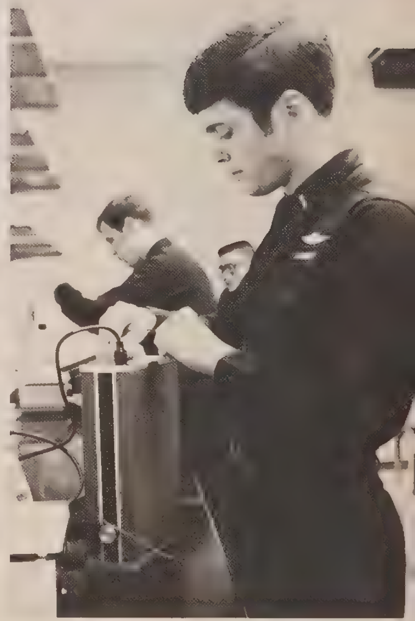


# Winter Sports

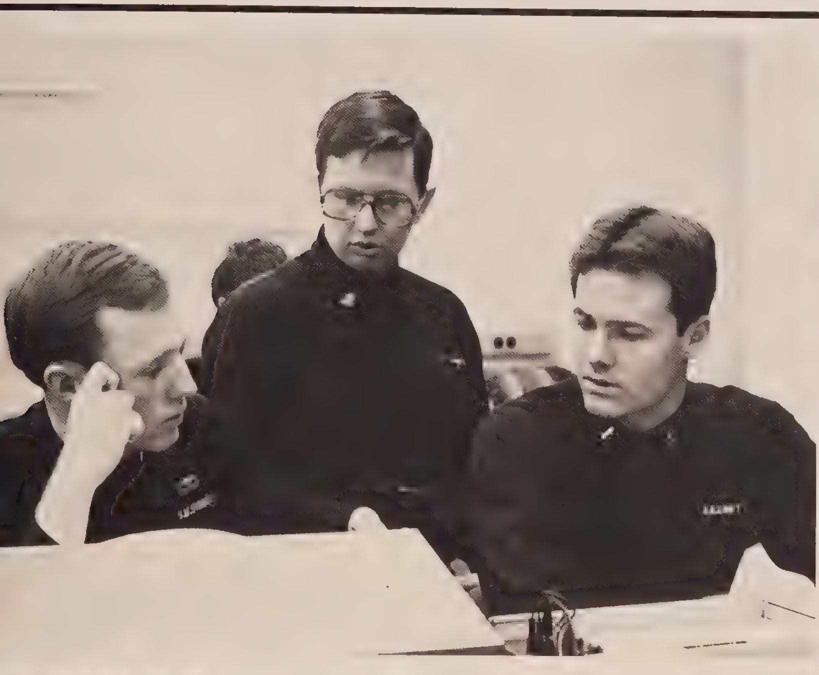
LAFAYETTE
34
NAVY
50
LAFAYETTE
14

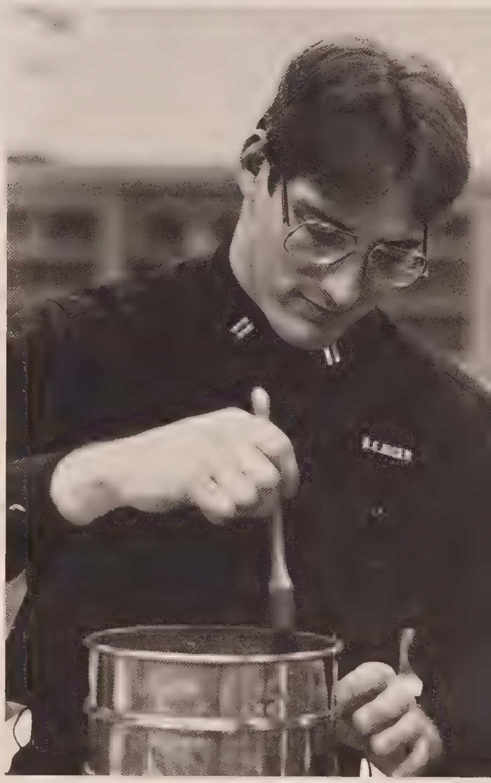
NAVY
EVERLAST

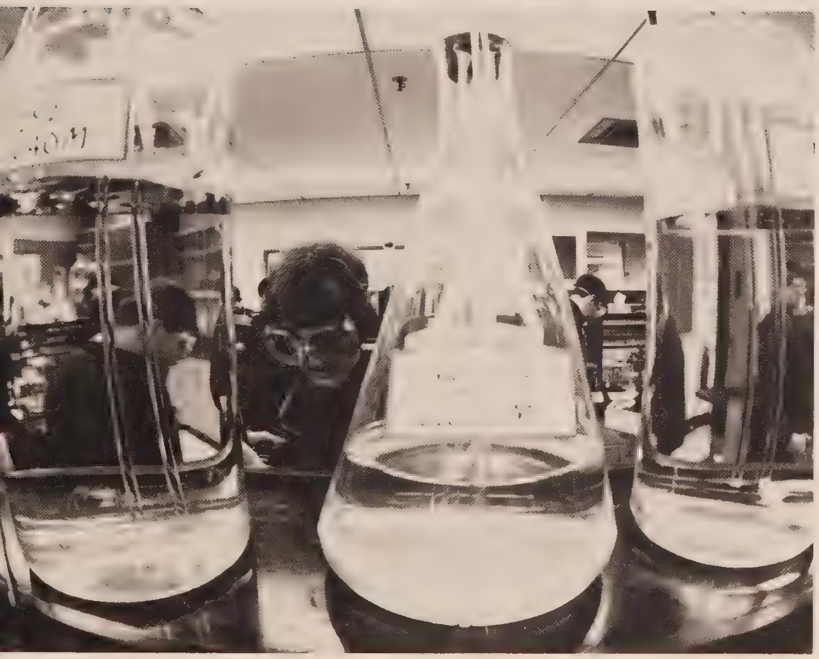
# Classes



# Classes







Following the shortest three weeks on record, we were "ready" to begin our *final semester.* The preliminary nuke selectees had hardly dusted off their boots before they began the last of Admiral Rickover's famous interviews. He didn't get as many of us as he wanted, but what's new.

Besides the fact that we got the privilege of having our Service Selection Night on the Friday before an otherwise-three-day weekend, the big day was rather uneventful. The Nukes picked up their checks for $2400 early in the afternoon, Navy Air once again finished with the largest contingent, and there were even a few Marine billets left for the final few. We'll long remember the happiness we all shared that night as we gathered at our parties to talk about the days of old and of the days ahead . . .

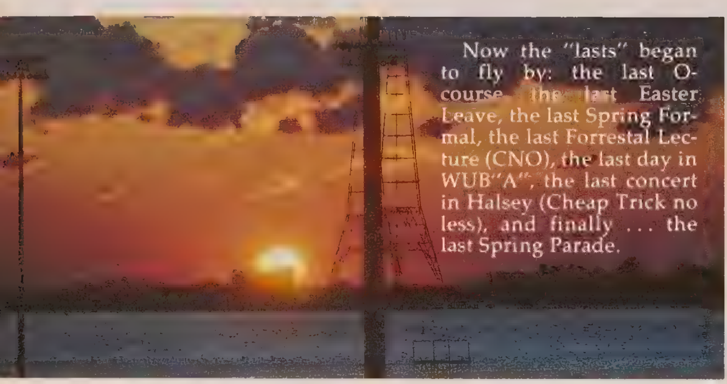
# 100th Night

# '82 Night

We reminisced even more on the following Tuesday when 100th Night (actually 99th Night, but who cares?) rolled around. This time we even knew the answers to our "firsties" questions. We were sorta sad to see the night end, because we had to resume our responsibilities again, but we knew that 99 days wouldn't take long . . .

As we counted off our *last* day in the three digits, we began to use the word more and more often. We'd already made our last (tower) jump for Navy, but now came the last Applied Struggle, the last mile run, the last set of mid-terms, and the last Spring Break. We took our last road trips to Florida and came back to observe our last St. Patrick's Day at USNA with a party in Dahlgren for '82 Night. (So what if we only had 70 days left? Who's counting anyway?!)

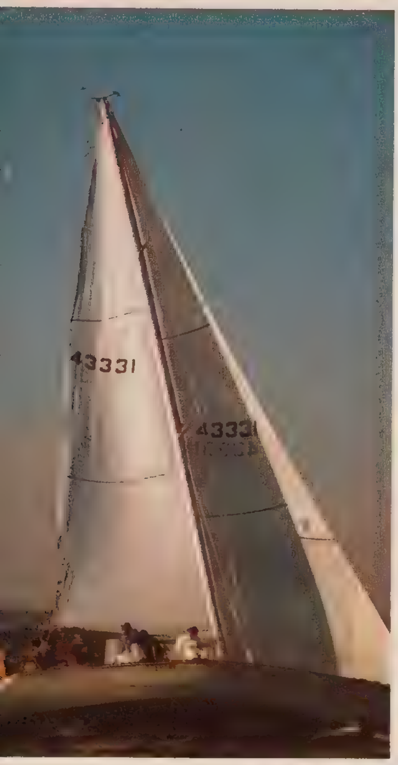
# Spring



Now the "lasts" began to fly by: the last O-course, the last Easter Leave, the last Spring Formal, the last Forrestal Lecture (CNO), the last day in WUB"A", the last concert in Halsey (Cheap Trick no less), and finally . . . the last Spring Parade.

DON'T LOOK BACK '82!
WARNING: OBJECTS IN MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR

# Spring Sports



43331
43331

# Spring Parades

But how can we possibly revel in thoughts of our final parade, especially when we have such fond memories: practicing in our reefers, wearing our chin straps and still losing our covers, passing out at attention, passing in review at present arms . . . We'll surely miss you, Worden Field.

By this time Spring had rolled around, and if studying was difficult before, it was impossible now. With liberty until midnight, we were often gone within five minutes after our "last class or military obligation." But we knuckled down and managed to survive those tests and quizzes, even if all our studying *was* done the night before. We finally finished our final class, our final lab report, our final term paper, and our final final. Then came the sweetest final of all — the last Commissioning Week!

# Cheap Trick

# Dedication P-rade

# Herndon, Bob Hope

Our families were here to help us celebrate the biggest event of our lives, and our jubilance multiplied daily as we counted off the days: Friday, *5 days* — Family, Dedication Parade, and Herndon; Saturday, *4 days* — Rain, Bob Hope, and a Formal Dance; Sunday, *3 days* — Baccalaureate Services, more rain, more Bob Hope, and a dinner in King Hall; Monday, *2 days* — Graduation rehearsal, no Blue Angels (more rain), the Supe's Garden Party, and a 1/c Dance; Tuesday, *1 day* — Another graduation rehearsal, a Color Parade, the Fountain Jump and Swim, an "exciting" Prizes and Awards Ceremony, and the Farewell Ball; Wednesday, *no days* and no sleep — GRADUATION!

# Color P-rade

# Graduation

One by one we received our diplomas with our families proudly watching. Then, right hands raised, we uttered the words that closed the doors to USNA and turned us to face a new world. [illegible] *ad inexplorata.*

# CLASS OF '82

### DAVID THOMAS ANDREWS

Mililani Town, HA
"Dave, Big D"

Dave Rolled into Navy with no concept of life on the mainland much less at USNA. He thought Bancroft was named after the tennis racket manufacturers, and figured every room came with its own court. The # 1 player for Navy tennis all 4 years (the first plebe ever to play # 1). Dave had a personality that could fit anywhere — except with the upperclass. Bobo and company kept him entertained over plebe summer until Dave managed to catch pneumonia in time for parent's weekend. Big D wandered through plebe year, boggled yet undaunted in his quest for professionalism. Youngster cruise was memorable for telling the captain to wait an edited minute — Dave's eyes were even more unfocused after staring at a radar scope for a month. Other cruises were equally satisfying — a female 2nd LT at Quantico and a plebe summer squad leader on first class cruise. Academically, Dave found Spanish 101 too challenging and switched sciences, from poly. to phy. Big D will soon be found at P-cola, keeping everyone laughing and his rack warm — one way or another.

### TERRY J. BENEDICT

Niles, OH "Bene"

Bene came to USNA from Niles, Ohio via Newport, RI and the USNA Prep School. Plebe summer he was blessed with Dave "Where's the tennis court?" Andrews as his roomie and his Plebe year roommates, Weber, Morris and Robillard, were equally as wild and crazy. Not especially noted for academia, Bene decided to make himself a Political Scientist. However, Spanish 101 had other ideas for him and he soon found himself a Resources Manager.

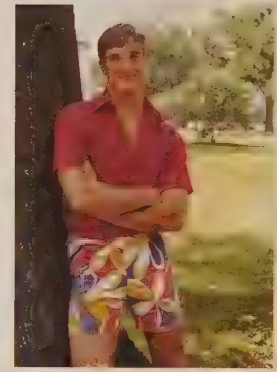
Never one to call Bancroft Hall home he soon found himself a suitable resting place in Hubbard Hall and Navy Crew. A three year letterman and captain of the lightweight team his senior year, he was always seen running or rowing, but never at formation.

Senior year rolled around and a trip back to NAPS detail as Company Commander and l/c cruise filled the summer. Always one to be found in bed, he firmly believed you could sleep pain away. After graduation, it's San Diego for SWOS and a few other assorted dreams.

### RICHARD PAUL BRECKENRIDGE

Marshfield, Mass. MA
"Breck"

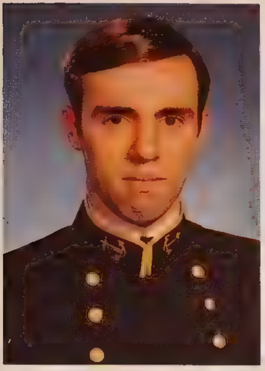
A product of New England breeding, Rick arrived at the Naval Academy with many natural qualities to help him through the program. As a two year member of the cross country team, chopping became an effortless task. His unassuming personality led him to high company standing: none of the upperclass could figure out who "Breckenridge, R." was, so they simply ranked him at the top. By getting to bed by 2200 each night, Rick maximized his military performance and class standing well enough to win a free trip to Great Britain on an exchange program. Outside of running to his "adopted" family's house each afternoon (which ironically doubled as his girlfriend's house-clever Rick!) he spent a lot of time dedicated to the Officer's Christian Fellowship. On many Saturday mornings you cound find Rick waking up "Fun-Oners" at 0545 for company Bible study. With Jesus Christ first in his life, Rick has chosen to use his aerospace knowledge and "fly" subs. No matter where the Lord leads, Rick is zealous to serve in "His" service.



### ERIC WAYDE CHAPMAN

Willoughby, OH. D
"Chappy"

Rick came to fun one knowing so little about the military that after receiving a set of ensign shoulder boards as a high school graduation present he wrote back thanking them for "the commanders epaulets." But what can you expect from a man who claims to be a descendent of Johnny Appleseed and had never heard of an eclair. Studies have not come all to easy for Chappy, but after four years of sitting at the same desk in the library he'll be one of the few, the proud (better than all the princes in all of India), and the crazy. Yes, R. C.'s a naval architect. During his days at Navy he's tried to be studly by wrestling and playing 150 lb. football. As far as the weekends go. . . . . . . just give him a smooth road ahead, some Jimmy Buffet in the air, a babe by his side, and a Mich light in his hand. Service Selection was a hard decision for Rick and we hope that this love does not turn into a nuclear waste. In the future we look for him to be sleezing his life away somewhere on the Florida coast.



**RICHARD BRUCE CLYBORNE**
Westmont, NJ
"Rich, the Fish"

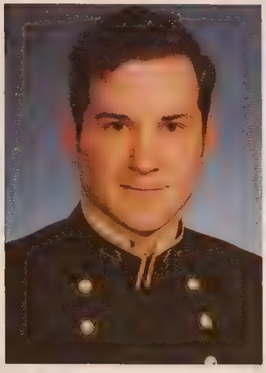
Rich swam his way into boat school from his home just outside Philly, bringing with him drumsticks and a complete collection of The Boss. He struggled through plebe year in the typical Fun One fashion, backstroking all winter and duty drumming when outdoors. He inherited midshipman in charge of drummers, which steadily earned demerits without any attention on his part. Rich majored in oceanography, eventually becoming the oceanography club VP, and attained well over the square root of 4.0 every semester. He proved the effectiveness of Mrs. Marshall's social program — Heidi keeps moving the date closer to May 26th. Rich intends to go surface line, hopefully staying on the East coast and out of trouble. Never caught without raingear, Rich hopes to leave his legacy of high voltage rock and roll 24 hours a day with his plebe brother in 7th company. With luck, Rich's hearing will last longer than his hairline did.

**JEFFREY STUART CRISWELL**
San Jose, CA "Cris"

Jeff reported to Canoe U. in July of 1978 from the sunny state of California. His laid back attitude and friendly smile were a welcome addition to Fun One, and it was apparent from the start of plebe summer that the person who knew his yard gouge the best would go places; and go places he did. Places like Chauvenet Hall; for four whole years! Jeff's peculiar tastes for things to do with his mind didn't stop with advanced calculus and matrix theory; no, they extended all the way into the music he listened to. Heaven knows who E.L.P. or King Crimson are, but just utter the first few syllables of any group connected to progressive rock (even his brother's band) and Jeff is sure to show up sooner or later. His weekly progressive rock radio program on WRNV led him to the position of Music Director for WRNV as a first class. Service selection finds Jeff chasing Russian Subs as a P-3 NFO. USNA will miss having someone as friendly and open as Jeff, a better friend is no where to be found. Fair Winds and following seas.

**DONNA MARIE ESPOSITO**
Camp Springs, MD
"Espo"

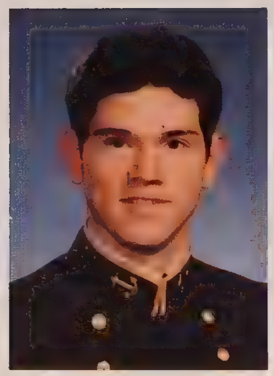
Espo came to the Naval Academy as a renegade from a staunch Coast Guard family after a year's sidetrip to NAPS — bringing her trademark engineer's hat with her. NAPS must not have been all play though, because Espo breezed through plebe summer with the shiniest shoes ever seen in Bancroft Hall. Things got a little rougher ac year but she kept smiling — even though those brutal crew practices in the middle of winter and the toughest squad leader in the company. She wised up and switched to swimming youngster year and stuck with it through 1/c year. After getting her "Vette" 2/c year, she was rarely seen on weekends and could usually be found enjoying the comforts of her home in Camp Springs, Md. — much to the envy of her classmates. After an oceanography cruise and a tour as "Ma 'Spo" on NAPS detail 1/c summer, Donna settled down to being a squad leader first set and working toward her dream of becoming a pilot. Best of luck 'Spo!



**MICHAEL DAN FOSTER**
Tarrant, AL "Mike"

Mike Foster comes to us from 'Bama, the home of "Bear" Bryant and the Crimson Tide. He spent most of his early years dreaming of coming to the Academy and now all he does is dream of leaving. His time here at the good 'ole USNA was spent in many fruitless endeavors such as girl chasing, studying and drilling.

Mike spent his entire plebe year keeping a low profile only to blow it in a hair cutting incident during June Week. He bounced right back, however, but by the time he was a second class he had set a world record for losses to the rack monster. First class year found Mike with three stripes and a pocket full of form 2's for any unlucky plebe who crossed his path. Mike leaves us with many good laughs and fond memories. Good Luck and God Bless and Uh . . . Beat Army?



### GREGORY P. FRENCH

Syracuse, NY "Frenchie"

Haircuts, The Fatman, Viv, Rockin' Rog, Genesee, O.C., Clark's, The Dead, Cur-tiss, Tailgaters, Roadtrips, Chan, The Hick — Just a few words that come to mind when thinking of Frenchie's four years at the Academy. He'll never be remembered for just one thing because he was many. He was a leader both in the hall and on the road, and he was friend to all who lived by their own principles and not the MHP's.

If he had one philosophy of life it had to be something like, "If there's no fun in what you are doing, then it's probably not worth the effort." For Frenchie the pursuit of pleasure was always the first order of business, and that was undeniably his main contribution to the morale of the rest of us. It was always fun to watch Frenchie. He was his own MHP, and he truly lived by his famous words, "Those rules were only made to be broken."

Frenchie leaves the Academy headed for the married life and a seat in somebody's P-3. We know success will always be at his doorstep.

### TIMOTHY GALPIN

Pensacola, FL "Tim"

Tim comes to our country club on the Severn by way of Pansacola. He was never quite sure whether he was a dedicated professional or just too poor and lazy to work his way through a real school. In any case, Tim was never very big on acting like a plebe. Unlike most mids, though, Tim didn't mind telling his squad leader about it. How 'bout ya J.D.? He went from this poor beginning to be a master debater and to do a little too much studying; but, what the heck, good grades never hurt anybody. Besides, how many mids get free trips to Toronto, Southern California, and Florida just for a little afternoon research? Service Selection, well, that is as up in the air as was Tim's major (he finally settled for enlightenment — history). Whatever he does we know he will do it well, and wish him the best.

### ALISON MARIE GRAY

Washingtonville, NY

In her last year here, Alison (not Al, as some people prefer to call her), from the big town of Washingtonville, N.Y., finally got her chance to run hurdles for the first "official" Navy Women's Track Team. Not one to settle for anything but the best, and she has the car and the man to prove it, Alison works hard to achieve her goals. Although one individual, a certain J.M., Navy basketball star, has suggested to her that she may study too much and be too much of a "sweat," Alison knows the time to work and the time to play. Somehow, she has managed to have her share of good times the past four years. For someone who would have preferred a room to herself, from someone who felt the same way, Alison could not have been better to live with for the past two years. Good luck to you in your own apartment.

### DAVID J. A. GRIM

Lincoln, MA "Ben"

Dave came to Fun One from a typical bourgoise family in decadent Lincoln, Massachusetts. He stayed comfortable obscurity during plebe year. '79 gave him the nickname of "Ben" which stuck. This is due to his resemblance to the handsome Fantastic Four comic figure.

Youngster year and second class year found Ben hard at work doing nothing. His philosophy is: never let your studying interfere with your education. Ben's socializing during study hour was interrupted only by brief glances at bizarre Chinese characters.

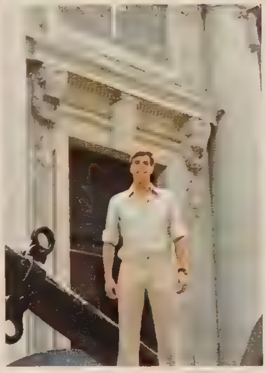
It was first class year that brought Ben's emergence on the social scene. He decided to skip all that PQS garbage and went on a FOREX cruise to Japan. It is rumored in some circles that he brought back more than happy memories. Ben's MG and MG beltbuckle have attracted several local creatures.

Ben is looking forward to flying Navy Air. He will probably do this for his commitment and then open a Japanese bath house in the Greater Boston area.

C.O. as he is known by most, came to Canoe U. from the great Pacific Northwest. Even though he wasn't seen in the company area very much during the first couple of years, he was busy, usually visiting the pool several times a day. The first two years C.O. was on the swim team. Then he found another aquatic sport; this time one that was wilder and more enjoyable than swimming, and best of all it didn't require morning workouts at 6 am — the Water Polo Club. So, for his last three years here he was a member. If on the rare occasion C.O. wasn't over by the pool he was just participating in one of his many ECA's including Undersea Science Club, OCF, batt. water polo, VTNA and Pep Band. Come graduation C.O. wants to head down to P-cola to pick up his wings. From there, the sky's the limit. C.O. will make a good officer and have a blast at whatever he does.

Mercer Island, WA "C.O."

**CRAIG OWEN HARDIN**



Herby arrived at USNA with an overnight bag filled with Denbigh High School wrestling jerseys and a complete build-it-yourself universal weight machine. Herby has maintained a 4.0 CQPR . . . in P.E. He spent many a night first class year using study hour constructively — lifting more weights at Halsey Field House. Although Herby has the build of a caucasion "incredible hulk," he's done a fine job handling academics. After deciding to undertake Navy's Ops Analysis program, Herby went out and got a super-deluxe IBM hand-held computer.

Problems arose when he lost the instruction manual; it took him 4 years to figure out how to take square roots. When Herby gets tired of pumping iron and pushing calculator buttons, he spends his time staring at pictures of F-14's and other fast aircraft. His enthusiasm to fly is only surpassed by his zealousness for the Lord Jesus Christ. With a humble spirit and a Christ-like love in his heart, Herby looks forward to serving "Him" in the air community.

Newport News, VA "Herby"

**HERBERT H. HENDRICKSON**

He-he! Ha-ha! He-he! With that, Jay came to the Academy stammering and bringing three idols along with him: Leonardo da Vinci, Mel Tillis and Jack Daniels, The last received much more attention as the years went by.

Plebe year started off for Jay as a horrifying three letter word (PEP), but Jay made it through that and plebe year without that much trouble (not counting Chow-calls). Youngster year saw Jay's last regulation haircut and the beginning of his preoccupation in finding the girl of his dreams. Unfortunately, Jay made too many trips to Dahlgren. Also, Jay commanded a crew which was successful in completing 60 mph unreps. to Philly. There were only two reasons why Jay made it through second class year and they were unforgettable and yet hazy road-trips to O.C. and upstate N.Y. and finally the little white guardian angel of aero. Jay's first-class year consisted of catching wine, women and song in the Philippines and lifetime membership at the O-Club.

Jay will be remembered for his varied abbreviations in speech, a receding hairline, and finally, "Check."

Hopkinsville, KY "Jay"

**JAMES E. HIGGINS III**

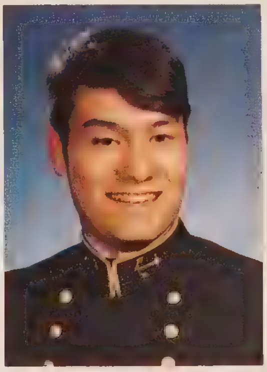
Tom came to USNA somewhat skeptical of that "It's Not a Job, It's an Adventure" nonsense, but has since had countless "adventures" and an absolute minimum of jobs. Plebe summer Tom saw the uselessness of company drill and traded his M-1 for a flag in the D&B. His constant task since then has been trying to shape up the flag line, and it really is a job . . . honest.

On the adventure side of the house, no road is so well marked and no car so finely tuned that Tom can't get lost and/or break down. Whether it be fearing snakebite in Norfolk, catching frostbite in Richmond or wondering where the next bite to eat will come from, Tom is an old hand at all. Tom is always ready to explore, and has taken to adventuring in his own "Woozy 808."

Tom, you have the unique ability of making the best times out of the worst times, and that is an indelible bright spot in my life, God Bless and good luck, Tom, It has been fun.

Reno, NV "Chafe"

**THOMAS JOSEPH KENNEDY**

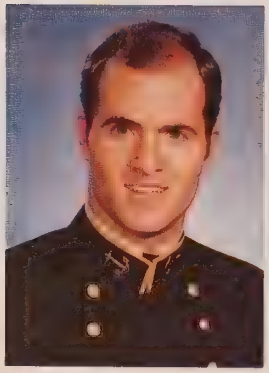


Tommy K. rode into the Academy bullet-headed and bow-legged with an optimistic outlook for the next four years. His bright future started I-day with a trip to the barbershop to meet Tracy, where he received the fatal cut his hair has never recovered from. Bright was his beginning as a plebe when he thrust himself into Academics which provided a foundation that has brought him to the top hundred of our class. Tom's time, other than studying, was consumed plebe year with midnight rack rippings, youngster year with orange battles, second class year with cookie throwing contests (judged by Gwen Mines), and first class year with sleeping-in-class races. In the afternoons, Tom spent all four years playing baseball for "Daddy Duff" and, finally, earned a "N"sweater at the close of second class year.

Tom has been a source of inspiration to the company in every area; especially, in the area of serving our Lord Jesus Christ. Good luck and God bless, Tom!

Branson, MO "Tom"

**THOMAS SCOTT KISER**



Koco came to the Naval Academy from the great American town of Pompton Plains, New Jersey — where?!! With her she brought numerous Harlequin novels, a teddy bear named David and her friendly smile. Plebe Summer wasn't too hard on Koco, but then again neither was plebe, 3/c, 2/c or 1/c year. Pam adjusted well to midshipman life and showed just how flexible she could be 4/c and 3/c year when she traded an oar for a softball glove. When Academic year rolled around, Pam proved to be just as flexible. After a brief tour as a Physics major, Koco bored of the easy classes and bounced head on into 2/c year as an Oceanographer. Her fate was sealed.

After an Oceanography cruise, Pam returned to USNA as a seasoned shellback, stopping along the way to become a Plebe Summer Squad Leader.

As first class year comes to an end I will best remember Pam either reading a novel, rescuing her teddy bear from the mad hangman, or always being there to help people. As you beckon to the call of the Geophysics community Koco, good luck and God bless.

Pompton Plains, NJ "Koco"

**PAMELA JEAN KOCORNIK**

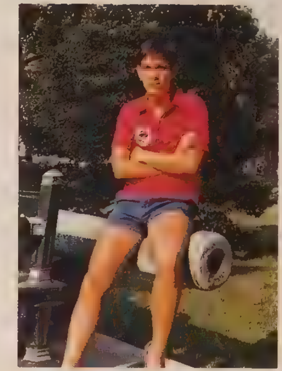
**TIMOTHY J. KRESE**

Fayetteville, WV "The Hick"

From the coal mines of West Virginia Tim came to USNA with a number of impressive credentials, not limited to but including an honorary member of the national moonshiners. Electrical Engineering proved to be to Tim's liking, which inevitably will lead to the Nuclear Navy. Why? "Cause it's the quickest way out, five years then I start making real money!"

Two things that Tim was best at were sleeping and complaining, not necessarily in that order and often at the same time. Any manual labor Tim encountered was purely by mistake, The weekends, however were a different story. After buying the most expensive car possible (which proved to be the down-fall of at least one Long Island female), Tim's presence at Navy was almost nonexistent. Not to mention his buddy Sabrina, that girl can mix a drink — Right Tim, Tim? Tim?

Anyways, a June Week wedding is surely in his plans, including Gregory Jr. sometime thereafter. Famous Quote: "It's spelled K-R-E-S-E, got it?"



**PAUL A. KRUG**

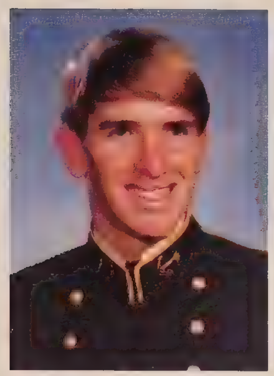
Yucaipa, CA "Krugman"

Although Krugman claims to be a Californian, he spent too much time on Air Force basics in Europe to qualify as a purebred. He's close though.

Plebe year was useless, although the chow calls in front of Batt Staff's rooms were memorable. As a youngster, Paul got two 4.0's which qualified him for the varsity exchange team. I think Paul doesn't like the US Navy. He performed admirably during his semester at Air Force (finally living within 3,000 of his TR6) and spent first class summer with the Royal Navy, which we felt was a thinly disguised tour of British Pubs.

An outdoorsman at heart, Paul claims surfing and hiking as his hobbies, although he seemed to get the area college girls outside a lot too.

Future dreams include a tour with Marine Air (dropping bombs on allegedly innocent civilians), grad school, and a job running a wildlife preserve in Northern California. We know what kind of wild life he'll be preserving; we'll drop in.



FLORIDA
RELAYS

**WILLIAM PATRICK McCORMACK**
Titusville, FL "Bill"

Bill showed up in July of '78 expecting a running camp; he was an all-state runner in Florida and thought it would be nice to run on the other side of the Mason-Dixon for a few years. After seeing what was in store, he realized that his legs weren't going to carry the complete load. A Navy letterman in track and cross country, Bill majored in resources and surprised everyone with the grades he could make by cutting all the lights by 10 o'clock. He has also shown great skill in getting early cruise, heading back to T-ville and spending time with Kim and a Datsun pick 'em up truck, not necessarily in that order. A first class cruise on the Canisteo convinced Big B to go surface; if you ever need a water-skiing partner look for a blonde longhaired ensign running on the flight deck of the carrier closest to the equator.

**WILLIAM MORALES**
El Paso, TX "Moho"

Willy arrived at the Naval Academy from El Paso, Texas with a Burrito in the back pocket of his only pants, plaid doubleknit polyesters. "Moho," as he is better known, had little trouble adjusting to the "Gringo" lifestyle and even an easier time adjusting to the military. One thing Willy was famous for was his water ability — "Aqua-Rock" failed every swim test given at USNA. Afterall, how much water is there in the desert? Will is living proof that success can only be reached through hard work. His unmitigated stamina for studying, while invariably keeping his roommates awake, guided him to a much desired Mechanical Engineering Degree. Although Willy seemed to be perpetually teased in an affectionate way, by his peers, he was liked by everybody. Indeed, it was his always willing to give a hand attitude combined with his hardworking tendencies that led him to the prestigious title of head football manager. Whatever his service selection, success will always follow closely behind "Moho."

Will came to the academy as the last true representative from the Canal Zone, Panama, bringing with him countless stories of the tropics. During Plebe year at Army, Will, while drinking at Gilbey's whole supply of gin, successfully attacked and destroyed a four foot palm tree. As Will moved on, he could be found on more than one occasion celebrating with Ron Cortez on Friday nights. Will had a comment for anything or anybody. In fact, one such comment (or should I say series of comments) during second-class summer at Quantico made one grunt mad enough to try to send Will back to Panama. Nowadays Will can be found milling around over local colleges and making the O-Club a permanent change of address.

Will want to remember a few things as he leaves this place, and those are his arch-enemy BoBo, a couple of misplaced weekends and finally saying "Good-bye USNA." Good-luck Will. We're sure your future captains will be amazed by you and your actions.

Balboa, CZ "Will"
**WILFRED R. MORRIS JR.**

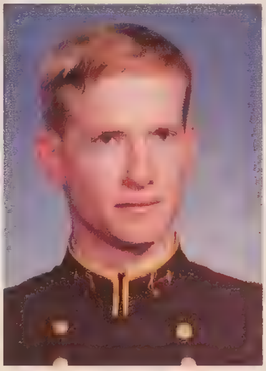
Ken came to USNA from San Carlos, where he became renowned as the only Californian without a tan. We never understood how he managed that since he was a born sailor, despite being constrained to such unseaworthy craft as knockabouts and Naval Academy yawls.

Plebe year brought entry into the D&B, providing many interesting experiences over the next four years. Fortunately he rarely played his trumpet in the room.

Ken took a sub cruise youngster year, which provided him with a service selection — Navy Air. Somehow that went well with his being an Aero major. He amazed his fellow Aero students by not only understanding the stuff, but being able to explain it to them as well (much to the horror of some of his less motivated roommates). Rumor has it he'll teach someday, but we don't think he's obnoxious enough to be a prof.

The future will probably find Ken as the first NFO on the space shuttle. Either that or he'll be hiding somewhere, trying to get away from all those Aero majors looking for gouge.

San Carlos, CA
"White Knight"
**KENNETH DOUGLAS MURRAY**



Terri came to USNA for the great opportunities and benefits of being a midshipman. Join me in a brief overview of what she got.

First semester plebe year Terri wore stars. Not wanting to be labeled a "geek" she inconspicuously discarded them. After shedding the geek label she next battled the nickname "rughead." It remains a fruitless battle. She just happens to be naturally curly; leave her alone guys! Youngster year, instead of just being an all-American swimmer, she decided to broaden her athletic horizons by joining cross country. After a taste of Hitler's coaching techniques she hung up her running shoes, dusted off her fins, and headed back to the pool with a smile. As captain of the swim team second class year, she fought "Bo" to keep her team afloat. This battle she won. First class year finds Terri with her hands full as captain of a demanding, yet talented swim team. Ending the year well with a win against Army and then a trip to beautiful Moscow, Idaho.

Hopefully June Week will find Terri reaping the benefits for which she originally came to USNA.

Marrysville, PA
"Rughead"
**TERRI LYNN RIGGS**

Coming to the Academy from NAPS, Greg already had a few acquaintances upon arrival. Affectionately known as the "Robillard Clones," they were noted for their copious amounts of hair, pocketed hands, and cocked hats.

With youngster year came many bouts with the dreaded "Wetback Machine." After deciding he didn't want to date Spanish women anyway, Robes centered his attention on organizing the USNA chapter of the Jimmy Buffet Fan Club. He even went so far as to get a temporary job on Jimmy's road crew.

Although many long hours were spent searching for the ultimate gouge, Greg could always find time to load up a cooler and head out for a little E.I. First class year saw study hour transform into happy hour.

Women were never hard for Greg to find. There was many a day when a future naval officer could be found in his room sharing the gouge. Robes also had some interesting lab partners.

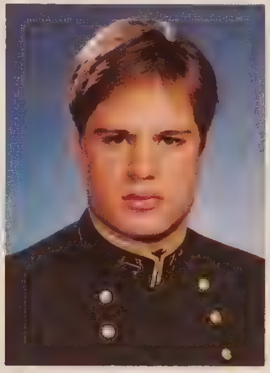
If his Devo glasses, string of beads and eyechart pay off, Greg will be seen loading up his TR-6 and heading for Pensacola for a life in the clouds. Good luck Robie, and always fly high.

Alexandria, VA "Robes"
**GREG ROBILLARD**

Mike, "Mr. Congeniality" arrived at the Univ. of Navy from Gaithersburg, Md. A great athlete, Mike decided to give Navy football a lease on his services. When Blimpy first arrived at USNA he was more than willing to be the exemplary midshipman (studious and professional), this temporary sickness left him as soon as he stepped into the eight-wing locker room. Mike decided this wasn't the way to go and that the "good life" was more to his liking.

Unfortunately Mike and the Mechanical Engineering Department couldn't come to an agreement as to what had higher priority, weekends and his girl or the library and a book! So Mike opted to give General Engineering a chance. Blimpy had a knack for running into the wrong people (Commandant and the officer of the Watch) when he was displaying such "professional" behavior as having his hands in his pockets, hat cocked back and blouse not buttoned. Mike gave new meaning to the phrase, "I hate this ??!!! place." Mike has always been a good friend and will be remembered for showing me that this ??!!! place isn't that bad after all; it's worse!! Take care and may God bless you "Blimpy."

Gaithersberg, MD
"Blimpy"
**MICHAEL PAUL ROUSER**



Dave attained the coveted position of Fun One's leader because of his professional attitude, exemplary behavior and suspected payoffs to the Lieutenant. Dave was extremely well liked by his class and company mates throughout his tenure at USNA; he often stayed up till all hours of the night tutoring different people in various subjects. This may have accounted for his tendency to sleep until the five-minute chow call and his renown periods of narcolepsy in class. Though Dave found Maryland women to be not quite up to his level of maturity, he still found an occasional one who interested him with her other qualities. Dave enjoyed many things while in Maryland, though he'll be the last to admit it: early morning summer showers, graduation underwear, raids on Co-Baby and Joe B. and those too-infrequent hunting trips for doves and/or houses. Dave made USNA a very special and memorable place, and we all wish him the best of luck with "the boys down under." The Lizard will never forget you.

Hopkinsville, KY "Dave"
**DAVID GRADY RUFF**

**WILLIAM GEORGE SCHMIDLIN**
Fort Lauderdale, FL
"Schmids"

During his time at the Academy, Bill proved to be quite an explorer. Not your everyday let-me-see-the-world type explorer Bill was exploring with two goals in mind — movies or food.

Bill's first two years of exploration were taken on foot and not just in the Annapolis area. Norfolk, Virginia Beach, Quantico and New London all wore their share of rubber from Bill's sturdy shoes.

With the coming of second class year, arrived the VAN! well, almost. The old green lady gave up around Davidsonville, and highway 50 took its share of sole from Bill's shoes. No longer was there a question of walking, but that of would the van make it? Yet, for all his fears, the van got Bill to all of his midnight movies, ice cream parlors, and amusement centers.

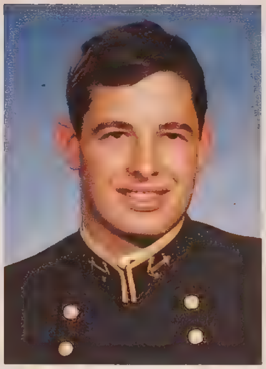
Through the following years, these and other fond memories will come to mind whenever I reflect on the times we've had together. Bill, good luck in the future. God bless, and beware to all who are near when we are reunited.

**MARK THOMAS TABERT**
Towson, MD "Tabes"

Living so close to Annapolis, Mark knew the Laws of the Navy. On his entrance application he said that his greatest desire was to play Navy lacrosse while majoring in ocean engineering. He hit Fun One, led the company soccer team to the Brigade Championships, and majored in poli-sci. He's been fairly successful in other important fields as well, dating females from the surrounding area as well as a local variety. Mark will always be welcome in Hoptown for taking care of one very lost hick. His only flaw is his desire to wear a green uniform after graduation despite the influence of Major Pom-Pom and other assorted GP's. His musical taste leaves much to be desired: it's quite difficult rocking with Frank Sinatra. With luck, the F-18 won't come with a cassette deck.

**PAUL UREY**
San Antonio, TX "Paul"

Paul or Doug, from Pennsylvania or Texas, one thing is certain: he was our "problem child." Talk to his good bud about that. His problem, as it were, amounted to an inability to take anything at Canoe U. seriously except the canoes. Yes, it's true, Paul was a CREW JOCK (a lightweight no less). And even if he was never a speed demon, three years in the first boat and three varsity letters is downright respectable. Not that our jock was an academic slouch, as an EE major he carried his three — oh through a lot of partying. Of course, mercenary that he is, Paul is off to scarf up those nuke bonuses. Well, they say that Westinghouse pays electrical engineers pretty good. Best of luck to you Paul.



**LAWRENCE K. WEBER III**
Green Cove Springs, FL
"Larry"

Larry came to the Academy from sunny Florida after having spent two years in the Marine Corps Reserve and a year at college. He made it through plebe year unscathed (except for one all-night affair on the town) and easily adjusted to youngster year. Second class year he spent trying to pass wires and navigation. His weekends were spent at Hood and at rugby parties. During first class year Larry continued playing Rugby and trying to maintain his impressive 2.1 QPR.

Headed for the Marine Corps as an infantry officer, the only thing he regrets about leaving the Academy is the strong friendships that he leaves behind.

**NEAL H. ZENDLE**
Schenectady, NY
"Snoopy"

Fun one's little-big man stands five feet, five inches, and has a seventeen inch neck. Neal has competed on the varsity wrestling team at USNA for four years at three different weight classes and is a varsity letter winner. However, his real claim to fame is in the academic department where he'll graduate with a double major (physics and science). Always one to go in for new and interesting activities, Zen has been a member of the "Three Musketeers," "Harry Bangaloa and the Crankwatts," and was the leader of the "Unsquad." We wish Neal the best of luck in the future. He'll be going marine air and a little robin has been saying that he'll hear wedding bells come June.

**ROBERT ADRION**
Pine Bush, NY "Yo"

Yo arrived here on July 6th, from Pine Bush, New York. Yo had his baseball glove broken in and pitching arm ready to rewrite all the record books, at least for the most homeruns and walks, as the Duffer's ace. He finally reached his goal and became team captain. As far as studying went, Yo was always busy with his Oceanography meetings in the company wardroom. He still managed to keep his grades up high enough to be selected by the Naval Reactors board which he quickly rejected.

Away from the Academy, Yo was foot-loose and fancy free until he totaled his pimpmobile which slowed him down. He could always be counted on for a good party. (Along with brother Tom.) Good luck in the future in either surface line or Navy air.

*Shadow of Light*

If you could feel
What I know to be true
A touch. Gently
An overflow of anticipation.
The time has come
No need to aspire
What could be yours
From kindling to fire.
Speak to me softly
From your pedestal of love
A word, Gently
An undertow of feeling.
Uncertainty and anger
Crash the wave to the shore
A fading vision
Life desperate for more.
Between the light,
Darkness triumphs on.
Deliver, deliver
Sun and moon
From dawn to dusk
And dusk to dawn
Light will prevail
But darkness lives on.
Touch me
With your heart so distant
A feeling, Gently
A renascence of love.
Don't hide from darkness
Shadow of light
Realize potential
Never lose sight.

R.R.B.

Columbia, MD "Brad"
**ROGER RUSSELL BRADFORD JR.**

Bob or Cen as he became affectionately known, came to the boat school from the sunshine state of Florida, but not without first passing for a quickie at A.S.U. Once Bob arrived, he had all the aspirations of becoming a Mega Max Mid with a June Week wedding. Between April, and being a company commander plebe year, he looked as if he was on the right track. But then, April rains turned into stormy seas and Bob joined up with the derelicts of the T.P.A.C., where every meal was an adventure and power lines were a way of life. Bob and the boys on the T.P.A.C. team soon became so immersed in their running that playing middie was just something to do inbetween meets. Bob contributed a great deal to Navy's winning tradition and always was a source of strength and support for the rest of the boys. Although Bob has been looking at Navy air, Hymie has been taking a hard look at him and his grades. From all the boys, we wish you well and smooth flying.

Coral Springs, FL "Bob"
**ROBERT JOSEPH CENTENO**

Mojo — a girl in every port and every one under his blotter. He didn't get any taller since age 12, but from samples of Mom Cherra's chow packages (with occasional help from Jo Ann), we know why he kept growing. He was always a real Bonanza fan and he loved to watch "Hoss." A veteran of the fieldball team, José got his ankle screwed youngster year. So while that was healing he started pumping iron, but stopped when there wasn't enough iron here at USNA to accommodate his massive biceps.

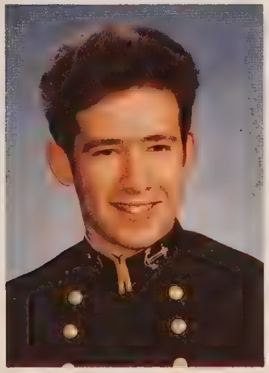
After the weightlifting stint, José decided to try a new sport, and the company basketball team was lucky to acquire the services of the unstoppable "Slam-dunk Cherra."

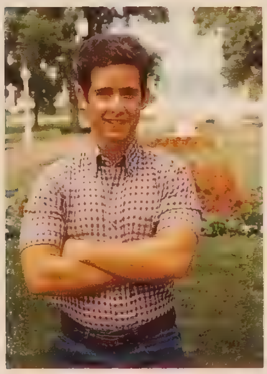
All of his athletic ability must have been the reason he was such a good dancer. How many other people could dance with so many girls in one night — with a broken ankle? Yes Sir, José was always a hit with the ladies.

After graduation, we aren't sure whether José will follow family down the P-3 pipeline or go skimmer and grow that fuzz on his face again.

Taylor, PA "José"

**JOSEPH F. CHERRA**





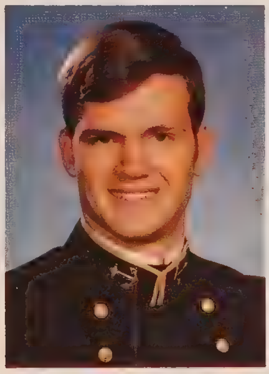
F.D.R. arrived here on July 6, 1978 with a few bad habits. The first being the foreign language he spoke. This was soon cured, but still can be noticed when he is thinking of such things as ice. His second bad habit was cured in just one night at Dahlgren Hall. Not much time had passed when F.D.R. had gone from the innocent Texan to a wild and crazy guy.

F.D.R. never did figure out what sport he wanted to play. He was either tying down his ears for rugby or taping his hands for crew. But when it came to women, F.D.R. has his mind made up. Karen was and still is his O.A.O. His black Trans knew the road to silver springs without any help from him.

Even if F.D.R. makes the wrong choice and goes nuclear power, I'm sure he will do well, along with anything else he may do in life.

Tulia, TX "F.D.R."

**RUSSEL DANIEL**



**ANDY FULLER**

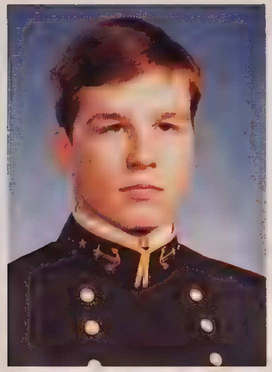
Palatine, IL "Droid"

Andy came to the Academy with only one thing in mind, flying. Straight from Illinois with a private pilot license, he decided to become an Aerospace engineer. Known for his plebe year automation, he quickly instilled professionalism in every rock, tree and squirrel he saw. As an upperclass Andy turned to more interesting students. However, plebes didn't learn as fast as the squirrels. Watch for Andy in the skies flying at Mach 2.

**THOMAS ANTHONY GUERRASIO**

Cantonsville, MD "Thomas"

Tom ("call me stud") came to the Navy from Cantonsville Maryland. Recognized as one of the "old men"in the company, he joined us after applying for the third year in a row. Tom sailed into Ac-year and earned his notoriety by dumping an entire tray of green beans (including the tray) into his squadleader's lap during Army week. Thank goodness we beat Army and made it to Herndon! Youngster year found Tom with YPRON and taking liberty at Hood where he met his OAO, Laurel. While he wasn't busy running his shuttle service for his friends, he lived at the retreat in Frederick. First class cruise convinced Tom to go subs. Then, he came back to the Academy to relive Plebe Summer again; from the other side. Today, all he does is dream of graduation, Nuc school, and the day he'll be selected for 0-5. To a great wit (a new line every week), leader, and all-around super guy (Mr. Perfect, of course): Good luck in your sub in the cradles of the deep . . . BM



**BRENT A. HAGENBUCH**

Haslett, MI "Boo"

Boohagen, Hagenshrub, Hagentree, Buckinhagen, or whatever other name there was for Brent, he'd answer no matter how you pronounced his name. Boo came to the old prison from Haslett, Michigan and has returned there as often as possible. When visiting home (especially Mary "The Wife"), Brent would unfailingly bring home some type of reading material, such as during Plebe Christmas when he decided that he would "get ahead" in Pro Topics and brought home all the pro books the airport people allowed by weight.

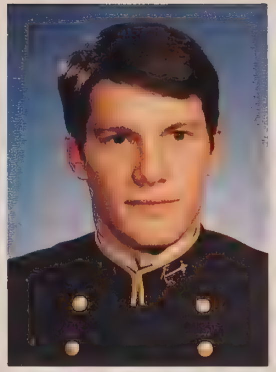
Brent has been quite the all around stud while he's been here. Wrestling started it all but when he learned he was too good for intercollegiate competition, he decided to try boxing and the Rugby Club — at the same time! I guess he needs something to burn up all the extra energy until he goes home once again.

Well, Boo, good luck in whatever you decide for Service Selection. Stop back in Taylor, PA again some time. And don't forget your thermo book when you stop by. Monuts and I know how much you love that stuff from the first and last time you were up there.

**GREG HANSEN**

Minneapolis, MN "Greg"

"A colonel wears a bird, Sir!" Greg's pro knowledge has increased since plebe summer, but his quick wit and enthusiasm never changed. Hailing from the land of 10,000 lakes, he came looking for a spot in a Navy jet. Starting his quals early, he became proficient at carrier landings while a part of VA-2 during the dog days of '78. Greg put as much effort into being a mechanical engineer as he did everything else, primarily by fighting the rocket and using every way possible to obtain gouge. As his firstie year started, Greg's interests shifted to become an obsession with Corvettes and looking for that special woman. We all wish you luck at P-cola and may the right girl come along and for once make you speechless. God bless and good luck from Tight Two.



**CHARLES PAT KING**

Miami Beach, FL "Bronco"

Charlie entered USNA via NAPS from La Gorce Island leaving sand, sun and car behind. He showed his military excellence gained from NAPS immediately upon entrance, it only lasted for a week. Bronco was never at a loss for a place to go with his apartment always nearby. One could see Bronco and his cohorts frequently working out after school — a three hour run and no sweat. He knew how to keep in shape following the laws of the Green Box. Never one to enjoy cold weather, Bronco would head south on spring break to thin his blood and float his brain. His caravan consisted of the best people to bless our institution including Kool Harold, Buddy Holly, B.J. and Kris. After returning to the cold, Bronco resorted to the bowels of Bancroft to lift his spirits and often returned with tales of adventure.

Junior year saw Charlie burning the midnight oil, freezing on the balcony and candle making with Brad. He was harder to find on the weekends after he lost his head in the Dog Pen one night.

Thanks for the fun and good times — Buddy H., B.J., Rog, Ken, Kool Harold. Good luck — B.J.R.

**STEPHEN C. KINGSTON**

Excelsior, MN "Steve"

Steve is a very open type of person, he'll go to any length to strike up a challenging conversation. He's the only person I know who talks more in my sleep than I do. When Steve's not chained to a computer terminal he's usually with his girl. Whether engaged in activities inside the yard or out, how he keeps track of his exploits has all of us guessing. Maybe that's what he's been doing with the computer.

**CHRIS ADAM KLENTZMAN**
Beavercreek, OH "Zoid"

When Chris arrived on I-day he stood head and shoulders above all the others, which is not hard to do at 6'5". After your first encounter with Chris, one would come away with the impression that he was going to be a hard working student. Boy, were we ever wrong. In his four years at the Academy he majored in rest and relaxation, with a minor in Ocean Engineering. Some of his favorite lines were, "Where's the rack?" or "Is it the weekend yet?"

Chris was one of the few people to be going out with the same girl when first class year rolled around. So, why did it take him three years to realize he was going to marry her? We all knew it. In his senior year Chris became the hooded man with the scythe, the company Conduct Officer! Not wanting him to get bored with his job, everyone in the company went out of their way to get fried. Well Chris, the days of fun and frolic are over, anyway, now you have to finally go to work. We wish all the best, as we know you will be successful in whatever avenue of life you pursue.

**CLINTON J. KNUDSON**
Bloomfield, NB "Monuts"

Monuts came to Canoe U. from the Northeastern farmlands of Nebraska with an accent Boohagen and José "never" (that is, "never heard before"). We all thought Monuts, alias Mohamid, was a real stud boxer until, of course, he took one low for Navy and thus the new nick name: Ain't-No-Monuts. But he always kept us guessing 'cause we all remember that time down in Virginia Beach when he swept that beauty (?) at Peabody's off her feet, size 14! Actually, Monuts has left broken hearts across the U.S. Yeah, he's run the gambit from making Jose turn up his TV, to F.D.R.'s little cousin in Texas.

And women and boxing weren't the only things Mohamid's hands were quick with. His blue Camaro has been "tearing up the highway like a big old dinosaur."

Clint's destined to be one hell of a Navy pilot come graduation/commencement day (that is, if he doesn't kill himself on a hydroslide first, or if the watch squad that left footprints on the Rotunda floor doesn't catch him first).

**WILLIAM J. KOVACH**
Silver Springs, MD
"Vach"

Bill got his senior citizen appointment to the Naval Academy at the age of 41. Disguised as meager mannered Ben Franklin in high school Vach soon became a terrorist when exposed to the military lifestyle. Taking no prisoners, Bill quickly excelled in cross country and track etching his name into the Navy record books with a triple crown in the HEP's.

As our certified TPAC chief, the Egyptian has introduced the team to the spicy side of life with the infamous "Kovach taco boat!" His insatiable appetite is only paralleled by his unquenchable thirst for scooners.

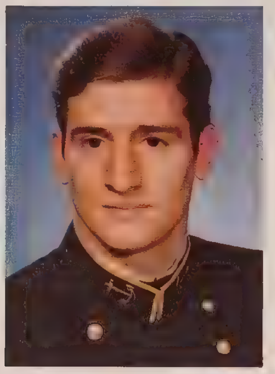
Although an avid lover of country music Vach was equally at home in Ft. Lauderdale's new wave lounge.

Raised as a diplomatic brat, Vach has lived all over the world hence his interest in "international (and other) recations."

As our team captain Bill led Navy's winningest team by his unfailing example of toughness and strength. Navy air will pick up a big asset when Bill gets that NFO billet, we all wish you the best . . . the TPAC lives on!

**GERALD LYNN LAHR**
Bloomington, IN "Jerry"

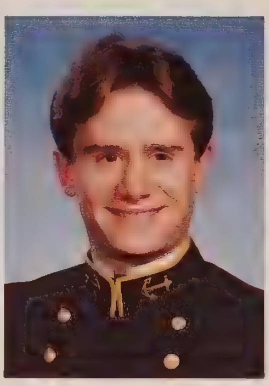
Jerry arrived at USNA from Hoosierland attracting attention immediately by starting the summer of '78 with a broken hand. Even a cast didn't get him out of pep, drill, or making racks. Realizing he could do one-handed pushups evidently made him think he was one of the few, but his episode with "green fever" subsided after youngster year. His "good deals" should always stay with him to remind him how bad things could be: his great cruise in Norfolk after volunteering for pistol detail, "Jerry's Kids," and being the great publishing magnate of the world-renowned Trident. A math major, fieldball and squash stud, and self-proclaimed surface jock, Jerry will always be remembered as being tolerant of almost everyone (he had to be to room with a slob) and as someone on whom we could always depend. Thanks for adding your touch to our four years and may you always have fair winds, following seas, and God's blessings.

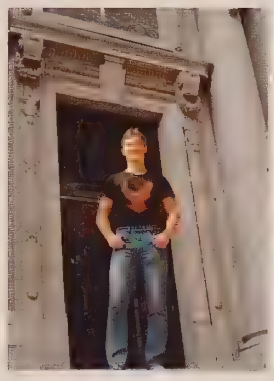


**VINCENT L. LAMOLINARA**
Pensacola, FL

Four years ago he came from a Florida flying town on the Gulf. He decided to join the "Boat School" and become an aero major where he spent countless weekends "geeking out" in order to get his engineering degree. While talking to Vince, just mention the names Frank Zappa, Devo, or Yes, and you'll be his idol for life. Congratulations are in order to the "Eagle Beak" for having survived the nightly ruler fights, wrestling matches (with Yo), and "mamma" jokes. It is noted that he never did win any of these prestigious events.

His daily rituals included splashing Aqua Velva on to certain areas of his body (not his face) and staring into the magic looking glass while mumbling to himself that he should lose weight. I must say that the only reason I wrote this was because I was the only person in the company that could put up with his weird personality and be his roommate for four years. Vince, Good Luck with your Fast Flying Machines, I think they'll fly higher than you did while under the direction of Big Al.

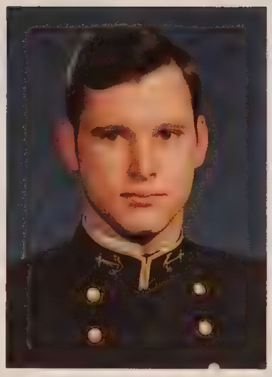




**SCOTT EDWIN LARSON**
Pittsburgh, PA

My college experience?

Freshman ... The Asbury Juke, Jim Fallon, Dorsey Creek Parties, Barcardi and Catacombs = passed out at Chicago, picking apples in the cemetery, "I think we're in Baltimore, but I can't see out the windows," Springsteen, Oxon Hill and more pretty than cute, En Witt? King/Baker, O'Doucheahue/Luke Skywalker, Mullin and Jollif Depart. Sophomores ... year of the derelicts two man penthouse, Chester the Molester, The Boreffs, Fat Dog, Motorcycle Mania, Mud Pie, Schmidts, and Pizza — almost a civilian, youngster cruise in France, topless beaches, Sylvia, the Army movie, Peggy. Juniors ... Tattoo you, Sandala/Vinci Schnauz Schmick/Vance, Deep Creek Weekends, The Captain USNA '33, dogglings, wrecks ala many — Yamahas, TR, Tije Z; The Doors; farewell D.C. Seniors ... Almost O's, 8 bikes in one garage, Harley Davidson #1, weekday cruises with Charlie, Jeff *must* be easier to fly than sportsters, service assignment night, I'll never go Marine Corps, Physical Scientist, future jet jock or SEAL, Canadian Heaven in '87, Greg ... and finally ... Laura Lee



**JONATHAN QUENTIN LENEHAN**
Arlington, VA "J.Q."

Some people came for the education ... some came for the profession ... Jon came to have fun (and was he in for a rude awakening!). During his illustrious Plebe year, J.Q. decided he was going to be an Electrical Engineer, started his tradition of habitual racking, and learned to "get outta here" whenever possible. Youngster year saw a few changes in Jon: he discovered how to utilize the rack even more, found out that maybe he didn't want to be an EE major, and started perfecting his technique of getting medical to sign an excuse chit for every malady known to mankind. In second class year, J.Q. had enough of EE and went to the hardest of the hard, the toughest of the tough, the true test of academic skill ... PHYSICAL SCIENCE. After this, Jon finally had the fun he wanted ("what do you mean I can't go on a weekend?!). By firstie year, J.Q.'s habits were well known. If you couldn't find him in the wardroom, he was either in the rack, out in town, or in physical therapy.

**JAMES RICHARD LOW**
Castro Valley, CA
"Rick, J.R."

Rick left not only his heart, but also the annual Chinese New Year celebration in San Francisco, Castro Valley to be exact, and arrived at USNA, in typical sweat fashion, a day early. He hasn't left since, not even on Saturday night.

When no practicing with the D&B or transmitting in the Ham radio shack, Rick could always be found pursuing academic excellence, a not too simple feat considering his major, EE, and his roommate, sleepy. He has met with enough success to pursue a Rickover interview and a career in submarines.

They don't come any better than Rick. He was always the first to offer a helping hand no matter what the problem or how busy he really was. Rick taught us all the meaning of the word FRIEND. Good luck on your boomer, Rick.

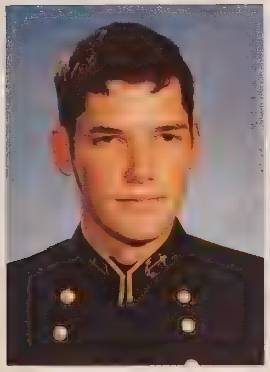
The summer of '78 found John in a totally new environment from that of West Milford, N.J. Here he was in new white pajamas, squaring corners, sounding off louder than anybody in A-2, and generally having a great time. Who will ever forget "Miss K., Mr. McCaffery sends his warmest regards and would like to announce the hour of . . ." AC year came and the "board" thought for sure they'd be seeing J.P. in early January. But J.P. yanked defeat from the jaws of victory from the board and he never did pay a visit to the green table. Maybe John planned his grades this way because the following years found him in Phy. Sci., the wordroom watching T.V., out every weekend with his wife-to-be Patricia, and above 2.5.

There is no doubt that those of us who knew John will never meet a better person. There are very few people who let their religious beliefs dictate their actions, but John was an individual who you knew was a Christian by the way he acted.

Best of luck in the future John, and may Christ guide your every footstep.

West Milford, NJ

**JOHN McCAFFERY**



K.P. sailed in from far-away Virginia to begin his career on the Severn. After a summer of trumpet playing at the rear of the platoon, Ken decided to join the sailing team. Having heard that ¾ of the earth is covered with water, he figured that a man's time should be divided ¾ for sailing and ¼ for work. Youngster summer saw him sailboat his way over to England and Ireland, including a victory in the Transatlantic Race and a quick life history review in the tragic Fastnet. With youngsteritis came a chance to recover his drum set from home and form a band. After a "command" performance at the "O" Club and an unexpected audience with the OOD, though, the group decided to stick to less restricting places: Hood and Goucher, to name a couple. Finally there was 1/c year, and K.P. was asked to dig his full dress out of the closet and move out to 4-1. Next year will find him working toward his wings, but whether he'll be flying for Rickover or Pensacola remains to be seen. Take care, Ken, and best of luck to you in the Fleet.

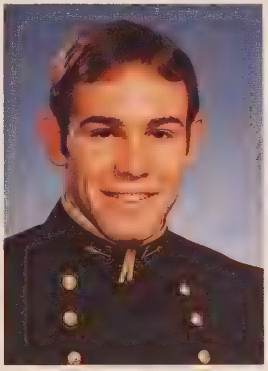
Alexandria, VA "K.P."

**KENNETH MALCOLM PERRY**

Peabody found himself in the Navy after a good talk by Coach Peery. After being *Boroughed* (as in *Plum*) up in the Steeler State, he found the atmosphere of the Hall to be quite exciting. There he practiced his wrestling abilities on his roomies, but he managed to do a little geeking too. The Mech E monster almost gobbled him up, but by his third year he worked up through the ranks to become an over 3.0 stud. Known for his calmness, Gary was easy to get along with, except in the case of the Nebraska Killer. Even after his wheel gave out, he managed to excel in two varsity sports. His dedication was really impressive. Three hurt cars couldn't stop him from having a good time.

Plum, PA

**GARY SANDALA**



Hailing from everybody's idea of paradise (Waynesboro, Va.) Dave started his career at Boat School by seeing how many upperclass he could tick off — he lost count after three days. Then, Schmicker took a stab at the physics department and was successful . . . for awhile (they were ticked off, too). Being a physical scientist has its rewards after all.

During his spare time, Dave could be seen listening to his own brand of music(?), polishing his Camaro, tacking up plaques in the company wardroom, and doing his best to win the Doctor K look-alike contest. Glee club made a claim on his voice right away but discovered its mistake too late to have the heart to tell him about it.

Surface Line made its claim on Dave a long time ago, so our luck to him as he goes on to prove that the only good wings are bridge wings. "Davey's in the Navy and probably will be for life."

Waynesboro, VA
"Schmicker"

**DAVID ALBERT SCHMICK**

If there is one word that summarizes Deano it would have to be quick. Not just any Mid can get up with three minutes to quarters and miraculously make it bright eyed and bushy tailed; well at least he doesn't seem to be asleep. Deano has really made the rounds these past years and whether its in Copen Hagen or Subic Bay he always had it for the ladies. He has an unusual knack for pulling out those all nighters as well as being able to go workout on the crew team the next day. Deano has had many a good time including nights in Philadelphia, at Catholic U., Cedar Rapids, Colorado, Granny's, Minneapolis, and of course back in Dahlgren Hall after a quick fun meal at Burger King.

Mt. Vernon, IA "Deano"

**DEAN STUDT**

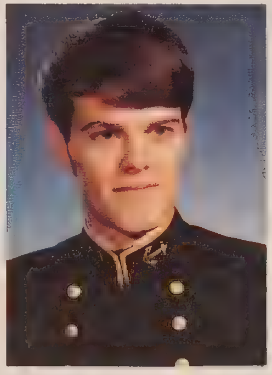
John arrived at the Boat School from Boise, Idaho, and spent the first year trying to convince people that he didn't live on a potato farm. John missed hiking and skiing in his Idaho Mountains ("Are the Appalachians Foothills?") and flew home so often that it was believed that he owned stock in the Friendly 'Skies.

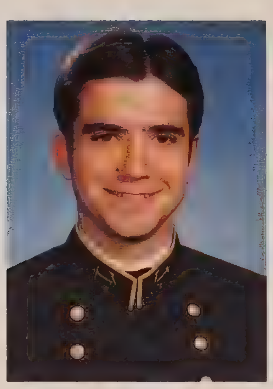
Playing Navy came relatively easy to John, so he decided to sign away his free time to the Mechanical Engineering Department. Three years of work paid off with a membership in Phi Kappa Phi. John's favorite ambition was realized first class year with the arrival of a Blue RX7. Now he could finally escape on the weekends.

Good luck, John, (Though doubt that you'll need it) in whatever you may choose at service selection.

Boise, ID "John"

**JOHN WALTER VANCE**





**WILLIAM J. VARGO**

Coshocton, OH "Bill"

Bill comes to us from small town midwest America — your typical number one straight "A" student, and all around great guy. Being a perpetual musician he somehow found his loves here at the Academy: a top bugler, number one on the keyboards in Trident Brass, and a cute "flag" in the Drum and Bugle Corps. Always needing something to complain about, Bill quickly became a Electrical Engineering major to fuel his gripes. However, this was not enough, so first class summer he managed to get himself operated on and spend a couple of weeks in Bethesda. As of this writing nothing has yet gone right for him. Bill liked to study; although during finals he quite often had a hard time hitting the books with all the time he had to spend building models. Bill finally reached the pinnacle of his career ambition first class year by commanding the "Beaters and Blowers." Always seeming to have an aversion to the sun, Bill will now be leaving us to join the Undersea World of Admiral Rickover.

**MARK F. WILLIAMS**

Independence, MO

"Willy, Mostud"

Mowilly has been quite the all around stud and midshipman during his stay here in Second Company. Willy was crazy enough to come to the Boat School after already serving two years as a superb enlisted man. Nowadays he has to settle for being as EE stud and the much too often visits by Tomas and Guillermo (too often for me, at least, "Blood").

Willy started his years at USNA with FDR and Vatch and had various Lysol fire-throwing contests when any unsuspecting visitors would dare enter their room. Then, somehow, Willy got messed up with Monuts and Mojo and we all started our occasional visits to Julia's with the now sold Pimpmobile and plain old Taylor, Pa. for my Mom's fattening cooking which continually added to Willy's love handles. (Due to limited space, I can't mention how often these handles were used/abused).

Willy, you're going to make a great NFO, P-3 or otherwise. Just to make sure, try keeping away from chopping up Nebraska chickens at Christmas time, schooners and Riorden's iced teas. Make us (and Carol B.) PROUD!

**GREG WITTMAN**
Lawton, OK "Witt"

My College Experience?

Freshman ... Knudson, Centeno, Bye Jim Fallon, Dorsey Creek Parties, Bacardi and Catacombs = Passed out at Chicago, Picking apples in the cemetery, "I think we're in Baltimore but I can't see out the windows," More pretty than cute-bricked, King/Baker, O'Doucheahue/Luke Skywalker, Mullin and Jollif Depart.

Sophomore ... Larson understands, Derelict year, Two man penthouse, Chester the Molester, The Boreffs, Motorcycle Mania, Mud Pie, Schmidts, Pizza, Youngster cruise in P.I., Smiles, Jolo's, Schmick and Vance.

Juniors ... Tattoo you, Sandala and Vinci Schnaus, Deep Creek Weekends — Who's Denise?, The Captain KUSNA '33, Dogglings, Wrecks Ala Many-Yamaha's, TR, The Z, First car — Z-28, Good Luck Gary and Jane, Five layers lost on Blacks Beach.

Seniors ... Almost O's, 8 bikes in the garage, Crazy Pllocks, Plebe Summer Sub Cdr., Finally a cool Company Officer, Manager, Service Selection?, Make Love, Not War!, Canada in '87, Right Scott?!

**CHRISTIAN JAMES CHICO**
Englewood, CO "Cheeks"

Chris Chico came to us out of the high country out in the western state of Colorado. He quickly settled into a serene, behind-the-scenes (lurking) profile at USNA.

Cheeks chose an economics major to learn just how money talks. In fact, he got so tight with his that if you ever tried to borrow some from his you'd better be ready to go to someone else. Chris only spent his money on an occasional hanger for his plebe summer roommate, the Groad.

Chris' good-natured personality made him a welcome addition to the class of '82 in third company. Chris and his roommate, Bob, seemed to get along better than anyone else in the company. Perhaps not so much because of Bob's desire to torment someone that would take it without retaliating.

Chris' sometimes absentmindness caused him to be the butt of a few jokes throughout his Naval Academy career. However, Chris' humanistic and compassionate attitudes still remain among his best attributes. His academic achievements also served him in good stead. We all wish Chris the best of luck for the future.

Academy regs didn't exactly agree with Coz's civilian experience — he'd rather write his own. Unfortunately the rest of the establishment didn't agree, and Coz's plebe year was marked by a lot of marching and restricting. The boy just couldn't help getting caught. ("But I thought we rated dragging!")

Youngster year — who needs the company wardroom when you have your own T.V., toaster oven, and food?! When Friday nights got too boring for cooking, we were gone. (He finally learned not to get caught!)

"Tommy Thermo" really jumped on the books 2/c year — when he commuted to Tri-Delta every weekend for "extracurricular activities" he had to get that work done.

The Bear and Bobby J. took Coz into the "dorm room" 1/C year and between the three of 'em they always had three striper libs. Of course Coz still had his 7 (or 8?) girls for weekend dates. Look out Nuke Power — there's nowhere to hide on a submarine (we think?!). Good luck, Thermo.

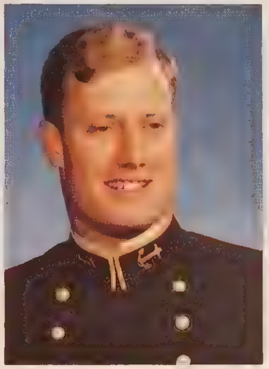
Parsippany, NJ "Coz"
**THOMAS S. COSGROVE, JR.**

Culby — our boy from Florida — what can we say but "you're a legend in your own mind?!" You took your talents with you from St. Pete and made the most of the good ol' life at USNA. Those roadtrips in the "bar-car" are something we'll never forget. Your marching out in front of Batt. Staff is something we want to forget!

Fieldball and batt. football won't be the same without that enthusiasm you always had. And no one could ever be as alive as you so early in the morning. ("Hey Culby, what are you doing up so early?") We're all looking forward to future Nogg-parties and a chance to see you calling the shots again (at Twister — remember?)

Now don't forget to take your ego with you to P-cola — Lord knows we don't want it! Happy golfing and scuba diving down there. Best of luck.

St. Petersburg, FL "Culby"
**DAVID CULBERTSON**



From somewhere deep in the Ozarks of Arkansas came a barefoot innocent and idealistic concept that we generally refer to as "Kip." Yes Kip was not just a mid. He was a state of mind with the ability to make a contortionist green with envy with some of his more relaxed position and the industry to bring the Physics department to it's knees. Kip continually amazed us all with his unique way of looking at the world, not that he ever made any sense but it did keep us laughing.

But academics and philosophy were not his only pursuits; he also had quite an illustrious career with a number of unique women. And even if his only reward was a long walk home to Bare Springs, he was still a gentleman to the cat woman.

And Kip, when Navy air doesn't seem to be everything it's cracked up to be, remember a mig at six is better than no mig at all.

Little Rock, AK "Kip"

**ALBERT H. DAVIS**

Known as James Alan, Smilin' Al, the Doctor, the Master and Big Al, James came from a fine Irish Catholic family of eight located in Albany, New York. He spent two boring years chasing girls, partying and associating with suicidal maniacs at Southhampton College before he got a real job and came to USNA.

It has been said that Al is a man of many actions and talents. Unfortunately, his actions outnumber his talents. The following is a list of Al's accomplishments at USNA: drinking 10,000 gallons of coffee; sleeping three months in the library; receiving mega-hours of tutoring from his friends; dual majoring in Ocean Engineering and power drinking; setting fire to his rack; living with Johnny Knight for four years without killing him; running the fat squad; dating 82 girls; dropping 82 girls; getting caught UA; setting fire to a bush; waking up for quarters by himself seven times; stealing numerous weekend meals; standing five watches; buying a 280-Z; recruiting and apprentice known as the Groad; cheering for the football team twice and seeing his true love six times.

Delmar, NY "Big Al"

**JAMES ALAN DAVITT, JR.**

You started plebe year as a football stud but the knees quickly failed and meat squad wasn't your favorite form of recreation, so you faded into the routine of company life. There you threatened Chico's life twice a day and if it wasn't for Sturg, you would have destroyed your roommates (ask Kippie). Finally, during those intoxicated Saturday nights youngster year at The Pines, Pier 7, and Bojangles we saw the friendly side of you — namely, the Dancing Bear. Second class year, struggling with academics, you found time to expose yourself at the Pajama Party (you're lucky Carter didn't attack you). Your demise began over Christmas with that not-so-nice girl (as your Mom says). Everything just went limp and you spent second semester sleeping. Then there was the $600 kiss but we won't say anything, will we Mrs. Delaney?

Well, I'm out of space so, unless they let you fly, good luck in the Corps (Supply, that is) and please leave Chico alone.

Euclid, OH
"Dancin' Bear"

**EDWARD JOHN DELANEY**

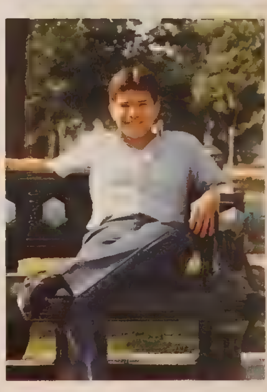
You came to the academy at 155 lbs. ready to play Navy baseball but graduated at a stellar 185 lbs. and Navy's biggest fan. Your social life was really kicking there for a while but you settled down mighty quick. How that beautiful person ever fell for a lazy minority like you is beyond us.

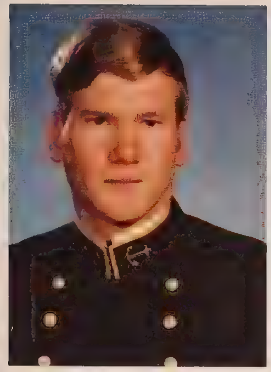
Most of your youngster year was marked by a lot of late night necking in the Midstore parking lot. But first class year that activity was not only your late night pastime, but intramural sport as well. You were one of the few no-shows at the Pajama Party but we'll understand. That commitment you made to your "wife" a year before you PW'd. It's a good thing you were a part of the circus. This way you can name every kid you and Jeanne have after each performer in the circus (but we still can't live with the thought of the misery that one child named "Chico" will face). We must give credit where it is due — to you — for putting up with Chico all of those years (a medal and a citation are in the mail).

Your aspirations for the Marine Corps are only exceeded by your desire to fly but we all know we'll find you behind some desk in the Supply Corps.

San Antonio, TX "D-mer"

**ROBERT DIMAS**





**BRUCE WAYNE DUDLEY**
Jeland, FL "Duds"

After a year of "intense preparation" in Newport, Bruce arrived with his bike and tool box, ready to see what they could teach him about engineering (mechanics).

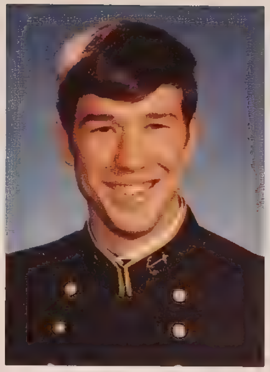
Second class year found Bruce building another bike. Not in a machine shop, but in his room. And everybody thought it was a lamp. Between working on his cycle and studying, he fixed everybody's car, including a certain Lt.'s vet.

That same year Bruce turned country and bought his Gimmy. After jacking it up, putting on three feet of tire and step ladders, he was ready for 4-wheeling.

Spring found him caught up in Karen's well-set trap. During Commissioning Week, he joined the ranks of the engaged.

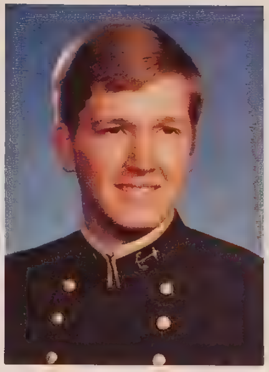
As company commander first semester, he walked softly and carried a big stick. And as everyone had surmised, those three stripes didn't go to his head as they did to some.

Bruce, wherever you are, flying helos or 20,000 leagues under the sea, good luck, and keep on truckin', bikin' and racin'.



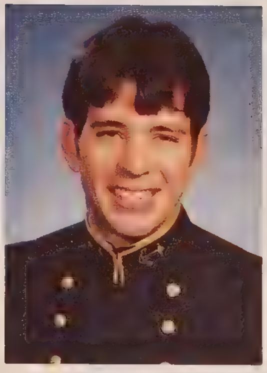
**STEPHEN BURT ENGELHARDT**
Minnewaukan, ND "Steve"

Everyone is still wondering what in the world a cowboy from some place you call North Dakota is doing at the Naval Academy. That's easy; we all know you are here to win national titles for the Navy crew team! Its intuitively obvious to the most casual observer how a farm boy can row with Navy's finest, isn't it?! Yes sir, try as they may the cowboy never left you. Let's reflect a moment on the really good memories like the Commandant outlawing cowboy hats and boots, or a church dance where your hat gets stolen. Yup, the truly memorable times. Really Steve, the times have been tough and the academics . . . let's all forget them! But hey, thanks for all the good times you helped create. In the end just do us one big favor, will you? BEAT HARVARD!!!



**GAVIN JOHN-GIDDINGS**
Cincinatti, OH "Gids"

Gidsmo made the Canoe U scene in a giant blast of abdominal gas from Cincinatti via Newport. He quickly displayed his blaring proficiency and still continues to rip 'em with the best (forhorns, Coz's sister, etc.). Gids has made blasting air a major portion of his USNA experience. First, as a plebe, he put his talents to use in the blowing portion of the D & B then a year later forsook music for the call of the sea and the sailing team. Considering the booze cruises and two (count them) trips to Bermuda, he made the right decision. Not one to limit his interests, Gav is also quite a car connoisseur; his first acquisition was a '68 Austin Healey Sprite, a classic. Having caught the car bug, he joined with his truck stealing accomplice of Army '80 (unsuccessful, first bad sign), purchased a '58 TR-3 (a hurtin' pup — help Duds, big time), and off to work they went. They claimed they could restore it, but now its six months going on two years later, and we're still waiting to see the fruit of their toil. Well — Gids, its a good thing you'll only fly your "bird" and won't have to fix it.



**JOHN HATTEN**
San Leandro, CA "J.R."

Johnny, what can we say besides, "Hey man, you're the best thing to come along since sliced bread." You're from California, a mentally gifted person, always out with a stone fox, know every statistic about every jet ever built, and cool besides. The Circus couldn't ask for a better idol.

All sarcasm aside, Johnny's personality was a welcome change of pace for all us mellow dudes. Plebe year you could always locate Johnny's rented car, with the civies in the back seat, in the midstore parking lot. Youngster year he fell in love with Lisa and ended a long-term affair with Navy basketball. Johnny got rid of the leash and started experiencing the variety of night life the Maryland-Washington, D.C. area has to offer. Second class year J.R. was a main force behind the Circus' P.J. party and its sequel, the Halloween party.

Naval aviators watch out — here comes a real self proclaimed stud; just ask him he'll tell you. Good luck and clear skies Johnny and we'll see you at the next Circus party.

**ROBERT A. JULIUS**
Hellertown, PA
"Bobby J."

Bobby J. what can we say? Grow up, clean your mess, get a haircut, and get a job. After a stellar plebe year (1st in the company which almost killed Culby) he quickly became a gross youngster. With lust in his heart, we watched Bobby J. convert temporarily to Mormon third class year. One day he must explain to us why the services were held late Saturday nights.

Building models, drawing planes and voluptuous women, and playing Navy soccer consumed most of his time. Bobby received the recognition due to him when he was named captain of the soccer team first class year. For four years we watched Bobby J. spend more time on the ground than he did on his feet.

P-Cola here he comes, a "Navigator" and a self proclaimed stud. Clear skies Bobby J., and oh yea . . . Grow Up!

**JOHN ANTHONY JURCEKA JR.**
Eastern Shore, MD
"Navin"

John Anthony Jurceka came to USNA from Eastern Shore, Maryland. Therefore, he knew his way all around the surrounding area. Like a nice guy though, he left the rest of us in the dark.

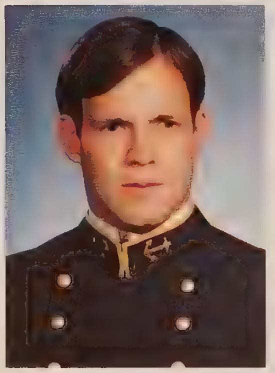
It didn't take J.J. long to excel at his academics. Even though he selected an Electrical Engineering major, about the toughest major available, J. breezed his way through with minimal effort. The long lines leading to his room every study hour always contained the less fortunate EE's who dreamed of having an inkling of J.'s understanding of the abstruse electron and all of its workings.

There was more to John's academic career than academics. When the weekends arrived, J. departed without exception. On rare occasions the J-bird could be seen pouring into the hall and spilling onto his rack. Yes, Splash had his moments with semi-controlled social drinking.

Suprisingly Navin's romantic life seemed unbounded. J. had a new one every week. We could only wonder jealously, "How could any girl go for a guy whose girth measurement exceeds his height?" . . . Best of luck in your nuclear career!

The Knightmere, coming from upstate New York, dazzled us from day one with his superb abilities namely in the areas of hockey and academic wizardry. Whether on the ice or in the classroom John always had things under control. He was such a scholar that he wouldn't dream about studying, until finals, when you might spot him running frantically from room to room looking for gouge. "Hey GRODER TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT COMPUTERS!" With his high scoring and fancy skating Knighter brought the hockey fans back to Dahlgren. When John wasn't on the ice, or in the library, which he may have visited twice, he was chasing the women of the world. (We won't mention C. Lewis; you caught enough grief for that scam already.) And we'll never know which he loved more, "suckin-face" or suckin down the beer, cause he sure did a lot of both. Talk about road trips: Hood, Hood, Hood, O.C., N.H., Florida and Germany are only a few among thousands. John's now off to P-Cola where as long as there isn't a Hockey team he'll be nothing short of awesome.

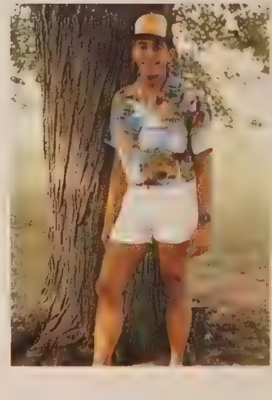
Ithaca, NY "Knighter"
**JOHN R. KNIGHT**



Though a native son of Hawaii, Don is the first Samoan ever to graduate from USNA. Don is one of the friendliest guys you'll ever meet. We call him "Mona," our try at Hawaiian for mountain, within the flying circus. Whether it's because of his personality or his Don Juan good looks, Mona seems to fall in love with a new babe every weekend (including Coz's girl once.)

He is the Hawaiian Stud. Don has a very layed back and easy attitude. In fact, he seems to spend most of his time in the rack. A survivor of several Axe boards, Don went through two majors before settling on Phy. Sci. His hair is more than a little long, but he could always sneak down to the 8th wing barber to whom he gave the macadamia nuts and get a quick trim in time for inspections. Don doesn't seem to be able to keep his big, rebuilt, nose out of trouble, and has a Black N to his name. Don is going to sea with the real Navy — Surface Line. We wish you the best and look forward to passing you at sea or visiting with you in Hawaii, Mona.

Kailua, HI "Mona"
**DONALD LOA**



Thomas A. Logue Jr. blazed into USNA from Williamsport, Pa., the Little League capital of the world. After a wild childhood of Startrek and the good life in Cascade, he needed to settle down. The Academy couldn't tame him but his revered master, Big Al, straightened him out.

Tom wasted little time with his studies and even less time with the ladies. Since his mother was already taken, no other mere mortal female could satisfy his high standards. Al taught him to eliminate those with bad teeth or crooked chins, so the field dropped to none. However, Tom still had many diversions to keep him happy. These included Carl Sagan, Debra Harry, sleeping and the MHP.

Tom was also the Batt sports jock. Four years of track, cross country, and handball resulted in many hours of rack time.

Yes, Tom is quite the "hep" guy. During first class year as company adjutant, Tom proved that accountability is not dead at USNA. Hopefully, the fleet can handle Tommy Logue. If you ever hear the words, "Let's get the coffee," Tom will be nearby.

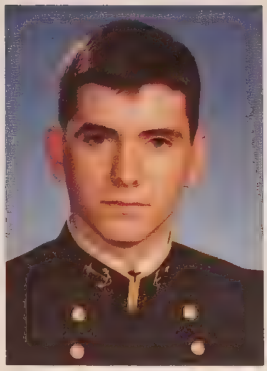
Williamsport, PA "Groad"

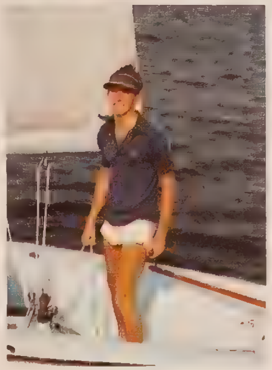
**THOMAS ALFRED LOGUE JR.**

Phil came to us from the small southern hamlet of Wake Forest. During his time with us, his open, friendly, and hard-working personality helped him to make friends quickly. From the time he entered Canoe U. his eyes were set upon earning his pilot's wings. Unfortunately for him (and for the Navy), his vision has declined too much for him to be a pilot. Phil will be remembered by all (including the company officer) as the 1st-wing barber. He earned his Flying Circus nickname "Four-Pounder" for being worried that his tires were underinflated while on a road trip with the guys. Although he looks like the all-American boy and has several Superintendent's stars to his credit, looks can be deceiving. He seems to have a penchant for women, particularly those who are engaged to someone else. But to the lady who snares him, you've got yourself quite a guy. We will all miss his smiling face in the corridors of Bancroft Hall, and we wish him smooth seas and a following wind in the future.

Wake Forest, NC "Phil"

**PHILIP CRAIG PEYTON**





**RICHARD ERIC REINKE III**

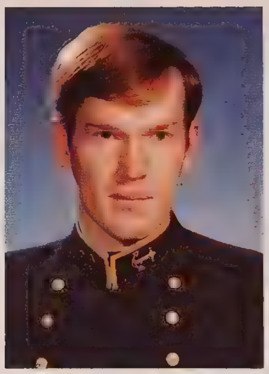
Joppatowne, MD "Eric"

A native of Maryland, Eric should have known what he was getting into, but he came to USNA anyhow. He has earned three varsity letters for sailing; he spent so much time sailing during first class year that the plebes didn't figure out who he was until after Christmas leave. Don't think that Eric is content with just sailing though. He has also been a bit of "a rebel without a cause." He has earned two Black N's (one with a star). In addition to all these activities, Eric has also conquered Black Magic and the other mysteries of EE. Although claiming not to study much, he would frequently sit down for an evening with a half-pound bag of M&M's, cranking out pages and pages of homework (and making occasional trips to JJ's room for the gouge). Sailing is his number one goal, so the girl who finally catches him is going to have a struggle. He is a neat guy whom we'll all miss as he goes to sea, whether he's with the sailors or the nukes.

**GERARD AUGUSTA ROWE**

Clinton, MS "Gerard"

Gerard left Mississippi as a redneck to join us on I-Day at the academy. He's still a redneck, but that now he's found a place where he can be accepted as normal, he's happy. Gerard is going Corps (for shore!). Have you noticed that we call him Gerard? Well, Gerard doesn't like to be called "Jerry," but he does rather like to be called P---s. P---s likes short hair, large cars, short hair, napalming Viet Cong villages, short hair, Mississippi, and short hair. Gerard lets his viewpoints, all of them the "correct and American viewpoints," be known to all. During plebe year he spent all he had on a girl he met via Eric; when he was dry she left him for other easy-pickings. He has recovered well and somehow found himself a nice Southern Belle. Gerard is a friendly, hard-working Redneck (if there is such a thing), and we all wish him and Sherry the best as he crawls around in the mud with the Marines.

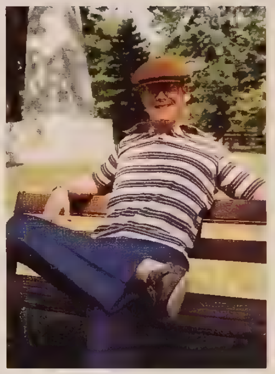


**BRUCE SCHMICKLEY**
Ellicot City, MD "901"

What would we have done without your local boy "901?" Maybe we should ask where we would've slept, eaten and drunk during our four years here at USNA. Bruce was truly a great individual; JR, T, STURG, the Bear and the rest of the Circus all knew it, and if we ever forgot, Bruce was quick to remind us. His escapades plebe year were highlighted by the fight of the century, Bobby J vs. Bruce. From there he went to bigger and better things, like three years of no runs, no hits, and no appearances on the Baseball team. And we'll never forget Bruce's favorite piece of apparel, his jockey underwear with the Superman emblem prominently displayed. This truly expressed Bruce's desire to make a mountain out of a mole-hill. Just kidding . . . we hope! But when it came down to being a friend, Bruce was one of the best. The long and winding road ahead shows those golden wings of aviation and guaranteed success. The Circus will always be quick to claim Bruce.

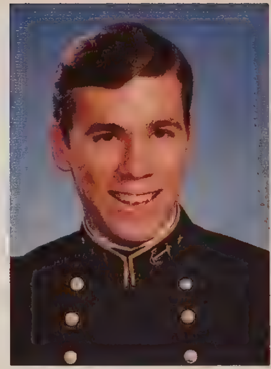
**RANDALL MARK SMITH**
Newark, DE "Kazoo"

Randy's friendliness and boyishness endeared him to all of us, as did his good looks endear him to quite a few girls. Randy brought his nickname "Kazoo" with him from high school, and it stuck with him as he joined his friends in the Flying Circus. Although his real nickname has become "Kazoo Stud," we still call him Kazoo for short. It'll be a lucky girl who can finally satisfy Randy and hold him down. We suggest that you use a strong rope, and tie it tight; he'll love it! Randy excelled in all facets of Academy life, but don't let the fact that he made the Supe's list several times mislead you into thinking that this mid is the all-American boy; Kazoo is a hard-driving, mother rock-and-roller with two Black N's (one with a star) to his credit. Classmates would invariably find him with a cap on his head, and his pet snake Nick Carter curled up in his cap. Randy leaves us to earn his wings, and our very best wishes go with him all the way.



**TERENCE W. SPARKS**
Columbus, OH "Sparky"

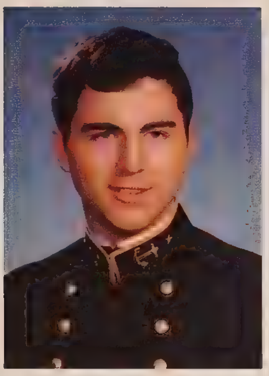
Sparky is Sparky.



**ROBERT ALLAN STURGELL**
Deale, MD "Sturg"

"Days on the road; nights in the van." This is the story of Bobby Sturgell. This native Marylander from the striving metropolis of Deale accomplished more in four years at USNA than most people do in a lifetime.

Sturg's memories include five stripes, a varsity N in lacrosse, a road trip to Australia (where he acted like a golfball), a 3.8 cum, and a CPA qualification. Socially, Sturg was just as stellar. Who can forget those Saturday nights during plebe year, driving through crabtown in civies? Youngster year saw Joey Head as a new roommate and the discovery of Georgetown. Second class year he had more long weekends than most firsties and organized the infamous pajama party. First class year brought the Halloween party as a sequel, and classes at AACC. Most important are Sturg's women: Dotty, Pam, Shirley, Jeanie, Pam, Janet, Carter, Christine, Pam, Amanda, JoAnne, Pam, Deanna, and Pam. Did we mention Bob's love affair (and Tom Tkac's) with his Viking cheerleader Pam? See you in P-cola after you pack up the van, Jag, and the Bear.



**STEPHEN W. SURKO**
Lexington, MA "Surks"

Visions of the All-American Boy danced through all our minds as Steve walked into our midst from Lexington, Mass. A hard working, studious individual who was eager to learn and observe the traditions that the Naval Academy had to offer him — Wine, women, and song were all words that didn't exist in Steve's vocabulary. In fact, his experiences and views of these subjects bordered on a naiveté that was close to monk hood.

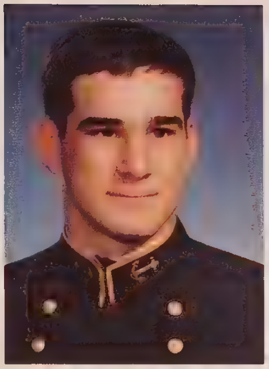
Surks had other peculiarities that would earn him a name as well. His strange eating habits, and love for peanut butter got the PB&J renamed to a "Surko Burger."

Despite his sheltered background Steve managed to shake all his inhibitions and flourish in his last two years here. Giving up his position as No. 1 in the Brigade, Steve ventured forth on the weekends into the world of women and wine, as well as to retreat on those weekday nights to his comic book collection. A Trident Scholar and a true patriot, we'll miss your smiling face and easy-to-get-along-with attitude around here. Good luck in the fleet Steve, and whenever you run into a circus member we'll still call you "VD."

**THOMAS A. TKAC**
Allen Park, MI "T"

These four years at Canoe U. would have been meaningless without obnoxious Tom Tkac. His loud mouth and snappy come-backs are world-renowned. Who could forget some of the more famous one-liners: "Don't I know you from the third grade?" "Janet, will you marry me?" "You won't believe what the colonel's daughter did to me this weekend."

Ranked #2 plebe year, "T" quickly found his place at the bottom of the company. Youngster year he earned his wings as a social butterfly. USNA wasn't enough for Tommy during second class year, so he joined the Tri-Delta sorority. He became a big brother to Cathy, whom the Master thought looked like a "bunny rabbit." Tommy started contributing to his favorite charity, helping a misguided Viking cheerleader enjoy the finer things (namely himself). Well Tommy, you've accomplished quite a bit here, socially that is. When you get to P-cola, give up on women and love a jet; maybe it'll love you back.



**JOSEPH M. WILSON**
Port St. Joe, FL "Gater"

From the primordal mud of Florida oozed an excretion we call Gater. Obliviously open-minded, he is a local hero back home as Captain Confederate. Quite the redneck, during his initial days here at this fine mental institution, he impressed us with his marksmanship and boxing skills. Since then no one has surpassed his exemplary apathy. Whether studying by osmosis or "training" the plebes, he has always maintained the highest standards . . . Well, no doubt many a plebe has experienced that special motivation that only Gator could muster! (no matter that nobody ever understood a word he said.) They say he wrestles with alligators; it's a good thing 'cause no one knows what creatures hide within his room.

So Joe, as you enter the Marine Corps and start your family, remember two things: junior won't be able to tree a coon, and they do teach English on Marine bases. If Lucy ever comes back, remember these old sayings: "War is hell," "mediocre at best," and "Joe, I sent your saddle home."

**DEAN JAMES YAMASAKI**
Brigdeton, NJ "Saki"

Saki came to us from New Jersey under the minority exchange program. Maybe that's why no one understands him. What nuke spends his Navy jet models, or runs around in his poopy suit with a Rising Sun headband that advertises the Thrift Inn (Dean, you animal) in Japanese? Who else receives chinky-food chow packages, and then offers parts to unsuspecting visitors? ("Hey, what's this green stuff?") Who has a roommate who loses him at 0500 in the Philly Sheraton, or who loses himself at the Circus PJ party and deosn't find out how he got back until a week later?

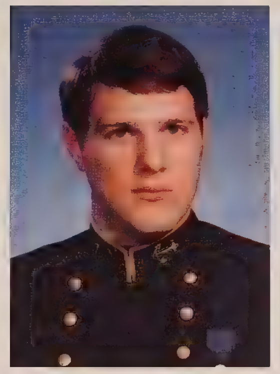
Dean has always been a hit with the women. Who else could convince Olivia Newton-John to live with him, or have a blotter full of gorgeous, scantily-clad women (none of whom he knows), or plan Hoodtramids in his Trident calendar? Dean thought the best part of living over the parking lot was scoping out the babes with the binoculars. Well Dean, you're a great guy, but if I were Olivia, I'd head to P-cola with the rest of us. Not even binocs work that well on a sub!

### CHARLES FRANCIS BOROWSKI

Philadelphia, PA "Kuka"

Kuka strolled down to the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology from Philly expecting to pursue the career of a naval officer. He developed an attitude of partying and playing soccer, in which he lettered. His youngster cruise was spent amongst the Lanai Monkeys in Africa. Kuka passed second class summer in Hawaii and picked up such trades as diving and canoeing. Segundo year started off with a "bang" as both his academic and conduct grades fell. He managed to survive and become a member of the dark side of the force. First class year brought more liberty and no studying.

Kuka's activities include membership on a brigade championship heavyweight football team where Chuck was a valuable tool. His many nights were spent at the Inn with the force. Among his career ambitions, Kuka plans to become an Orion NFO and with his habits, he'll fit right in. Fourth company will surely miss his unique sense of humor; especially Bull, but the fleet will never be the same. Good Luck to Chuck as we bid him a gallant aloha.

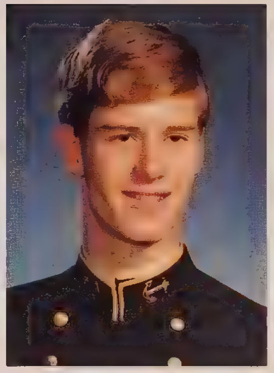


### THOMAS ROBERT BROWN

Harrington Park, NJ "Tommy"

Tommy escaped to us from the vast wasted land of New "What Exit" Jersey. Arriving from #18 West he quickly established himself as a prominent engineer, Tommy probably spent more time road tripping to Bucknell than he did studying. Road trips took on several cars over the years, but always the same girl. The Academy (or family life?) caused him to kiss the 'vette goodbye for an amazing Nova ... amazing that it ran. Common sense prevailed in the end with the arrival of a TR-7, and the race was on. Tom was a charter member of the 4th Co. Triumph racing group.

Living with Tommy could be quite an experience. We'll never understand how he could put up with someone constantly messing up his room . . . himself. And he always stood behind his roommates. Even when there was a derelict in a leather jacket on the other side. From Billy cleaning the room at 0530 to beaching a knockabout, Tommy remained relatively calm. He was always there with a thoughtful ear and a helping hand. Surface line is gaining what the Academy is losing, one helluva guy. Best of luck Tom and Lisa.



### WILLIAM FRANK BROWNING

The World "Biff"

William Frank "I haven't got any cash and can't find my checkbook," Browning came to us from a moderately successful military family — (If you count the USAF as military). We quickly came to know him as Biff when he began a fervent series of lectures and crusades on the subjects of foreign beer and sports cars. Seizing the opportunity of youngster summer, he set off to conquer the "gentille fille" of Europe. Many a proud sea story originates from this fateful trip, but perhaps the most important is the one conquering a Madame X. For it seems that love may prove victorious over Navy. Biff enjoyed the rigors of Navy crew for 2½ years but decided to end his career to lend a hand in the guidance of 4th company. Now it is just a few more "eyes-right-arms-shoulders" until our beloved Biffer must decide upon NFO or Air Force. Which ever path he chooses our respect and fond wishes will follow him always.

### JAMES FRANCIS BUGLEWICZ

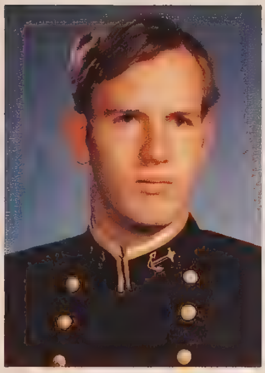
Papillion, NB "Bugs"

Bugs hailed from Papillion, Nebraska, right down the street from Marlin and the Wild Kingdom. Bugs sought to bless Navy with another "Roger the Dodger," 150's style, but the Navy banana struck and our hero was shifted to starting quick cornerback. Such an athlete is hard to find at the K-Woody farm. Still, old #48 blew off heavyweight games for the "Bago" and its medicinal mixtures, compliments of Aunt Irm and Uncle Dick. Visits to Colonel Bugs' villa provided welcome weeknight relief with Joseph Stroh's, Don, Howard, and the Giff. But Bugs did not live by pigskin alone. He maintained peak pro-dev by marching once a year at the Army-Navy game. Nor was the fairer sex ignored. Dr. Scrog, the Bancroft gigolo, dressed as Marshall Dillon, frequented various female institutions of learning with his pardner Willie Post (since Post had the wheels). Voted "Man of the Year" by the national male organization called the Recuffs, it looks like Bugs will go on forever. We can only hope he dodges the big grey monsters and soars into the wild blue yonder.

John Alfred Bullock III, better known as the "Admiral Bull Woolsy" joined our ranks from the beaches of Miami, Florida. Needless to say there was some culture shock as Bull discovered what little night life Maryland has shut its doors at 9 pm. For two years Bull teased the dark side of the "force" as he contemplated Nuke power and spent many ritualistic hours studying magic (engineering) in the evil caverns of Rickover. Our story has a happy ending however, a shameless and coercive prophet pointed Bull toward the shining light of NAVY AIR. Bull has since gravitated toward that light as well as the prophet's sister. We quickly learned Bullsy held a PhD in Afro-Engineering and was a master at using his resources. We also came to know him as a man who could lead a charge or be right by your side in case of troubles. We wish him all the success and happiness life can offer.

Miami, FL "Bull"

**JOHN ALFRED BULLOCK**



Bob was lured to Canoe U. from sunny Southern California by one desire — flying Navy Air. Only the thought of 40,000 lbs of thrust could get REB away from all those California women. For 2 years Bob remained dedicated to Navy crew which he pursued along with his Aero major until the ME's decided he had had enough of both. REB, being a member of the old guard, always came away from Nimitz Library with a thorough understanding of the latest Aviation Week and IDR. With studying out of the way, "The Doctor"used his free time for his other pastimes. He operated on many innocent patients until he shocked one in particular. Not even REB could hold on to this beautiful Italian lady — Navy life just wasn't for her. No potential jet jock could do without a real sports car and neither did Bob. He explored the outer edges of the envelope everytime he drove his triple webered TR-6. Bob opened his home to all and proved to be one hell of a host. Many a beer was downed over those tough football games.

After successive trips to Europe and California REB took on and conquered the Class of '85 on First Set detail. REB was always a good sport. His Pennington sense of humor got him through many a trying night in the hall over those four years. REB's sense of purpose, self confidence, strong emotions and high standards will get him through anything life offers.

Los Angeles, CA "Doctor"

**ROBERT EDWARD BURTON CLAYPOOL**

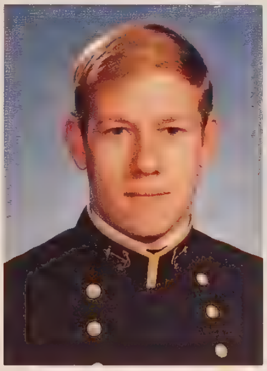
Don was affectionately known by some as Clem, Deej, or Daddy. Having always spent more time outside the wall than inside, Don's returning comment was invariably, "Oh man, you should've been there." Also known as Mr. "A," for his extreme fondness for neighborhood's dirt roads, Don was definitely not a subscriber to the Woody Philosophy. In fact, Clem's tolerance for Woodys was minute, if not down-right destructive.

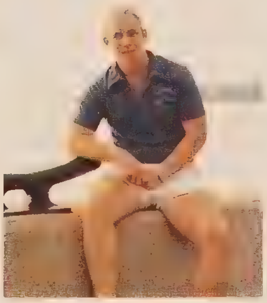
Some of Don's major accomplishments include skippering the "Avenger" to a National Championship at New York, surviving Aerospace Engineering with little sweating, passing the entire contents of one cup through his nose, and successfully proving his ability to ignart at will. Don's taste for music ran along the 1950's line of "let's kiss and make-up." Good thing this concept didn't extend into and thus hinder his love life.

Good luck to Don in his future as Navy's top ace, and in his never-ending quest to replace hemoglobin with alcohol.

Cinnaminson, NJ "Clem"

**DONALD JOHN CLEMENTS**





The "Mad Russian" came to us from the streets of New York walking and talking the Marine Corps way of life. He was quick to adjust to his new surroundings readily doing battle with his Plebe summer squad leaders and with his window shades. Being here for fun and games above all else, Ivan elected to become an English major and skate through his 4 years. Rough times lay ahead for him however, as everyone here must deal with numbers at one time or another. Overcoming these obstacles Ivan floated through 3/c and 2/c years swinging from the chandeliers at Dahlgren and running amuck in the halls in some of the most outrageous costumes.

Ivan was always adventurous — parachuting, scuba diving, roadtripping with "Heibes," and sweenfooking at Duke. This inborn trait is what drove him to his 1/c Marine option cruise where he "flew" in an F-4 and decided on Marine Air for his career. I'm sure we'll all miss the fun and excitement that this gorilla brought to our company.

Brooklyn, NY "Tripod"

**IVAN ANDREW DEBATE**

Dave ventured north to USNA from sunny Myrtle Beach believing that the South had really won the Civil War. He chose to pursue this interest in national affairs as a Poli-Sci major. Herr Dave taught his roommates some German culture and politics for lessons in Thermo and discretion. He excelled in Batt football, Company deathball, and marathon rack. His public speaking topics included our founding fathers, snuff, and anti-omega-ism. Always a believer in fair play and straight-forwardness, Dave tried to give all the ladies a chance. Although he claims to be wed to the Corps, it looks like he may be hearing more than just the echo of his roommate's wedding bells. Best of luck to you, Dave.

Columbia, SC
"Herr Dave"

**DAVID HAROLD DINKINS**

Bernie comes to us from glorious Yonkers, New York (c'mon, is there *really* such a place?). Since arriving, Bernie hasn't always been thrilled with Canoe U. She almost quit when she heard about the "no pet" policy around here. Bernie was known to campaign for "cat's rights" in the plaza between Michelson and Chauvenet. When her "cats are people too" slogan failed to gain support however, she was forced to resort to simply wallpapering her room with posters of the little feline friends.

Bernie's petite but distinctly Irish features were often seen flitting about the hall in search of Physics gouge. Her unnatural ability to obtain gouge led people to suspect that she was in more than one place at the same time. I think she is the first Irish Midshipman leprechaun. God bless her little green heart.

Those of us who are close will always remember Bernadette's laughing heart, giving soul, and abundance of love. May the road always rise up to meet you, Bernie.

Yonkers, NY "Bernie"

**BERNADETTE MARY FITZGERALD**

**PATRICK CHRISTOPHER GILL**

Arnold, MD "Fish"

Yo! Pat sailed into the Academy from Alexandria, VA. That homeport was not to last long as Bancroft Hall — North became his new home. Pat spent four enjoyable (his frostbitten hands might have fooled you) years sailing for the Big Blue. He even got his own boat (Spitfire) and a talented crew who patented the "Minnesota Wave." Even in the winter a mass of sweats could be seen working its way to the team handball courts.

Pat soon came to be known as a quiet (ha!) intellectual. He spent many a long night studying Reactors, Cables, Fluids and Materials while listening to his roommate talk in his sleep. He grabbed his Nuke degree and went to kneel in front of the God of black boats and baldness.

The 2100 steerage meetings, enjoyable conversations before quarters, the Captain, Mom, penguins, his wardrobe and rifle drill will be sorely missed.

We can only wish Pat the best of luck in the future. You are a most sensitive and kind person with much to look forward to. All the best.

By the way, how thick is a shock wave?

**JAMES CECIL GARMAN**

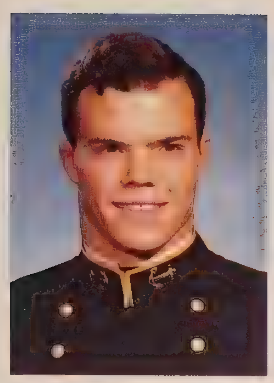
Marshall, MN "Gar"

Garms, that All-American Mid-western farm boy, came to USNA after a year at USMCJR. at MMA. Jim found military life to be a breeze and Plebe year passed quickly for Jimbo.

Jim, a recruited football standout, decided that Navy grappling was better suited for him . . . Jim was much quicker on the mats than in the 40 yard dash. After wrestling his way to be amongst Navy's finest, the "little" heavyweight locked heads with the biggest . . . East Carolina, uh Jim?

Jim's love life . . .? Well, all Jim had to do was smile. A true socialite, he refused to let M.E. interfere with priority. Jim's favorite prank was to ask waitresses for a slow comfortable screw . . . it is a drink, isn't it? Occasionally, Jim loved to dance and stepped out on the town wearing his blue suede shoes. By 2/c year, Jim had an affinity towards the name "Sally" — tracking down messages were always a problem, uh Gams?

Jimbo, the trips to Vermont and Avalon were a 1st . . . your locomotive style of skiing, both snow and water, will always be your trademark. Fair winds to you good buddy, best of luck with the green team and Marine Air.



PROPER ATTIRE

**WILLIAM JAMES FLYNN, IV**

Pottsville, PA "Willie Post"

Bill came to Annapolis as a top recruit from the tough coal region football town of Pottsville, PA. That's right — the same town with the highest alcohol consumption per capita in the nation. Always a social activist, Bill with his brother Buffalo played a major role in acquiring that distinction for his community. After he was a 3-year All-American meat squader, Bill re-negotiated his contract with George and became a J.V. Coach. If Willie couldn't be found waist deep in his own sweat studying Mech-E, he could be located beneath a stack of Yorks in the weight room. Bill was a product of the "work hard — play hard" school of thought. A veritable party machine that ran on Yuengling beer, Bill has danced on bar tables from Orwigsburg, PA to College Park, MD. A master juggler of hometown girls, Bill frequently took his act on the road to various area colleges with his partner in crime, Jimmy "Love God" Bugs. With his "never say die" attitude, we wish Willie luck in the pursuit of all his goals.

**JEFF MICHAEL HEIBEL**

Annapolis, MD "Heibes"

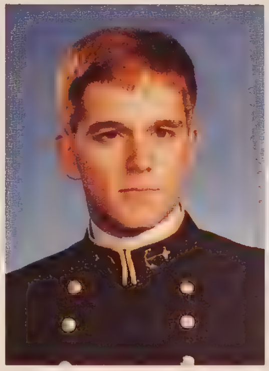
Jeff traveled all of 10 minutes to report on I-day. A product of the Annapolis vicinity and a Navy Junior, it seemed he knew every O-6 and above at the Academy complex. With such a background Heibes never had troubles finding a good party or a casual date. Nick the Brick ensured Jeff got off to a good start Plebe summer, which turned out to be a rewarding experience for Heibes. He even learned to handle the usual frustrations of Plebe year. Only his alert roommates prevented a messy bayonet murder of Jeff's favorite Second Class.

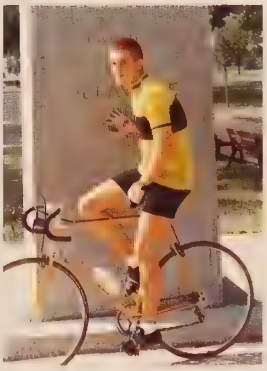
With a lot of swimming Heibes survived Plebe year. Heibes faced another challenge and in the face of adversity did manage to pull through 3 years with bull. Heibes did well in his Ocean Engineering discipline through 3 semesters. One day of Dynes was all this GE could handle. However, being a GE has not put a damper on his massive gouge hunts. Jeff traveled each summer. He made trips to California, Germany and Alaska. Although his Camero improved his social life it did nothing for his driving. Jeff did meet a pretty California lady over 1/c cruise which soon developed into a serious relationship. The Academy turned Hiebes into a real problem solver. He got rid of one problem from 3000 miles away. Jeff's ability to weather any storm will bolster him to accept any of life's challenges.

Red, so called because of his fiery hair, has always been a chronic doer. He was so active, that one would have to make an appointment to visit him — during study hour. A real athlete at heart, Red rowed crew his Plebe year, ran his first marathon his Youngster year, and then became a serious bicycle racer for his remaining two years at USNA. Some of his great pearls of wisdom continue to ring in the dark halls of Mother B even to this day like "It is better to sweat in peace than to bleed in war," "No pain, no gain," and the famous "Eat 'til it hurts, then eat some more." One of his most positive qualities is his unflinching devotion to Jesus Christ. It is this that has blessed Red to successfully finish the Naval Academy and will make him a successful Marine Corps officer in the future.

Holmdel, NJ "Red"

**HENRY WILLIAM JENTZ, II**





Mike (Mick to family, Mikey to us) came to Navy and never left. Long hours were spent every weekend studying his beloved EE. When not studying, Mike would fall into deep periods of sleep closely resembling hibernation. His amazing ability to rack was first witnessed during Plebe summer, when his roommate would physically carry him from rack to chair before being able to report "all turned out, Sir."

Mike's efforts to finish as an EE major led him to become something of an efficiency expert. Every second during the day, he found out, could be used to study. He is the only Mid who asked for quiet in the room while getting ready for formation. Second Class year he would study E & M II, between brushing off his WUBA and polishing his belt buckle.

Mikey got credit Youngster year for OPS INFO, because he went home and visited his brothers. Two little Mikeys are now with us as a result.

Before Navy, Mike played his sax in a professional band back in the quaint desert town of El Paso. His music career continued as he played for the prestigious Trident Brass.

Mike's intensity in dealing with studying and music, carries over into his personal relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ. Wherever Mike goes in the future Jesus will continue to be #1.

El Paso, TX "Mikey"

**MICHAEL J. JORDAN, JR.**

Jim "I've Seen It All — Done It All" Lingar was hand delivered to USNA from a quiet home just off Exit S on New Jersey turnpike. Change has been no stranger to Jimbo. He managed to hold on to his hometown girl for 2½ years only to lose her to the rigors of longterm separation. Not only did Jimbo survive but he put his head down and charged. He is now an avid driver who "motors" everywhere with a personal escort. Jim actually enjoyed the most intensive 1/c cruise on record. Six weeks in the Med on six different ships with only two days of liberty would get to anyone except this gator, who probably looked forward to Fleet exercises so he could add to his over 300 photos.

Jim endured 3 years with "The Doctor." He was adopted by the residents of 41 Stone Dr. who always trusted Jimbo to be in charge. We'll remember his high spirits and/or his tantrums (no one ever knew what mood Jim would be in). He's one of "The Boys" we'll never forget.

Cherry Hill, NJ "Gator"

**JAMES DOUGLAS LINGAR**

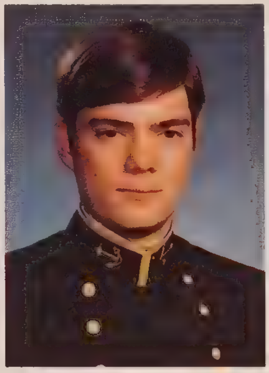
Bob breezed through his years at the Academy with little difficulty. He flirted Plebe and Youngster years with the idea of being an English or Political Science major, but after much thought he decided that his real interest was with neutrons — good thing for the marine engineers in the Class of 1982.

Bob was always willing and able to help anyone with homework as he always seemed to be the only one capable of solving the more difficult engineering problems. However, Bob's talents were not only technical in nature. He amassed many A's in his humanities courses (except Plebe History), and performed brilliantly when it came time to re-read his roommate's many Political Science term papers.

Bob also excelled professionally. As a result of his hard-charging, professional outlook, Bob was the obvious choice for Bravo Company Commander. He did quite a job as an indoctrinator; just ask the Class of 1985. Bob will be remembered long after he leaves the Academy as a hardworking, intelligent, highly motivated individual, destined for success. Good luck Bob and Lori.

Rochester, NY "Herr Bob"

**ROBERT HUGH McKENZIE**



Mark took the long drive from Exit 7A, New Jersey Turnpike, and immediately settled in as one of the foundations of Phoamin' Phour. A natural at any sport, Oly has led 4th Company's soccer, lightweight football and fastpitch teams to unmatched heights. Even the annual Fourplayers trip to Hood would be nothing without Oly.

Mark took up Ocean Engineering as a hobby and it quickly became second nature to him. After Youngster year, Oly finally realized that grades received were inversely proportional to the amount of time spent studying. Needless to say, this man valued his rack time!

When First Class year arrived, Oly began to put into practice all those doctrines that laid dormant for three years. Sure school was important, but it also sank low on the list of priorities. A Triumph Stag was the new toy and playing with it became prime time. Friday nights were maximized by trips to El Brookman's and Labatt's Blue at the Captain's.

Well, Rickover was looking for a few good men and Oly answered the challenge. Ol' Hymie doesn't realize that he'll have to compete with the women of Canada, as Oly truly has found love north of the border. A good Catholic girl even, eh!

Anyone who ever met this man is a better person for it.

Lawrenceville, NJ "Oly"

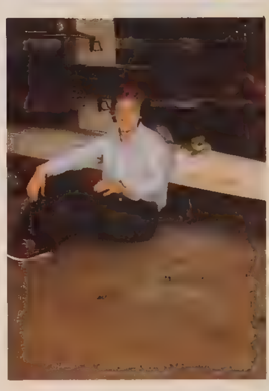
**MARK JOSEPH OLECHOWSKI**

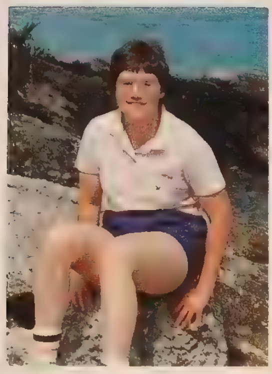
Pam comes to us from various and assorted places, including, but not necessarily limited to Schroon Lake, N.Y., Alexandria, Va. and Groton, Conn. What else would you expect of a Navy Junior? Her two great loves in life are frogs and Navy crew. Pam is also a great lover of people, and lots of people love her too, since she is their "ray of sunshine in an otherwise bleak and lonely day."

Pam began her stay at Navy with 27th Company, until she saw the light and discovered the good life in Phoamin' Phour. A jack of all trades, Pam has devoted most of her spare time to volleyball, pistol, crew, swimming, shining leathers, and screaming at chow-callers. Some misguided people said she wouldn't make it through, but Pam has shown that she can rise to any challenge. Somewhere out there, she hopes, is a ship billet with her name on it, so fair winds and following seas to you, Pam. All in all, you are quite a unique person. After all, how many people go to sleep every night with a stuffed frog on their head?

Alexandria, VA "Pit"

**PAMELA KATHERINE PITKIN**



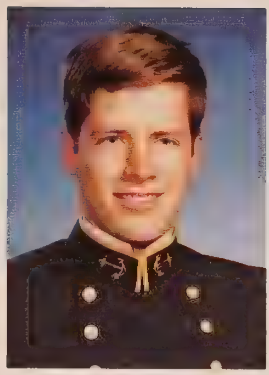


**JENNIFER M. SULLIVAN**
Framingham, MA "Jen"

Jennifer came to us from the land of "caaars" and "Haaavaad Yaad." She spent most of Plebe year getting stuck in blizzards on leave and hiding Herman (the ever present closet monster) for inspections. As time went on, Herman spread from the closet to the rest of the room, driving more than one roommate crazy in the process. A true Boston Sports Fan, she lost more desserts on the Red Sox than she'd care to count, but made up the difference during basketball season. Youngster cruise was an exercise in survival (Lower Manhatten? alone?? at night?!). We thought we'd lost her to the Coast Guard after she spent three weeks sailing aboard the Eagle, but she came back to her senses. Jennifer started her Navy sports career as a crew jock, then soon realized that it was not the way to health, wealth, and the pursuit of liberty. She switched to softball and spent three and a half years piling up x-squad chits, slings, casts, and crutches, besides spending Saturdays and Sundays on the softball field! If you were looking for her any time First or Second class years, you could be sure that Foamin' Four's wardroom was the place to look — she was a hall rat to the bitter end. All in all, four years went by pretty quickly, and service selection loomed. Coke bottle glasses kept her out of the sky, so she opted for a Naval Facility and two years in Bermuda. Then it was time to say goodbye, so she set sail, let the Lord have the helm, and headed out for places unknown. Robert Frost said it best for Jennifer: "Two roads diverged in the wood, and I; I took the one less travelled by, and that has made all the difference." Go for it, kid, see you in the South Pacific . . .

**BRIAN JOHN RISO**
Lindenhurst, NY "Riz"

Brian came to USNA from the Island via NAPS and Woodstock. The sole survivor and the embodiment of Frankie and Dels (the yellow monster) — true friends and roommates, B.J. brought to Canyon Do U. an indomitable spirit and zest for life which the stains and kaywoodies couldn't put a dent in. A diehard Ranger fan, Brian came to excel on the lacrosse field, however the fat man's disdain for excellence forced Brian to perform on other fields and shapes of excellence, lovely ladies and football where Brigade Championships were not unusual for him. B.J. took advantage at the only hole above ground — C.J.'s, The Drinking Dock, Couch Lizards and Bronco's van all eased his existence. A friend in need could always find relief in B.J.'s den — pepperoni, Italian bread, good tunes and good times. We all owe Brian something for a piece of us is with him always. We thank you Brian — Norwegian Wood, F.X.R. III, Dels, Salvatore, Joe, Sean, Clam, Scootes, Bronco, Sturg, Bid Ed, Henry, Guido Fiasco — Asti Spumonti, Paesano. Thanks for all Mom, Dad and everyone at home. I love all of you.



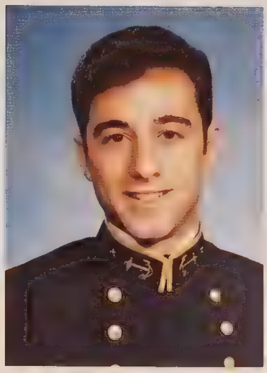
**HENRY JOHN SCHNEIDER**
Charleston, SC "Hank"

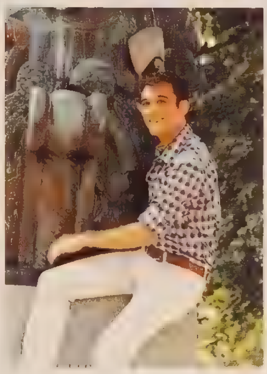
Hank came to the Academy as an exuberant Navy brat with aspirations to join Rickover's Fleet upon graduation. However, profs like Propitious Pierpoint and Wild Bill did their best to keep this Ocean Engineer treading water as he struggled to keep his grades from sinking. Nevertheless Henry stuck it out even though it often meant studying the weekends away and listening to the major's weekly lectures on academic deficiencies.

On the rugby field Hank was a persistent player that worked for four years to earn his spot on B side with the rucking scrum of Navy. Nothing was funnier than to watch him limp into the room to count strawberries and bruises after a hard fought game.

Seriously speaking, Henry's contributions to the Academy were felt in his constant willingness to help when the going got tough. If anything needed to be done we could always count on Hank. You're a trustworthy friend that will never be forgotten. Thanks for everything. Fair winds and following seas in your Naval career.

P.S. Don't forget your bet to not marry before June of '83.





**MARC STAMMER**
West Haven, CT
"The Little Hammer"

Driving a shiney black classic, '67 Cuda and coming in at a humongous 120 pounds, Marc quickly and easily faded into the woodwork so as not to be tormented by the raging Upperclass. Marc, being a Management major, quickly went to work practicing his profession. He took as his first project managing the Company Youngster garage out in town. Location, finance and secrecy were things he managed best. A job well done Marc!

Second Class year coming quickly and academics posing no problems, Marc concentrated his efforts on physical fitness. Being a frequent runner of the O-course (more than once per semester on occasion) and a determined weightlifter, building a new muscle every week, Marc had a busy schedule. First Class year though Marc, some 2 inches taller and 20 pounds heavier than his original shadow like figure, set out to excel in other areas. He left his companymates for the stripes of Regimental Staff. Marc, the Regimental MHP Officer, never really did fit in too well with the typical "geek" type stripers. Going by the motto decide, delegate and disappear, Marc did his job well. Destined for Surface Line after graduation because his Nuke cruise was not what it was cracked up to be, Marc will excel wherever. Best of luck and fair winds.

**PATRICK KEVIN THURMAN**
Daytona Beach, FL
"Thurm"

Thurm's bio will be brief since one can only say so much about sleeping. This proud Confederate good ole boy from Daytona Beach took the scenic route here via Newport. There an injury to him at the Army-Navy game sent the Dolphins' scouts home minus one lineman draft pick. A habitual workaholic, Thurm chose the 2nd toughest sport known to mankind — sailing. Thurm's efforts and rewards were personified in the form of *Patriot*, a black Frers 46 racing machine feared among sailing's elite as *Riot*. On weekends, Thurm liked to fly his black jet down at treetop level to M.W.C. and the waiting arms of a certain blue-eyed, blond bombshell. The annual spring road trip to Mr. and Mrs. T's 'vette, 'zam, and yacht lot was unparalleled in categories of booze, broads, and brawls. Always a party monster, Thurm could be found at the business end of a cold Molson's at the O's or Fred and Kristina's Pet Shop. We wish Thurm a lifetime of good ones with comrades of righteous stuff.

**BRIAN SCOTT UNDERWOOD**

Omaha, NB "Bry"

This red head hailed from Omaha, Nebraska, via NAPS. Brian showed forth a squared-away attitude from the very first by reminding his Plebe summer squad leader that chow-call races were illegal. He was to be the Plebe year SOW and eventually rise to be president of the Glee Club. The squared-away attitude also carried over into his school work. It was only on rare occasions, such as writing Ronda, that this Oceanographer's head was far from the pillow after taps.

Brian rarely let things cause turbulence in his glide through the Academy. Not that he had all the answers, he just believed that if something were meant to happen, it would happen for the best.

Always in a good humor, he would just naturally cheer your day through a voice so bad you had to laugh or through just listening after a bad day. As a friend he was ever present, ever listening, ever supporting, ever eating the cookies — Thanks!

P.S. "Help me Ronda . . .!"

**STEVEN MICHAEL WECHSLER**

Syracuse, NY "Wex"

Never one to waste time, Steve (Don't ask me about my cruise because I can't tell you!) Wechsler found the transition from the boob-tubes of Syracuse to those of USNA a simple challenge. To help speed up that televisionless Plebe year, Wex will be forever indebted to the Corpsman who enabled him to stay on cloud-9 by prescribing nearly every mind-altering drug in Bancroft's vast inventory. The turning point in Steve's life came when he got his first set of cammies and what he insists is the best car in the world, his Mazda RX-7. A small technical difficulty appeared 2nd Class year however when he realized he couldn't very well drive his car in the yard with "USNA-82" plates. Despite having the slim and muscular (?) physique of a nuke, not to mention a Gold American Express Card, Wex was never (or hardly ever) intimidated by larger Mids and soon earned the reputation of a man to be reckoned with. Before attaining the exalted status of assistant instructor at the Bull School of Diving, Steve was always partaking in some dangerous exploit. Whether scuba diving, or sport parachuting, reckless driving or wild partying, Steve always excelled at whatever he chose to do, and we're all confident he will continue to do so in the future.

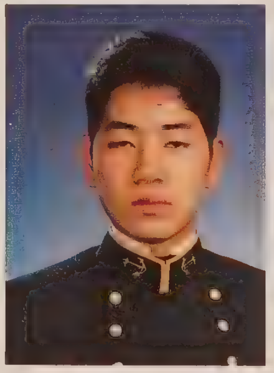
Marcus left the mountains of California for the East Coast and the Naval Academy. His adventures as a Mid earned him many unique titles. He earned "Wooly" for his characteristic wool cap, "The King of Clear" for his ability to consume massive amounts of grain, and "Wooly Mays" for going to bat with Hank's lamp. He was believed to be a test tube baby because he never had any family pictures.

Marcus was always looking to make the Academy life easier. He was into hard rock, comic books, and always at hand with comic relief in a tense moment. He was not impressed with the Woody Gang's two-faced professionalism, but tolerated it with a smile. Although he was not an academic powerhouse, he was able to pass the requirements and still found time to troll for snapper.

His social life suffered the "philosophical blues" at times, but his Bruce Lee attire often made up for this. He was an honest friend who brought such words as "reltny" to our vocabulary. Good luck Marcus.

Applegate, CA "Wooly"

**MARCUS BARON YONEHIRO**



Charles Derek Batchlor, 'Batch' to his friends, arrived at USNA in July of '78 after journeying a whole hour from Rockville, MD. He immediately impressed his Plebe summer squad leader, MIDN "No Fun" Emerling with his professionalism and enthusiasm. (Can you say smack?) Batch was determined to fly, but deteriorating vision forced him to set his sights on NFO, until he found out our new C.O. was a Nuke. Now he is looking forward to seeing Rickover in January. Exhibiting superior (performance?) Plebe year, Batch was selected for 5 stripes on two occasions. However, the second time around he stubbed his toe and failed to complete the Plebe pro book on time. (Can you say blow-it-off?) Consequently, Batch only achieved 3 token stripes as Batt Sub Firsty year.

Academically, Batch was like a rolling stone. Starting off in Aero Plebe year, he changed to Oceanography Youngster year in order to prepare himself for med school after graduating from USNA Junior College. However, the law of 'path of least resistance' prevailed and Batch stayed, opting for Systems. Finding the going rough in Systems, under extreme pressure from an Ad-Board and being no stranger to the rack, Batch finally decided he could bag it in style in Phi Sci.

Volunteering for Plebe detail, Batch made a big impression on the Plebettes with his ovary jokes, as well as losing 25 days class privileges for his early morning S.L.I. It's been nice knowin' you Batch. Best wishes in the Fleet, you've got the 'right stuff' to glow in style.

Rockville, MD "Batch"

**CHARLES DEREK BATCHLOR**

André Y. Bates (AYB): The Lorinthian, a man for all nations. During his four year search for cultural identity at USNA, André made a name for himself as the international soccer star, the father of the 5th Company Mustang Club, the ground inspector (not to mention doors and walls) at 7th Batt parties, and the economist (how can a man with no money write so many "state of the budgets"?). His endless application to the academic pursuits led him to eventually become a true scientist after discarding the trivial aspects of Aero and General Engineering. This decision allowed André greater opportunity to increase his efforts toward his search for the perfect woman (Buffy?). He became famous for discovering new and daring ways to meet the ladies . . . (haven't I run into you before . . . Baltimore, maybe?).

To all of Fifth Co. André was a good man — We wish you good luck and clear skies.

Sacramento, CA "Dray"

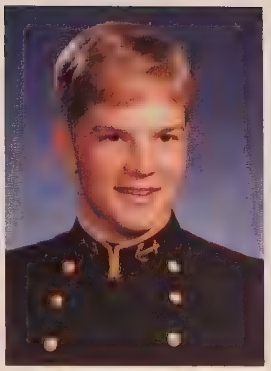
**ANDRE YANNICK BATES**

"The Beav" came to USNA from the land of fruits and nuts (Southern California) with one thing on his mind: Football. With two brothers on pro teams, Blake wanted to carry on the family tradition and maybe become a Naval officer, too. Well, Plebe summer changed those priorities real quick. His perfect hospital corners, lousy chow calls, and absences at all sheetposter parties were highlights of his Plebe year. The Upperclass years were rather typical: two girlfriends at one June Week, over-the-wall with a friendly CDR to watch his brother's game, etc.

You could always trust his blind dates. It seems that the only girls Blake knew were the gorgeous ones. Though a 6'2", 240 lb. guard, Beav was gentle as a Teddy Bear off the gridiron, as shown by his position as president of Big Brothers. Also untypical for a football player was his 3.3 QPR in Physics, his work with a project for the Space Shuttle, and his desire for a Nuclear Surface billet. Blake is sure to reach success wherever he goes. Beav will be missed by all of us who knew him.

Riverside, CA "Beave"

**BLAKE THOMAS BUSH**



**STEPHEN LLOYD BUSS**

Rochester, MI "Stevo"

When Stevie Busstone first arrived at USNA from Rochester, Mich. he was surprised to learn that they drink soda around here, not POP. That was the first step in his transformation from a wholesome young boy to the suave lady killer that he is today. With that irresistible blond hair, "Stevo" has had no trouble catching the eyes of even the foxiest women. Letters, cookies (never as good as Mom's or Christa's), weekly visits, and more letters . . . oh how they tried to gain his heart.

Their hopes were in vain, however, for his only true love was sailing. Queenstown, Oxford, St. Mary's (oh my!), fall series, . . . those chilly autumn races have brought us unforgettable experiences both on the water and at party time. And those summers on Patriot and Reprisal! Edgartown, B.I., Annapolis-Newport — great times, say no more! Senior year on his Prindle 16 was a blast, so was his windsurfer. Whenever Stevo was gone one always knew where to find him — on the water.

Faced with the challenge of a hard to live with roommate, Stevebone took up (and quickly perfected) the hobby of constant complaining Youngster year — which was the same year he began to split the seams of his trou. The following summer he was introduced to Amaretta on the rocks, which has been his favorite drink ever since, and also the cause of some unique situations — What did you call that Cdr.?

Well Steve, we'll never forget the good times we've shared. The bike rides to D.C., Mary Wash., Assateague, you being playdoll for more than one ensignette, etc. Good luck out there and remember: Illegitimi non carborundum est!

**MICHAEL MARK COCHRANE**

Tempe, AZ "Tempe"

Mike wasted his relative time here. He already knew everything. But he knew nothing this man of funk found out. His three roommates were out to teach this man a few tricks he didn't know. Scott (his long lost roommate) left him sugarless. Mike began his wild experiences with vitamins, seeds and bodag sandwiches. The effects of these episodes were freaky and not long forgotten. After we convinced Mike that these trips were bad for him, (and he could get kicked out besides), he went cold turkey and finally kicked the habit. (His vitamin flashbacks still scare us.) Tom turned Tempe on to women and booze. Mike searched the world over and thought he found true love. Sue met another and lblbllbsszt she was gone. Easy come easy go. "Search and ye shall find," he thought. "But where?" "Hood College you dummy." Oh ya. The women were wild and abundant, so Mike picked out the prettiest and commenced courting her. After a few weekend lessons with Heidi, Mike knows as much about women as his roomies do.

Steve showed Mike the exotic side of life. Bird calls and interpretive dances became Mike's specialty. Mike learned well in his four years here and although he still can't add resistors in series we achieved our goal and blew Mike's mind. But there's just one thing we have to ask you before you leave. "If you coulda be *anya* animal inna da world, whatta would itta be?"

### DANIEL E. CRAUN

Bishop, CA "Captain"

Armed with his calculator and his Star Trek Trivia book, Captain Craun beamed aboard Bancroft Hall straight from the Nuclear Navy. After innumerable all-night battles with his Physics major, the Captain seems well on his way to rejoining Rickover's boys.

Not one to be outdone by the jocks of the Brigade, Daniel set out to conquer the parallel bars. His innovative move, "The Craun Flair," won enthusiastic acclaim at the annual Orthopedic Surgeon's Convention. Seriously, he was willing to keep trying when a lesser man would have given up.

His professionalism was a great inspiration to the entire Company. However, he sometimes got carried away. For instance, his charismatic leadership during a Plebe summer recon raid earned him the title of "segundo" for the first few weeks of First Class year.

We wish Daniel every success in the pursuit of his lifelong dream: Command of the first starship. May he boldly glow where no man has glown before . . . Kirk Out.

### BRYAN KEITH DELVALLE

Balm, FL "Mownk"

When the two-dimensional Mownk left his swamp and nomadic clan for USNA, he slipped in sideways to avoid being seen. Invisible to many and ". . . just asking for trouble," he wasn't discovered until after Herndon. Losing his initial roommates due to his incessant nocturnal activities, he paired off with another nightcrawler, and proceeded to keep *everyone* awake. The battles with the demons of academics by day paled before night Ops against barking spiders, overly optimistic elfin somnambulists, raging molemen wielding feet and flashlight, and invading martians, whose dry carcasses soon littered the beaches. (Wearied by battle, or lured by rays, Keith often joined them.) This schedule, further crowded by headball and juggling (courses as much as anything else) precluded drawnout romances, so Mownk developed the form letter romance in his engineering classes. His ladies were like his sunglasses: He kept them in the drawer, took them out when he was bored, and put 'em back when he was tired of playing. Alas, his books were treated like his ladies . . .

The Mid with the singular (single?) rack burn will continue flying . . . "always has been and there's nothing we can do about it." Fair winds and following seas.

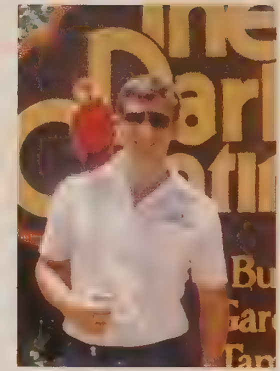
### STEVEN JOHN DEPETRIS

Moorestown, NJ "Pez"

Condensing the life of Pez (as he is affectionately known) into 180 words has been quite a task, especially for we, his roomies of three years. Coming from MMA, Pez quickly adjusted to military life; Plebe year was a breeze. But Youngster year brought MECH. ENG., the Datsun, Carrie and 150's. Then there were the parties, May Day, three spring breaks in Vermont, and Avalon. Second Class year Pez kept up the pace with his one-man crusade against Wassa Toast, picked up his "CB Quals" and switched over to his family car for a family man (Datsun RIP). The family man then abandond "The Boys" for a one-sided social life with his OAO from Lothian.

First Class year brought out Pez's prime. There were the strawberry Coladas, Batt. football (What was it you said about Batt. football, Pez?), but *Dress for Success* and monthly issues of "GQ" saw Pez through this transition. Before long Pez was in the height of style with his purple shirt and yellow pastel pants. Go get them, Pez!

Seriously, Pez, the times have been great; you've been great. Good luck wherever service selection finds you.

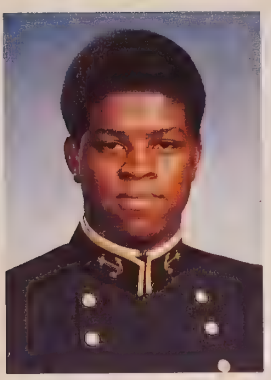


### PAUL JOSEPH DOUR

Seaford, NY "P.J."

P.J. heard the calling of old USNA when he felt that Rochester U's NROTC unit just wasn't professional enough for him. To say P.J. had his problems Plebe summer would be an understatement, but his squad mates were thankful for the screen he afforded us. The Upperclass years brought out the real P.J. Dour though. Professionalism his motto and marching his true love. Athletics were high on P.J.'s priority list and Batt squash gave him the time for those individual workouts he savored so much (usually horizontal). Society saw the coming of P.J. at Dahlgren Youngster year (jeans and Pro-Keds — eat your heart out Travolta). His girls came from all over (W.Va., D.C., L.I.) but the opportunity cost had to be low before Paul would take interest. He carried the "image" well for four years — but we all knew better (May Day '81, ski trips, Meadowlands).

Peej — It's been great and the times have been fun. If the opportunity cost of marriage ever gets low enough and you find that special marketable babe give us a call and we'll bring the swords. Stay away from Navy helos.



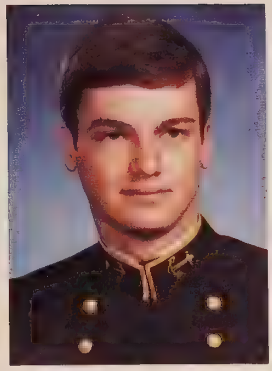
**THEODORE JEROME FERRELL**

GA "Shadow"

Theodore Jerome Ferrell AKA T.S., T.J. Plunkett, The Shadow, Creed, . . . et al, ad infinitum, arrived to us from the backwoods of Georgia where nobody messed with him. Barry soon changed that as witnessed by all at the Plebe summer boxing smoker. After this experience T.J. armed himself with a vast array of semi-exotic weapons, including Chinese stars, nunchuks, throwing knives, war clubs and a B.B. gun that could drop a bird at 500 yards. (In the eye, no less . . .) However, all these weapons proved to be no match for academics, his real nemesis.

T.J. is/was/will be a man of many questions: How deep was that snow in South Carolina? Where is that other Mustang? What was in that con locker? What is under that towel? If these questions don't make sense, don't ask anyone in Fifth Co. We don't know . . . only the Shadow knows.

T.J. will be well remembered as the classmate who was always there when you needed him; who never pretended to be anything but himself. Good luck in Navy/Marine Air, T.J. — See you in the Fleet.



**EDWARD GERARD HACKETT**

Staten Island, NY "Hack"

After a hard working year up at Funfield Univ. Hack traded in his cowboy boots for a pair of docksiders and headed down to Crabtown. Wanting to make a name for himself quickly, Hack aspired to be a crew jock. But he made a name for himself quicker in other ways. ("Pull for Navy," huh, Hack?) Nobody will ever forget Ed's favorite three words. As an aide to his newfound lifestyle Second Class year, Hack traded in his Impala for a '78 van, and established himself as king of tailgaters and white works. A Management major to the end, Hack was always computing something — too bad it was never homework.

Hack's dreams of being a crew jock never came to be but athletics was still a big part of Hack's life. Coach of Company Soccer and frequent games of "hoops" kept him busy. Dodging swimming sub squad was *always* a task. With the help of a medical excuse chit, however, Hack always met the challenge. (I hope your F-14 never goes down over water, Hack!)

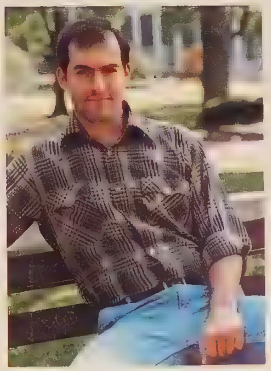
As much as Hack loves gray ships, he'll probably opt for the blue skies of Navy. It's been an outrageous four years, Hack. Good luck, roomie! Fly fast.

**EDWARD WARREN HARTER**

Oxward, CA "Ramone"

Edward "Ramón" Harter came to USNA from the sunny shores of Oxward, California. From the traumatic moment that Ed tore himself from the begrudging arms of his first and only love Ed knew that life at USNA was not going to be easy. Plebe summer confirmed this ominous premonition as Ed soon found that USNA was not the UCLA of the East Coast. After 6 long weeks and several memorable encounters with "DJ" Ed made it to Ac-year with a more hopeful outlook on USNA. These hopes were quickly dashed as Ed found that his desires to be a Marine Engineer and to letter in varsity rack were incompatible. The one thing which kept Ed going was his daily letters and brief interludes (during leave) with his first and only love. Ed realized the truth in the saying all good things must come to an end when he returned home after Second Class year and found his love had been engaged for 4 months and pregnant for 5.

Ed will always be remembered for his uncanny ability to make a bad day worse with a few comments and as the only Mid to spend 2 of his 4 years at USNA in the rack.

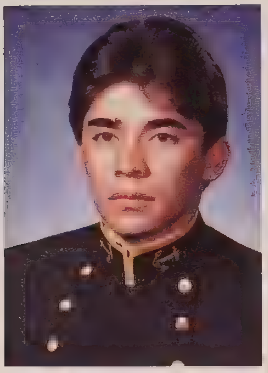


**STEVEN JEFFREY IBORG**

Highland, IL "Ibes"

Steven came to us straight from the St. Louis Cardinal baseball team, or so he thought. He was constantly studying like the time we woke up to our crazed-loon at his desk (in the buff of course) reading the dictionary at 5 o'clock in the morning (with the lights off?!?). Steve will always be remembered by the ingenious ways he found to vent his temper — from shot-putting chairs, bayonetting pillows, pulling shirts off opposing team members at b-ball games, to chopping the hell out of his face every morning (an art some people might call shaving). The incredible Ibes also made some major contributions to academy life — the 30 minute mile run, the 35 minute O-course, and new methods for getting a new face in Youngster boxing (that S.O.B. is trying to kill me) were just a few of these.

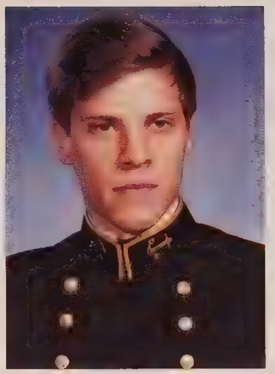
Steve, his wife Barb, the three kids (or is it four now) will be headed for Newport soon, and like they always say "Surface Line Mighty Fine" (as long as you ever leave port).



**CHARLES L. KIRBY**
McMinville, TN "Custer"

Charles Lee Kirby adapted well to the Plebe system. He always had an answer for anything the system seemed to offer. If it wasn't "Big Mac" chow calls or STUYA on Room Inspection chits or special knots in his neckerchief, which seem to fall apart during inspections, it was always something else. Chuckie could never be outdone. His motto was "Pay backs are a MF."

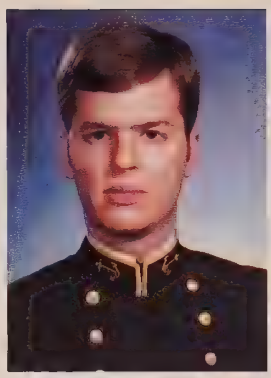
The great prankster had a hat full of tricks like anonymous letters to company officers and squad leaders. Who could ever forget "The Great Apple Fight" of Youngster year. Never the mental giant, grades caused him some trouble like not coming back for summer school simply because he was having too much fun at home. And then asking "Is this a long distance fry or what?" when an LCDR called trying to locate him. Who could ever follow his love life? First he was engaged, then she got married but they still have plans for a wedding and everytime he returned from home there were tales of a different girl each time. But his most famous girl of all was his special pen pal Sandy Carter, who sent him lovely pictures of herself. She was truly his pride and joy; her pictures were always on his bulletin board.



**MATTHEW LEWIS KLUNDER**
Alexandria, VA
"Scandels"

Matthew Lewis Klunder, (alias Hawk, Jr., Bismark, Puddles, and Pup), came to us from Alexandria, VA. Our first true contact with Hawk, Jr. was his famous saying to a helpful Chaplain — "I don't want to hear about it!" Matt is an immaculate Middie, which could account for the nites of hearing the "toe clippers." Not only does Matt look like Jerry Lewis but he can act, too — "Ho, Ho, Ho, here comes Santa." (Matt was the coolest, though.)

If Puddles wasn't sweating, then he was passing out — "We know Pup, you were just resting your 'eyes'." Matthew sure can "womanize." For example, his high school sweetheart saw the lite, and blew him off one Youngster nite! Quickly seeking recovery, Matt secured a pin point fix on Margie — BZ! Matthew believed strongly in "G.U.E." Who could ever forget the repugnant body of Martha (2 hr's, huh?). Then came Judy, better known as Miss Flake; Matt loved her so much that he gave her a pearl necklace. Matthew finally settled down with Marylee, a preppy but sweet girl. Good luck, Bismark — "Fair winds and fine women."



**DANIEL EUGENE LEADER**
Bethesda, MD
"Leader of the Rack"

Far beyond mortal men, Dan never had to worry much about academics. Instead he aspired to a much more noble cause, thus earning him the title "Leader of the Rack." Dan's flair for music was expressed with great talent through his membership and leadership in the D and B, which will ever be the same again.

A dual major in Marine Engineering and Historical Engineering, rumor has it that his history books glow in the dark and that he has been known to submit essays on engineering graph paper.

It is said in fightin' five that the only thing higher than Dan's QPR is the monthly gas and repair bill for his "ghetto cruiser."

One thing you can say about Dan is that everyone who knows him is nice to him — They may need a job someday! All kidding aside, Dan's greatest asset is his modesty and humility. With a Rhodes scholarship within his grasp, he is still the nicest guy we know. This man is going to go very far in Rickover's Navy and beyond. — What else can you say about a demigod.

**DONALD LESLIE MITCHELL, JR.**
Torrance, CA "Mitch"

Don Mitchell, alias "Mitch," arrived from Washington psyched for USNA and soon proved it. Plebe year he was Company Commander, participated in Plebe crew and choir, and earned stellar grades. The only problem is that he soon burned himself out and the state of his room soon changed. If you thought the wardroom foodfight of '79 was spectacular, you should have seen the foodfights in Room 3321. We were still finding dried-up, smelly apples in the closets a year later. In fact, Don soon started his own cockroach farm with all the food he brought up from the wardroom for dining/foodfights. Mitch had a constant battle deciding between aceing Mech E or chasing the women. Somehow he managed to achieve both. Don had a unique approach/avoidance attitude toward the females. Don made the term "beer goggles" a classic. How 'bout them chicks from Rutgers Don? Whatever service line Don chooses, probably Humie's Navy, we wish him luck and safe riding in one of the Company Mustangs.

Robert Lynn Moore (RoLow), 6 foot-5 inch-245 lb. H.C., was the most versatile player in the history of Navy Football. RoLow, a good old southern boy from Dothan, Alabama, played quarterback but was recruited by Navy as a tight-end. RoLow reported in Plebe year at 6-5, 215 lbs., and a real Mama's boy (you know the kind that eats popcorn by the fireplace). And like everyone else he also had girl problems. His roommates, being avid Navy fans and ex-NAPSters, immediately placed RoLow on a bulk-up program. RoLow began to pound down the brews. The first couple of years was tough RoLow encountered problems with repeatedly blowing tubes, and racking for hours in the head. But through proper guidance and conditioning, he managed to overcome these problems. He even managed to get over his women problems. (He gave them all a pearl necklace.)

After three years of proper conditioning (not letting academics interfere with in-season football and out-of-season rack), he managed to breeze through the Mechanical Engineering program, and attain the monstrous size of 6-5, 245 lbs. H.C. . . . With this magnificent physique, RoLow plays the entire offensive line for Navy O.T., O.G., C., and T.E

Dothun, AL "HC"

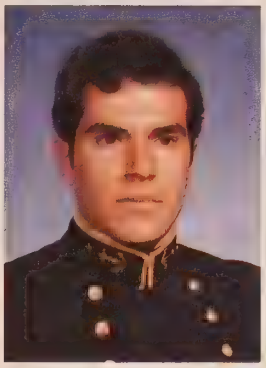
**ROBERT LYNN MOORE, JR.**

The little bugle boy of CO. 5 drifted to the Academy from the sunny shores of California. Plebe rates and academics were no match for Louie's genius IQ so he devoted his time to other pursuits, which the U.S. Post Office was thankful for. Youngster year found the California kid outnumbered in a room of 3 east coast boys, but Lou fought the late nights by hiding under his pillow trying to catch his beauty sleep. Much to the dismay of his friends at home, Lou picked up an excellent command of New York sarcasm (purely a matter of survival). Study hour would find Louie hard at work — writing letters to many of his YOUNG lady friends, reading Omni, or even dabbling in published poetry.

Lou was always a wealth of information, which sometimes fell upon the wrong ears. (Loose lips sink ships — eh Lou.) But most of his 4 years was devoted to D and B and those enumerable road trips. After the shows Lou was on the prowl — he had a keen eye for the women but he wasn't so quick with their ages. Good luck with your career in Navy Air Lou.

Hayward, CA "Louie"

**LOUIS SCOTT MOSIER**



Somewhere between the shores of South Jersey and the shores of the Severn, AJ swore that nobody would ever accuse him of being "normal."

The half-man's days were spent pursuing his major in the chemistry labs, his afternoons on the D and B fields carrying bells bigger than himself and his evening deciphering P-chem while giving Chemistry EI. As president of the Christmas Card Club he had enough phones to put Ma Bell to shame, but she was taller. AJ found his spiritual calling in the Pep Band where limitless happiness was the order of the day, he was overqualified When the legitimate activities ran out, Keebler set up a factory in his room and cookies by elf became commonplace. Stadium parking was no deal. Why pay so much more to keep such a small car so much farther away? Being a veteran of road trips to every local college, AJ's women were many and often; some lived nearby and others lived way out in eight wing. However, they were all "just good friends." AJ could find the best in everybody. Do jets have highchairs? Good luck and Fly Navy.

Beach Haven, NJ "A.J."

**ARTHUR JOSEPH PLATT**

Frodo came to us from the sunny beaches of Hialeah, Fla determined to show us that hell walks on two legs and stands under 5 feet tall. Unfortunately, the Upperclass were not impressed and Ric spent most of Plebe year signing his name and taking his rifle for long walks on the Red Beach.

Throughout the following years, Ric excelled in all manner of sports and hobbies, Brigade boxing, water polo, soccer and varsity rack were his favorites. However, even with Airborne wings and a BUDS pin on his label, Ric still found it hard to walk in the snow and to run in the dark. He always had this bad habit of falling down (what was that Jimmy legs doing out there anyway?).

His hard working days left him little time to study thus causing Ric to spend many a noisy night thinking up ways to make his stay here more memorable to his friends.

The fondest memories of cold moons, headball, martian invasions, Damneck O-Club on the 4th, the Elf and his infinite wisdom (everything really *is* perfect Ric!), embarrassing the "Foot," KT and the Pussycats, Be-bop Deluxe and Tonio K.

Thanks for showing us that short people really do stand tall.

Hialeah, FL "Ric"

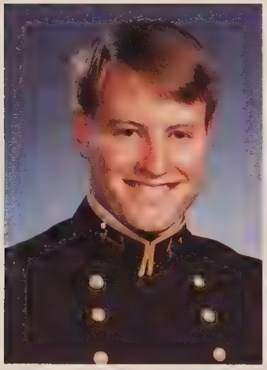
**ERIC PAUL REED**

Everett Reese, better known as French to the world (Do any Reese's use their first name) walked into USNA from the Forest down the road. French felt right at home at the Academy — and why not — half of his family was living in Bancroft. Recruited for soccer from a local "Boys" school, Frenchie shrugged the V. soccer team in order to spark the fighting five team on to victory. Destined for stripes from the days of the "No Fun Squad" French was a shoe in for CO CDR in First Class year, but rumor has it that Barb paid off the brass so French could get those 3 striper libs. When the Ring Dance rolled around French wasn't satisfied with one ring — he bought two — one for the hand and one for the nose. His BS in English Eng. has prepared him well for long periods of deep sea rack if he decides to join Uncle Hymie. Nuke power looks like the best option for French, he'll need the bonuses to pay for those phone bills.

Stay in touch French; we want to know when it's finally "Yes."

Washington, DC
"Frenchie"

**EVERETT FRENCH REESE**



A native of Shelburne, Vermont, Mike came to USNA to become a mechanical engineer and a naval officer. Neither rain, nor snow, nor dynes, nor strengths, nor "the Rocket, Nukem, Wild Bill, or the Mad Hungarian" would stop him from becoming either one. After a semester of Pep Band trips, Varsity Rifle meets, and an occasional weekend out with the boys the master would pull his grades up even to the point of being Sat. During his 2/c summer Mike was a member of the High Power Rifle Team and became designated as Captain for the next year. He declined this honor voluntarily to attend summer school and be inspected daily (honestly!). What dedication! What professionalism!! What insanity too. But then again would a sane man bake cookies and pick apples at 4 am?

While looking toward the sky for his naval career, Mike continues to enjoy the pleasures here on the ground such as biking (up hill), skiing (too fast and outrunning ski instructors) and partying, despite the fact that all of these activities require money.

Despite the Marine Corps air about him and his clothes Mike is a very considerate individual who will help all in need. A Mid to be admired and an Officer to be emulated, surely only the best will come his way as he roams the skies and keeps the world "safe for democracy."

Shelburne, VT "Rens"

**MICHAEL ALAN RENNIE**

**JAMES RAYMAN RIGHTER, JR.**

Timonium, MD "Jim"

Although Jim lives only an hour away, he seldom finds the time to go home. His Naval Arc studies and his duties within the Brigade (I mean megastripes!) along with his many hobbies, keep him very close to Mother B.

Sasquatch seldom gets mad (except when his fish died, or the cats moved in, not to mention all the little surprises the Mownk and Frodo sprang on him). Instead, Jim takes out his frustrations with karate, on the basketball court or by hunting and fishing. His newest loves are his car and his bow. We just hope his calculator isn't too heartbroken.

Since he was a Plebe, Jim has slowly lost his "sweet" and "Mr. Clean" reputation [quite undeserved!], and has succumbed to the needs of his roommates. In fact he has become quite normal!

Jim has even started stretching the regs in favor of a happier social life. [Tell us about those afternoon luncheons in Annapolis Jim-Bo!]

Jim is a fine friend that will break his back to help someone. Considering all he's had to put up with in his years here, it's a wonder he can still laugh and have a good time.

Give Rickover our love, Ω.

**MICHAEL JAMES RUSSIELLO**

Newtown, CT "Russ"

"Russ" sailed on down to the shores of the Severn for a four year stay after his RFG decided that "command-at-sea" was the way to go. That was only the beginning, however. The RFG has been going full tilt ever since. (He loves her, he loves her not . . .) The inner working of Russ' mind have never quite been unraveled.

Plebe year passed quickly. Youngster year "Mikey" was ordained the high priest of the "go with the flo" movement and it's been nothing but great times ever since. It would fill a few volumes to describe all the good times we've had: Three spring breaks in Vermont, Jamesport, Denver, Edgartown, Patriot — they've all been super!

Believe it or not, Russ still managed to hold down Sys. Eng. First Class year, though, Russ saw the light and took up Financial Mge. Who knows what the RFG will churn out next (Omega?). We've been giving you a hard time for four years, Russ, so we decided to leave it out here. We'll probably regret someday that we never put it all down in print.

If you ever find that one special girl that does not smoke, and likes to bike, sail, ski, run, play tennis, smell nice and can discuss LAPLACE, let us know! We'll come from the ends of the earth! Even Navy couldn't keep us away.

We'd wish you good luck, Russ, but you never needed it before so why bother? It's been a great four years, Russ! See you in Rickover's Navy.

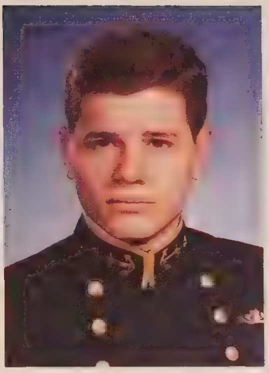
**RODMAN DWIGHT SANSONE**

Westerville, OH "Devil Dog"

All the way from NAPS came the Italian Pizzano; a mere 220 lbs. (the waddling duck). It's okay, his clothes never fit anyway. Plebe year was uneventful for Rodman. The "Joker-Instigator" only dumped water on the BOOW, wrote letters to Dougie, and sent an American fighting man picture to his buddy's girlfriend, no fear, however, for Dwight had found his first true love, "Honest it's Sharon." Sharon, an Army girl was Sheraton's finest. You know, the first ________sticks! The summer was great, cruise, guerilla warfare, and USNA in beard and mustache. Thanks Chuck.

The next few years brought women problems for Rodman. He just couldn't decide, would it be Honest Sharon, Baltimore's LEE (she only had one kid), or Ameba (a fine looking organism). That's not all; he told me he courd Denise (they were going to get married, have kids). Sweet Tina, he never could get her. The Big Girl, Sue, was she *good*. But wait Chesty Liz wasn't she at the Ring Dance?

Well, at least grades were good, and yes, if you want to talk talk about mothers, sisters, or *right here* see the Nabisco Kid. Good luck Dwight in Marine Corps Demo.



**DOUGLAS S. TRACY**

Houston, TX "Doug"

Doug Tracy, man of the world and Houston, Texas too, came to a decision several years ago while still a lad. He would honor the Naval Academy with his presence since the Air Force wouldn't take him. Doug proved that the Academy standards were, as he said, too low by his performance in academics and especially athletics where he was one of the major sources of sideline cheers for 5th Company soccer and football. EE is not an easy major for most, but once again Doug, as a 3/c, showed his prowess, by completing his nightly work by 2300 and going to sleep. Yes, sleep was important to Doug. So important that he (in collaboration with the other EE twin) threw out the third roommate (classmate loyalty?!?). This was Doug while still a lad. However Second Class year and an RX-7, as well as a brief Naval commitment, brought with it a new Doug. He became a veteran of road trips to D.C. and Paris, both of which he preferred over Hood. Using his wit to make even the worst times something to laugh about Doug was ready to tackle any problem or help anyone in need.

Doug made the last two years at the Academy a little more bearable and we all wish one of Fifth Company's finest the best of luck in the wild blue yonder.

Tim entered the Academy with a fine family tradition in submarines. Bucking this tradition, he was going pilot all the way until his eyes failed him during Second Class year. Rumor has it that this was brought on by lack of eye exercise. In fact, his eyes were seldom seen open. He did exert himself on the soccer field as well as in the Chapel Choir and in Glee Club, where his fine voice and charismatic personality earned him the position of vice-president.

Tim's hidden lust for power finally came out into the open during his reign as Bravo Company Commander for Plebe summer '81. In the fine "Fessler" tradition, he inspired the Plebes to a fever pitch of emotion. Never have a group of Mids been so psyched for drill. Too bad Tim could never get psyched for classes. Somehow, though, he managed to get himself into the National Political Science Honor Society.

We wish "The Mownk" well as he enters the Fleet as an NFO, submariner, or whatever — Rack hard, Rack fast, Rack often. L'Chaim!

Palo Alto, CA "Wa"

**TIMOTHY LANE WATKINS**

Steve Watson (or is it Watkins?) sauntered into ole USNA from Virginia Beach. He was one of those Junior-ROTC-My-Dad's-In-The-Navy types that came into Navy shooting with both barrels. He was the man with the "good room" in the famous "no fun" squad. Everything was fine with Steve until his "cousin" came to visit, and 1/c Hyde started to flame. But things weren't all bad. Steve never called himself a ladies' man — but always someone was "waiting in the wings." (In fact, some girls went just nuts over you.) You always could impress them with your rifle ability which was downright fantastic at times.

Steve's service selection is a real mystery; he had a blast on Marine option, his Dad went Surface, and he accepted Humie's challenge for a 3.0 First Class year. He was the Sub-Commander that "really ran" the Company first set, and I'm sure he'll use that Mech E mind to stay on top of things. Wherever you go Steve, remember the good times and friendship, and keep in touch. We'll (I'll) be missing you.

Alexandria, VA "Tex"

**STEPHEN JAMES WATSON**

Following in the footsteps of his older brother, Yammy's body arrived at USNA from his home nation of Hawaii, but his spirit never got on the plane.

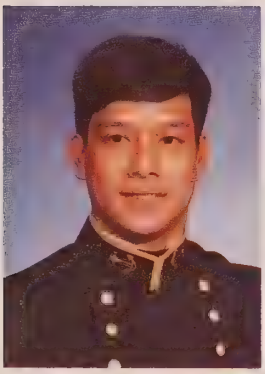
As the second of the dynamic EE duo, Yammy was one of the hardest working Mids ever to hit this place, his solid 3.0 was proof. On those few occasions when he pulled himself away from his diodes and transistors, Yams brought a unique flair to the best company soccer team in the Brigade.

With Cathy waiting loyally for him in the homestead, Craig found no interest in fare of young beauties that the mainland had to offer. He just kept on studying. Just to remind him that Hawaii still existed, Yammy kept on hand the weirdest variety of culinary delights from the Islands.

May you always be within periscope range of your home. Aloha!

Honolulu, HI "Yammy"

**CRAIG TSUNEO YAMASHITA**



Fat Gus sauntered into Crabtown from close to the City of Brotherly Love via the MMA with the fiery personality that we've all come to know and love. Who knows what would have become of 6th Company tailgaters (or, for that fact, the Army-Navy game) without the "Van" or the "ugliest bartender." Forever a member of the boys and an Economics major with an uncanny talent for the accordion, Fat Gus would let someone know that he was upset with him (just ask the Geek). They say the mission of the USNA is to produce top-notch leaders for the Naval Service. Good ole USNA outdid itself with Fat Gus who, as Company Commander, is in the middle of pulling the 6-pack out of the basement.

Impressed with the Spruance, Fat Gus will probably be spending the next 30 years on the high seas. Give Gus 3 wishes and he would ask for a new shoulder, lifetime Phillies season tickets, and lifetime Eagles season tickets. Good luck Bubbles, and Godspeed!

Mt. Ephriam, NJ "Fat Gus"

**GUSTAV ANDREW ANDERSON**

Bill "Hooker" Essex Cheney came to USNA from the WASP background of Wilton, CT. He established himself as a real performer when he got the highest grades of all the Plebes in his first semester (what happened?). His method of pursuing academic excellence could hardly be called conventional, though. During Plebe year, one well known 1/c baseball player mentioned casually that he was, "a worm." Well, he took it to heart and started to look at himself in the mirror and worry about it a little more.

Bill and Noel were testing their freedom for "third Edition" when spotted in civvies by the gate watch. Bill decided to cover for Noel, and to make a long story short, didn't enjoy November. When he dried up his Bowie Connection, he caught a case of "Roman Polanski Fever," father and daughter are doing fine, thanks.

But seriously, Hooker has always been right there when someone needed a friend. Hope you find the gold at the end of the rainbow, buddy, and in five years . . . suburban line, mighty fine.

Wilton, CT "Hooker"

**WILLIAM ESSEX CHENEY**

Matt came to USNA from the sunny skies of Florida with a Busch in one hand, and an oyster in the other. Never one to let MIDNREGS get him down, Matty found time to open an in-house bar, and incorporate a Midnight Wrecking Co. — earning him black N's for each. A born soccer star, Matt could often be seen on Dewey perfecting his sliding tackles, or looking for pieces of his glasses.

A budding Oceanographer, Fluids got the best of him, and Physical Science snatched him up. An avid 5%er, Matt was known to stagger around many a Sunday morn with a dozen phone numbers ("Phil, who ARE these girls???"). The King of Hood College, Dahlgren Hall, and the O-Club, Matt even wangled a brief "exchange program" with the 'Point.' (You're a disgrace to the Corps, Mister!") A great roommate, and a better friend, Matt's future remains a mystery. One thing's for sure, he will always be known as one of the "Boys" (a true ZBMW) from Six. Best of luck Matt, and how DO you tie a square knot anyway???!

Orlando, FL "Spicolo"

**MATTHEW B. CISSEL**

### GEORGE ROBERT CLIFTON

Pataskala, OH "Horhay"

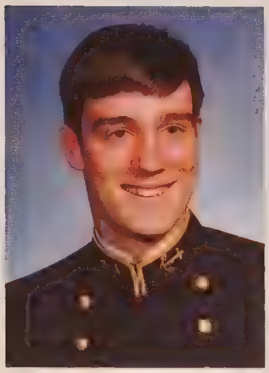
On land, sea and air, Horhay is there. George was sent to USNA by the State of Ohio because he couldn't pay off a speeding ticket. Military life turned out to be no problem for this speed demon Aero major. Even as a Firstie his leathers looked better than his Plebes' grease FAMS. In command of a YP he showed that his expertise in conning ships was excelled only by his skill at driving cars. So why go NFO?

Though no woman stole his heart, he had plenty. Where the females lost out his Audi made out. Horhay's amazing with cars. He changes his engine when the oil goes bad. His future Audi collection will have a fine owner. I'm sure he will make a fine NFO if he doesn't blow the plane apart with his sneeze or hiccups. Few will do as well as George.

### DAVID H. CLOPP

Melrose Park, PA "Fred"

None of us expected a redneck to come from the north side of Philly, but Fred has often been the exception to the rule. With Fred the only thing constant was change. He consistently changed his music tastes, musical instruments, ECA's, sports, service selection, and girl friends, but we could always count on Fred to go out and have a good time. One of those times, being the redneck that he is, he crashed a gate doing 98, leaving his mark on Hood, not to mention his proficiency at being a two ZBMW leaving a different mark. Living out of his laundry bag and his sleeping bag, Fred always seemed to find time to get the important things done, like watching MASH or going out for a beer, but he always had time for his friends. When Fred gets turned on he goes all out, which is why his body is ready to fall apart and why he will be a success at anything he wants. So Fred, the "Boys" wish you the best of luck in the future and don't let your meat loaf.



### CHRIS COMI

Bennington, VT "Comatose"

Chris left the slopes of Killington for four years, just long enough to get an education. While in Annapolis he chose girls as his exciting new pastime. By the end of his stay, Chris was quite good with the girls, although three addresses on the same napkin is still overkill. When he was not battling the opposite sex, Chris fought the elements and the coach out on the links. School was just a matter of discipline for Chris. Without his 2300 curfew he would never be graduating where he is now. His friend Pinky showed Chris how to be flexible, but things don't bend that way in real life. So who cares about Comi? He is the winner of the Saturday night Foster's Shoot. We leave Chris now with a resounding bass quack and our best wishes in the Nuclear Navy.

### PHILIP DAVIDSON

St. Louis, MO "Fad"

Phil came to us from the "Show Me" State, and he did just that. In fact, he "showed" more than he should have. Plebe year, Phil showed a knack for academics, but by Youngster year he became a 5%er and found his true calling . . . his rack! Who could forget those moments at the docks; Old Weller and Boomer's at the Buzzard; Disco Dahlgren; Quantico ("If I put you guys in the same fire team, will you promise not to screw around?"); road sodas; Riordan's; Hood; and, "What would you do if . . .?" Even as a Physics major, the "Fad" found time to be both a lover and a fighter. If he wasn't planning trips to Dallas to see Tracy, he could be found at the pool swimming or playing water polo. While in the water, "Fad" gained the respect of his opponents. If he couldn't impress them with his talent, he "impressed" them with his aggressiveness (Phil: 1 nose, Opponents: 0).

Phil will always be remembered as one of the "Boys" from Six. Good luck to both you and Tracy — and "Scratch, Pal."

**NOEL MARQUEZ DAVIS**

Fresno, CA

"Noel The Hoel"

A very reliable source once said that "trying to make Noel into a Systems major was like trying to put a square peg in a round hole." If anyone could pull it off, it was Noel. Despite having an uncanny knack for putting his foot in his mouth, especially in front of officers, or the Annapolis police, Noel managed to squirm out of at least 2 class A's. And speaking of squirming . . . Noel managed to snake the Company Commander's girlfriend Second Class year, ending forever the road trips to Hood . . . Noel, a master at financial mismanagement, always seemed to be broke, but no poor man ever had so much fun. Noel always had a way of getting by much to the dismay of the financial advisor. First Class year found Noel with two very unlikely roommates, one of whom is still seeking revenge for a golden shower that he received Youngster year. It also brought many road trips to C and VI$ION$ of Nuke Power School. I have no doubts that Noel will find a way to get whatever he desires, and the rest of us can sleep soundly at night, because he's already got a girlfriend. Lots of luck Noel.

**ALFRED M. DOBLER**

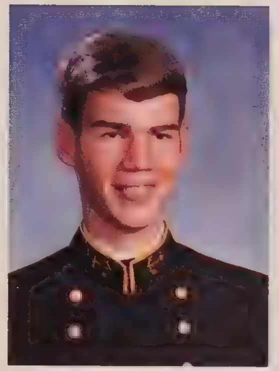
Bronx, NY "Conrad"

Al came to this institute with a burning desire to prove himself a member of the elite "creme of the crop." It didn't take him long to attain his goal so he had no other choice but to concentrate his capable energies into other fields. He was dedicated not only to his work but also to his "extracurricular activities." His Aryan characteristics and Bronx accent combined to drive fear into the hearts of those who didn't know him. Those who thought they did know him were often surprised by his occasional eccentric behavior, a behavior which resulted in the nicknames "Mad Dog" and "Conrad." The appearance of "Betsy" marked a turning point in Al's life. Al treated her with utmost care and courtesy and will reap the benefits of many "rides" to come. I, for one, will never forget the good times, the Bronx hospitality and the constant mind games of a good friend. Good luck in your future, even if I should lose the bet!

Frieds rolled in from NAPS C.C. with a mega-bucks sound system, and no place to use it. What beer was to us, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner were to him. Since he validated Plebe academics (What's Econ?") he became part of the Varsity Sailing Team, Fencing Team and Glee Club. He over-achieved again and found a new ECA — Eastern Girls School 101 and 201, which turned the walls into viable transportation. The piano was his true outlet, however, which he proved during 2/c sabbatical. He returned from 1/c cruise looking like Casper's big brother, swearing that boomers were the best thing since scotch on the rocks. An Audi and a timely rescue by a Marine (but don't count on it again, Paul!) kept him on keel and headed for fast attacks where we're sure he'll excel — If he can bring his B and O.

Yardley, PA "Frieds"

**PAUL DAVID FRIEDRICHS**



Steve specialized in bashful, bummed-out, broad-shouldered, beer (all three), babes (all sixteen), and a really big bootie. After a two-year tangle with prep school, Bootie packed his trash and headed for USNA. (His folks packed up and went to Florida.) At first, Oceanography was his wish, but the AC Board erased his whim. He then majored in judo. He also always had a hard time finding his way back to USNA on weekends. Steve always seems to get the shaft from the women even though he thinks Barbie won't leave him. Time will tell. Steve has the shortest fuse in the Academy probably because he is one of the shortest Mids. Steve has a big heart (along with the bootie) and we'll see him in the air as an NFO or in the mud as a grunt, in jail as a comedian, in Greece as a tour guide, in Pete's as a pool shark, on T.V. as a midget wrestler or in hock for being broke.

Pennsville, NJ "Bootie!"

**HARRY STEPHEN GATANIS**

John first tasted life as a rat. Then he decided not to pay for school. His first years in Navy were spent learning the basics, how to throw pennies, how to sail on weekends and how to blast Ayatollan and the opera on the stereo. Come Second Class year our lightweight John began to hit the Vivarin and Mountain Dew. He ran like a big dog to Texas, met a TI-SS, almost got bounced at bingo and vacuumed the house, all in one week. Now John is almost changed. He can no longer wrestle three and win. He has his fill of flippin', flappin', flaming waffle, has hid road trip qual. And a little red pony. Though now corrupted, John will always do what is right. Proper etiquette will be observed and the Firsties will wear ties. Being from Three Mile Island, John is headed for Nuke school. His attitude and ideas give him limitless horizons in the Navy.

Camp Hill, PA "John-son"

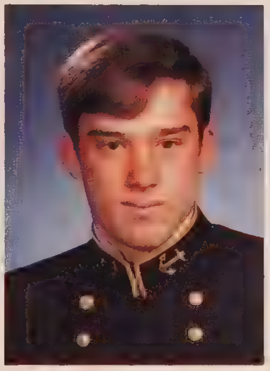
**JOHN WILLIAM JUDGE**

Bill has the privilege of being the first person to enter the Academy in order to avoid entering the Navy. After enlisting he figured it was safer to endure five years at NAPS and USNA, and have a chance to sow his wild oats. He certainly had some "wild" oats. Upon being dubbed "Wild Bill" his Plebe year, he tried his utmost to live up to his billing. After a long dive off a boat and a short stay with the Norfolk Police he had everyone convinced, especially the "Bagger."

The next few years brought about a mellowing in his actions. He was reduced to perching like a gargoyle on the ledge he's so fond of. Bill made the whole route of sports: lax, football, soccer, fieldball. However his greatest workouts occurred on the weekends when he took up running like a gazelle. Bill has always been set on flying, whether it be Navy, Marine, helos, props or jets. The "Boys" wish you the best of luck. May you always have a green meatball.

Crystal Lake, IL "Wild Bill"

**WILLIAM KEARLEY**

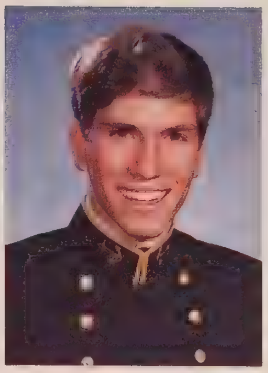


UNITE IRELAND

**JOHN F. KELLY**

Fortyfort, PA

From the Irish coal mining town of Fortyfort, Pennsylvania, John Francis Kelly came to the Naval Academy, a small yet lean and mean Marine Corps prospective. We didn't know he could count past one, and he confirmed that by not being able to keep track of the number of beers he drank (especially when it was Guinness)! John was a quiet type (because he didn't want to call attention to the fact that he had more hair on his back than on his head) except when he sang those bawdy songs he learned from the Rugby Team. John's serious nature kept his grades high as he worked for the Honor Committee, while on weekends he went out with the "Boys." An all around good Irishman, John will be at home in green.



**FRANK J. KOYE**

Highland Park, NJ "Koye-Boy"

Frank came to USNA from New Jersey. Despite this, he became my best friend and roommate of three years.

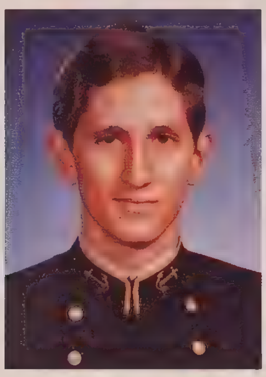
During Frank's four years at the Academy, he has excelled in everything but Plebe summer. He wasn't nicknamed Space-cadet Koye for his aeronautical skills. But seriously, Frank got his act together after Plebe summer both grade-wise and conduct-wise. In fact he's never been fried (since Plebe summer of course).

Frank will most likely be remembered for his ability with the women. The man is a pure and simple stud, ask him he'll tell you so. In four years Frank has maintained girlfriends in Canada, Florida, California and of course Indiana, to name just a few. If only half of what Frank tells me is true, he deserves an award ... or something, but don't let him near my sister.

If it were possible to major in ECA's Frank would have done it. He managed to make it through a tough E.E. major while being: Drill Team Commander, a photographer, a member of the Glee Club and three choirs, a hop rep., and the business manager for the Ring Dance. Frank has never been one to leave a base untouched. Who else would diligently attend three religious services a week (Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish)?

Well Koye-Boy, time to say good-bye, don't let those subs get to you. Take it easy.

Landshark



### HANS LAURITZ LARSEN

Springfield, VA "Leggs"

Philistine's (angry); Girls who don't sweat much (very drunk); The Boss (happy); Lila (Ring Dance); Bar, Nancy, Lindsay (those that could have been), Big Mo (she who should have been); Systems (we're #1); Navy Swimming (strive to be #1); Friend (one of the best).

All these things apply to Hans or "Leggs" (because of his tall wiry frame, nautilus you know, . . ., which way to the beach?). Some of his characteristics are persistence, competitiveness, and "pissed offness." He is persistent in trying to win over his OAO. Flowers, letters, or visits were not enough. He has yet to find the ultimate weapon. His competitiveness showed in swimming and academics. His sometimes "pissed off" nature came from Plebe summer. He had that look about him. 1/c year gave him Plebe summer detail (most spirited, you know), a platoon (special request chits and striper practice), a '68 Firebird (road trips, nights out with the boys, more chances at Big Mo). This boy was Born to Run, or should I say Born to Run *Deep!*

### ERIC ALLEN LARSON

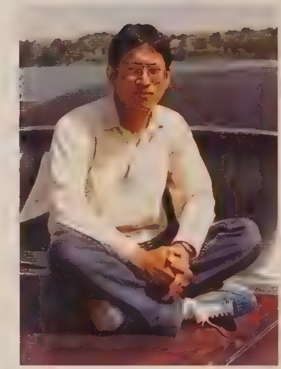
Los Gatos, CA "el Caballo"

Eric rolled into USNA sure he could handle anything they threw at him, and he was right. Realizing that bull was his strong point he became a History major, and he hasn't looked back since. Youngster year brought on his engagement to the girl back home, and the start of his career as a late night philosopher. Second Class year found Eric enjoying life as it came. More late night laughs and an occasional game of Air War took up his free time. Over spring break he picked up his road trip qual as a member of the Annapolis to Austin, Texas rapid transit team. Splitting his time between history and D and D Eric awaits graduation, that Nuke Power bonus, and his marriage to Gayle. Good luck in the Fleet, the Navy is getting a fine officer.

### PAUL DONALD LIMBACHER

Bellingham, WA "Limp"

Paul flew in from the great Northwest with visions of glory, only to find that water skiing was not a varsity sport (no club even!) here. His natural showmanship soon found its niche, and after three hard years of platter spinning it was only natural that he become the boss of his baby — WRNV. His talent for keeping the admin BS flowing out faster than it could collect has taken its toll though, and it's rare to find him outside of Econ classes (asleep), the Lot (working on the 'stang — a tribute to the Golden Age), or the station. And girls — ah, yes! A true ladies' man, Paul was constantly dazzling us with the various splendors of femininity (I always fly Pan Am to Queens! and most recently, "What if he comes home, though?"). Not to mention road trips (Cleveland? Hah!), roommates ("I'm surrounded by assassins!"), and sleep (What can you do with Vivarin and nicotine?). The best of luck as you tackle the outside, and we'll see you in the fleet — PAO, right?



### EDWIN BORJA MANZANO

San Diego, CA "Ed"

Ed Head cruised into Naptown after a mellow year at UCal Bezerkley, and was promptly christened the six-pack radical. Not exactly "in" to water sports, Ed managed to be on watch four times in a row rather than sail knockabouts, and if God wanted us to swim he would have given us fins, no!? When it came to classes, Ed could sweat as much as three mere mortals; who else sleeps with their feet on the deck? Once we finally dragged him to Dahlgren though, nothing could hold him back — after all, Ed loved disco before it was even popular. Nobody has ever had more girls-for-friends, but then came Second Class year! Set up with a future Plebette (who could have known?) and loved it. Geography's nice! Then spring road trips and CCC — some even closer friends. First Class and Adjutant — who'd be better for *the* sweat job? Ed keeps threatening to don the Scarlet and Gold, but whatever he does, this quiet, hardworking Southern Californian can't help but be number one.

### SANDRA LEE MARTIN

Cumberland, MD

"Sandy"

Sandy came to the Academy determined to become a mechanical engineer. She succeeded at learning all the things the EM Department had to teach, but through the years she learned a variety of other lessons too! Plebe year she found out: how not to wear her cover, where not to eat cupcakes, how to drink wine coolers, and that the Southwest was a real place! Youngster cruise was an exciting whirl of places, including some more concentration of the Southwest. Youngster year let swimming take a backseat to Masqueraders. This group led Sandy from her innocent image of Little Orphan Annie to that of being a fan of Rocky Horror Picture Show.

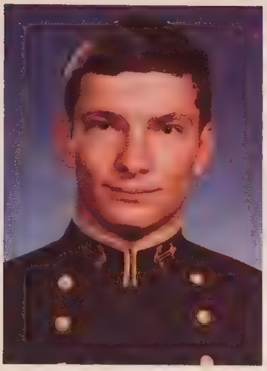
After a studious 2/c year, 1/c cruise was a good change of pace. In fact, this cruise showed Sandy that she wanted to be a civil engineer, a billet that we all wish her good luck in.

### EMMI ALEXANDRIA MCLEAN

Great Falls, MT "Em"

Emmi showed up on Mother B's doorstep with a huge suitcase. Since then her travels have included Kentucky, New York, Hawaii, Turkey and Germany, and her luggage has gotten heavier with every trip.

Most of her Plebe year was devoted to crew. Her efforts paid off — she became Varsity Coxswain and lettered three times. Emmi couldn't wait for Herndon; she celebrated a little prematurely. Youngster cruise was a good time. Third and Second Class years she spent yelling — either with the Navy football fans or at her winning crew shell. First Class summer was divided between Montana (home), San Diego (cruise) and Annapolis (Plebe detail). Being head cheerleader keeps her busy but she still finds time to go cruising in her flashy red Celica.



### MARK ALLEN MILLER

Golden, CO

"HIS FALCON"

Mark Miller, he came to us a man nearly NPQ. "But we can rebuild him," said the surgeons. "We can make him nearly as good as he was, perhaps as strong, but we can't do a thing about those flipping flapping feet!" True, he was no superman. He was a man more inclined to use the 'vator than leap the building. He was not more powerful than a locomotive, but with the proper tools, he was more than a match for his feisty MG. And he wasn't faster than a speeding bullet, but he could always be counted on to return fire.

In time he became HIS FALCON, hunter of renown and faithful companion. On countless occasions, for seemingly endless hours, he sat perched attentively helping his master through his "BS" degree.

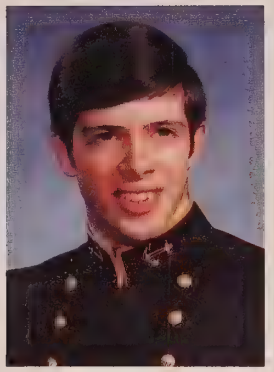
He liked his fun, and when it came to his "toys," he could have been a soldier-of-fortune, but he went Corps . . . at least now they can claim one of the few good men.

### ERNEST PAUL PETZRICK

Annapolis, MD

Shovelhead moseyed in from the far bank of the Severn to entertain his squad through Plebe summer with his dumbhappy looks and floppy ears. An experienced mountaineer, spelunker, swimmer, and the little brother of an airborne Woop, he was a polished reconner from the word go. Starting with the levitation of Coke machines, he was soon scaling the walls of Bancroft and rappelling down tug-of-war ropes from 7-4. Drowning in the depths of Ocean Engineering, he was able to take out his frustrations on the O-course with his boots on his feet, an M-1 on his back, and 3" of snow on the ground, or running back from the stadium 10 minutes before taps with an overcoat and a belly full of gin.

Finally he did see stars, but only a single star on his right breast pocket as skipper of a Y.P. After his 3 day leave 1/c summer, Ernie terrorized the Regiment as 2nd set Port Batt supply. It came as a great relief to '85 when an angel of mercy wired his jaw shut Ac year. A born boat driver, this guy is going straight to the top, ding ding . . . ding ding . . . New Jersey, departing . . . ding.



### MICHAEL QUERCIA

North Massapequa, NY
“Quorchero”

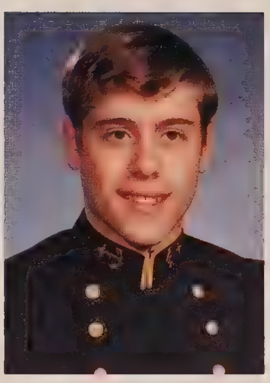
When Quorchero came galloping in on his pommel horse from the Island (with a beer mug in his hand), we knew from the start that he was truly unique. While working extremely long, hard hours during the week he consumed massive quantities of coffee. (We thought we detected a slight Columbian accent in his speech . . . well, maybe it wasn't the coffee.) Always considered an artist of sorts, “Picasso” created many classic late night body paintings, as well as design a lovely new two-piece rifle. He was also quite the interior decorator . . . yes, Mike, that desk did blend in better at the bottom of the staircase. Mike always kept us laughing with his quick wit and is the author of some not-so-famous Naval sayings, our favorite being his battle cry: “D's and F's really suck. Ya know?” He has always been a fierce competitor and we know he will excel in whatever he chooses to do. So, Mikey, the “Boys” wish you the best of luck in the future; don't forget to take your “vagabond shoes” with you wherever you go and try not to eat too many Jalapeno peppers!

### SEAN A. STEEVES

Schenectady, NY
“Landshark”

Sean always kept a low profile as a Midshipman, yet he was hardworking, enthusiastic, and determined. This facet of Sean's character was particularly evident during sports such as cross-country, cycling, squash, tennis, downhill skiing, waterskiing, backpacking, and auto racing. “Red Fox” especially enjoyed those speed trials from Annapolis to William and Mary, armed with only a CB radio and a superheterodyne radar detector. He spent so much time at William and Mary that we suspect he was made an honorary member of Kappa Delta.

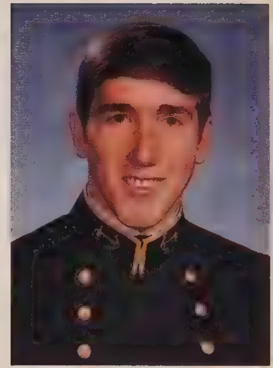
A night owl, Sean definitely was . . . by night — a playboy/struggling student, by day — “Rip Van” Steeves, distinguishing himself by his ability to catch Z's and deuces sleeping through classes and formations. Landshark has tangled with the system at Mother “B” from the very beginning. But that's all right Sean, as a stockmarket $ucce$$ and knowledgeable audiophile you are in a class by yourself. Yes, Sean. You red-headed rogue, you made it through the four years as a Midshipman and as an electrical engineer to boot.



### PETER ALEXANDER STRAIT

New York City, NY

He came from distant lands called “The Big Apple,” and began a violent struggle to realize his dream: becoming a fighter pilot. A Mets fan and a spokesman for Japanese cars, Pete fought hard to keep the freedom to do things “his own way,” and set out to be an EE man, even rooming with Flash, Jr. as a Youngster. He soon found that wild trips to Hood and tough workouts on his weights were more fun. Surviving a strange encounter with a Long Island vampire, he switched to a tangible major and soon could be found leading our ultimate team with his “frisbee genes” or wrestling under the stars at Meriweather Post (was she cute?). He and “Zooke” soon became the Asteroids Kings of Annapolis. May found our hero buying a crisp black Celica and whisking off to charm schoolgirls in Florida. Despite his refusal to comb his hair, Pete's boyish charms and knack with a come-on make him a favorite with the ladies, and have earned him some lifetime buddies.



### JOHN JOSEPH VINIOTIS

Massapequa Park, NY
“Otis”

Road sodas, New York New York, Why am I naked? Shout! Godzillas, Blue Van, How about them Islanders!, I can't go in there with this? I know!, Second runner up 2 BMW, Rolling Stones, Willie Nelson, Fat girls in Florida, Navy Air.

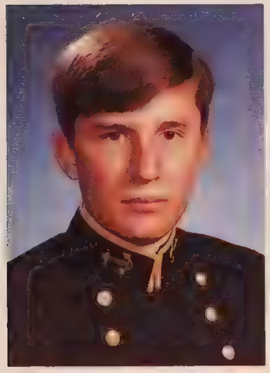
Since Bone came to the Academy, he has developed into an officer (any day now) and a gentleman (most of the time). Being a Math major he spent many long nights cursing the Greek alphabet (Sorry Mr. V.). But when the weekend arrived, out came the long haired, noble, fair, leaping gnome, prancing nude down the hallways of the Company area. As a Batt. lax and football player, Otis was always on the winning team. Most of all Bone found his special purpose, and something he really likes to do. Don't lose your New York State of Mind and keep a stiff upper lip. You're one of the boys. What time is it? Busch time!

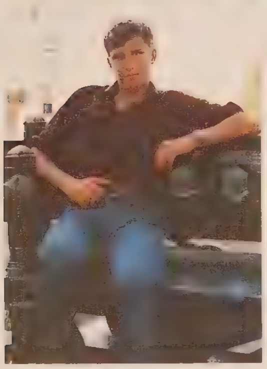
Jack arrived from Rochester, Minnesota, with his nose already full grown (compared to the rest of him). John Botek claimed that Jack was sent here by his mother only to torment him. Yes, she knew. The sniveling, rat-faced git managed to get mega-stripes out of sheer sympathy from the bagger. The reward for these was several MOOW tours, one featuring the Masqueraders and "Ralph on the Floor."

Jack grew a little — enough to fit men's running shoes — and immediately added marathons to his relief valve of Garfield comics and trucker's music. Before his father could tell a joke, he was living in the Lone Star State (they should have fried his parents). There he chased armadillos after setting the X1/9 division Annapolis-to-Austin road rally record. His brain hurt a lot while he got excellent Aero grades, and it manifested itself in the form of Droopy, his hernia. Service selection is still up in the air (he hopes), but the Fleet will make room as Jack's enthusiasm and abilities carry him forward.

Georgetown, TX "Skink"

**JOHN R. WASSINK**





We'll always remember "Z" as a Marine singing his famous cadence during the football marchovers. Well, . . . not really, but I needed something to write about. Dan came to us from the mighty State of Wisconsin (Go Packers!) after spending 18 months in the Corps, and 1 year at NAPS. I guess some of us need more preparation than others. That preparation paid off though 'cause Dan did well here and got along well with mostly everyone. Too bad he had to leave for 1 semester because of his Battalion position. I never really did see Dan study much, that is until 2/c year when an operation put him out and at Bethesda for 2 months. Dan, did the tire tracks on your back have anything to do with it? At least that nite you won the battle.

Drinking with Z on the weekends was always an experience (if you could remember it) with him usually breaking the ice with women of all types (were they really Redskins cheerleaders?). If I remember correctly, Dan went to Hood only once. After all, it is a long long walk back. Hey Dan, are you still welcome at Mary Washington? We still don't know what the ex-Marine is going after graduation. Lately he's been talking about Naval Intelligence. Too bad, Navy intelligence and Zeise are contradictory terms. Dan, the best of luck in whatever field you pursue, and may you never get confused as to which lucky lady you're seeing this weekend.

Greenbay, WI

**DANIEL F. ZEISE**

Michael J. Bateman, alias Marv, Batman, or Batenurd, flew into crabtown from the beautiful city of Portland, Oregon. He never forgave himself for not buying a round-trip ticket. If it wasn't pep and the humidity, it was the rates, the firsties, or drill.

Four years as a beater and blower gave Mike two stripes, a sword, and exemption from company drill, a blessing he has never stopped counting.

Mike will never forget how the tower jump, boxing, gymspaztics, swimming, the Oh-God course, the mile, the sturggle, etc., abused his fragile physique; Marv preferred a subscription to "Model Railroading" over "Charles Atlas."

Mike became infinitely familiar with the lab deck in Rickover Hall as he spent many endless hours playing with little toy boats in a big tub of water. But this infantile behavior was forgiven as Mike successfully sacrificed weekends and holidays to major in Naval Architecture. Congratulations for a job well done, Mike. Good luck in the surface Navy. Remember, the only good wings are bridge wings.

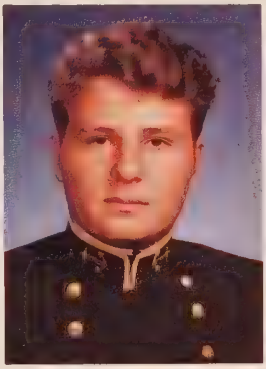
Portland, OR "Marv"

**MICHAEL J. BATEMAN**

Bill was known by several different names including Chief, Pilsbury, and of course the Infamous Rack Man. Bill was a guy who strived to get everything he could out of a day: classes, sports, homework, and eighteen hours of rack. The Phys Ed Dept. is most gracious to Bill; he battled through mile runs, O-courses, and applied struggles, and all along he kept Coach Lenz in a job. He also had a car that could have kept the auto club busy for months. Senior tailgaters would not have been what they were without his organization and leadership though. Company sports found a home for Bill, as he was quite good at both softball and soccer. His intelligence was often shown by being able to keep his EE major, his grades, and the rack. Disco Bill will always be remembered as a man of many women. It is said that life at USNA was truly more pleasant because of him. Fly High Bill!

Duquion, IL "Beach Ball"

**WILLIAM WALTER BEACH**



He is that skinny old boy from Cleveland, Ohio, sometimes called Uberman, or more affectionately known by the plebes as Uncle Roy. All these names portray John's most visible quality, his ability to bring laughter into an otherwise dull and mundane academy routine. But, John's contribution to academy life doesn't end here. He is also an accomplished leader. He is respected by his subordinates and superiors alike. His goal in life is to be a great politician someday and own a Cleveland sports club. From what we have seen from John, he has the potential and cunning to succeed. We all wish him luck.

Cleveland, OH "Rooster"

**JOHN BLACKBURN**

Call him Bones or Crazy Legs and the big man just smiles. Bob Bonner mastered the art of self-preservation at Navy by sticking to the principles of the golden rule: "Treat others as you would have them treat you." Although he was a physically imposing man with a bull's dimensions, Bob never pushed his presence on anyone. During our midnight wrestling raids, however, you'd want him on your side. Bob was also quite a story teller, and if the punch line didn't get you his contagious laugh would. Our Plebe year tested the limits of Bob's patience, and at times exceeded that limit (but I won't go into that; he knows). That unpleasant experience has instilled in Bob an appreciation for the other guy, so his subordinates in the Fleet will grow to admire and respect him. Our four years together were unique, frustrating, hilarious, upsetting, grand, unforgettable, and certainly rewarding. Whatever Robert Bonner does in the Navy will be to his credit.

Good luck, Bob.

Mt. Laurel, NJ "Bob"

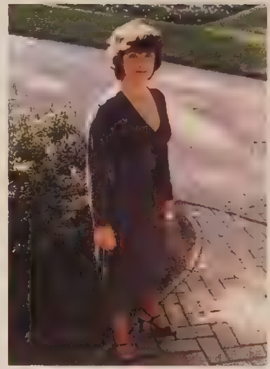
**ROBERT A. X. BONNER**

**JEFFREY C. BRIGHT**

Camas, WA "No-So"

Jeff came to us from the wild west with an active mind that would occasionally short circuit, hence the name "Not-So." He has worked hard at maintaining this state of being through such actions as slamming his rifle butt onto his toes, tripping over his own shadow while jogging (end result: broken arm), remembering where he put his glasses, and ordering a shirley temple on his 21st birthday.

Neither we nor Jeff will forget plebe year: Horton, Vaughn, and "fried ham." Youngster year saw Jeff a permanent member of the excused squad, and a devoted guitar player who serenaded roommates at zero dark thirty. Second class year saw Jeff wondering why he was still a math major, something he still wonders about. He also wrote many a letter to many a girl throughout the U.S., which caused many an interesting moment as dances approached. But seriously, Jeff has been a great roommate and friend, one who has always been willing to have fun, either with choir, glee club, or with the guys. Best of luck, Jeff, and go NFO!



**JENNIFER ELLYN BROOKS**

Fairfax, VA "Jenn"

Other than not being totally of this world, Jennifer did very well as a midshipman. Never will I let her forget that she was a bull major, but the Academy definitely lost the best student teacher, the most enthusiastic member of the English curriculum committee, and the beautiful Queen of France. These losses can only be tolerated because her goal is to be an English prof back at USNA in '92. Navy will also be receiving the greatest diplomat it will ever know. Although her book on the subject of task organization may never be a best seller, if there was a job that had to be done through wit, tact, or smooth talking, no one could beat Jennifer. Her love of the literature of old England, show tunes and drink, was only surpassed by her love of M&M's (especially Roland, dear Roland), burping in the hall, and a certain logic used by the administration of a familiar institution. When you're the commanding officer of YP pennant 3, I better get an invitation to formation.

**DAVID PATTON DINGMAN**

Los Angeles, CA "Dinge"

Dear old Dave began his naval career here at the Academy after having spent a year in a civilian college. What a decision! He gave up the sunny, warm palm tree Shangrila of Southern California and traded in the hot roller queen for drill trou and geek glasses. Here is one dedicated kid! And how many of us remember old Dave fetching them footballs for the Varsity team?

Dave was not without his troubles, lest we forget the big move from the ambitious Double E to that cake Systems major. Oh! I guess it wasn't exactly easy but Dave got lots of help from Seventh Co. Super Geek Robertson who would keep him awake during study hour. Dave found time to have fun in spite of constant frustration. One Youngster weekend he clamored into my room inquiring about a tape recorder; it appeared that a hot date awaited Dave's indigenous Beach Boy's music. It must have worked because Dave was late for taps, something he was not known for. What is worse than McGehee in a wardroom? A Dingo vs. McGehee comment war during the only showing of the year of Mel Brooks' "Silent Movie."

Dave's critics may laugh at his naval career but little do they know that he is already the class' first Admiral. Dingo will do fine in the Fleet and I hope his wish to be a Nuke will come true. Good luck Dave.

**ROBERT EUGENE DUNCAN**

Kensington, MD "Dunc"

Good 'ole Dunc. If you were ever in need of torment and aggravation, without hostility, Bob Duncan is your man. Actually he was quite a lovable guy who showed his sincere affection by sticking a wet finger in your ear, hitting you with his sword, or "just being Dunc." Bob was an accomplished marksman on the rifle team, and his efforts earned him team captain. With Bob's many attributes (too numerous to list — wet finger?), his best and most beautiful asset is Janet. When seeing the two together one cannot help wondering, "Why him?" Just kidding Bob, you deserve the best. With his high and tight hair cut Bob is really ready for Marine Air. An easy going friendly nature makes Bob a Navy memorable. Good luck in the future.

Krista came from the wild state of New Jersey just to be here in Annapolis on that fateful day back in July '78. However, no one had told Kris that she had to stay and when she tried to return home, she discovered her parents had moved away and left no forwarding address. So she decided to hang around on 5-0. Plebe summer was not much fun for Kris but she quickly learned the loopholes of good 'ole Jack, weekends, room parties, and good friends. Kris settled down to be a real mid, although she couldn't have been *that* real because she whizzed thru this place with a QPR high in a double major, dozens of stripes, and enough accomplishments to make your head spin. Always the busy type, Kris is into crew, battalion basketball, and cross country. Never known as having nothing to say, Kris's favorite motto is, "Did you hear the joke about . . .?" A great gal, Kris is always ready to give a helping hand and a corny joke to everyone. She's the best and we all love her. Knock 'em dead in the fleet.

Bridgewater, NJ "Kris"

**KRISTA HAGMANN**

Clay "C.T." Henry came to Annapolis on that hot summer day from the big city of Gilbertsville, PA. A country club lover at heart, Clay brought with him a quest for leisure at Bancroft Summer Camp. He could always be heard saying how sorry he was that he hadn't brought a camera to Plebe summer to record those more enjoyable times. With leisure in mind, Clay, who is a lover of machines (Mech E. major), could often be caught dreaming of driving on back roads with his V-12 Jaguar, E-type. The only thing better than his taste for cars was C.T.'s taste in women. He has never come close to winning the coveted golden bride award. The call of excitement had C.T. ready for Navy air, but slightly bad eyes and the look of U.S. dollars has C.T. working hard to be the best Nuke of the Navy.

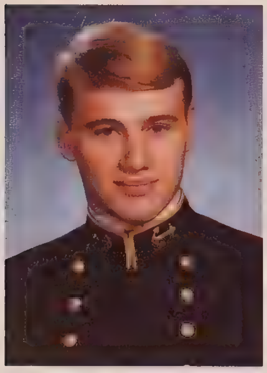
Gilberts, PA "C.T."

**CLAY T. HENRY**

Known as Buck, Dud, or just Marty, this Indiana country boy has become a quiet leader at the Academy and has won the respect and trust of his friends. He is one that enjoys a good time and the taking of an occasional chance as seen in excursions to Washington, Columbus, and Rolling Prarie. He, also, has a good sense of humor, as seen in his choice of companions, both male and female. He is not one to take a challenge lightly and has shown this characteristic in his perseverance in the face of the Raket, Mad Dog, and Nuke 'Em. A Christian who wasn't blessed with the best of pitching arms, Marty has made the best of a few bad situations and should find much success both in the Navy and out.

Rolling Prarie, IN "Marty"

**MARTIN DAMON HUNDLEY**



John, "Juan," came to us from the rebellious city of Richmond. But Juan was no rebel. He was able to kick back and take the Academy in stride. Nothing proved to be too much of a problem for Juan, except maybe for talking (Jimmee Henndreex), or reading the pounds of mail that stacked up on his desk. Aside from these major problems John was one of the few who had time to do other things than study. He was always ready to "prep up" and "pop out" for a good time. (SOMF)

John will always lead his own way of life, and the inability of the Academy after four years to change him is proof of that. The Navy is getting a great guy from the city of the Monuments, and I don't think another 5 or 20 years will change him either. Who would want it to anyway?
GO VA. BEAT YEKNOM!

Richmond, VA "Juan"

**JOHN PAUL HYNES**

Jack is a one-of-a-kind type guy. Most people are said to be born from a particular mold, well Jack's mold was thrown away after he was born. He is a great guy to say the least. Jack has done some pretty crazy things over the years, so for Jack's sake I think we will just leave it at that.

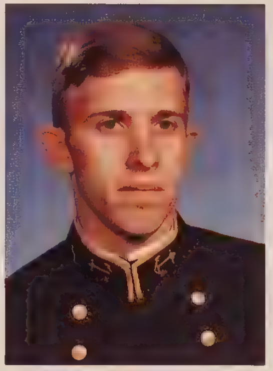
I guess the best way to describe Jack would be to say that he is a hard working individual at whatever he does. He works hard but also parties hard. He has earned a varsity letter in crew and has managed to maintain a 3.4 QPR, which is impressive, especially since his major is Chemistry.

Even though he rowed crew and studied hard, Jack seemed to always find time for going "over the wall" (oops), chasing girls, and partying whenever the opportunity arose.

Jack has hopes of becoming a doctor some day, and I wish him the best in fulfilling this goal. Take care Jack, good luck, and we will be seeing you out there in the fleet!

Sarasota, FL "Jack"

**JOHN M. KENNEDY**

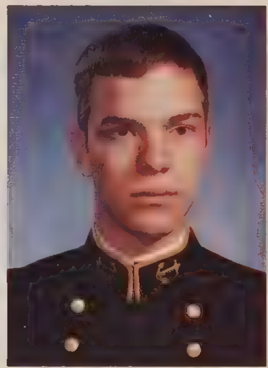


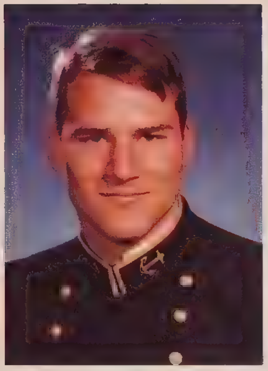
Phil has definitely left his mark on the Naval Academy. The most audible of these marks was his love of music. Phil could often be found basking in excessive volumes of Led Zeppelin, his favorite group. It is amazing to think he passed his hearing test with almost a perfect score.

Service selection has never been a problem, Phil has been a Marine since Induction Day. Often he could be seen wandering the halls in his cami shirt with his pockets full of figgies. Momentos of his recon ability would often appear on the Company chalk boards. But his only true love was flight. If airplanes didn't exist, I'm sure Phil would invent one in order to fly. To him there is nothing like the freedom of the open skies in a sleek powerful plane. Phil was the best of roommates and consistently showed more than a casual interest in the well being of those around him. The Academy's loss is the Marine Corps' gain.

Rock Island, IL "Peking"

**PHILIP HENRY KING**





**PATRICK WINSTON McGEHEE**
Aurora, IL "Max"

Pat showed up at USNA in the summer of '78 with a smile on his face. He's managed to keep his Irish warmth and happiness throughout his four years here. Immediately upon arrival he joined the D and B to become the phantom of formations. Consistently the winner of the annual "Who Am I" contest among the plebes, he used his room only during study hour and to rack out. We wondered slightly about his degree of sanity when he voluntarily chose - the Mech-E major. A man of incredible fortitude, he survived the rocket and all the other Rickover Hall wonders. Normally a mellow guy, Pat was quick to enter into any promising orange fights and took a sinister delight in four seasons of fieldball.

After surviving the infamous third class YP cruise without getting sea sick, he was rewarded first class year with his dream cruise — 10 weeks underwater (in a submarine). If he wasn't reading nuke material, he was poring over volumes of printed matter which earned him the title of "Mr. Junk Mail." For the company, Pat's many friends wish him the very best of luck in the submarine force.

**RICK PERKINS**
Keene, NH "Perk"

The Jerk swept down from the mountains of New Hampshire on his skis, and when he ran out of snow, switched to his hiking boots. He's been plodding through Academy life ever since, biding his time until he can break the bonds of Annapolis (graduate in other words), and be a . . . Marine?

"The Jerk"; what better name for a person whose claim to fame is that he knows a little about everything but nothing much about anything in particular, except maybe the Russians (the freaking Commies,) or the Civil War (and then who cares?). What better name for a guy who finally meets a girl he likes and gets along with but who happens to be from Switzerland, not exactly right around the corner. What better name for a lax player who can't manage to stay healthy through one entire lacrosse season.

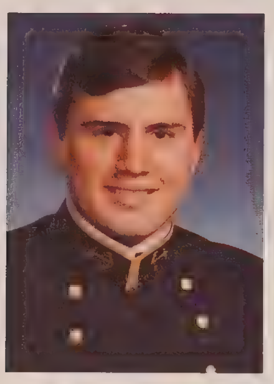
A drummer at heart, but a male model in reality (what else we got?) the wedgehead is truly a man for all seasons. What a jerk!

**MARSHALL LEE RICE**
Orange, CA "Marsh"

Marsh started his naval career at USNA after a tour of duty at Disneyland and a year of college. His active participation in "recon raids" as a plebe kept him busy most of the year. He will always be remembered as a member of the infamous "mailbag" gang, which generated terror in one classmate and laughter among the rest. His late night antics produced several "bodygrams," much to the dismay of one late sleeping five-striper. Marsh was as baffled as his youngster roommates when he suddenly became known as the "Chi Com." He was flying high in his chosen aero major until he was shot down by those fiends from the Mech-E department. Now enjoying the easy life of a phy-sci major, Marsh has plenty of time to devote to his jeep, which he drove to USNA from his home in southern California. A devoted sun worshipper, Marsh spent most of his spring leave chasing girls at Disneyworld and on the Florida beaches. A future F-14 pilot, Marsh will soon be flying high again . . . Good luck Marsh!

**SCOTT ALLAN ROBERTSON**
Rumford, MA "Scooter"

Scott, coming from a naval family, got off to a good start at the Academy by telling his plebe summer company officer (a RIO) that N.F.O. stood for "non-flying officer." He soon, however, showed his true mettle by tackling the vicious systems major and excelling while others were only surviving. None of us will forget the sweat suit pajamas or the famous "vapo-rub" caper. Nor will we forget "Scottiez" beautiful southern belles or his stories of the D and B. Scott's love and dedication to the Navy are second only to his feelings for Navy women. Scott is also known for his ability to keep a smile in his heart, even when times were tough. Who else would have responded to a rather compromising situation in Florida with a cheerful salute? A true friend to all, Scott's EI will be sorely missed in 7. Best of luck in NPS and with a terrific gal! We know you won't need it!

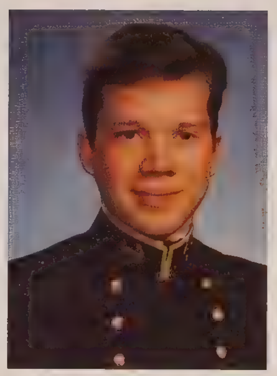


**JOHN CHARLES ROUSE**

Aurora, CA "Big Guy"

Jim, better known as "The Big Guy" or "Mega-Head," was instrumental in destroying the solitude of the 7th Co. area. Jim lived in the Company armory. He always kept his room well stocked with pep rally weapons such as his tennis ball cannon, his grape sling shot, and his high velocity "water-weenie." Not pleased with the small charge in a M-80 firecracker Jim took it upon himself to design new and deadlier explosives. He will always be remembered for attempting to mail one of his classmates in a mail bag.

When Jim was not creating chaos in the halls he was just a mild mannered Aero major. He had the ability to maintain ninety percent grades with ten percent work. Because of his participation in Navy football Jim was very busy. In spite of this fact he managed to remodel the Company wardroom. Jim was always ready to help a classmate and will be sorely missed by his friends. Good luck in the Fleet, Jimbo.



**RAYMOND JOHN SAVICH**

Elmhurst, IL "Ray"

Ray was sentenced to four years here at the Naval Academy by the respectable town of Elmhurst, IL. Little did we realize what four years of Ray would consist of: fishwich and chickwich — on the floor, under the door; late night sawmill imitations; plans that died, goldfish crackers that haven't, warthogs that did, then didn't, then did — but it all came out in the wash; chalkboards and courtesy phones; rrrats ... BOOM!!!; squad leader — yoda, bananaman, and the amazing dancing boo boo bear; an English major in Paris — overwined, overdined, underslept and overweight; from the Saturday night Lepper Watch to three stripes in T-court — REEE-PORRRT! With Beatles in a Beatle and a pug in a bug, Surface Line is mighty fine — Good luck Uncle Ray.

Tom came to the Naval Academy and was immediately dubbed "Clam," as in Manhattan style. From Long Island, the home of lacrosse and 4AM bars, Clam put his all into the pursuit of good grades. He's done all right for himself, despite his New York background.

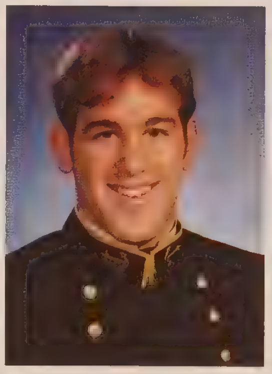
His philosophy on life is "work hard, play hard," and he has done his share of both. Come first class year Tom bought himself a Cutlass Supreme, known as the Black Beauty. The other loves of his life include The Boss and a lovely lady nurse named Pat. Clam's clan includes two knockout twins and an older sister who have graced more than one 7th company tailgater. But *beware:* Clambone watches his siblings like a hawk!

There is one side of Clam that Pat or his family have never seen. When the tension of Academy life becomes unbearable a little man comes out and does strange things to his anatomy (which, unfortunately, cannot be printed here). He also is fond of donning a hideous looking mask and scaring the ____out of sleeping victims, leaving a trail of dazed and confused Mids.

Clam, the Schro, is the best!

Long Island, NY "Clam"

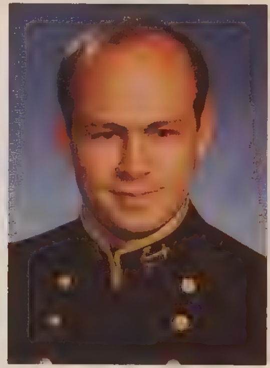
**THOMAS JOHN SCHAUDER**



A produce of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, Mike came to the Academy in the hope of restoring some stability to a predominantly Air Force family. Known as stub, 'Ole Hubber, and Old Man, Mike hoped to graduate into the nuclear power program and eventually to serve in the submarine Navy. Prior-enlisted when he entered the Academy, he set a good example for his classmates and has continued to set precedent in his four years at Navy. A member of the 150# football team, Mike was forced from action by a knee injury but has continued to show his strong spirit and disregard for both sport and study. A fun loving guy, Stub will always take his chances in the quest of a memorable moment, of which he has many. All who know Mike wish him the best in all of his endeavors and hope that he finds happiness in his chosen profession.

Williamsport, PA "Stub"

**MICHAEL ANTHONY STAIB**

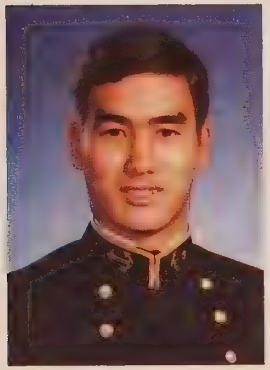


Ben came to Canoe U. from Willingburo, NJ. At first he seemed to be the quiet type. It only took a few days and a couple of comet bombs to realize he was a man of cunning. Ben rarely gets mad, but he always gets even. His hobbies include swimming, jogging, and listening to Led Zeppelin.

Although Ben is a good athlete, he was injury prone at Navy. He broke his jaw during battalion boxing, and injured his back and left eye playing battalion football. Injuries did not keep Ben out for long. He started on the battalion waterpolo team and the company touch football team. In touch football he acquired the nickname "Hammerhead" for running down surprised opponents with his head.

Ben has never had problems with academics. His general engineering major allowed him to study hard during the week and party hard during the weekends. Ben's wild partying potential was never fully realized until his first class year. Ben's work hard — play hard personality should help him blend into the naval aviation community. See ya in the air, Hammerhead.

Willingburo, NJ
"Ohbiwan"
**BENNETT DEAN SWANSON**



There may not be agreement on her nickname — Jen, Tonto, Du — but all would agree she should never have been a plebe. Jen came in with a firstie attitude. Who says plebes don't rate the wardroom? All year she battled the upperclass, never responding to fear tactics (maybe *they* were scared). As the years passed Jen settled down a bit (or did her rank catch up with her habits?) Through it all she's fenced, lettering as a 2/C and becoming team captain as a 1/C. Lately she's been running, always running. Miles melt away during practice and competition. A marathon one day? Jen is an expert when it comes to having a good time. Having grown up in the Bronx, she doesn't take anything from anybody. For those lucky enough to see past her tough exterior, Jen has been the best of friends, sensitive and caring. Wherever she ends up (Marine Corps?), Jen will always have the love and respect of her friends from USNA.

Bronx, NY "Du"
**JENNIFER TONDU**

**JANE ANN TREADWAY**
Corpus Christi, TX
"Treads"

In the summer of '79 Jane cut off her waist-long hair, and without so much as a wince prepared to join the brigade of midshipmen. She greeted plebe summer and pep with an ecstatic euphoria that was only equalled by her enthusiasm for drill. A real morning person, Jane's post-dawn disposition was a constant source of delight for her roommate. "Treads" always faced hard profs, tough classes, and her "pet peeve" with the reassuring knowledge that she would be a better officer in the fleet. As CAO Jane demonstrated her reverential awe of the regs by updating all of the company's MHP's. As a firstie she was always a strong advocate of "Pride in Professionalism" and carefully left her uniforms in the closet to prevent them from getting dirty. Actually, during the four years of trials, hard work, jokes, and laughter, the Navy meant a lot to Jane. She never forgot her goal as she worked toward her commission as an officer. Good luck to you Treads!

**THOMAS L. VAN PETTEN**
Virginia Beach, VA "TVP"

When Tom came to USNA he already knew several Mids because they were from his hometown, Virginia Beach. It made this place seem like Virginia Beach Community College, but it didn't take long for Tom to find many new friends with the outgoing personality he has. Tom is a talker, he talks a lot and sometimes too much. He often brags; about himself, Virginia Beach, his girlfriends, just about anything he is associated with. Most of the time he had the right to brag, for he was on the J.V. track team for two years, he played 150 lb. football all four years here, lettering twice, and he went out with many fine ladies. What he couldn't brag about was his grades. He lost in his struggle with Mech. E, but it was a gallant fight. Switching to G.E. enabled him to take more weekends for which he always had "a great time," so he said. His grades didn't prevent him from becoming second class company commander for a semester. He earned it through hard work and form-2s. Tom's interest in music has been shown by his guitar playing and singing. He is quite good at the guitar, but he needs to work at his singing. Tom's goal is to be an NFO. Good luck in P-Cola.

### GUY WILLIAM ZANTI

Baltimore, MD "Guido"

Guy William Zanti, or GWZ as everything in his possession has emblazoned on it, came to the Naval Academy to become the most well proportioned (not short mind you), Naval pilot in aviation history. This peon (what does it mean Guy?) continued his extremely successful wrestling career under the tutelage of his surrogate father. He started all four years and was elected captain by his peers his senior year.

Guy is the kind of roommate you dream about, he was the perfect host to all who entered the room. If you were upset and wanted to get rid of frustrations, he was always willing to be thrown around. The best thing about him was his ability to destroy some of this author's most prized possessions.

I can't think of anybody else I would have had as a roommate. Guy and his very positive outlook on life helped me get through the Academy. THANK YOU, GUY, best of luck in the future and give my love to your family.

### FATHER CONDON

Honorary Class Member

Father Condon arrived at the Naval Academy about four months after the Class of '82 made its debut. From that day on, he never stopped moving, doing, cheering, watching, or being involved in every facet of midshipman life. His cheery "How er awe ya," his sincere and dedicated concern for every person infused life into all of us. Affectionately known by the Cannoneers, for whom he was Officer Representative, as the "Cannon Fodder," Father Condon's impact on the Brigade was as extensive, as loudly heard and more deeply felt than the sound of the cannon celebrating a touchdown at football games. Father has made touchdowns in the hearts of the midshipmen with his counsel, love and fatherly advice. His name may not appear on the National All-American list, but in the heart of every midshipman, he is "All-Mid." We will miss, but never forget him.

### STEVEN EVON ACALIN

Bellingham, WA "Steve"

Steve travelled all the way from Bellingham, Washington to USNA so that he could complain about the east coast for four years. He brought with him his own special insights on cars, sports, women, and work. Steve set out to prove that hard work on the baseball field pays off and in his last two years he was one of Navy's top players. He set out to also prove that hard work in academics pays off. But he spent both semesters of second class year looking at the bottom side of 2.0. Finally he set out to prove that a suave and sophisticated consumer, such as himself, could buy a used corvette without having to do a lot of costly repairs. Well Steve, one out of three was not a bad batting average. We'll all miss Steve and his kind words for anybody that visited his room. We know that he'll do well when he drives his plastic car to Florida to become a pilot — that's what he keeps telling us. Always a class act, "The Core Boys."

### JAMES STEVEN AKIYAMA

Columbia, MD "Ak"

The CDR was the third in a long, successful line of siblings to attend the Boat School. Plebe year he booted the ball for Navy, but his academic prowess left something to be desired. He consequently avoided the long green bench by joining the illustrious ranks of the Phi Sci majors (their motto: "We Graduate"). After stabilizing academically, The CDR began to apply himself to other endeavors such as the Army project, the Log Art Staff and award-winning bulletin boards. No job was too big or too small for Ak. His creative talents could transform a blank page of paper into a humorous episode of "midrats" or an idealistic Army weekend into the ultimate in conduct offenses, the infamous Black "N" Star. The CDR gained a reputation as being the source of all knowledge. He could be consulted at any time or place for the elucidation to every cosmic dilemma. He came, he clarified, and eventually, through it all, the CDR left a legacy that will not soon be forgotten.

### STEVEN MICHAEL BLANKMAN

Baltimore, MD
"Wildman"

The "Wildman," sometimes known as "Stankman," "Rankman," "Blanks," "The All-Being Master-Guardian of Time, Space and Dimension," or "Malik-Desert Adventurer," displayed the personality necessary to enter the ranks of the Uptown Dudes. The "Dudes" MO was to transcend everyday living by doing everything different (if they felt like doing it at all). Blanks, gifted with the ability to laugh at the thought of anything remotely considered "studying," bypassed the books and channeled his energies into pacing the halls like a porcupine in a balloon factory. Along with an abundance of energy, Steve had imagination which he put into his cartoon book, a publication which claimed a company of readers. Only a shortage of cigarettes could get to Steve; during these times he would twitch uncontrollably until we fixed him up. To those that Steve is leaving behind, rest assured that he will pave the way to fun and games in the Big Banana with everything he has got and, hopefully, without getting caught.

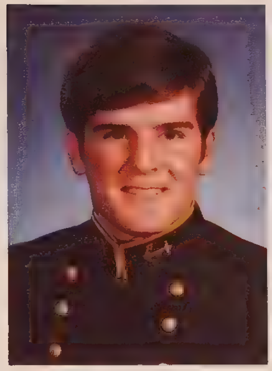
### CHRISTIAN JAMES CASTANIEN

Bay Village, OH "Critter"

Hailing from Bay Village, Ohio, Chris came to USNA with his mind set on everything but studying. He joined the D and B (anything to march more) and promptly earned a reputation for doing strange things (not everyone walks around shopping malls interviewing people with a banana).

Then, unfortunately, C.J. decided to become a systems major, a choice which severely hampered his desire not to study. His daily battles with the computer became more and more violent until one day 2/c year he came back to the hall with a broken jaw and his mouth wired shut, Score: Navy — 1 Castanien — 0. Not one to be defeated easily (nor to abide with the regs), Critter opened an electrical appliance shop on 5-3, stocking various equipment including soldering irons, a blender, and a burger-maker. He also started a small print and craft shop. Score: Navy — 1 Castanien — 1.

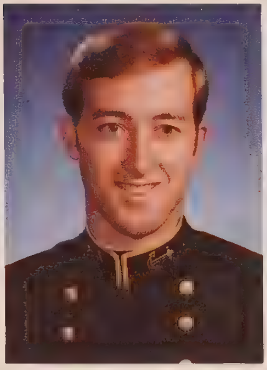
C.J.'s plans for the future include marriage and fatherhood, hopefully in that order. If Rickover accepts him, and his hair keeps falling out, Chris'll go Nuke.



### MATTHEW JAMES COLOMBO

Aroura, OH
"No Problem"

Sometimes the lights are all
shining
On me
Other times I can barely see
Lately it occurs to me
What a long strange trip it's
been.
He came; he had no problems; he
graduated.



### STEVEN BRIAN COOKSEY

Colorado Springs, CO
"Cooks"

Steven B. came east from the land of the Rockies and plastic landscaping in search of the perfect combination of wine, women, and wheels. Plebe year provided Cooks with an opportunity to work on the P-bars, but instead Cooks tried his luck *in* the bars. Steve always knew what he wanted to drink, he just couldn't remember what it was called. Dahlgren Hall provided Steven with a golden opportunity and he became an expert at the strategic maneuver of the frontal assault. Second class year . . . oh yes, that's when Cooksey used his head for a landing pad and was introduced to the various uses of a cadillac. It also was the year Cooks fell in love . . . with his corvette. The burgundy baby took Steve cross-country and back, into 1/C year. Over the summer Steven proved ugly can be uglier with the addition of a mustache. With 1/C year upon us Steve may become the first midshipman to graduate with a pony-tail and fly to his own theme song, "I Get By With a Little Help From My Friends." A class act — The Core Boys!

**MARC LOUIS DAPAS**
Sanford, ME "Dubba"

Marc came to USNA from someplace up north called Maine. Right from the start, Marc proved to be an intense competitor in everything he did. He will never be remembered as being very soft spoken. Marc learned about respect in the military the hard way when he informed a flaming firstie during plebe summer that "It's in as far as it'll go!"

Marc never let the system get the best of him. Just ask the Lude-man. "What do you mean I have to get a haircut?" Marc always knew just how to have a good time and sure helped to give added meaning to the words "weekend" and "road-trip," not to mention bathroom floors.

Marc's innate fascination with boilers lured him into caverns of Rickover and the world of Mech E. No one will ever forget Marc's "geeker" trances or his hate for the "Rocket."

Along with academics, Marc excelled in athletics. As a plebe, he became Navy's number one long jumper, a position he lettered in eight times. Yeah, Marc could clear just about anything, except maybe the gate by the baseball field. He came, he let the Moose loose, and he graduated.

**DAVID MICHAEL FILLION**
Beloit, WI "D"

Dave came to USNA from the dairy state of Wisconsin by way of the breweries of Milwaukee. His positive attitude toward the academy — Why do we have to march? Why can't we have an oven in our room? Why aren't we allowed to go out every night? — was seen in everything he did. A guy who loved to sleep when he needed to study, he got his nickname through his academic achievements. His calculator proved to be a useful tool from four weeks on for determining just how much an effort he could make to pass. Not one to make a hasty decision and always wanting to maximize profits and minimize losses, he judged his opportunity costs and bought a car from his era. Definitely a man out of his era, we will always remember his 50's albums and his tinted "Blues Brothers" (geek), shades. It was great rooming with him and being the only pair to survive from start to finish. He came, he decided to stay, and he graduated.

**RUSSELL GREG GENTRY**
Evergreen, CO "Russ"

Russ is a product of Evergreen, Colorado, which has bred such famous personalities as John Hinkley, Reagan's left-hand man. From a hundred miles north of the Voom School, he packed his bags and headed east to Canoe U. without them. He must have forgotten them. He did remember his golf clubs, racquetball racket, etc., the essentials for plebe year. Youngster year found Russ with three stripes but no one knew how he got them. It definitely wasn't due to his drinking prowess. Entering second class year, Russ loved it so much that he decided to go through it again. First class privileges weren't his thing. He never was into long term relationships with females either. Russ's love garden produced no rose garden and fruitless trips to Minnesota. An athlete, a scholar, and always a gentleman, Russ will be a fine contribution to the air community, the fulfillment of a life long ambition. He came, he put in a special request chit, and he graduated.

**ANDREW DEAN HARPER**
West Hartford, CT
"Drew"

Andy used to be a "nice" boy, but the constant head-banging against the walls of USNA seemed to turn things around. Being a history major, Lord Harper had a lot of extra time to fight unsuspecting bats and ravenous toads lurking in various locations throughout the country. Whether it was helping out children in Disney World, a quiet afternoon boating in Maine, or a pleasant drive through the country (in a rubber car), Andy enjoyed it all. From a high class debutantes' ball to a first class party, Drew was always making points with the women. Besides having fun with the Core Boys, he has been seen in the company of a certain Capt. Dave of Connecticut. Andy made up one-third of that evil, anti-lude trio: The Uptown Dudes. I think the Navy will be happy to pass him to the Marines. Good luck, Andy — The Core Boys.

Matt Horton entered the Naval Academy in 1978 with a dream. This dream, put quite simply, was to kill. Bugs, plants, anything that got in his way trembled with fear.

Realizing that the best way to realize his macabre dream was to go Corps, Matt set his eyes upon a long career in the Marine Corps green.

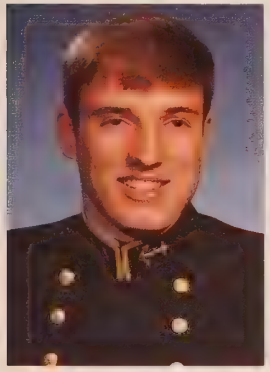
Knowing the Corps to be a tough outfit, Matt ignored the desires of the Mechanical Engineering Department and spent his waking hours working out or reading.

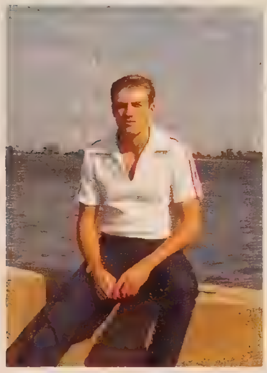
Not one to waste his time on useless social affairs, Matt passed his weekends away making recon raids on Steerage, an institution likely to fold upon Matt's graduation. These late night sorties were usually followed by surgical strikes against bulkheads or doors to burn off the sugar he became addicted to.

Matt's plans for the future include service in the Corps and a June Week wedding (as soon as he finds the right girl!)

Wellsville, NY "Snorts"

**MATTHEW ROGER HORTON**



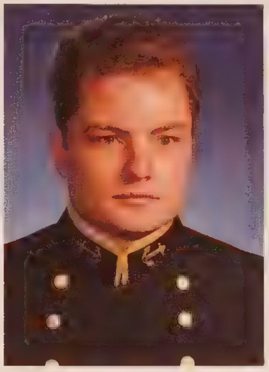


From the area, Bob had a one-girl fan club from day one. Every formation saw our platoon looking at the blonde girl in the stands. As a plebe he became known as the "Weekend Phantom," only to be seen at taps, with enough food to keep us looking like Buffy. Youngster year with Smitty led us to more obnoxious adventures. Racing back from Hood to make taps, Sano's going away party, and a drunken "snow party" at his house (was it worth it, Gary?), were only part of a great time.

Segundo year meant life with El Cubano. Like three little piggies, the room smelled like an A-rab with two goats under each arm. Bob somehow sweated through second class year. As a Bondsman in Charleston, then an interior decorator during plebe summer, life was never dull. If Teddi doesn't kill him before graduation for not giving her the gold, Bob will make a great addition to the surface fleet — if he can live off the salary.

Crofton, MD "My Kerns"

**ROBERT STEPHIN KERNO**



John came to us from Rochester, NY with three things on his mind: lacrosse, his hometown sweetheart, and the Marine Corps. He played with the varsity lot from day one, made all-American second class year, and assumed the position of co-captain as a firstie. John's devotion to his girlfriend was unfaltering, and as plebe year came to a close, he was one of the few who hadn't been blown off. His dedication was truly an inspiration to all of us, save on those occasions when JK would have a beer or two. Alcohol had a severe effect on not only his memory, but his eyes as well, and JK could, on those occasions, be seen sporting a sometimes-less-than-human-looking woman. His carousing days came to a halt second class year as JK traded in the hometown girlfriend for a newer model. This time there was talk of marriage, and during first class summer John and Cory set the date. We didn't see much of JK first class year as he was only a part-time student residing at Goucher. We all wish him the best of luck in the Corps. He was a real class act — The Core Boys.

Rochester, NY "JK"

**JOHN FREDERICK KORN**

Jeff came here from Long Island, a place called Kings Park. From the very start, Jeff set out to make his mark at the Academy, earning the title of 4-0 Mauro. Jeff continued to excel in every aspect at the Academy, but never failed to enjoy the "finer" points of USNA. While Jeff established himself as a leader in the company, he further refined these leadership talents in his "social" activities. Always one to lead by example, weekends were no exception. Here the "Beast" would emerge in search of that ever elusive "Moose." With roadtrips and R.B.'s in his golden vette, stoplights, stopsigns, speed traps, and speeding tickets proved to be no obstacle. Full time mid at USNA and part-time student at U.N.C., Jeff managed to enjoy the best of both. Whether it was a Long Island iced tea or a kami, Jeff would never fail to "grin" in approval. Jeff will always be remembered as a very reliable and easy-going friend, someone from whom one would truly benefit by knowing. Always one of the Hamlin's boys, good luck, good times, and beer me. He came, he bought a vette and many playmates, and he graduated.

Kings Park, NY "Beast"

**JEFFREY BRYANT MAURO**

Myles McLead first glimpsed Bancroft Hall on I-Day '78 and was so impressed with the awe-inspiring sight that he was overcome with more gunginess and naval professionalism than this world has ever seen. Fortunately this freak onslaught of insanity only lasted 37 seconds and he hasn't had a relapse since. Myles never did take the Plebe Indoctrination System seriously, not even as a plebe. So he chartered a membership with the Uptown Dudes, an elite organization whose anti-administation exploits were too bold and daring for even the Log to put in print.

Myles also had difficulty grasping the concept behind the Admin-Conduct System. So he stopped paying attention to it all together and, instead, managed to keep such a low profile that even his roommates would go for months at a time without knowing where he was.

One thing Myles developed a talent for while at USNA was interior decorating, a talent for which he will surely be missed; any room which he lived in became a second wardroom with all the comforts of home and then some.

Springfield, "MS"

**MYLES LAURENTZ McLEAD**

Louis Meier came to the Naval Academy in the summer of '78. If all goes well, his indoctrination into the military will take place during the summer of '82 at TBS.

Lou had a very eventful plebe year, although it's questionable that he ever held that rank. Plebe summer he developed mono (??), and spent parents weekend holding his *ex*-fiance's hand.

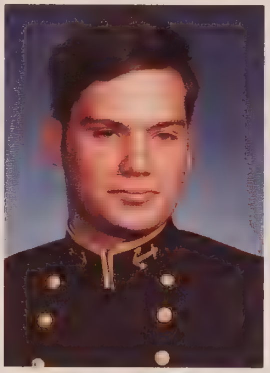
Later plebe year, convinced that he could draw upon the three-striper libs he'd earn as a squad leader 1/c year, Louis explored the Smithsonian Institute with his girl and literally bumped into his squad leader. To better that, he decided to take an extended weekend, ("Sir, I'm snowed in with my girlfriend and I just can't get back").

During 3/c year Louis saw the light and broke-up with his long time sweetheart. This surprising event was followed, 18 months later with the announcement of his engagement to a Czech beauty queen.

Lou's plans for the future include, co-habitation with the Marines and the mad Czech.

Cornwall, NY "Blue Lou"

**LOUIS ORVILLE MEIER**



**MICHAEL JOHN MORRIS**

Tupelo, MS "Merc"

The second most famous man from Tupelo, Mississippi can be seen many a dreary night routing form-2's through the halls of Bancroft. Mike had plebe year nailed after he learned the difference between a question and a statement. Through his heroics on the heavyweight team he quickly earned the nickname "Mercury." Being the only two roommates to survive Canoe U. together since the beginning, our room quickly became known as the bull room (or the only room without a functional calculator). Merc was one of the first to own a car; the conduct system on his back shortly thereafter. We got out of more class A's than I can count. Quite a partier — the annual Army party with the immortal D.P. ranks #1, just don't let Merc go to the bathroom without a bodyguard. A hard working and enthusiastic individual, Merc will make a great pilot. He came, he did a one and a half off of the tower, and he graduated.

**JOHN FREDRICK PLUDE**

Pylesville, MD "Johnny"

Being the latest of a four-generation naval family, this country boy had the naval system wired. During his first two years, John was hard working and dedicated, the model mid. Always last to break a reg and first to rumble, his aggressiveness often got the best of him. Whether it be going Gonzo in soccer or downright mean in fieldball, John could be heard at every corner of hospital point giving the ref a severe tongue lashing. Second class year brought about a change in the Pluder. He discovered the lethal combination of the rack and the road trip. While his yellow sun-buzzard racked up the miles on the weekends, he racked up the Z's on the weekdays. By first class year, John was last to crack a book but first to throw a party. A good time with wine, women, and song was guaranteed once he cranked up the mobile party unit. Navy Air is going to have their hands full when John joins their ranks. He came, he partied, he slept, and he graduated.

### MARC ARTHUR RICHARDSON

Flint, MI "Marc"

He came from Flint, Michigan, from the top of his class, to become one in the crowd. His room came directly out of *Better Homes and Gardens.* At night you could catch him kicked back in his bean bag chair talking on his private telephone. With such an athletic body, women were never a problem. This cold-blooded amphibian forced his roommates to endure the ice cold winters with open windows. By senior year he was singled out as the swinging concert committee president. He's soon to be found lying on the beach in Pensacola with his wings pinned to his chest!

### CRAIG JAMES RYNIEWICZ

Titusville, FL "Ryno"

The near-sighted Florida dreamer. While at the Naval Academy he proclaimed himself a high school football All-American, College All-American and a pro quarterback. While most mids during their second class year get engaged to their girlfriends, Ryno decided that he would begin to date a girl already spoken for.

During study hour you could find him on top of his desk strumming his racquet and singing into his study lamp, fantasizing to the tunes of Bruce Springsteen.

Day dreams finally turned to reality when he received his nuclear power letter . . . He came, he smiled, and he graduated.

Coming to USNA from Ramsey, New Jersey, Jeff was the first midshipman in history to not be assigned his own room. He was forced to roam the hall as the brigade nomad. As a math major Jeff rarely studied for more than a couple minutes at a time leaving him plenty of time to fulfill his vital role as company barber. Second class year Jeff was christened "Stinky." But it wasn't until the fall of first class year that he showed us just how appropriate the name was. Not one to overdo his professionalism, Stinky turned down a striper position on plebe detail to grow his hair, drink beer, and chase women as a lifeguard in Jersey. Stinky will best be remembered for his love of M*A*S*H, backgammon, his motorcycle, his inability to hold his liquor, his quick wit, and his rusty trash can. Best of luck in Pensacola Stinky. He was a class act — The Core Boys.

Ramsey, NJ "Stinky"

### JEFFREY ALAN SANDS

Andrew Payson Shelter, or "the Oid," came to us from Verona, New Jersey, and the Naval Academy is still licking its wounds. He appeared to be your average, run-of-the-mill kind of character, but beneath this calm exterior lurked the soul of a madman. He left his mark in subtle ways; canceled Y.P. labs, fireworks displays for the second regiment, airborne coroframs, computer sabotage, and general death and destruction were among his specialties. Who would have thought this seemingly quiet systems major could have hidden the front of the Pentagon with a sheet poster in a true mission impossible maneuver, or turned the Debutante Ball at the Waldorf into a night of living terror, not to mention the dreaded "Mr. Toad's Wild Ride" fiasco. Who else but Andy would have a fully operable rocket launcher attached to his car. Who else but "the Oid" . . . well maybe it's better left unsaid. In any case Andy will best be remembered as a good friend and loyal comrade with a lot of explosives. Good luck Andy, wherever you go.

He was a real class act — The Core Boys.

Verona, NJ "The Oid"

### ANDREW PAYSON SHELTER

Javi has progressed from an immature high school jock to an overweight, penniless sailor. The road to success was not paved with gold however. It took many a drunken stupor, an ac-board, three Cathy's, a cancelled Visa, and a $300 phone bill. But, Javi never let these achievements go to his head. No, this stalwart Cubano (who fought his way out of Cuba when he was two) got off to a great start first class year; just to impress his new company officer he went U.A. his first night back. Yea, that must of been a great bear! Yes, it was this dedicated soul who suffered through a whole week in the Bahamas just for his soccer team. Now the Mexican just sails around the bay with Alfi and his cute little beach ball.

It seems like only yesterday that Savi was sledding in my neighbors backyard in a roaring blizzard with no shirt, Petey and two bottles of brandy, not to mention two of Teddi's friends. Yea, Paco Rabono has been a great friend and a super roommate; he never ceased to amaze me.

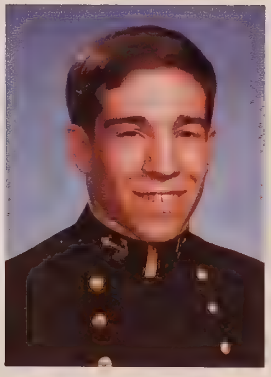
Falls Church, VA "Javi"

**JAVIER SUAREZ-MARILL**

This is the story of Frank and USNA, or how to become a typical midshipman in four easy years. Frank quietly snuck in from Grosse Point Woods, Michigan. He was shy, he didn't drink, didn't swear, didn't pay much attention to girls and he was a conscientious student. Plebe year Frank learned how to beat up other people in the boxing ring. He has continued using other people's bodies to win brigade boxing ever since then. Youngster year Frank refined his once presentable vocabulary as well as learning the finer points of alcohol consumption and commode worship. Second class year Frank learned about girlfriends and being unsat academically all year. First class year Frank perfected his participation with road machines, supersonic travel and blowing off work to do scientific experiments with the regulations. One thing Frank never had to learn, however, was how to be a heck of a guy and a great friend, which he was from the start. The Core Boys say, "Stand by for a fighter pilot."

Grosse Point Woods, MI
"Rocky"

**FRANK EDWARD VALENTE**



Ralph came to us from the atomic bomb test site in Los Alamos ready to join the Rickover team. He was a booklover from his plebe year. He opened the Ralph Ward wing of Nimitz library.

Social activity for Ralph began during his second class year, girls and drinking. He met a girl from Hood and fell in love. But not wanting to be too forward Ralph decided that he would rather sleep in the backseat of a car, in the middle of February, than in the girl's room. Ralph became fond of beer and could always be found playing beer drinking games at parties.

Ralph will graduate as one of the richest mids. He always had leftover pay checks from the previous months and used his car loan to buy a 1976 Dodge Dart. Ralph will leave us as a nuke in the Rickover Navy. He came, he aced his test, and he graduated.

Los Alamos, NM

**RALPH CLAUDE WARD**

The little kid out of Mountainside, New Jersey. At 150 lbs., Brad was a skinny little distance runner who, after smoking and stroking his way through plebe year, hit the "coast" button for the remainder of his USNA tour. Switching from marine engineering to resources management youngster year, Brad spent most of his time reading novels in his rack. The assignment of his nickname, "the Weinus," also came 3rd class year. When his knees ended his track career he half-heartedly applied himself to various other endeavors that never panned out. He did, however, build himself up to 185 lbs., and how his uniforms still fit I'll never know. Second class year flew by and Brad came screaming into his last year. A terror during plebe summer, The Weinus was equally terrorized by several local girls who didn't appreciate his finer points. This hard-drinking, cycle-riding mid is no typical Nuke, but always out for the green, he opted for the ranks of the submariners. Brad will long be remembered for his fleet of "tuna boats," his 0700 saying, "I should have gone to Stanford!" and his uncanny ability to display a real class act.
THE CORE BOYS

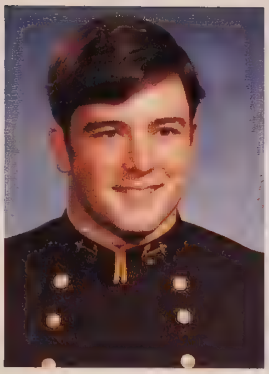
Mountainside, NJ
"The Weinus"

**BRAD MORRISON WEINER**

### JAMES RUSSEL YOHE

Alexandria, VA "Jim"

Jim was the "old man" of the company and he brought with him a wide range of experiences via Alexandria, Virginia and NAPS. Jim performed well militarily from the outset and his talent for obfuscation and pontification served him well academically as a history major. Jim was also a dedicated and integral member of the crew team, but his love for a workout was truly revealed by his one great talent: women — of all shapes, sizes, and dispositions. Jim could always be counted on to find a new girlfriend if you were willing to wait the week, or at the most, two weeks that it took him to go through a romance. Not only was Jim an expert on women from Annapolis to Olongapo, he could always be counted on for timely advice on clothes, music, food, redheads, or just a good story. All in all Jim has been a good friend through good times as well as bad times. We all wish him well in the fleet and we wish luck to the woman who hopes to settle him down.



### PETER HAMILTON YOUNG

Vienna, VA "Petey"

Petey and I have been roommates for three years and if he wasn't engaged I'd get into some great stories, but for *mine* and Petey's sake I won't. However, we did have four fun filled years together. Starting with Bondo plebe summer Pete never stopped loving this place. Many a Saturday night he could be found kissing the floor in his room. What dedication!

Pete tried football plebe year but it didn't quite work out so he went on to a man's sport, rugby. He also tried Dahlgren Hall youngster year, except he didn't like who he had to go to church with the next morning. Oh yes, how about "S.B." (better stop here) or the Atlantic City fun frolic in the sand. Yes, Petey was on his way to degradation and destruction until 2nd class year. Although not on paper, Petey was married in the fall of that year. Yes, Maura was and is the light in his life (except the light wasn't shining this summer in the Isle of Palms). Hope they're happy wherever she tells him to go.

### TIM ANDERSON

Davenport, IA "Andergunge"

Tim Anderson dropped into the Naval Academy with a parachute on his back and a rifle in his hand.

A Marine Corps officer at heart, Tim had his weekly appointment with his friend Tracy. Tim never parted his hair in the middle ("druggy style") merely because there wasn't enough there.

Second class year came and hard times and a pretty blonde struck Tim simultaneously. He was never to fully recover from either one. Andergunge sooner or later went General. After all, academics were never his forté. In the place of academics Tim started reading and developing theories of Philosophy. It is reported that The Anderson Lecture series will soon be published.

Country music, a steerage run, or a three hour "nap" was all it took to please Tim 95% of the time — the other 5% was the time to hide!

Combining talents ranging from parachute rigger to jumpmaster, the Reds have a true threat in The Gunge!

### TIM BERTCH

Phoenix, AZ "Bertchford"

Tim came sailing in from Phoenix, destined to be a rare species at the Naval Academy, a NARC.

Tim was and is always ready and willing to help out an ailing classmate. Examples abound — page turners, meteorology, dynamics — you name it and Tim had it wired.

One day a certain special damsel wandered into Bertchford's life and stars came to his eyes. No more weekends in Mother B.! Borrowed cars, heavy weekday (not weekend) geeking became the rule.

Typical of a mid who knew his three minute rule, the strength of Bromium Dicloride as well as the characteristics of the latest BPDMS launcher pin, he seriously considered becoming a nuke. I can see him glowing now as he runs an inside perimeter of his boomer.

Best of luck — we know you'll succeed!

### PAUL EDWARD DONOHER

Dayton, OH "Sonny"

Sonny greeted USNA from Dayton with a basketball in his hand and a Stone's tune on his mind. His two years at UD served to establish Paul as a pillar of stability. Plebe year he showed great tact in dealing with errant firsties. Who would have guessed Reggie would react like that? Youngster year was equally challenging for Sonny as he mastered catching the concert's encore and still returning from the Cap Center before taps. Paul, with his enormous record collection was always a hit as DJ of 5-4 cocktail parties. Sonny definitely met a lot of "nice" girls while at USNA. Too bad his girl at Army met Crazy a half-hour earlier. Second class year found Sonny in the habit of five-a-day visits to Smoke Hall. Spring Break in the hall seemed to go by fast, though. A week's freedom at the end of the year was too much for him and he was eager to return to the security of restriction. Paul was the only poly-sci major to pull as many wide-eyed all-nighters as the engineers. Sonny learned a lot at the trade school, but he will leave, as he arrived — basketball in hand, singing the Stones.

### JOHN W. DZIMINOWICZ

New Milford, CT "Diz"

Diz took a long and winding road from New Milford, CT to the Naval Academy. It took him through two dark years (and that many prep schools) of mellowness, toleration, and open-mindedness. It included the company of a Peace Corps missionary whose dad spoiled her into liking the good life. She changed Diz for the worse. He no longer cursed, drank, or engaged in physical and verbal abuse of others. Instead, he had taken up love and reading books about some unshaven savior called "Bahooli-ooli." It didn't take long for Diz to be changed again. All it took was some enlightening from his roommates, a few rugby parties, a memorable night at Memorial Stadium, and a few hours of "extra liberty" with the daughter of one of the higher-ups in the Athletic Dept. Youngster year was the turning point as he rediscovered Neil Young, motorcycles, electric guitars, porn, and pin-striped cars. He grew a beard so that the Vouz girls wouldn't know he was a mid when Vouztramids became a habit.

Rob Fisher has become known as the most hyperactive person in the company. Naturally his girlfriend agrees with us. The only thing we couldn't understand was that he was never any calmer on Sunday night. Fish also had a habit of standing on toilet bowls in the ladies' room during concerts. Sometimes he sleeps with both hands under the blanket. Just ask Gus, he'll tell you.

Rob is the perfect midshipman. His favorite sport is running in Baltimore Memorial Stadium. Sometimes he just goofed on his timing and ran while the Orioles were playing. Diz thought that was funny too. He also has a mind like a steel trap. I don't know how many times he told me about a message at least three days after he was supposed to tell me.

Recently he has fallen in love with windsurfing. He can be found and summer afternoon out on the bay. Just look for the blur of red hair on his oversized head. We're looking forward to seeing him safely shackled next year, if for nothing else simply to go to the reception. It's sure to be a good one.

Baltimore, MD "Fish"

### ROBERT EDWARD FISHER, JR.

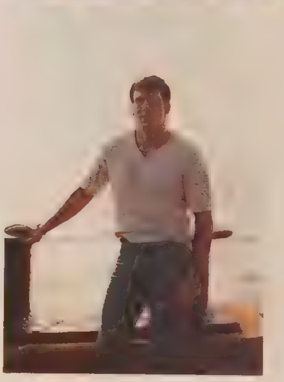
Bob came to the Academy from the jungles of St. Louis and was quick to make himself at home. No one can forget the day during Plebe summer when the entire Company took a walking tour of the room that shouldn't have been. Of course, "How could anyone spend $50 in one month!"

Besides a flare for his studies and Greenian logic, Bob had an uncanny knack for coming in on the end of a conversation in the most lovable way. Without a doubt the annual pilgrimage to Florida rounded out his Academy education. I can still remember that enchanting conversation with a young lady of the evening who had other things on her mind besides passing the time of day. And at 75 mph "Whoa, Hey guys, was that our exit?"

In all honesty, Bob has brightened many a dreary day in our lives and truly is a great guy.

St. Louis, MO "Bob"

### ROBERT LAWRENCE GREENE



Early in July 1978, Doug sailed into USNA from the teeming metropolis of Zeeland, Michigan. Packing only his electric razor, and a *Bible,* he was ready to become a naval officer. Too bad he was supposed to become a Plebe. He sweated his way through all of Plebe year.

He did so well that he has kicked back and enjoyed his last three years here. His role in the company as morale officer has been firmly established since Plebe year. If he could not help someone with a problem, he had a scripture verse that could.

Through his four years at USNA, Doug has certainly earned the name "Grode-san." He shaves once a week and can get ready for formation in less than a minute. The highlight of his career came when his roommates forced him to throw out his old pair of corframs because of their aroma.

Doug put this place into perspective a long time ago when he decided not to let schoolwork interfere with his *Bible* study.

I Thes. 2:8.

Zeeland, MI "Grode-san"

**DOUGLAS GROTERS**

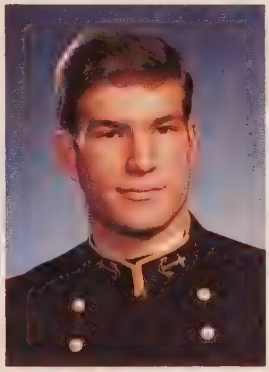
Flying into Annapolis from Highway 301 (leading from the backwoods of Maryland) came the big man of Waldorf, Wayne Hintze. Standing at a height of 6-3, Wayne impressed us with his athletic abilities, his humility, and his capability to sleep at all times of the day. Also through the aid of his Father's bread run and his Mother's cooking we all managed to gain about fifteen pounds.

Unfortunately for Ninth company, Wayne was lost from us after he obtained a cherry red Camaro and found the way to Towson State University. Yes, his heart and drinking habits were both taken from him by some faraway lady. Of course if you could catch Wayne on the way to the library or if you made an appointment five days in advance you could still see him in the Company area.

Also during Second Class year, Chong Wang found out about the Marine Corps; all was decided that the Marines would inherit a new grunt and Wayne (Chong) would lose his hair. Even though he lost his hair he never lost his love for Country Western Music and a certain red Camaro.

Waldorf, MD "Hintz"

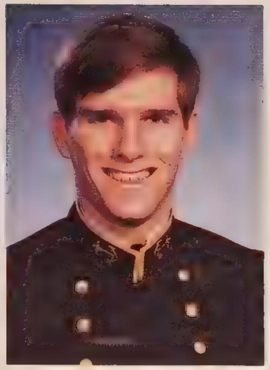
**DONALD WAYNE HINTZE**



**WARREN GREGORY HUBLER**

Pennsauken, NJ "Tex"

Tex was a Naval Academy candidate from way back. If you have seen any of his high school pictures you will know what I mean, for he is either standing at rigid attention or parade rest in half of them. Warren worked very hard to get into Camp Tecumseh and now that he is here he is one of the better camp counselors (company commanders). When graduation is over Tex will load up the pickup truck and head North to South Jersey to marry his high school sweetheart. Oh ... by the way this is one of those trucks with a cab on it and a gun rack in the rear window. Tex has also been labeled as a "lifer" during his stay at the Academy. He has always had several goals for the future which he has not lost sight of. So don't be surprised. 20 or 30 years from now if you see the new superintendent driving through the gates in a pickup truck.

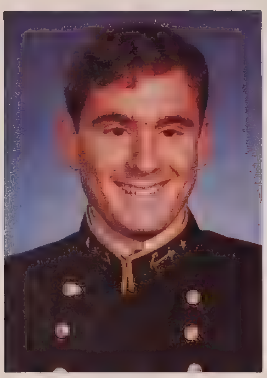


**TONY KING**

Loveland, OH "T.K."

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California coast, one could search hard and not find a better man than T.K. Tony's grinning face peering out of the Van's windshield while 6 or 7 drunks pushed it through the streets of College Park, D.C., and Annapolis is forever etched in our minds. Whether curled up next to a basement furnace, crawling around in Diz's closet, or inquiring about Berch's anatomy, Tony approached life with a unique and unforgettable style.

Tony's love for the Dead and Wharf Rants are only surpassed by his love of his family, friends, and Julie. Here's to the trunks of memories still to come, keep reaching buddy, someday it'll be yours.

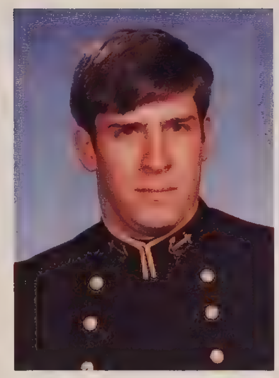


### ELLIOTT MATTHEW KUGEL

New City, NY "Bagel"

Elliott's first accomplishment at USNA was to validate plebe year academics. Confused as to whether he was in '81 or '82, his professors vented their frustration in the form of analog simulation, laplace transforms, and special projects. Still, Elliott weathered all the storms for the first three years. When first class year arrived, Elliott submitted the best chit ever approved at USNA. With one signature Elliott got out of drill, practice marchons, and evening meal formations. All just to work on something at George Washington, I think he called it a "fasters" degree (or something like that).

It has been said that Elliott lived for his systems during the week. But at Goucher, Elliott loved only his "Indian Princess." Having been rescued by her after almost drowning in a YMCA pool, Elliott knew it was something special. Someday Elliott will break out of the s-plane (where everyone wears purple shirts) and latch on to her. Hopefully this will happen before he starts to glow for Navy, for Elliott was always destined to be a "Nuke Puke."



### DONALD LEMA

Baldwin, NY "Walt"

Walter Lema came to the Naval Academy to break up the Soviet spy ring that all his friends belonged to. It was obvious his mother hadn't fed him at home by the eating habits he exhibited. Several favorite entrees were worms, moths, bottles of ketchup and tobasco sauce, records, Fansastic, fat women, and Gary Stasco's teeth. Donny was always a calm spirit on his weekly Vouztramids, "Let's scrog or get into a fight." He always made it there fine, but the return trip always promised a conflict with the "Invisible man." Donny even picked a Daisy in the Vouz one night and planted her on 5-4. I don't know how she lived through the odour of the room. Famous quotes: "Why don't yow walk," "No friend of mine would leave me standing in Pittsburg," "You don't see me watching TV," "$PuC_4U_2$," and "Em Tae."

### MIKE LOCKETT

Steubenville, OH "Locks..t"

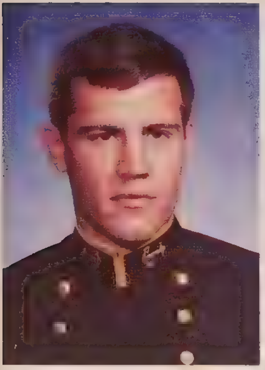
While the rest of us were sweating through the Annapolis heat four summers ago, Lockshit spent four weeks at a football camp in Ohio — close to his home town of Stupidville — drinking Budweisers. By the time we saw the shadow of his square head approaching, Plebe summer was already over. His career has gone downhill from there. His most noteworthy accomplishment is 16 hours a day in the rack with his yellow hoar and four pillows. While he is not sleeping, he has established himself as a qualified Gran-Prix racer. We think he might be better off driving in a demolition derby. But, thanks to the National Society for the Dead, Mike has been able to recover from wrecking three cars in five days and barely receiving his diploma. It is our firmest conviction that Vasco da Gama Lockett can navigate anywhere in the world. We hope he finds his way to his LST in Norfolk. Here's to you Mike "CICWO" Lockett.

P.S. Mrs. Lockett, do you know where Mike's birthmark is?

### GUSTAVO LOUREIRO

College Park, MD "Gus the Whale"

Gus flew into USNA from College Park, MD determined to be a jet jock because he had the "Right Stuff." Along the way he somehow got sidetracked. As an ME no one else but Gus could put so much time into studying and learn so little. He sped through finals trying to learn a semester's course in one night. His weird sleeping habits overcame any real obstacles like classes, morning quarters, drill, and life in general. Gus' intense commitment towards crew, strengths, and photography only lasted long enough for him to get his priorities straight: 1) The Rolling Stones, 2) his 280-Z, and 3) Donna. Before "Mick" finally found himself, he struggled through two years of mornings with the worst breath, personality, and cowlicks. Gus went from drunken binges, the "Vous," his Florida brown-eyed girl, his June Week slave women, and conduct probation to Harry's boy on cruise and a Batt two striper. Despite those last two setbacks, Gus was always a solid individual and a true friend. He just might have "The Right Stuff."



**RUSSELL PAUL LUEHRSEN**
Augusta, GA
"Crazy Russell"

As the Gulf Stream blew up the coast back in July '78 it brought with it an army brat prepared to take on the challenges of Canoe U. From the start of plebe summer our very own high school ROTC colonel did his best to be "A-J Squared Away." In fact, one Sunday afternoon of plebe summer he field stripped his piece, cleaned it, and put it back together instead of styding his rates.

Early on in his naval career Russ earned his nickname. He has lived up to it ever since. Its origins come from a night spent hanging a sheet poster from the ledges of Mother B. As a classmate clung to any object for security this nut from Augusta ran along the ledges as if he were chopping in the hallways. Russell's unconstrained wildness when compounded with the Devil's glare in his eye on such occasions resulted in the title of "Crazy Russell."

From I-Day on Russ has always been willing to help out anyone. In some cases he helped out too much by giving a firstie the correct answer to a rate a classmate didn't know. But he soon learned the meaning of "Bilge." Once he became an upperclass he began to put his talents to use as the Wednesday night barber. Unfortunately, his nickname didn't do much for business.

**TIMOTHY I. METZLER**
Napa, CA "Metz"

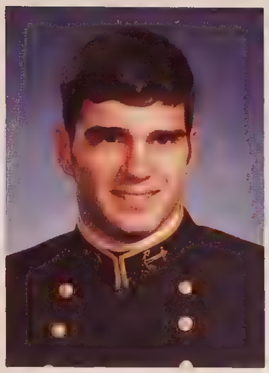
Tim came to Mother B. from the fleet. He lays claim to Napa, California as his home. Our company over the years has known some pretty strange people from Southern California. Tim quickly pointed out to us the vast difference between North and South, to our amazement, it's true.

Tim is the "old man" of the company (stress the old). He arrived with common sense, experience and a gut (which he lost in amazing speed). The repair taylor shop became a second home for Tim while deciding at which girth he enjoyed most (well, the more the merrier).

Tim also had the pleasure of owning a *baby* blue, white vinyl top 3-speed (on the column), straight 6, 4-door Ford Maverick. Tim now owns a truck. After four years, his true colors are flying, he's a redneck.

Tim was an EE major, but sooner or later he went general. Too bad the P-3 community will never know this man. Watch out Rickover, here comes the best damn sub pilot on God's little green earth.

Best Wishes



**GREGG EDWARD MONTESI**
Barrington, RI "Crew"

I decided not to use this space for my biography, instead I would like to look back on the last four years and say thanks to those who helped me along the way.

The first thanks goes to my family for their support and understanding when times were tough and there were plenty of tough times.

The boathouse was my refuge and the crew team is a close family of which I am proud to be a member. Thanks guys for your friendship. Thanks also to coach, Susan and Matt Colthier for making me a part of your family. I would like to say much more in this regard but you know how I feel. Thanks to coach Dreyfuss, you were with me all the way offering me advice and encouragement.

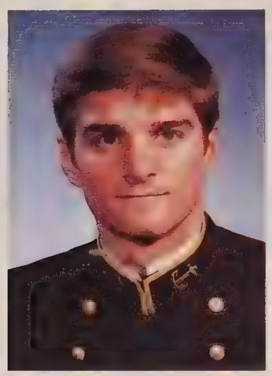
Thanks to the boys in ninth company, my classmates, we made it as a team. A special thanks to Tim Bertch for being a great roommate.

Finally, thanks to Wayne Gluf and the cross country team for their spirit, enthusiasm and friendship.

**MICHAEL J. MURDTER**
Lake Hopatcong, NJ
"Turd"

Mike came drifting down from the shores of Lake Hopatcong to join the rest of us for a summer of fun and frolicking on the Severn. Unfortunately for Mike, nobody ever told him he would have to make his own bed plebe summer, but thanks to a deal with his roomie he survived the summer. Mike continued adjusting to Academy life that first year, contenting himself with dreaming of the days when his bed was more than a place to sleep and a morning chore. Mike survived plebe year and became known as Turd. Despite being a systems engineer, Turd could often be found in the rack reading one of his favorite magazines to the music of Van Halen. Turd is easy-going and gets along well with everybody in the company, but Mike did seem to go through a lot of roommates — they all mentioned something about the shower smelling strange.

Good Luck Mike!



### PETER KENT PFABE

Malvern, PA "Popeye"

Peter "Baby," fresh from the fleet, thought he was ready for life at the Academy. Little did he know. Pete was probably one of the most popular mids of 9th, having gone through 6 lovely roommates. Pete was one of two members of the elite 9th company preppies. Throughout his four years, Pete was lucky to have one faithful companion, Annabel. With dreams of a TR-6, he invested in a '75 Toyota. To Pete, there is only one major worth studying, economics. The only kind of economics worth knowing was Pfabian economics. Yes, it can be said Pete was *narrow*-minded, short sighted and just plain stubborn. Looking for P-3's out of Bermuda, Pete will probably settle for a destroyer out of Norfolk. "Thanks Mom — and especially Dad."

Send bucks, "National Review; road trips to snafu and D.C.; ultra-conservatism (let the poor man bleed); Republicanism; Jimmy Buffet' 24 flavor izods; the *Economist* in the Head; Sweeney-Pfabe Inc.; Wall Street Journal; Harvard; "Girls don't belong here, Sir."; Dr. Pepper; "is she pink and green underneath too?"; Prep! Brooks Brothers

### TIMOTHY J. POWERS

Danbury, CT "T.J."

And then there was T.J. Always the man for dry humor and laughs, T.J. made my stay here at Camp Tecumseh just a bit more enjoyable. I've never known anyone who was so easy to get along with. When he wasn't analyzing computers or engineering systems you could always find him at the Bridge Club or the Chess Club. And then there was the dungeon that Tim was always playing around with. T.J. was always the guy getting the job done but never needing to tell anyone about it. Hopefully I'll see more people like him in the Fleet.

Timmy loves people and helping them and he knows his place with God. Never ask him to play soccer with the you-know-whos though! Happy sailing Tim! Hope to see you out on the big boy's boats.

### RICHARD E. RAYERMANN

San Marino, CA "Rich"

No one knew that the Navy had acquired and was soon to begin development of its newest secret weapon, namely Richard E. Rayermann. Rich's success at Navy proves that the developers have done their job well. Boasting a nearly perfect QPR in Systems, Richard never ceased to astound people. Equally baffling was how anybody could be so organized in the jungle of books, magazines, and notes he called his room. My only guess as to what kept him going were those delicious chow packages his Mama was so faithful in sending every week!

Richard was perhaps best known for his love of the English language and the many hours daily he spent practicing it. And then there was Caroline, poor girl, such a young child. Anyway, as Rayover departs for the Russian coast in his F-14, I feel it is our solemn duty to warn them that he's on the way. Happy flying, Rich, give me a ride on your space shuttle when you get it tuned up.

### KEVIN PETER REILLY

Union, NJ "Broward"

He came from a city up north closing the gap between Westpoint and Annapolis. Union, New Jersey is Kevin's hometown and because of its location he has had to compete with a Westpoint Cadet for his high school girlfriend.

His days at the Academy are remembered well going back to Plebe summer. It was to be Kevin's first time to jump out of a plane and depend solely on a parachute. Well, all of his friends made it through effortlessly but Kevin had to be different and break his leg on his landing. This resulted in his first four months at the Academy on crutches. Ironically, as the years passed, Kevin despised anyone for using crutches no matter what the injury.

Kevin has managed to make some close friends in his four years at the Academy, among them are the State Troopers. When one gets caught for speeding twice, ranging from $20-$250 fines, and then runs into trouble for sleigh riding, what else can the State Trooper be called but friends.

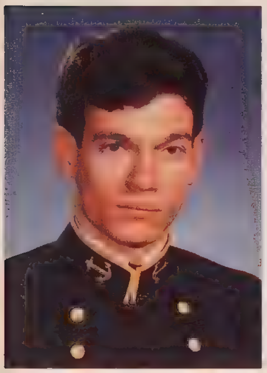
Submarines lie in Kevin's future, at least there the threat of using crutches again are slim. Good luck Kevin!

This western veteran of former military schooling came to Navy with one goal in life — fly the unfriendly skies. Not one to waste words, J.R.'s lack of subtlety and sometimes quick temper got him into a few shootouts early on in his stay here . . . hence the nickname "Clint." Like the roles of his namesake, Clint took nothin' from nobody, especially 3/c females. Plebe year was a pain that slowly passed (like kidney stones) but JER finally became an Upperclass. He quickly found that there was truth in the words "PhySci QPR High" (he's not stupid) and settled himself into the routine of being an Upperclass . . . study, eye exercises, early to bed and keep Reeferblow out of trouble. Second Class year Jack found true love. A girl you say? No, a X-28.

It was later that his hobbies included just about everything that moved: planes, cars, and yes, a good ole fashioned girl. But we know for sure one true love of his will always be Aviation. When you get there Clint, remember — Ride 'em cowboy!

Phoenix, AZ "Clint"

**JOHN EDWARD ROBERTS**

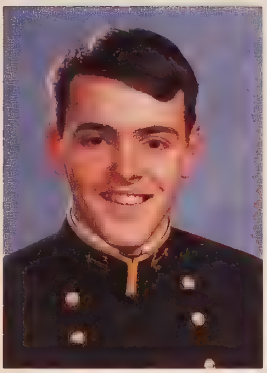


Keith just came in on the surf one day and found himself right in the middle of USNA. He would not let this daunt him. He would show them how to become an Aerospace Engineer and still have fun. He always did like banana splits and ice cubes. There were many ways in which it was hard to rival him such as black Ns (all in the name of fun) and requisitioning books to read. Known as the Pillsbury Dough Boy, (it must have been that innocent smile) Keith was always ready for the ladies to push his laugh button.

Watch out ladies of the world for this guy. The Marine Corps Air Wings will never be the same once Horse shows them how it's done. Best of luck.

Satellite Beach, FL "Horse"

**KEITH A. ROBERTS-HORSFIELD**



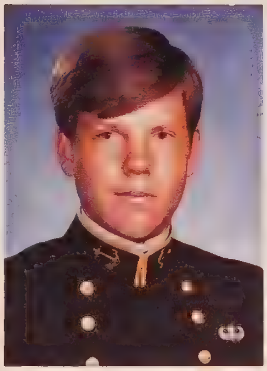
Dave came to USNA from Southern California. Not accustomed to eastern life, he quickly began to adjust. Westcoast women must be different because Dave's tastes were rather "different." This became very apparent when Dave had to be rescued from the clutches of one of his prime choices.

Weasel was always a bit "kosher" in his spending habits. I particularly remember the time he refused to needlessly spend 60 cents on a three-bar package of soap. Instead, thrifty Weasel tore one bar out of the package and paid his 20 cents apprehensively. We know Dave, you can explain it! Which leads me to the next point — Dave could explain *anything*. He as a master of assumptions. If something is unexplainable to Weasel then a guess is as good as an answer. Tell us about "Nachos" Dave, you know what they look like.

All this aside, Dave was a Varsity Sailing Yawl Skipper — quite an accomplishment. He was really at home in his yawl. As a matter of fact he was more "at home" in his yawl than he was at home. One more thing: "Mr. Simpson let me dismiss class before you break your neck there."

Burbank, CA "Pokey"

**DAVID GREY SIMPSON**



Paul Skopowski, alias Skopski, Ski, Skopulate, and Worm, was not a normal Midshipman. The normal Midshipman was either a bilge, smack or sweat; Paul was never one of these. The normal Midshipman would succumb to peer pressure; Paul was always quick to tell a classmate where to put an idea. The normal Midshipman struggled with a 3.0; Paul struggled to keep his 3.7 from going higher. The normal Midshipman wanted a fuel efficient car; Paul wanted his to do 0-60 in 8 seconds. The normal Midshipman let his little head do the thinking for his big head; Paul was patient. And finally the normal Midshipman would go Navy; Paul wants to be a Marine and a fine Marine he will make.

Claymont, DE "Whiner"

**PAUL FRANCIS SKOPOWSKI**

If there were ever a guy who enjoyed doing anything but study more than his roommates, it had to be Smithy. Consumed by his love for track and later for a certain young lady Smithy found Boat School and selected nights at Riverside quite compatible. Coming from New Jersey via NAPS, Smithy decided early on to dedicate his 4 years here to track and the decathlon. Having spent his first 2 years here getting to sleep in time to wake up his roommates so they could study, Smithy was finally broken by the lure of the wardroom his last two. However, time was spent wisely — he qualified for the Nationals as a 2/c and made the USA Team as a Firstie. When we see Smithy at the '84 Olympics our only hope is that he's still not married. Sorry Lisa!

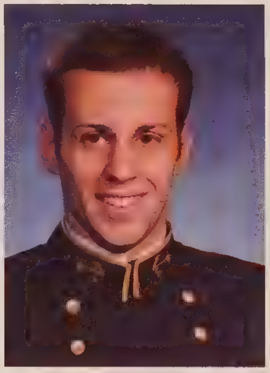
Toms River, NJ "Smithy"

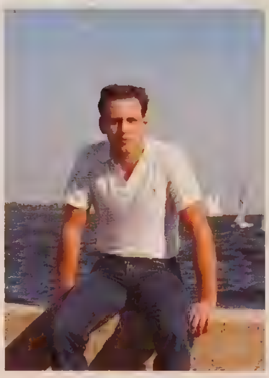
**RICHARD W. SMITH**

Ted was well known for his ability to handle pressure situations. Only tried to kill Lockell, his common law wife, three or four times. Also known for his great sobriety and levelheadedness. It wasn't his fault he got lost, those little men moved the signs again. Came to school as a potential Mech E major but his inherent laziness and dislike for work soon caused him to switch to Political Science. Even doing close to absolutely no work still graduated high due to his great intelligence. Wish same could be said of his sense. Often seen wandering the halls at night in attempt to relieve his boredom by bothering others. We'll remember his fame at U. of M., only wishing there were pictures to authenticate some bizarre stories. We wish Ted good luck and calm blood pressure as he graduates to spread bald spores throughout the land.

Kingston, NY "Theo"

**THEODORE PAUL STANK**





**KEVIN MICHAEL SWEENEY**

Philadelphia, PA

Kevin really graced us by showing up for I-day. St. Joes prep alumni were supposed to be partying at Smokes that day. Totally bored with the ceremony, Kev asked directions to the boathouse. Kevin refined his narrow, elitist mind at Navy — when graduation rolls by, he will leave with cynical eyes, views more conservative than Will Buckley, Jr.'s, and a heart set on an MBA from Wharton. Kevin was the other member of the elite Ninth Company preppies. Seek liked the phone — Kevin wanted Ma Bell stock. Extremely likely to succeed, outside the Navy. That Volvo sure saw action, Push start it Pete. Sporting a 3.0 in Business and a deuce in hair length, the Sweenz road-tripped to Dickinson, Haven of Emotion. Kevin's version of *God and Man at Yale* will be another James Webb bestseller, "Thanks Mom and Dad."

Wall Street Journal; Bruce; Buffett; Joel; Plebe-Sweeney, Inc.; ISI; SIE; "Sir, I think we've reached saturation point."; Jersey Shore; Molson's Golden; Nuclear Power?; Brooks Brothers; Prep!

**GEORGE GARDNER TAGGART**

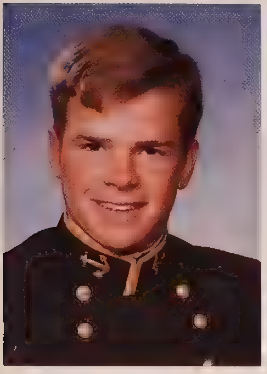
Bath, NY "Patty"

George arrived at USNA as a top-notch baseball recruit, having established himself as a blue-chip talent during the spring season of his senior year in high school. This "talent" would serve George well as he managed to slip in and out of many tight spots during his stay at Annapolis.

The first thing George impressed his classmates with was his decisiveness. Once his mind was made up there was no going back. After his fourth and final majors change, George settled comfortably into the laid-back lifestyle of a Poli Sci student.

Tags loved to play games. "Death From Above" was one of his favorites. Always one to experiment, curious George once offered his roommate an electric razor while he was standing in the shower. George's "uncontrollable" laughter provided many a fine moment on Cloud Nine.

Though Patty had a large body, his head was rather petite. If this peculiar combination slides through his pre-com, we on 5-4 are sure that George will grab that cherished NFO billet and settle down with the "special" lady of his life.



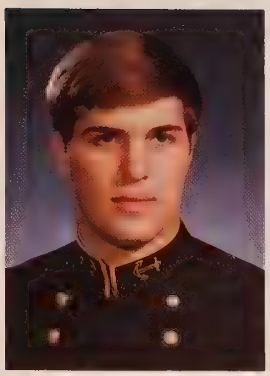
**WILLIAM A. THAYER**

"The World's My Home"
"Alfie"

Bill came here from Greece as a man of the world and ladies too. As valedictorian of his high school class, Bill was very proficient at his studies, if he could ply himself away from the rack, but that's where most Poly Sci majors spend their time anyway. There's only one place Bill would rather be than in the rack, that's on a sailboat. Bill, being a Second Class skipper of a yawl, brought the crew of the Flirt to victory parties on many occasions, whether it was on land or water. Then after another very successful summer cruise, in more ways than one, in New England and Bermuda, Bill came back to Boat School to receive command of a class "A" and his second black "N."

Bill, sometimes called Alfie, was named after Alfred Thayer Mahan. He will surely be as professional as his namesake.

Sleep well and Go Hawke!



**GREGORY R. THOMAS**

Rockville, MD "G.T."

There's no one in the world quite like Greg. He has made many otherwise dreadful hours enchanting to all of us with his uncanny ways. Once, he even brought the usually stagnant people at the infamous Vouz to their feet with a blazing performance of "New York, New York" followed by an encore of "Duck-Duck-Goose." Greg had no problem getting attention, especially from the congruent minds of Hennegeek, Van Doosh, and Y-Man. His personal and room appearance were always topics of discussion. When your roommates write "Beware of the Dog" above your picture and one of them is an African, it's hard to look good. We understood Greg.

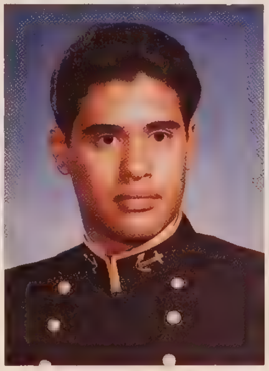
Greg came to the Academy following the footsteps of his father and brother. He has more than filled those footsteps by his display of character which has left a lasting impression on all of us. Above his door reads the quotation: "You can cage an animal but you can't break its spirit." Thanks for your friendship and we're looking forward to the years to come.

Ray rolled into Annapolis from Brooklyn and NAPS with an unequivocal appetite for good times. Although academics initially caused some trouble, he succeeded at having fun. How he learned to squeeze studying in between those weeknight parties has amazed everyone. Keeping track of Ray's love life would be a full time job as his "little black book" filled two volumes. Only Ray could keep them all happy. Maybe it was his pleasant morning outlook. Or it could have been his clothes: He was always looking fine when he stepped out. Just ask him. He just happened to notice how good he looked while combing his mane. During Firstie Year it was really tough finding Ray around. Everyone knows the Fiat is parked outside, the wine is on ice, and the babe is waiting impatiently. With course like "Indoor-Outdoor Breathing" who needs to study?

Keep on rollin' Bro. I'll rap to ya later!

Brooklyn, NY "Ray"

**RENE VELEZ**



Timmy Rich left his mansion, bagels *AND* all his girlfriends behind to Put-Put, Sputter, Cough, Cough, to squidsville in his puke green Volkswagen Bug. Destined to be the baddest fighter pilot in the Navy, Housecat showed his evasive fighter tactics early by hiding in the shower during the first pep rally. After briefing in his room with his Yubin and Shades, he sortied out into town to log his flight hours. To this date, he has zero confirmed kills except for a Caviar Lady with a weak stomach and a trip too long to talk about. With a physique like that, his record is not bad. When not skiing with Nora or being sought after as a kidnapper by the Maryland State Police, Bach enjoyed tango parties at the Holiday Inn (it takes two to tango). If he was not restricting, you could find Tim in Riordans — keeping a tab on the drinks he bought everyone. Tim, it's hard to be a fighter pilot while the Caviar Lady with the nice necklace has your wings clipped. Good Luck Pete.

Los Altos, CA "Bach"

**TIMOTHY PETER BACCI**

Before arriving in Annapolis from the fair city of Chattanooga, Rick thought Khakis were worn with pink oxford cloth shirts. After four years of the Academy, he knows better — alligators belong on WUB "A" shirts.

"John Boy" Bohner came here to run track. He won his varsity letter while single-handedly converting track into a contact sport. His specialty was hurdle attacking, an innovative style that proved to be somewhat unsuccessful (i.e. broken bones). No pain, no gain, right Rick? He even ran behind the great Renaldo once.

When not running track he found the time to be on the Brigade Honor Committee, tag trout on the Chesapeake, and even pull a 4.0 semester once.

Rick had a problem with women — there were so many that wanted to go out with him that they had to draw numbers. This was a result of his kind personality or his warm southern charm. Whatever it was, it was rightly proportioned, good luck in the Navy/Air and God Bless ya'll!

Chattanooga, TN "Bone"

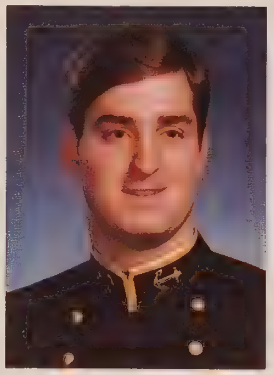
**RICHARD HUGH BOHNER JR.**

Despite an adverse childhood (his father was a career Army man and his older brothers opted for the Air Force way of life), Bob made the right decision and came to the Navy, even though he did take a wrong turn on Rt. 50 and ended up in Newport for a year first. Bob thought he was wrong once, but he was mistaken. He was a very straight forward person, "I calls 'em as I sees 'em," he always said. Bob did show some small amount of leadership though, serving as company commander for five semesters including first semester 1/c year.

Being a math major worked well for him, because as an avid sports fan he could be heard calling the plays for everything from ACC Basketball to Orioles Baseball, and consequently, he didn't have a lot of time to study. Bob hit his head on something around second class year and, as a result, is headed for a long trip underwater. Unfortunately for him, he can't take his "punkin" with him. Good luck Bob and Tina; we wish you lots of luck and a couple of "tigers" (hope they aren't as stubborn as Missouri mules) in the future. Pride runs deep!

Odenton, MD "Big Bob"

**ROBERT JOHN BRENNAN**



Ed arrived at USNA from a small town just outside Bawston. When he arrived at the boat school, he had a one and only — and he left with a one and only — a different one separated by some lesser publicized relationships. Ed was an avid sports fan, especially when it came to the Celtics, Patriots, and the Bruins. *Everyone* knows that those teams are the best. During first class year, Ed resided outside the gate on Green Street. One could also find his girl, Donna, there. As graduation approaches, we all wish Ed and Donna many happy times in the future. Everyone is hearing bells and betting that they will be together for a long time. Good luck to both of you out in the Fleet.

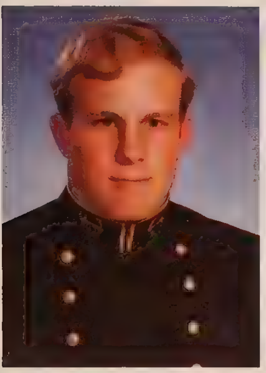
Wrentham, MA "S.F."

**EDMUND FRANCIS CATALDO**

"OH ...," Nick came from the sunny State of Florida to introduce to the Academy Colombian Standard Time (CST), which varied from 2 to 5 minutes behind Eastern Standard Time. Nick decided to try a diversified field of study at the Academy, from Systems to Survival. Always one for a good time, Nick was quick to join the boys, especially when they were headed for a Disco. His cheerful disposition and easygoing manner made him a choice roommate. He worked hard during Ac-year but his summers were spent recupertating in Spain, Bermuda and Colombia. 1/c year saw his defection to the Colombian Navy. We wish him good luck and fair seas, hope your dreams of blue sky and white clouds don't become the deep blue and grey decks. By the way, What was in those 'Care' packages from Colombia? "... Formation?"

"Nicky"

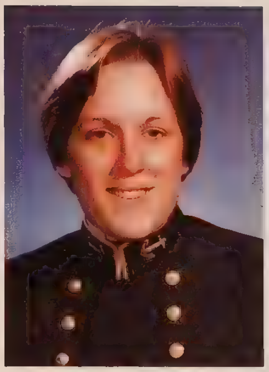
**NICHOLAS COVELLI**



**MICHAEL EUGENE CRUM**
Carlisle, PA
"Lord Kelvin"

Mike came to the School on the Severn from the Redskins' training camp — Carlisle, PA. Mike played football here for four years and he also practiced in academics when the mood struck him. He became famous for his Father Dominick impersonations. It's a good thing he was a Math major. When Mike was not on the turf practicing he could often be found in the wardroom watching T.V. He always had lots of food for everyone. Mike abused many girls in Dahlgren during his career. It's not called "Disco Dogpen" for nothing. Mike also got a great deal on his Mazda 62.6 — It even has a water making air conditioner that sprays on the passenger underway.

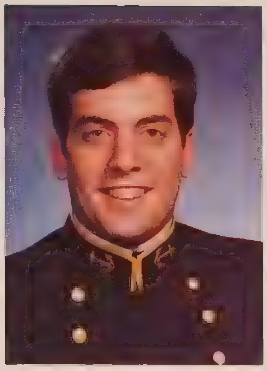
Everyone wishes Mike good luck in the Fleet. Who knows, there may even be a girl out there for him — somewhere? Some day we all hope to have a happy reunion with Lord Kelvin.



**JOAN ELIZABETH CURRY**
Waterloo, IL "Doctor J"

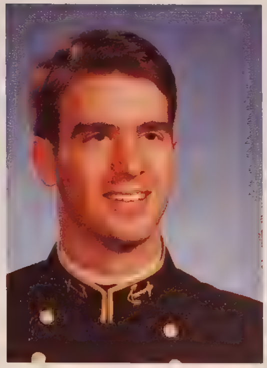
Joan may not have been the greatest proponent of USNA her Plebe year, but her wonderful sense of humor got her through. Before too long she had become a regular inhabitant of the laboratories under Chauvenet. There in the Chem Labs which became her second home, she mixed, distilled and titrated her way to dreams of doctordom. Her nickname, "Doctor J.," may have originated on the basketball court, but we all have confidence that she will earn the title legally before long.

When she took time out from the rigors of the Chemistry major, Joan could always vent her frustrations on the basketball court, or on the track as her roommate's javelin-catcher. Back at the hall, she was often a buffer zone between her two roommates, and her kind heart and sympathetic ear were catalysts for reconciliation. Joan will always be a doctor, not only to our physical but our mental well-being. Best of luck, Doc, and remember never to leave a rack unturned!



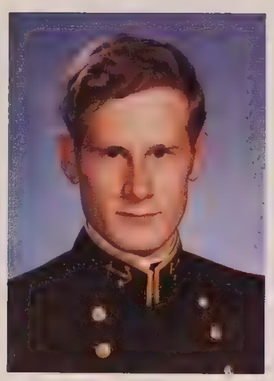
**JOSEPH DIRENZO**
Severna Park, MD
"Toeman"

Joe "The Toe," as he is called by the few friends that he has and all others who have unfortunately made his acquaintance, has established quite a reputation throughout the Brigade. Joe always looks forward to meeting the incoming Plebe class in his quest to make new friends, but as always, he comes up empty handed (too bad that Plebes become Youngsters and aren't subject to unlawful orders). Toeman had an illustrious career as a place-kicker, totalling one extra point in three years. This overweight star claimed that he was struck down in his prime by a crippling injury senior year preventing future varsity participation, but in reality being *cut* was not what we considered an injury. Of course, being associated with the football team means free tickets, and free tickets means good grades, right Toe? As for service selection, it depended on the warfare specialty of our reigning Company officer. First Nuke, then NFO, but suddenly Joe was stumped when he became a she and she was a Marine at that. Brown nosing, boot licking . . . Yes it worked for four years. But where will it lead to when the chips are down and you have to pay the dealer? Good luck Fleet, here comes The Toe.



**ROYCE ENGLISH**
Benton, KY "Nealus"

From the hills of Kentucky to the shores of the Severn, Nealus came with his backwoods accent, his jamming fool guitar in hand and his horns protruding. His fetish for 'vettes led him to habitually getting tanked and playing with his "Michellins." Don't judge a book by its cover though, for Royce constantly indulged in academic endeavors, with his black rimmed glasses and fag bag as evidence. When the weekends rolled around, he was similar to an angel with his wings clipped; his brownish/red hair and his night-time activities definitely indicated Irish setter tendencies. Every dog has his day though, and Royce finally got snatched by Barb. But don't lose hope, because everyone knows that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Good luck Royce — Hope our paths cross in the O-Club some day

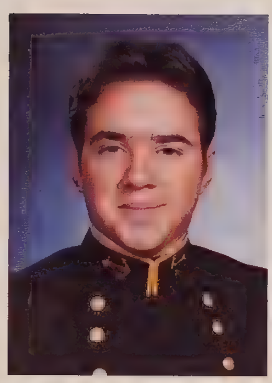


### CURTIS DOYLE GARLAND

Doniphan, MO "Curt"

Curtis came to USNA from a small farm in Missouri. His father was a career Navy man and Curt decided to carry on the tradition. He had very realistic and ingenius ideas on academics and study — the less the better. He would much rather complain than study.

Curtis was also an avid sports fan. *His* teams never lost because he always liked the winning team. His predictions were far more accurate than "Jimmy The Greek's." Curtis also had a true love in far away California, however, things looked good for a future bond. Curtis was a friend to many and will be missed by everyone. We will all be looking for him in that Tar Heel blue sky above.



### FRANCIS P. GORMAN

Freeport, Long Island, NY "Frank"

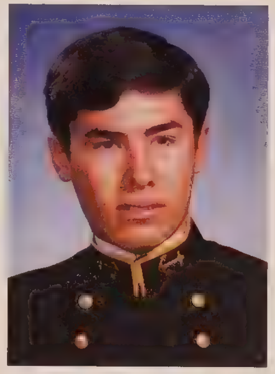
Stormin', a native of beautiful Long Island, came to Annapolis to tumble for Navy, learn something, and to protect America from people like himself. Initially a Chem major, Frank quickly earned the reputation as a very explosive student. The "Kid" then entered Oceanography, but still cornered the market on producing methane gas. Frank spent his entire Third Class year in white works; a feat not easily challenged. After two fun years on T-Tables, Stormin' decided to place more time on his favorite pastime — his girlfriend Laurie. Now we all know where he spent his weekends. Yes, Frank was an All-American. All-American sleeper that is. The Toe would always find him doing the Australian crawl in his rack on weekdays. Besides sleep, Frank's studies took up most of his time (he was a geek). During NS300T, Frank managed to fall asleep on the floor. The officer threw him out of the course.

Always remember . . . Steimy; where is you? T-Tables, greasing Herndon, Europe-.80, Pistol detail, 9-20-80. Frank plans to continue oceanographic research and join the Nuclear Submarine Force.

Rex caught a wave into Annapolis from the sun-drenched beaches of San Diego. From that point on, any surfing Rex did was uphill. Much to the chagrin of the Systems Department, it looks like Rex will graduate with their degree. Rex never lost his mellow California disposition or his offbeat sense of humor. Swimming was an interesting experience for Rex. While forming the nucleus of the "Black and Yellow Tide," he developed a unique style — underwater jogging. After rooming with the Methane Gang 3/c year, Rex moved in with Doc. M. and amassed the largest collection of gadgets and appliances Bancroft has ever seen. Rex caught a lot of abuse for his wardrobe — it all matches in black and white. Having survived the rigors of USNA, Rex is now ready to embark on a career in the Supply Corps. Good luck and may your ledgers always be balanced.

San Diego, CA "Hex"

### REX WESLEY HEAGY

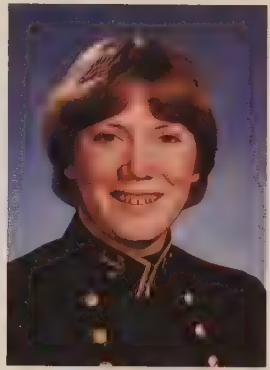


Singing "Oklahoma" and smiling from ear to ear, Susan bobbed into the Academy and celebrity status almost immediately. That smile, a reflection of her almost boundless optimism, was a beacon to any and all dedicated to making Plebedom unpleasant. But even they were fascinated by those little boxes Susan called feet, which she duly displayed for those who doubted the existence of a size 4N. Susan's stature matched her feet and made her the perfect candidate to be dragged around the hall in laundry bags (by her roommates, no less). She never let herself get pushed around, though, testifiable by the thirty or so unsuccessful Plebes who tried to take this little, quite determined, youngster "scuba-diving."

Through all the trials and tribulations, and even after failures and heart breaking losses, Susan never lost her smile. She may have restricted herself to appropriate situations, but that smile was always ready, maybe because the stirring strains of "Oklahoma" deep in her heart never died away.

Lawton, OK "Susie"

### SUSAN LU HITTLE



The Brick left the concrete plains of N.J. on a one-man mission to re-instill professionalism into the Naval Academy. Some are born epileptic; Jack was born professional. Besides professionalism, Jack's other obsessions included collecting "Dear John" letters, wearing 1200 PSI designer jeans, and deep selection. Despite the lack of professional opportunities available, Jack forced himself to have a good time on 3/c and 1/c cruises in the Med and Hawaii, respectively. 1/c summer also saw Jack as a Plebe summer Company Commander and inventor of the J-gram. He prided himself on his taste in clothing and singlehandedly originated the "Suburban Cowboy" look.

As a Systems major, Jack burned so much midnight oil that he started getting bills from Exxon. Having survived the rigors of his major, Jack is ready to trade his cowboy boots for black shoes. Good luck; may your seas be fair and your khakis designer.

Bricktown, NJ "Brick"

**JACK EDMUND JOYNSON**

Kevin came to Annapolis from the plains of Iowa, via the Fleet and NAPS. Right from the start, Kevin proved himself to be a unique individual. Having validated the Plebe year academic curriculum, he spent his time fashioning devices to make life more bearable. Who will ever forget the electronic eye that enabled him to listen to the radio whenever the door was closed?

Girls were never a problem for Kevin; there always seemed to be at least one at hand. His conquests included an Admiral's daughter, and a Marine. Never one to be bothered by academics, Kevin handled the Systems major with ease while beating for the Drum and Bugle Corps. Kevin was also known for his collection of obscure records and his wardrobe both of which reflected the taste of a middle-aged accountant. Kevin plans to join Rickover's Army, where his biggest shock will be that he can't take his 270-watt stereo on board a submarine. Good luck to you Kevin, may your mass always be critical and your outlook rosy.

Waverly, IA "Doc"

**KEVIN LEE MABON**

**ERNEST ALBERT MATACOTTA**

Brownwood, TX

"Devildog"

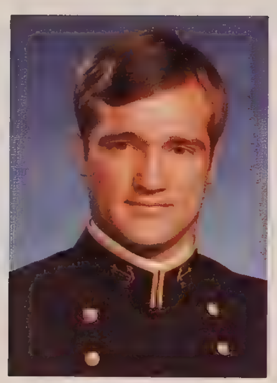
From the halls of Brownwood, Texas, to the shores of the Academy, this Devildog Marine ran like a deer to indulge in his new career. One thing for sure, he sure couldn't swim it or ski it, right or no? When Bernie got here, he commenced his illustrious adventure on a diet of Spam, Gainesburgers and vodka, only to become a pumping fool under the audacious slogan, "Curls for Girls." Tortures and stubbing "The Toe," with the aid of a hockey stick, were among his favorite hobbies. Ernie went one step beyond his peers on weekends by becoming breaking drunk, only to result in some additional vacation time here at Canoe U.

Ernie's love trail is that of a moon-dog, from D.C. Katie dolls to Annapolis pick-him-up trucks to Long Island pinky rings. Beer, brawling and West Virginia — yea. That's one thing he did do. For the only man going Corps out of Tenth Company, all that we can say is you sure are a girl.

**ROSE MARY McGRATH**

Woodland Park, CO

Rose floated in from Colorado equipped with a congenial personality, a quick mind, and a calculator. Not smiling in front of the First Class she was soon marked as a top performer. Dauntless she slept wherever her roommates laid her rack but vengeance was hers as somehow she always escaped retribution from initiating her roommates' escapades. As head baker, she added much to the Company. Many is the time that she would look over her glasses and help a friend in need. Refusing to be tied to rigorous Academy life, Rose drifted out to the Air Force Academy for a semester. There she developed a passion for soaring and . . . We wish her well in her climb toward command of her own flying bridge.

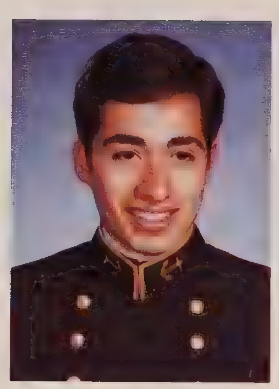


**KEVIN WAYNE McGUIRE**

Chaffee, MO

"Bullet Head"

Kevin joined our ranks from the hick filled town of Chaffee, Missouri, home of the Signal. Yes Missouri, where men are men and the sheep are nervous. Graduating from the farmers' frolic to the Academy, Kevin brought with him a low profile that encompassed a sixth sense to always desert friends in order to avoid trouble. This led to numerous beatings and Blue Bird Bites, resulting in long evenings talking to the Porcelain Princess. This lack of common sense and many cold and lonely nights led to Baldi's inter-racial relationships and fetish for shotputters, from Alabama to Navy. Academics, duty, and biological parasites were the only defenses from a one-on-one encounter with the Catonsville Bomber. What will crack first, Kevin's love for Teresa or Bullet Head's S.B.V.'s? Good luck, God speed and take her down to periscope depth.



**PHILLIP A. PEREZ**

Kingsburg, CA

"Disco Pay-Rez"

Traveling 3000 miles from the Fruit and Nut State, and the small town of Kingsburg, "Disco Pay-Rez" found himself in the midst of yells and screams from upperclassmen, and love letters that wouldn't stop for his infamous New York roommate. Yes Canoe U. had adopted a new member, and Mother B. now had her hands full. Plebe year found Phil in a mist of dreams stemming from Mech E. and Systems to Marine Air. A rude awakening came for him when he came up against Lt. Mustache who brought him back to reality as an Econ major, with a summer session of History. Learning his lesson, Phil returned, his Youngster year, in full stride ready for everything from Dahlgren to academics to photographing his roommate, discussing top secret "coded" information with Mr. Porcelain after the Army-Navy game.

Phil's major never did a thing for him as his love for wine, women, cars, and more women, kept his money supply way below his consumption demand. Best of luck at P-cola, and Jul, take care of this one for Mother B.

**LAURENT C. G. REINHARDT**

Tecumseh, NB "Larry"

Laurent rumbled into the Academy from a small midwestern town. After arriving at USNA, he traded his midwestern look for a unique "Urban Prep" look. Laurent was a self proclaimed Renaissance man as a result of broad travel experiences before coming to the Academy. Laurent suffered through many hardships here, however, as a charter member of the Methane Gang, he always maintained a certain air about him.

Running Varsity Track Plebe year, all expense-paid trips to Hong Kong and the Philippines 3/c year and France 1/c year were all forced on him. Being a History major meant Laurent occasionally had to study. To avoid being caught, he would hide in the library until nine o'clock and imitating a sponge, would come back and visit rooms in search of food.

Good luck in the Fleet LCGR — by the way what does the CG stand for?

**TERRELL W. RICHIE**

"T.R."

T.R. came to University of the Navy from the red-neck hills of Alabama. Terry learned some of the finer points of life during Plebe year by being part of the Sailing Team. Third Class year included excursions on the Ho Chi Minh Trail, in the catacombs, as well as sessions in the "Youngster Wardroom" in Nimitz. Second Class year found Terry giving up Sailing for weekends with Lisa. T.R. opted for one of Navy's toughest majors — Math. This caused him to spend many a night staying up late playing UNO or watching the tube. First Class year saw T.R. at the helm of the WUBA gang which gave him a chance to put his craziness to destructive use.

During his leisure time he was seldom seen without his OAO, Lisa. One could not ask for a better friend, his support of classmates was appreciated. We all wish T.R. and Lisa the best of luck as he intends to head for the friendly skies of Navy Air.

### MARY BETH SESBEAU

Bettendorf, IA "Beau"

Plebes get criticized for many things, but Mary must have been the only one ever to be told that she was *too* professional her Plebe year. Maybe it had something to do with brassing the chairs and waxing the desks and windowsills . . . When she wasn't busy squaring her room away, "Beau" was playing volleyball and saving her eyes. Many's the night she put aside her not-so-favorite pastime — studying — and took to her rack, washcloth covering her eyes. She considered them much too precious, and therefore left the books to her geek roommates. They were never as appealing as jumping into her 280Z, heading for her favorite weekend resort — Quantico. Although voted "Most Likely to Be a Marine," Mary chose Navy air. Watch out Pensacola, here comes "Spunky." Best of luck, 'Beau!

### PAUL R. SHIGLEY

Dayton, OH "Shigs"

Shigs came to Canoe U. after his junior year of high school in Okinawa. Paul is the youngest member of our class (as if you couldn't tell). After briefly pursuing an Aero major, he saw the light and switched to Resources Management and cynicism. Never one to be bogged down by studies, Paul diverted his energy to more important endeavors, namely Uno, novels, and TV.

Paul distinguished himself by his famous slouch, his quick wit, and by the fact that he never combed his hair. In keeping with this preppy image, Paul's wardrobe looked like an advertisement for Brooks Brothers. His spare time was spent zipping around in his '64 'stang and drinking Guiness. On these few occasions where Shigs found a girl who measured up to his rigorous standards, he was quick to fall in love. Though outwardly cynical, Paul revealed his hidden professionalism by earning jump wings. Paul now plans on heading for Pensacola, with a possible detour in Quantico — If you ever see an F-18 with button-down wings, you'll know who the pilot is. Good luck Shigs!

### DAVID ROSS SPOERL

Pine Bluff, AR "Spoon"

Dave came from Wisconsin, by way of Arkansas, to tell of his great and many conquests of the fair sex. For further detailed information just ask him. The list of names gradually dwindled down to one, "Margaret."

Second Class year presented a new problem for Dave, namely how to edge out his fellow Math majors for a seat in the Company wardroom. Dave changed with the season (i.e. hair). What color will it be next summer. "Spoon"? He was a charter member and sacred "Holder of the Cards" for the Varsity Uno Club. With the loss of Paco, the "Academic God," (Jeff that Lone-Star Texan) Dave had only his Tigger, Margaret, to confide in. Love those chapel weddings. Fair winds and blue skies. See ya in my back seat.

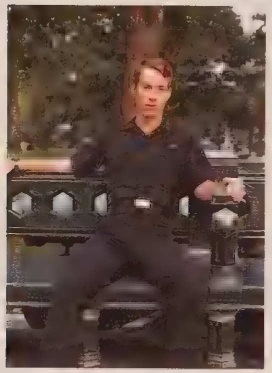
### SUSAN FAYE STEEN

Spirit Lake, IA "Sue"

Sue had two sayings that will live forever in the memories of those who knew her, The first was, "?#@!#!!@—:—#!!?@ . . .", and the second, "Assistant Brigade Operations, may I help you sir?"

She was always happiest sitting at her desk, clad from head to toe in purple and surrounded by her Aero books. As evening (or early morning) came and she nestled down beneath her purple afghan, Sue was not always guaranteed peace. She was known to occasionally entertain a regular menagerie of stuffed animals for a "party" given at the invitation of her devoted roommates.

Not content with setting the world's record on sit-ups, she went to All-Eastern Track Championships as Navy's top shotputter. On the academic side, having passed Gas with Archer, she is now on the wings of Navy Air. We'll see you in May of '87, Sue. Or will we get invitations?



**WILLIAM RICHARD AULT**

Downey, CA "Bad Willie"

Bill always was, is now, and always will be the ultimate California Kid. The toughest thing about the Academy for Bill was realizing it didn't have a Newport Beach campus. After every Christmas leave, bets were placed, and people lost money when Bill really did leave that 80° weather to return for a freezing winter semester in Annapolis.

Bill, or Bad Willie as he is more commonly called, was a constant source of amusement everywhere he went. From the Company wardroom to the top of a McDonald's drive-thru speaker, Bad Willie knows how to get Bad! Ask anyone unfortunate enough to have upset the Lizard King when he was in action.

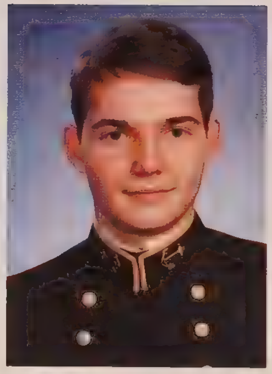
School was never high on Bill's table of priorities. It always fell somewhere below Lightweight Crew and road trips to the Univ. of Maryland; where Bad Willie not only got bad, but engaged.

There is no doubt that Bad is going to make one of the hottest jet jockies to ever hit the fleet. The way he attacks the prospect of Navy Air makes me feel truly sorry for the poor doomed soul who crosses the Lizard King in his F-14

**ROBERT F. BLYTHE**

East Greenwich, RI "Bly"

Coming to USNA with a scuba tank in one hand, and a recent issue of *GQ* in the other, "Bly" was all set to make a big splash on the Annapolis scene. Despite the many rigors of one's first year here, Rob still managed to get around quite a bit, singing, playing his sax, everything, just to escape the daily doldrums which we all experience. Seeing some of the better sights in the Maryland-Virginia area, Rob became disenchanted with his life of romance, and looked south to Mary Washington College, finding a remedy. Never one to strain his eyes studying (as he is an aspiring Airdale) Rob was forced to venture out every weekend, accelerating away with his Playmate cooler in his Honda. Who knows what lies ahead for the President of the Oceanography Club y su nóvia? . . . All we can do is recall the past: club meetings at Riverside, Ocean City, N.J. (summer '81), your 20th at Hood with your roomies, Blue's Alley, Halloween at MWC. Our best to the future Jolly Roger. "ANYTIME BABY!"



**DON PATRICK BOSNIC**

Indiana, PA "Boz"

Boz, who was once called "the most laid back Midshipman in the Brigade," was sitting in his room one day working on a model F-14 when he had a vision. He saw Admiral Rickover coming to him on a gamma ray with fistfuls of money, that was all it took for Boz to forget his dreams of the wild blue yonder and take to studying on weekends. Don spent three years as one of the Navy Golf Team's "social golfers" before he decided that the trek over to the golf course every day was too much for him so he traded in his driver for a rifle and joined the rest of us on the intramural field.

Boz, always the socialite, always knew that he wanted to do something and would often spend as much as an hour trying to figure out exactly what it was before he realized it was sleep.

Boz's face is permanently set in a smile — a fact which got him fried Plebe summer.

**JOANNE CERASUOLO**

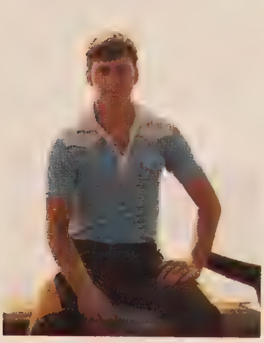
Massapequa, NY "Josie"

Majestic, Meaningful, Magical, Music
Brass, Beating drums and
Drilling till dawn for
Unforgettable flying colors
Filling the sky with
Flags unfurled and waved with pride.
Marching, moving, making friends at
Maryland, Mardi Gras, Miami, and more.
D and B duties never seemed to end,
But, because of her brilliance
Joanne's stellar studying seemed
to pay off well with grades
unreachable to half the Brigade.
Copa Cabana, Star Wars, Rocky,
Sanchez, Warwick, and Willie Nelson,
Pooh Bear, Harricanes, Vegas, and Ice Cream,
Laughing hysterically, Loving endlessly
JoAnne's virtues were patience and sanity,
For her four years of living with
two Looney Tune Cartoons.

Bonar, T-bone, T, there stands the evolution of Tom Clemon's nicknames. "T" hails from Marine City, Michigan — a small town NE of Detroit where sailing is learned before walking. Tom's infatuation with sailing kept him out of sports as well as the Company Plebe year. T hooked me into going to Atlantic City for the first time ever, he's the only winner and then it's demolition derby time in D.C. the next day, 3 red lights, come on T. Thanks for the place to stay in Florida, hope "Three Mile" gets back before midnight. T got hooked on one girl (Sharon) for 2/c year, that keeps you out of trouble. As that affair ended he fell for a red RX-7, that keeps you in trouble. Lions, Tigers?, get a real team "T." Did you do that pull up in Pricer's truck?, O.L. As it winds down "T," 2nd Batt. Football, Whole Lotta and UBW, EE project, one more Army, AC again, Keyholed. As it ends here at Annapolis "T": Take care and let Navy Air do you right.

Marine City, MI "T-Bone"

**THOMAS M. CLEMONS**



Brad Conners' career at USNA has been an exciting one. He started out playing lacrosse, while majoring in Math and being entertained by a local blonde. After two years of this, and a couple weeks falling out of planes, he decided to make things happen. His lax coach gave him the support he needed to move up to Company sports. He then "bit the bullet" and signed on a permanent cheerleader, while remaining a Math major. His hobbies include guitar playing, cheating at backgammon, and making a home for stray zoomies. He chews a mean chaw in his imported truck, but that's the way they do it in Albany. The future holds Brad finding the random distribution of F-14s on the CVN-24.

Clifton Park, NY "Brad"

**CHARLES BRADFORD CONNERS**

The "Duke" hails from the self-proclaimed, "Greatest City in the World" (N.Y.C.). Plebe summer Rob gave his L.A. roommate a taste of the big city by tossing his rack at him. The slow pace of Academy life soon began to wear on him. He couldn't even keep his mind on insignificant things like sounding off. It was a fun-filled year for Duke though: T's Aqua-drawer, Rat's imitation of the sport's page, and Airborne!! He was always a hard-charger with the books ("Bary tonite?"). Aero took its toll on him, (as it did on so many others) however, and he went Phi-Sci.

Rob settled down a lot after Plebe and Youngster year undoubtedly due to frequent trips to Baltimore. Always game for a good discussion Duke carried on a 4-year debate with his North Carolinian roommate on the benefits of the outcome of the Civil War.

First Class summer found him finally becoming "Stillborne" (Scruffy, of course). Whatever service selection holds for Duke, he's destined to give it his best shot and succeed. (You know Duke's bound to go Navy Air and be with his roommate in P-cola!)

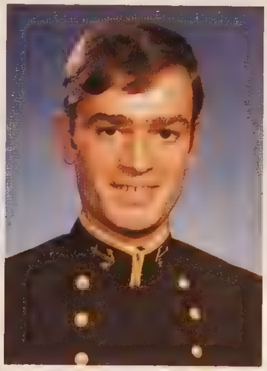
New York City, NY "Duke"

**ROBERT MARIO DELUCA**

Having never listened to anyone before, (or since then) Paul took the advice of his older brother in '80 and came to Navy, mistake #1. Plege year challenged Paul not for traditional reasons, but rather due to his roommates. When not in a Rat headlock or teaching Mango to surf, he spent his time sailing in 60 knot winds and 40 foot seas. Changing tack, Paul spent Youngster year with two great institutions: the Drink-a-thon team and Hood. The former he co-captained; the latter was mistake #2. Always a great judge of character, Paul chose as Protramid companions the Boy-Bustos, P.J., Wuba-Man and Evil-Ed, mistake #3. The only remembered results of this combo were the wuba concerto and jamming with the band at Country Comfort. Similarly, Second Class academics didn't hold Paul back. He still managed to keep the triad, stick to the Vous' floor and kill the Volvo. Paul wanted to play asteroids for service selection, but was forced to choose Navy Air, no mistake there.

Cohasset, MA

**PAUL M. DONOFRIO**



Deb Dunbar, All American Sailor and Fan of James Taylor, From adventure to adventure, from coast to coast, Deb's inexhaustible energy was something to toast. Four years of:
Sailing in the sun, singing in the rain, terrific tans, blue and white, sign of the whale, special boxes, prizes in art shows, daisies and dandelions, green eyes, brown eyes made blue, Carly Simon, song sung blue, Springsteen, Buffet, Tom Waites, Beach Boys, Dancing, dreaming, drawing, driving, diving off . . . the East Port bridge, Acorns, Randall, Spa View, 7-11, Chick and Ruth, bagels, Harry Brown Bloodies, Rat Patrol Road trips, Dog House subs, Bahama Marambas, Bimini Boat Drinks, Riverside afternoons, Tijuana smells . . . Déjà Vu.

Marathon madness, Motown music,
Drawing sailboats and eating cheeze,
Wearing bandanas, waiting for breeze,
Running in and out, Running in rain,
Running to rejoice, Running in pain,
With sand in her sandals,
Shells in her shoes,
Sunshine in her smile and a song in her heart,
Deb kept on living, laughing, and giving
to Uncle Bill, Mom, to the Navy, to the NADS.
"Be young, be foolish, but be happy"

Mantoloking, NJ "Debs"

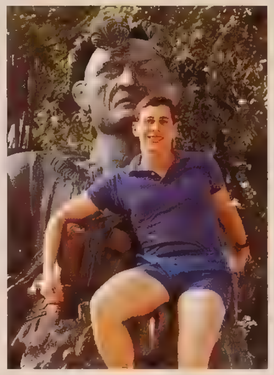
**DEBORAH MEADE DUNBAR**

Guido Fiasco, Sarducci, Sole Survivor of the Ern Generation. Thoughts of Mike evoke images of his satellite and the events Frankie named a Fiasco — and Guido was born. Fifi's keg evolved at Manhattanville and he brought it to the only hole above ground to share with us. His weekend trips are legendary — "I got some beer and the highway's free." — Thanks Bruce — During his trek thru USNA he met some fine chaps, Chris "Norwegian Wood" and "C.J." Sean. His hit men got bumped off — too many nights out — and looking for a place to squat, settled in the den of iniquity, home of B.J.R. and F.X.R. III.

Uneasy during the week, Guido found solace at the watering hole with F.X., B.J., and Tony. Senior year found Fiasco as the Yankee's best commuter fan; returning from N.Y. with treasures of pepperoni, Italian bread, and Charlie's Heroes — á Paesano's lifeblood. The hall couldn't stop Guido escaping the stains thanks to U.D.'s. Good luck — Chris, Sean, FXR, Dels, BJR, Tony, Steve, Dave, Larry, Zim, Jake, Bill, Joe and the Boys from 11 — Asti Spumonti.

Port Chester, NY "Fiasco"

**MICHAEL REDFIELD FIERRO**



**PHILIP JAY GOODMAN**

Annapolis, MD "Phil"

In early July, 1978, Phil packed his bags and came to USNA — all the way from West Annapolis. As a townie, he had regularly abused Midshipmen, and that didn't change much after he got here. Always a high achiever, PJ had little problem overcoming his two major obstacles of Plebe year: living without his stereo and living with (or through) Colenda. After Plebe year, Phil showed us all how quickly stereo equipment becomes obsolete, by modernizing his system as often as we changed WUBA. PJ's easygoing personality, however, never changed (good one!). Despite turbulent times in his room, Phil always managed to weather the Storm. Subtle niceties like cleaning his roommate's plant or straightening up his pictures were more Phil's style. In addition, Phil was never one to sweat grades: he always tried his best to convince himself he would fail (Hey, Phil, a 3.2 is not failing). Still, the only time he wasn't convincing was during his conduct hearing. Not to worry, however, as his confinement during First Class year was excellent training for the next five years he plans to spend underwater. PJ wins the "Local Boy Makes Good" award for 1982.

**PAUL FREDERICK HEALY**

Westfield, NJ "Heals"

From the frontiers of North Jersey the stubborn Irishman and disciple of "the Boss," soon to be dubbed "Fat Ass Healy," arrived for Plebe summer determined to follow the most challenging path to graduation. Conquering the aura of Mech E. and Rocket Reed, Paul earned the distinction of wearing the prestigious and keenly styled black-rimmed spectacles. Finding the professional side of existence here to be incompatible with his smooth style, our swim star sought heartily to improve the quality of life around him . . . never a trembling Plebe outside his door or a contribution to the Company conduct file. Many a cold, bleek morning he would trudge to the pool for his 0545 dip and to pay his respects to "Fat Lou." As a result of his dedication to the team and many a grueling workout, Paul earned the treasured "N-Star" during our frolicking Youngster year.

Needless to say it was always an equal concern of his that adequate time be set aside for social activities of which his roommates can attest. Never without a beautiful girl at bay it is certain our Company basketball coach will succeed in his future endeavors. May he spread his fighter pilot spirit wherever he sets sail.

**MICHAEL WILLIAM KEATING**
Yardville, NJ "Keat"

Keat, the most quiet of the trio of roommates which came to be known as the "Three Stooges" during Plebe year, will be sailing the Seven seas for a couple of years until he can get a designation change to the Navy Explosive Ordinance Disposal Team. Mike, always searching for the ultimate game, seems to enjoy the idea of playing with puzzles which have the capability of turning him into plankton if he makes a mistake. We're still waiting for him to figure out Rubik's Cube.

The expression "music soothes the savage beast" seems to have been made for the man who is only capable of smiling with half of his face and has been known to actually growl at Plebes when his engineer's mind couldn't formulate sentences to correctly express his displeasure. Keat, a native of Yardville, NJ, can often be found contemplating the universe while incredibly mellow music seeps from the speakers of his stereo system.

Keat is dedicated to Life, Liberty, and Tomfoolery.

**RICHARD JAMES LANGFORD**
Staten Island, NY "Lang"

Rich has always stood above his classmates, by at least 5 inches. Having his head in the clouds most of his life probably led him to want to fly. Being this tall, food took so long to reach his stomach that it created a continual need for cookies. If Rich isn't in the process of passing out from hunger, it's only because he's already asleep. Rich had always liked the idea of being M.I.R. (mostly in rack), but to everyone's surprise he was Company Adjutant first semester. After a semester of the striper life he was really looking forward to being an M.I.R.

After two semesters of Calculus and Engineering, Rich decided that being an English major had its advantages. Now he's the premier English stud and writes a national column in *Shipmate* magazine. One of Rich's favorite themes is chivalry and the search for the perfect woman. This search will be a long one because although Rich is very popular, he picks his friends carefully. To be one of this group is a very special feeling.

John was awarded the name "Mango" within minutes of reporting to the Academy. His friendly and erratic behavior has been his trademark ever since. JT is always willing to lend a hand or have some fun. His antics range from rack surfing and impromptu boxing matches to standing on window ledges in midwinter and a certain beer drinking contest at Timmy's. Sleep is something that comes easily to John. His springboard wakeups and half awake stares startled his roommates more than once. Luckily for John, alarm clocks never had much of an effect.

Although a Porsche was in the stars for John, it wasn't in the driveway. JT always worried about everything, especially women, until he learned to play doctor in San Diego. We wish John the best in future years and hope that, for his kids' sake, Porsche will come out with a family station wagon.

Convent Station, NJ "Mango"
**JOHN THOMAS MANGANARO**

A Scrapbook for Cathy; Saturday dreamer, Sun, and Sky, and open places; Sailing on the Severn, Letter Sweater, Winning at Yale, collecting first fall leaves; "5 o'clock World," Road-trips and dreaded unprepared Mondays; Late nights at the Vu, Motown Dancing, crabs at Riverside and Jazz at the Maryland Inn; Boat drinks and Green Hungarian, Diet Pepsi and Docksiders, sexboots, Line 7 and an alligator shirt; Mexican dresses and party hats, bandanas and shells from the shore; Ski Slopes, fireplaces, the NADS and Chuck Mangione, duffle bags and red things; Singing like Streisand, bass playing, a Stage Star; Running in Nikes, Chocolate Chip Ice Cream, hair perms, ribbons and raisins; "Buddies" and laughter — craziness, popcorn Thursdays, hot chocolate, squirt guns and bottle rockets; Secrets, love letters, Foreign Policy, French, Japanese Calendars, Woodstock, and Snoopy Earrings and late, late nights; Friends here, there, always smiles for everyone, love for rainy days, Celebration! "Love really hurts without you."

Wolf Point, MT "Cathode"
**CATHERINE D. McGURK**

When Rob first arrived at USNA he knew that it was going to be tough. During Plebe summer he was even issued “cruel shoes.” In athletics Rob proved to be quite a good wrestler. He was “itching” to get out onto the mat and it wasn’t long before he had the whole team itching too. He then turned to his first love, weight lifting.

When it came to academics, “Mile Run” was a natural. His uncanny ability to learn through osmosis was a trait envied by all. No one could argue with the results though. The Physics major was the obvious choice for Rob. He already knew that F=ma. Everything else can be derived from there, right?

Rob used this expertise in Physics to develop a theory of how gravity affects the tumbling of dice and headed straight for Atlantic City to test it. Word of Rob’s system spread like wildfire. Preliminary testing cost 11th Company almost $500.

We all know that once Rob reaches the Fleet it won’t take the Russian sonar operators long to locate his ship. They’ll just wait for the Benny Hill Show to come on, and then listen. HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA . . .

Sauquon, NY
“3 Mile Island”

**ROBERT JOSEPH MILES**

Compie, also known as Newms, Comp, etc., proved himself athletically early on. Unbeknownst to most, Compie was the Company’s first ex-aerospace engineer — he went Resource Management before Plebe year started. Compie was seldomly seen; as Fourth Class Adjutant, he never stood watches, at meals he could be found bouncing between the squash and tennis t-tables.

Youngster year Compie discovered Dahlgren Hall, rewriting Duke’s papers, and decided squash was the true athlete’s sport. He also reaffirmed his suspicion from Plebe year — those who are seldom seen get ranked high.

Second Class year found Compie hitting the local hot spots in Annapolis. He also discovered that he had chosen the perfect major: While his Companymates were struggling with Engineering, he was coasting in Resources and listening to “Yes.”

With his MIR crows, Compie has even more free time (five Youngsters). Being the squash team’s Captain also has its advantages. His ultimate goal now is three-striper liberty. Who knows? There’s still time before Pensacola (P-3’s).

Charlotte, NC “Compie”

**JAMES W. C. NEWMAN**

Raised in the backwoods of Southwest Pennsylvania, Dave’s presence here has had a profound effect on Midshipmen and Officers alike. It was the first time any of us had heard “Sons of the Pioneers” music.

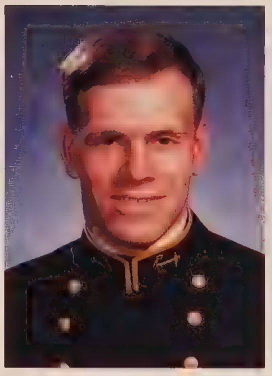
Many think Dave came here to find a place to store his *Guns and Ammo* magazines. After he found out that there was no major offered in firearms, Dave’s second choice was fictional western history. A dedicated Louis L’Amour fan, Dave was crushed to find that all of the little known (and even less cared about) facts he had collected were useless because that major didn’t exist either.

Dave’s physical education was also rough. Struggling through swimming (he validated all four years), Dave found he could run a mile in under 5:10 and do over 30 pull-ups. Despite all this, he passed his tests with flying colors.

Dave will surely make a fine Navy pilot although he’ll be disappointed to find that they don’t make saddle-shaped ejection seats and insist that he take off his cowboy hat when flying.

Charleroi, PA “Price-Tag”

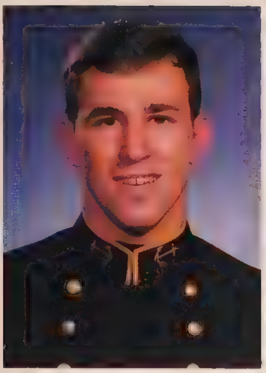
**DAVID MATTHEW PRICE**



Norm, somewhat affectionately known as “Storm” or “Cloud,” hails from the Heart of the South, Bear Country — Alabama. He came to Navy with high aspirations and a great desire to outlive tradition with unending success until he found himself constantly pinned to the bulkhead by the flames and spit of the fearless BAZOO from Kuckamonga. It didn’t stop him for long, but the load of the Physics major did. If it weren’t for the evolutionary plug of self-protection and the all-night lab and problem set parties with HA-HA Rob and Goody, 2/c year might have been disasterous. Though swimming and constant workload kept his head underwater during the week, he could breathe and release on the weekends in B-more. Often, his life seemed in the pits with aggravation from the dames, but with the intrusion of a little brew (now and then) and other swell mixtures, “Storm” finally began to mellow-out. It took three years. Nevertheless, Navy has a place for everyone and soon “Cloud” will be serving in the Nuclear Force.

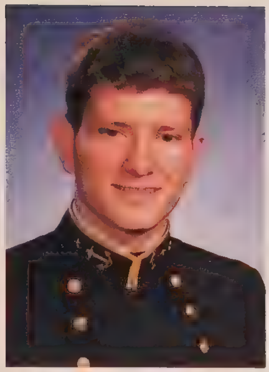
Montgomery, AL
“Storm”

**NORMAN NEAL RANTZ**



**JOHN RATKOVICH**
Sunnyvale, CA "Rat"

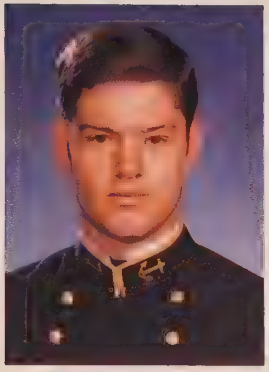
Homestead H.S. ... Sunnyvale, Calif.... wrestling stud ... clothes out the window during uniform races ... Plebe football ... flipping Donofrio in rack first day as roommates ... "Surfs up Mango" ... rack wars ... double hammer headlocks ... first trip to Atlantic City — down $40 ... Mechanical Engineering ... Youngster year ... TERT factor — Total Elapsed Rack Time ... macaroons into 5th wing parking lot from window ... NFL stats in the head ... AC-DC, Young Ted ... boxer shorts in the hall ... unmade rack ... denting concrete columns in Dahlgren with head ... uses shoulder as an excuse to change sports four times ... hitchhiking from Florida in shorts for 36 hours ... Charlie's west side ... Second Class year ... roadtrip to Ocean City — sleeping under boardwalk ... 75-2 for "half-assed-inadvertently kicking over a sign" ... xeroxed letters from home ... travels by thumb more than by feet ... 3 TKO's in Batt Boxing ... body slamming ... wrestling anyone, anywhere at anytime ... "Super" ... weekends at College Park ... Brigade Boxing Champ — Gold "N" to go with Black "N" ... "get to the *bottom line*" ... duty C and P credit card ... second consecutive trip to Fort Lauderdale ... "accelerate the vehicle" ... nickname for everyone ... Company slowpitch catcher ... discuss watermelon at Preakness ... First Class year ... '75 Fiat Spider ... dipping ... 2nd Batt Football Coach ... weekly trip to Atlantic City ... "You know what they say — O.L." ... "Do me/yourself right" ... Surface Line for the Rat.



**RONALD GLEN RICE**
Albuquerque, NM "Ron"

While at the Academy Ron has not been your typical Mid. Spending an inordinate amount of time engaged in horizontal workouts he still managed excellent grades, a good conduct record, and a flamers reputation. Since Ron could not wait for the 928, it will have to wait for him. A 25 watt Jensen in the Chevette does give one the feeling though. Spending his time gouging future classes of Systems Engineers Ron has helped many a Mid academically. It's in the book, right Ron?!

Qualified as NPA (not physically alive) one often wonders how Ron got into Canoe U. Though convinced as a First Class that Nuke power was not his line of work, Ron *will* undoubtedly be an asset to the Submarine community. Ron always says, "Submariners do it deeper!"



**MARK WAYNE RUSSELL**
El Paso, TX "Rozelle"

"The Long Tall Texan." Mark Razzle left his beloved El Paso heading eastward surprised to find out, "Yes, there is life beyond Texas." His Plebe year wouldn't have been complete had it not been for daily letters to Cynders. Among his successes in his first year was his unheralded ascension to the throne as "King Bilge" in room 3143. Hearing the mighty call of the Severn, Mark soon sailed with the "G." P. Squadron. This love affair ended, however, when he realized that he was spending too much time between the pier and YP 656.

Russ' social life at Annapolis was highlighted by the fact that some girls would do almost anything for him. As far as his study habits went, he decided that bad habits are easily broken. Therefore, Mark switched from Aero to G.E. at the risk of losing too much rack time. First Class year found him hyperspacing each and every Friday noon to his new residence in Harwood, MD. The Air community will receive a fine officer in Russ, "fair winds and following seas."

**CHARLES SCOTT SMITH**
Newport, RI "Scott"

Scott is an interesting person. His hometown is in Pennsylvania, he lives in Virginia, spends most of his time in Maryland, yet registers his car in R.I. His name is no less confusing. His first name is Charles, he goes by Scott, but everyone calls him Smitty. Any confusion stops here, however, because Scott has always known exactly what he wanted. A heavy emphasis on Navy Crew and a lot of sweat and hard rowing earned Scott that elusive "N." Grades came easy for Scott at first, so easy that he got an A in several courses without cracking a book. This changed Second Class year, however. Things got so bad that several times Scott was tempted to relinquish his illustrious title of Mechanical Engineer. Getting through the year even though he passed less than half his finals convinced Scott that he could stick it out. Scott's hard working attitude will be a great asset in his future Naval career. Navy Air is getting one hell of a fine officer. Good luck and happy rowing.

### KEVIN BALISH THORNE

Springfield, VA "KB"

K.B. came to us from Adak Alaska, after a short stop at NAPS. The year he spent in Newport was probably the best thing that could have happened to Kevin. After burning himself out partying in prep school he was ready to get down to business by the time he finally got to Navy. Kevin hit Plebe summer running and hasn't stopped since. His hard working attitude has continually kept him on top both academically and professionally.

The fact that Kevin's social life was somewhat limited on Adak made him easy prey for the first real girl he met when he returned to civilization. By the end of Plebe year Kevin was tied down and pricing station wagons. You won't catch him complaining though.

The Nuclear Navy is truly getting one of the best. I only hope K.B. is as organized in keeping in touch as he is with everything else. We all wish Kevin and Vicky the best of luck and many happy years; you both will be sorely missed.

### CHARLES B. TONER

Aurora, CO "CB"

Chuck wheeled into the Academy from out west with a taste for fine women, drink and music. But Plebe year temporarily stifled those pursuits (legally, anyway). Youngster ended that, as Chuch reverted back to his old lifestyle. CB will try just about anything — at least once. Anybody who likes both Mr. Mojo Risin' and Claude Debussy is definitely different. Tones has also seen the wild side — with elephant encounters in Cleveland, a nearby single-handed attempt to burn down Bancroft, making deposits up and down the South American coast, blindly joyriding his way back from the U. of M., not to mention all the killer "YO's" up at A.C. Academics haven't been too much of a problem for CB. For 2 years he was a member of the "Yeh, I got A's and don't study" club. But a one-semester stint with the weenies down on the Hudson changed his study habits, and now he struggles like most people. Chuck's rare appreciation for life and people will make him a success in whatever he does, if he figures out what that's going to be. Sorry, Chuck, the Navy doesn't have a Colorado Ski Task Force (yet!).

John's initial arrival at the Academy was a source of wonder and amazement to his new found friends, wonder that he ever passed his first security clearance and amazement over his gourmet chow packages. Although he was labeled the "Mad Russian" of Eleventh Company, Vanya soon established his all encompassing standards of mellowness. Over the next four years, it was a rare occasion to find him with raised voice or overly excited. But on these occasions, John proved that he too enjoyed having a good time. In fact, our reputation at Arnold's may never recover. Not one to be called a "Hall Rat," Vanya managed to return to Long Island as much as possible, that is until he found a trip to D.C. to be much shorter.

John will be remembered by his classmates for his friendliness and constant good cheer and we all wish him the best in the years to come. Remember John, the mellow will inherit the earth.

Glen Head, NY "Vanya"

### JOHN VOLKOFF

Mike, alias, "Wheels," came to this instituion in search of pain, torture, and a challenge. He didn't think he could find it here until he was confronted with the labs, professors, and exams of the Marine Engineering curriculum. Well, he met this challenge and then he decided to take on the General Engineering Department. He has done quite well and he still has time to eat dinner, sleep nights, go on leave, and give Plebes Italian lessons. If Mike should be remembered for anything, it should be his enthusiasm, spirit, and his lucky rolls at backgammon. What more can you expect from a guy from Long Island?

In the future you will see Mike (pending pro fieldball and softball drafts) Surface for two years, then piloting bulldozers and navigating through mud as a member of the Navy's toughest outfit, the C.B.'s. His claim to fame will most probably be the construction of a shuttle from Annapolis to Lawrenceville, NJ.

East Rockaway, NY "Wheels"

### MICHAEL PERRY WETHERELL

Dave, also known as "Dagwood," "Captain Quincy," and "Country F . . ." by his cohorts, came to USNA from the Gulf of Mexico. While sweating off twenty pounds Plebe year, Dave answered all upper class questions until he was asked why he was sleeping on his desk, in uniform, with bubbles around his head.

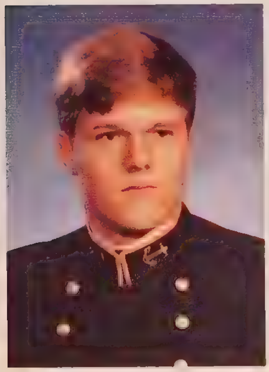
Dave will eat anything and everything between two pieces of bread, thus "Dagwood." In fact, his appetite led him astray after the Christmas Ball of Youngster year, when he finally lost his bow tie.

After a romantic Second Class summer, Dave returned to USNA to begin the seven year Naval career he so enjoys. Between professional discussions with his Company Officer and memorizing all the names in the company, Dave manages a few extracurriculars. At one time a Mexico explorer, road tripper, and avid canoeist, "Captain Quincy" seems to be aging rapidly.

Whatever his future holds, though, should be vibrant if he maintains the spirit he has shown over the last three years.

Panama City, FL
"Dagwood"

**DAVID DOUGLAS BELT**



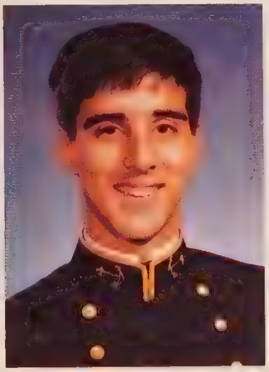
Phil came to USNA from the deep south to help his brother through his last two years. Getting off to a bad start by falling into the routine the first day of Plebe summer, he quickly got back on track. He blazed into AC year, rooming with Pronounman, Redeye, and Zondino. Winning the Bancroft Sweepstakes, Phil headed for a beautiful Med cruise — sun, sea, sand, and Siganella.

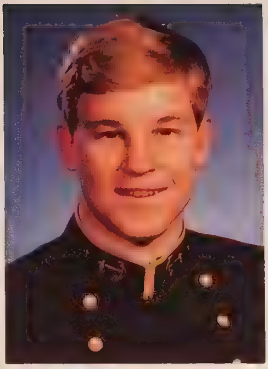
He hit Youngster year and Thermo hit him. He quickly overcame, passed through Second Class summer and into AC year. As company blowtorch, Phil proved his superiority to everyone. At the same time he consummated his marriage to rock and roll with the discovery of Jim Morrison and The Doors.

Braving Cables and Fluids, Phil finished up with Second Class academics and left for a sub cruise. He came back a dedicated Nuclear Powered officer candidate. We wish him luck in the Reactor Corps and know he'll make a great sweat.

Atlanta, GA "Botochango"

**PHILIP ARTHUR BOTERO**





**LANCE T. BRASHER**

Albuquerque, NM

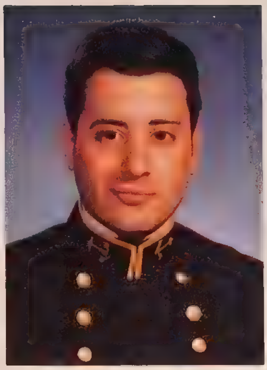
The amazing Lance-Romance came from Albuquerque, N.M. to do his best, and he had a fast start. He was the first Plebe to experience the appreciation of the local girls during our first liberty, but he was choosey enough to evade the attack. This studious and party loving blonde ran away his Plebe frustrations with various secret rendezvous at the library before Chemistry classes.

Caught in a supersonic car driven a la Long Island, while coming back a little late from College Park; Lance had to wash away those Youngster blues with long siestas New Mexico-style, visits to a Philadelphia cutie and the loving care of Seattle's finest.

Junior year academics were big and he saw some action at Thrift Inn parties, pig outs at Armand's Pizzeria, road trips to Mary Washington College and enjoying the hospitality of a New Mexico D.C. co-ed.

Lance did so well at Navy that he was given the Sub-Command of our Battalion and more liberty time, which he spent with the girl he found three blocks away from Gate 3.

Lance, we all know that you will do great. Just keep being yourself AND KEEP PUSHING. HASTA LA VISTA AMIGO.



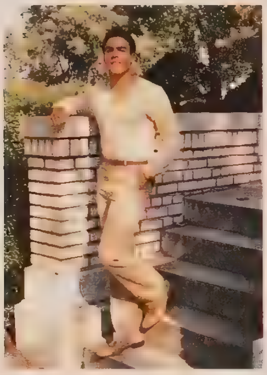
**TOV BINYAMIN BROG**

Silver Spring, MD
"Tovus"

Tov, wanting desperately to be in the Air Force, accepted the next best thing and joined us here at USNA. After a confusing Plebe summer, Tov settled down to the daily routine of racking during the day with afternoon workouts with Coach Lenz. Tovus, a wild and crazy Mid, spent his weekends with Atari, 14th and K, and National Premium Beer.

Tov was a kind person. At Army he even let his roommates push start his '71 VW Bug only to have it towed away the next day. Around Second Class year Tov started moving up in the world by jetsetting (MAC style) to Germany, because everything in Europe is so much better.

We'll always remember Tov (and so will Fiddler's Green) for his good sense of humor, which should carry him far in whatever service takes him.



**WILLIAM STACY BUTTS**

Cleveland, OH "Will"

Not just another pretty face, Will has spent plenty of time between the ropes here at Navy, dodging punches and giving them back in short order. But Will took everything to a point of adventure! He took study hour naps in the catacombs, took Saturday morning trips to Bowie to avoid marchover, and took time to locate every jazzy babe in the greater Annapolis-Baltimore-Washington-Philadelphia-Cleveland area. But fortunately for womankind, he was able to throw down with ease all over the East Coast. In fact, even though he doesn't remember, Will was reportedly seen in the Ship's Bottom, New Jersey area, one evening jamming effectively with babe after babe. When asked about the ladies in question, Will described them as being "fine as wine!"

In the big world, Will has narrowed down his service selection to Marine Corps, Surface Line, SEALS, E.O.D. or close advisor to General Action Jackson. Serving as arbiter for the General during early days of inter-room strife, Will may opt to take on the real military instead.

What's up, Dave? Throw down, Will!

**LAWRENCE PATRICK CATES**

East Meadow, NY "Rates"

Twelfth Company's '82 Marine Corps rep has followed well in the footsteps of the "Arm." This green blooded Lon Gislander brought his stick and his energy to serve as Plebe Captain for Navy lacrosse. Since then he's donated time, teeth, and a kid brother to the lax cause. In addition to sports, "Rates Cates" has interests in Management. He manages to smash up Celicas, lose Coleman stoves, track down cheerleaders, misplace Fairlanes, and support the Maryland State Highway Department.

During his Navy days, Larry has taken part in many exercises and rituals to guide his Marine Corps training. In the military environment of Hawaii, Larry played "grunt" during First Class summer. Earlier training entailed Weberled company excursions, O.C. beach storming, Myrtle Beach joint staff evolutions with the Confederacy, Lake Sacandaga wilderness tactics, and enemy information studies among the masses following Mick Jagger. Although the long distance maneuvers were quite valuable, even more practical were the nightly hand-to-hand battles with the Peruvian Navy.

The Corps will hold no challenge for Larry, as he enters with his background of consistent and thorough preparation.

**CARLOS ALBERTO DE IZCUE**

Lima, Peru

Carlos came to USNA from Lima, Peru. Understanding English fairly well, but not well enough to stay out of trouble, Carlos' true feelings for the Naval Academy became deeply embedded. Being reprimanded for speaking Spanish and for his accent by childish First Class, he obtained in indepth understanding of American expressions. He worried that he was becoming Americanized — he began to dream in English.

Carlos was the Peruvian Horse, and sometimes he felt like chit. But after three years, we declared him a full fledged gringo, thin legs and white skin, with a brand new Mazda 626.

His attitude toward American women never faltered and neither USNA nor America could change Carlos. His lethargic lifestyle and his obstinance ensured his individuality.

His humor, whether subtle or blunt, was always directed at an appropriate party. Whether imitating a disc jockey, throwing a pisco party or a Thrift Inn party, his outlook was always exceptional. The wrestler had something for everyone.

We will truly miss Carlos and wish he was staying in our Navy. But no matter whose flag he sails under, Carlos will be a gringo to us, and we wish him the best of luck.

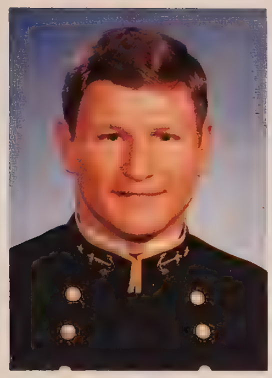
**PETER J. DREHER**

Charlotte, NC "Pete"

Pete came to Crabtown in July '78 from Buffalo and Detroit and New York and Quonset Point, R.I. (Quonset Point?). Born in a Navy family in '59, Pete quickly established the goal in his life: to make money! Plebe summer afforded Pete the opportunity to excel for Navy, leading the company in demerits until he was passed by a hard-charger late in the summer.

Academic year marked the emergence of the "ultra-geek," working hard as a Systems Engineer, attempting to radiate his way into the world of rods, rems, reactors and Rickover. During his Academy years, Pete went through about as many sports as he did roommates. He solved the problem by eventually becoming a track manager and by pretending that he lived alone.

Humorous, understanding, dedicated, friendly and FRUGAL, Pete will do well for himself — even if he is hidden somewhere in the depths of the ocean.

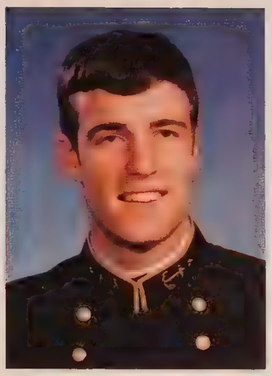


### THOMAS PAUL GARRISON
Thomson, GA "Gru"

Here's Tommy Garrison, from the deep southern town of Thomson, Georgia, where instead of signs saying "Vote for your Mayor," they say "Vote for Tommy Garrison — President, Class of '82 — USNA." He is the pride of Thomson — population 236. Tommy has come a long way since spending over ten hours in Nimitz Library on Saturdays Plebe year to spending just as many either with Commandant in his office or on the raquetball courts or the golf course with one of the Batt Officers. Who else would get a telephone call from the Dant to play raquetball and say, "No thanks, maybe some other time."

Tom's professionalism and dedication to USNA also encouraged him to miss a Rolling Stones concert and instead go up to West Point with his buddies to hear a leadership seminar again. After the shock of having our Company Officer tell him to get the grades up Plebe year to finally living with "Stacey" First Class year, Tommy was elected Class President from Vice President — junking his beat up '66 VW for that big white '77 Cadillac.

Tip's never ending humor and outgoing social grace will take him wherever he tells the Navy he wants to go.



### JOHN G. GOETZ
Matawan, NJ "Jack"

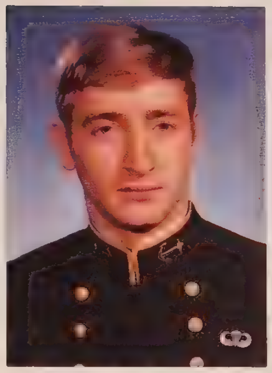
Jack hails from the towering city of Matawan (pronounced Măh́-ī-wāhń for those who dare enter its limits), deep in the Land of Bruce. He began his glorious career at the Academy buying donuts with his acting guardian, Schlags. Being a Plebe, in town on a weekday, in civies, and riding in an upperclass car didn't seem to faze him until USNA's star miler, Miss Neutronbaum, made the scene. Oh well, what's a few demos going to matter, right Dave?

Youngster year got off to a "hot" start when Lovey and her volleyball team invaded Ricketts Hall. The same year found Jack regularly attending a local convent, but a ring was completely out of the question.

Who would have thought he would play a major role in the WUBA incident, and then carry raingear to Walleye's post-Army festivities. And who can forget those four studs, Gus, Herbie, Herman and their HEAD honcho, Rocky; or the powder storm and freezing water raid of '79.

A proven scholar, athlete, and lover (self acclaimed), Jack will be one of Navy Air's finest assets in the coming years.

Puss Och Kram,
Zuber

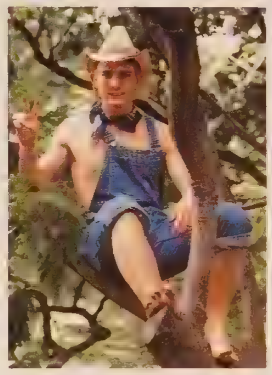


### STEPHEN ANTHONY HEMMELGARN
Ft. Recovery, OH "Hemo"

Steve, a real Marine through and through, came from NAPS after a short time with VMFP-3. Steve, an outspoken member of the original WUBA gang, spent Plebe year losing weight for crew, Youngster year dodging AC Boards for survival, and First Class year avoiding the Marine Corps for sanity. The "M" on his "N" sweater stood for Crew Manager, but he professed it stood for mattress, or an upside down "W." We can only guess what that implies.

After two years with Navy crew, another distraction from his academics was needed. He changed his major from Aerospace Engineering to Yearbook Publication with a minor in Physical Science. As stand-in Photo Editor Second Class year, and actual Photo Editor First Class year, studying just seemed to come second. Of course that is pretty easy when your roomie has the same attitude and the same ECA.

His class rank may not graduate him with honors, but it got him the Navy pilot slot he prayed for. Remember the good times: Massachusetts, Bubbles, Rabbits, etc., and good luck in P-cola. Somewhere there is a P-3 with your name on it.

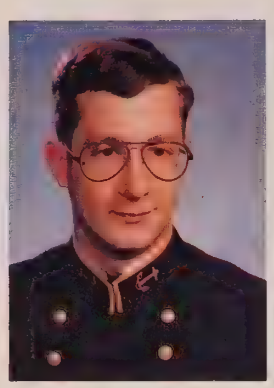


### ROBERT LOUIS HENDRY
Port Richey, FL "Bob"

Bob arrived, hard charging, from the deep swamps of Florida's Gulf Coast after a summer of wrestling alligators. After a tough academic Plebe year, Bob took the route of most of those highly technical English Majors by disappearing on many a weekend. He was often seen imitating such people as Hugh Hefner and Gengus Kahn at Hood College. He was also spotted in Maine, parading around half dressed at Sears School. You know, mail order P.O.W.

Second Class year found Bob back at Hood, he thinks. It seems he woke up one morning and called home to find out where he was. Bob also went international that year by treating the Japanese women to some American Hinduism. No woman is safe from Bob's watchful eye. Captain Hannigan, do you know where Mary is tonight?

Captain Hendry step aside, because not-so-little brother is coming on, still as hard charging as ever. Good luck and leave some women for the rest of us.



**PETER MAURICE HOLDEN**
Winter Haven, FL "Pete"

Pete came to us from sunny Florida on that 6th day of July in 1978. Straight out of high school, as most of us were, the initial shock and change of climate gave him some troubles during Plebe summer. Then things got a lot better when he finally made it back to us from Hospital Point to find that he was now rooming with Action. That loving relationship lasted for only a short, or maybe not so short, semester. Then he moved into a crazy room with a big Texan and a redneck fellow Floridian. From there it was all uphill.

Pete never had any trouble with academics and spent most of his time wondering which fantasy or S.F. book to read next. Of course there were the few courses that everybody stumbles on. Pete's was Physics. Like I always told you, "just derive a constant." After that one semester struggle it wasn't all that bad. Once again it was back to the books and the ECA's.

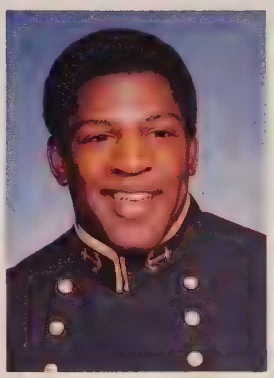
After graduation it will be Nuke school, and then to the Surface Fleet. Fair winds and following seas. Non illegitimus corborundum!

**STEPHEN R. IRWIN**
Norwalk, CT "Raul"

Ha! O.K., so he's wearing a jacket in 96 deg. weather. That's nothing for this guy. He's always been "cool." A few accomplishments include: jumping down a flight of stairs (to his ankle's dismay) in search of a "cute" classmate his freshman year, a pre-commissioning week skinny dip in the Reflection Pool, dampening a young lady's mascara (while in her purse) in Newport after a long Youngster cruise with twenty-six days at sea, and co-earning (with his roommate) the USNA Safe Driver Award.

Girls were his specialty. He had to set the numeric record for giving the same girl her "walking papers." His Great Santini personality began to come to life after three years. It left its mark on one of the gals who later was so inspired she became a USMA cadet. He now began to look at those Army-Navy weekends with more enthusiasm!

His career goals also changed from sitting at the stick of his carrier plane to sitting at the stick of one of Hymie's fairwater planes? There's no flies on this guy . . . a little voo-goo but no flies.



**EDWARD A. MYERS**
Pemberton, NJ
"Fast Eddie"

A dash of Panamanian, a pinch of New Jersey, an ounce of Army, a spoonful of NAPS, 5 cups of Jan, a football helmet — the end result: "Fast Eddie." "Ratey Plebe," Army-Navy, 279 yards, 3 touchdowns, among "Navy's Best," E & D Show, Zim, party, Riverside Inn, The 7, My Love, RX-7, Carlos' birthday, Thrift Inn and The Boys, kicked out, weekend at the U's, 7th Batt., party, Ring Dance, White Gables, farewell to Tom, Stroh, and D of E & D. Hawaii, good time had by all!! Last leg, fly or march; he who will not risk cannot win!! Bye, bye, Slick.

**JOEL ANDREW MILLER**
Atlanta, GA "Scruff"

Joel, the most recent in the line of American War heros, came to us from Atlanta, Ga. He stayed pretty much in the shadows for most of Plebe year, but his personality changed radically after going airborne. Due to his first years' high CQPR, Joel decided to deflate it via the Mechanical Engineering Department.

On Youngster cruise Joel decided to try for the USNA batting record: LST across the Atlantic division. He came close but his efforts were for naught. During Youngster year Joel teamed up with Gus to ward off the attacks of Rockey and Herbie. Joel relaxed Youngster year by exploring the physical attributes of volleyball players. Second Class year Joel changed scenery with the formation of the Mech Nav Think Tank, therefore relinquishing his weekends. The Alien from Plebe year was reunited with Joel during this stormy time only to go their separate ways again.

First Class cruise for Joel fulfilled his dream of going WestPac. Sorry Gus, no P.I. for G.I. As a First Class Joey found himself in the same rut as Second Class year until he discovered his roommate's sponsor's daughter, Kimberly. Their plans together are . . . so Happy Birthday (May 26th) Joel!

With a name like Dana, who would expect a hulking, baldheaded Marine! Dana was a super spook in the Marine Corps for two years before he was to try for the Naval Academy — by way of NAPS.

During Plebe summer he was great at folding his clothes during uniform races, although he never changed uniforms; and his stirring renditions of the Morse Code inspired us all to better marching. Dana loved his Plebe year room so much that he got it again Youngster year — *love* that Goat Court!

Dana is a double major in History and Political Science but he tries to hide the fact that he's a geek by going to bed at ten (and getting up at four in the morning to study).

Corps all the way, Dana earned jump wings and a Scuba Diver's qualification, but surprised us when he took his Youngster cruise aboard a SUB! MARINE?

Semper Fi, and best of luck, Dana.

Albany, NY

**DANA W. MOSS**

Mark came to Annapolis leaving his beautiful family behind in a cold and unspoiled "Heineken-rich" land. Living with Zubes for four years has brought us very close, but nothing will ever come between Mark and "Herbie." Herbie is suspected of gambling in Minnesota, laying bets and decks. Mark had many friends during his stay here and also adopted two fathers!! Daddy Schlages helped Manzy muster the entire brigade one night Youngster year at 0330 while Doctor dad was teaching his *son* a few Isaac slams.

Not one to be left out, Mark did the best he could AC year to get himself a car violation, but when the O.D. heard his "musical parking places" story with a certain young lady and Jimmy Legs, both he and Greg got off the hook. First Class year saw Zubes get three little stripes to go along with his one big "eyebrow."

A recent but very confident turn toward Nuclear Submarines has left me looking for a new backseat partner, but more importantly assures us that there will be at least two very competent and charismatic 12th Co. Nukes in the Fleet. Best of luck, my friend; Rocky and I are gonna miss ya, buddy.

St. Cloud, MN "Zubes"

**MARK THOMAS MUENZHUBER**

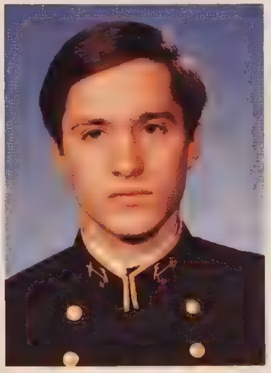


Fig drifted in from Austin, Texas, on his way to jet school and decided to stay awhile since there was plenty of food and rack time available. He managed to cruise through Aerospace Engineering without much interference with his sleeping habits (i.e. all of the time), and Navy crew helped to keep him lean and mean despite his love of chow. Always considerate, everyone loved to sit near him at meals because of his classy table manners and quick witted conversation. Fig was so popular that everyone wanted to be his roommate (since they were quitting soon anyway). But nothing ever fazed him, and he went merrily on his way, playing on the computers, and dragging his teammates down the river on race day, until senior year when he met "that girl." It was a fortunate meeting, for it gave Fig a good reason to drive his fire engine red Chevy Citation around Severna Park, and it gave his roommates a nice vacation.

But good things never seem to last, and Fig was a free man by Army, which gave him a chance to get better acquainted with the staff of the Oxbow Inn. It must be your red hair, huh Fig?

The Newd makes his next stop at Pensacola where he'll trade in the Citation for a fast fighter, and we all know he'll make out just fine in all that he takes on. Good luck, Fig, and oh, by the way, The Box called again while you were out.

Austin, TX "Fig"

**BRIAN R. NEWTON**

Rick, a southern rocker from "south" Connecticut, normally split his time between the Freebird and trying to figure out which way the electrons went. After putting in a few tough years with EEE and MAZ, Rick found senior year relatively free from both, and with fewer restrictions, the Beef could spend more time copiloting 75 to 80 mph road trips from one end of the coast to the other. He got by on fewer hours of sleep than most, but you could never tell from looking at him, since he appeared to be asleep all the time.

Rick stayed in shape Plebe year rowing heavyweight crew, but decided that he and his extra thirty pounds fit into the rugby lifestyle a little better.His behind the scenes activities often went unnoticed while Rick was out helping classmates with homework or putting in hours with the Honor Committee. Admiral Rickover recognized Rick's capabilities and snagged him for Nuclear Power and the Submarine Service.

He is headed for Orlando, where we are sure he will do well. Good luck to you Rick, and remember: blame yourself, know yourself, challenge yourself.

"Chief"

**RICHARD B. NICKLAS**

"VENI, VIDI, VICI, LINQUI"

Murrysville, PA "Doug"

**DOUGLAS BRUCE NORDMAN**

Back in the summer of '78 Bill arrived at Navy, ready to conquer the world of Bancroft. His secret weapons included an electric running suit, a 35 mm camera with more attachments than your mama's vacuum cleaner, a strong pro-Marine Corps sentiment, and the love of his USMC JROTC Unit Sub-Commander. But as all learned during the course of four years, only a pinhead would try to tackle Navy head-on, and Weepee was no exception. Now, after Navy's time tested methods have done their best, Bill leaves us not only as an American fighting man (with a high voice) but as a new piece of machinery.

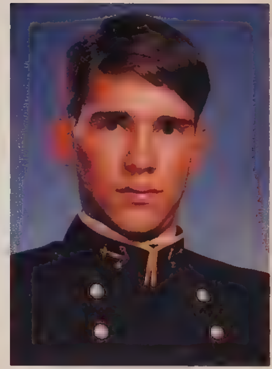
We all watched as he bade farewell to his Jr. B.A.M., folded up his running togs, took up squash, chose the Surface Navy as his career, and developed a powerful craving for WUBA (and he likes the uniform, too).

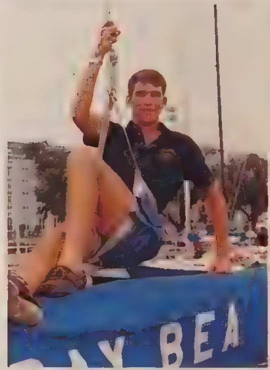
Rumor has it that the Weepster will soon pawn his camera and use the money for a downpayment on a nice family car, probably a '79 Pinto wagon.

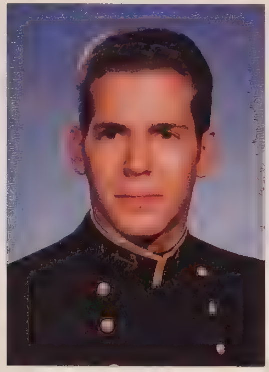
We wish Bill all good luck on the high seas, and we'll always remember him as a young man who never feared a challenge larger than himself (sorry, Shiela!).

Johnstown, PA "Weepee"

**WILLIAM E. PATTERSON**







**THOMAS H. PAX**

Findley, OH "Paxxer"

. . . The Naval Academy provides an environment where the peer pressure is to do the right thing . . .

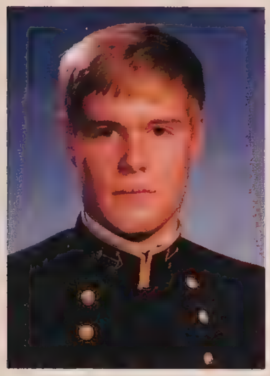
Vice Admiral McKee

PTN XOPYR MO IVIGXNLI VTO XCPDC RIMIHYIC XO VOXOPI. BOLCIC EDCT DOI VIYUI LOKOCPT XO CD VMICX Z MTC TPYTC GX MI VINEISLI. COC XQEVLTOXC XYIO GS BLBXY BDX MXZR XO MTC VIPIMTUTUC. XOVTOPYR BOX MI NIKTYLC GX MI UXOPX OT EDGLIO OL BDLCLXYTO I IETZIY MI VIGI GX WTOTY Z MTC TPYTC OLBXMXC GX MI IVIGXULI OIBIM. VYXZR BDX MI NIXTYLC GX MTC JDIYGLINIYLOIC XYCO LNNIPDYT Z LOCXUDYTC XO CDC IVPLPOGC CTHYX MIC NDKXYXC GX MI XCVOXMI. EXYT, PTN OT CX IYYXEXOPLYCX GX LY I OIBZ. UDCPR COC XCPDGLTC GX CZCPXNC Z MT NIC LNETYPIOPX, CX XOVTOPYR VTO CO JLIOVF, UXYYLX. XCEXYV NIOPLXOX CD EXYEXVPLBI HYLMMIOPX ETY PTGI MI BLGI.

**DAVID ROLAND PINE**

Fort Myers, FL "Dave"

Dave came to the Naval Academy from Fort Myers, FL, where he graduated second in his high school class. Highly enthusiastic and inquisitive by nature, Dave turned his unbounded energy on Navy and quickly gained a reputation as a professional slash. He joined the sailing team Plebe year and became X.O. of the *Bay Bea* First Class year. An Aero major, Dave had no trouble getting good grades. Never accused of being a hall rat, he spent many weekends on overnight sailing trips or becoming well known at other colleges. The son of a Flight Engineer, Dave's ambition is to fly F-18s for the Navy. As his classmates, we will remember Dave for his valued friendship and loyalty, and we wish him clear skies as a Navy pilot.



**THOMAS LANGHORNE REESE**
Washington, DC "Lang"

Lang(horne), self-proclaimed scholar, stud, and lady's man, joined his brother's pilgrimage to USNA, bringing with him Washingtonian society with its debutante balls and private school education. He was quick to excel in academic endeavors, receiving such accolades as election to History Club President, membership in Phi Alpha Theta, and attaining the prestige of "Top Hundred." Not a one-sided individual, Lang was also adept in numerous physical activities: team handball, water polo, soccer and racquetball. To complete his well-rounded character, Lang kept an entourage of persistent young lovelies who made sleep hard to come by. SO MANY WOMEN, SO LITTLE TIME! His nearby retreat in Sherwood Forest provided many a party for the enjoyment of all. His on-again, off-again ruddy complexion, a result of easy embarrassment, fits perfectly with his desire to glow on a nuclear surface combatant. He will join the Fleet with his older brother, Hugh '79, finding those shoes large to fill indeed, but destiny will prevail.

**JAMES ANDERSON RIEGERT**
Alexandria, VA "J.R."

Jamie or J.R. as some call him, hails from Alexandria, Virginia. The son of a Marine Colonel he had already begun his indoctrination to the "Navy Way" before his arrival that hot humid day in July. From the very beginning Jamie was a tried and true Grunt. He didn't have the eyes for Air, the grades for Nuke, or the stomach for Surface, so it was an easy choice. He surprised us all, however, with a jump in his CUM and a switch to the radioactive way of life second semester First Class year.

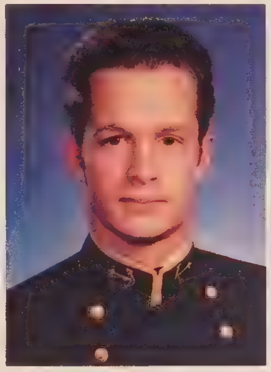
The culmination of his career at Navy was his rise to Company Commander, which he tackled in his usual organized manner. Never at a loss for an opinion, except with TJ . . . Jamie was quick to present his point-of-view along with an erudite defense. As he leaves this venerable institution behind he has the satisfaction of knowing he has reached the pinnacle of his academic career as a B+ student. Success is sure to follow Jamie in the Fleet; it is simply a matter of time. Good Luck and Dive Deep.

The old man of 12th Co. came to us after four years in the Fleet ready to set the example. And it was a good thing too, because how else would we have known that a rack could be made in three minutes, that TRAFFIC was classic, or that besides Navy wings there were red wings and brown wings too. Determined to fly, Doc dove into Aerospace Engineering and Navy crew, both of which he knew nothing about. Sooner or later you'll go General, it is said, and Doc was no exception. But crew got him the stripes he always wanted as he was named Captain of the '82 team.

Being in training meant no beer and no women, and we're sure his wife and kids appreciated that, wherever he kept them hidden. Though devoted to the life of a crew jock, he did manage to make a few trips out with the boys, and he was always with us in spirit if not in fact.

He leaves here headed for P-cola and a shot at flying jets, and there is no doubt that he'll get what he wants out of life. Good luck, Doc, and remember, stay tense and don't get down in your cups.

Detroit, MI "Doc"
**THOMAS W. SAVIDGE**

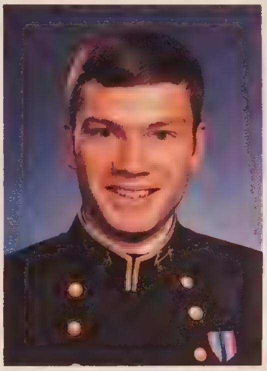


Adventurer, scholar, politician, preppie — can words ever fully describe an individual of such depth and character? Probably not. In the Fall of '77 Gordy separated his ties to his native Richmond and embarked upon an adventure in the Naval service. While at NAPS he discovered that a Naval career was his fortune and destiny. It was during Plebe summer that Gordy established his reputation for an unfailing devotion to duty and, as Class President during Plebe and Youngster years, displayed his unique aptitude for politics.

As an adventurer, his exploits are unsurpassed — almost. Whether wandering through the streets of Istanbul, hitch hiking along the Dead Sea, bar hopping in Korea, draining the beer halls of Munich, experiencing "cold turkey" in Romania, or relaxing in Rhein Main, Gordy maintained his enthusiastic spirit of exploration and discovery.

Soon after graduation Gordy will finalize a second commitment — to his darling Audrey, who maintained his spirit and morale throughout his four years at the Academy. Best of luck and may the both of you experience a lifetime of happiness together.

Richmond, VA "Gordy"
**THOMAS GORDON THOMSON**



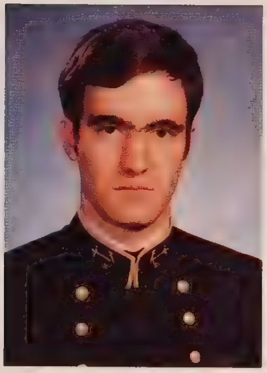
Rich came to USNA with only one thing in mind: to get a commission. His only complaint was that he had to get a degree in order to achieve this goal. He chose physics as his major, only to discover that career opportunities included research, teaching, or collecting welfare. Not being one to let academics and rules get him down, Rich attacked the system with the attitude that "they can make it harder, but they can't make it longer."

He spent most of plebe year playing bari in the D&B and dungeon master in D&D, both of which greatly enhanced his professionalism. Youngster year brought him the honor of being selected as 1980 Redneck Poster Child. With the onslaught of second-class year and cables, Rich changed his major from physics to Yearbook Production. He started out first-class year with an impressive campaign for safe driving rep. by totalling his car.

As editior-in-chief of this prestigious publication, Rich managed to get excusals for everything but classes for his efforts. Well, Rich, it's all behind us now. Remember the good times; Tuesday morning road trips, Bubbles, rabbits, balloons, models, and good ole T.J.

Apopka, FL "Rich"

**RICHARD KEITH VOGEL**



Mike arrived at Gate 1 with a letter writing pad and an address book. He soon filled the book and emptied the pad. Addresses included the green grass of Eastport, lampposts of Severna Park, the Viking Sun of Virginia Beach, and the dorms of Mary Washington. When Mike wasn't dashing off missives he was checking PMS out on his eyelids. Touted as the only ME to sleep normal hours, he was famous for his Bella Lugosi coffin imitation.

Although Mike was also admired for his good fortune (the Walleye guessing coefficient approaches infinity as knowledge approaches zero) some moments at USNA contradicted that. His verbose nature and choice of words once led him to ask Shakespeare's very words, "What's in a name?" Apparently Deputy Dant's don't major in English.

Mike and John had the problem of being able to get lost in a crowd of two. Mistaken for anything from Siamese twins to subjects of cloning, they were often blamed for each other's errors. Whatever error Mike makes in choosing Navy Air, we hope he can handle an F-14 better than his F-Bird.

Sinking Spring, PA "John"

**MICHAEL ALAN WALLEY**

September 12
1867

Following in the family tradition, John was destined for the sunny beaches of Pensacola from day one. While on First Class cruise, he finally made his decision public. J.R. was so eager to be among the airdales, he set his AE ablaze just to become Flight Officer aboard the Nassau.

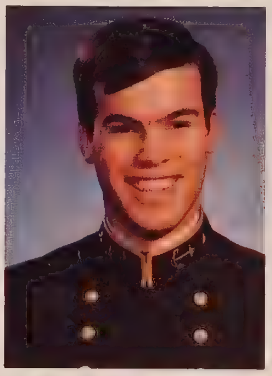
It didn't take long for John to discover what he had been missing as a Plebe. As a Youngster, J.R. soon found he enjoyed starting the day with Kellogg's. Since Special K was not to be "spooned," the move to Hood was unavoidable. After only a few visits John became so fluent in "French" he was chosen as an exchange student to the École Naval the following year.

Being one of the "twins of twelve" gave John the opportunity to play swap a date for the Christmas Dance, (which, incidentally, brought him great tidings of joy!). Finally, Second Class highlights included a Ring Dance which left J.R. considering the "church"?!

The twins were seldom separated for any length of time, and will probably continue their "adventure" in flight school. Navy Air may never be the same!

Springfield, VA "Mike"

**JOHN RUSSELL WEIDMAN**



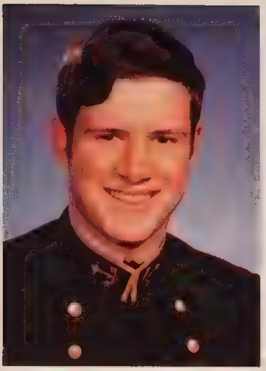
Rich came to us from Big "D," with a ten gallon hat full of idealism, and it was this idealism, coupled with faith, that allowed him to survive Plebe summer as one of "Gary's Boys." Youngster summer found him first sailing offshore and later haze gray and underway in the Westpac. These positive experiences made him a dedicated Surface Liner. A little weary of the East Coast after a couple of years, Rich headed west to the Bus Drivers' School in C. Springs Second Class year. He took away from USAFA some very strong friendships and a love for the mountains and gliding, but was missing his company mates on the Severn as his sojourn drew to a close. Firstie year it was that crazy five man room that proved the strong bond among the members of the "LBOP."

Rich was one of the more quiet members of the Class of 1982 to grace the halls of 7-0 for the last four years, but when he spoke, he usually had something to say. His genuine concern for people made him a true friend to all.

Rich embarks on his Naval career as a West Coast Destroyerman.

Dallas, TX "Stitch"

**RICHARD KERTELL ALEXANDER**



**DANIEL J. BRADY**
"Danny"

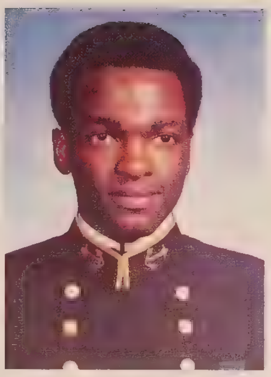
Dan came to 13th Company a somewhat shy individual. However, the roommates he picked Youngster year quickly set about trying to corrupt him. Well, they succeeded, and changed his life . . . for the better? Danny's popularity in the company took a quantum leap when people discovered those pictures on his desk were his sisters!

His biggest claim to fame is going through the end of first semester Plebe year with a no talking chit. He's spent most of his time since then trying to make up for it. Beyond this, though, he's managed to graduate a Double E.

His participation in Glee Club and as Secretary of Antiph's has taken him to many a far and exotic port. And in each one he has tried and usually succeeded in finding a "port of refuge." This tradition will be continued after he reports to P-cola.

"Bad grades never get you anything," is a phrase Danny just doesn't believe in. If it hadn't been for his grades, he would have never met his sponsor's sister; a lovely southern belle.

Danny? Geez-O-man, what a guy!



**CHARLES K. CARODINE**
Huntsville, AL "Ken"

After trying the Air Force Academy Prep School, Ken decided that Mother B was the place to live. After long, laborious hours of indecision, Ken chose Physical Science as a major. He studies hard and vents his frustrations on unsuspecting fencers with the powerful strokes of his saber. Ken was a member of the "Aqua-Rock" swim team for two years and still can't figure out why anyone would want to inflate their clothes with air. Ken's career at USNA includes solo work for the Glee Club with his tenor voice and forgetting to pass the cheese as a Plebe.

On his way to becoming a Firstie, K.C. dated many (in fact, more than many) young and not so young ladies. He's even gone out with a few of his schoolmates. Ken isn't prejudiced either. He goes out with all classes (oops, keep that quiet).

Ken leaves the protecting arms of un-college life in his Toyota (or should we say low flying aircraft). He'll be in sunny Pensacola, training as an NFO.

**ROBERT G. CIVILIKAS**
Wellesley, MA "Civi"

Rob came to the Academy from Massachusetts although he seemed to come from many places. He had a natural affinity for Georgia, whether it be playing paratrooper at Fort Benning or visiting friends in the deep south. If he wasn't in Boston or eating grits in Georgia, he could be found just down the road in Virginia. He loved to travel and his new "I'll make you an offer you can't refuse" automobile will help fulfill his desire for the open road.

Rob had his sights set above and his eyes fixed on the clouds from the start. He majored in Aerospace Engineering, which was obvious by his collage of dog fighting planes and the hang gliding poster over his bed. The only decision now is which Aeronautical Service will be fortunate enough to get him: Navy Air or Marines (Air with no hair).

While Bob's dream was to soar into the outer limits, he always had his feet firmly planted on the ground. His sense of humor and insight set him apart. He could always be counted on to be there when someone needed help. He enjoys life to its fullest, and his dive trips to the Florida Keys bear witness to that.

His friendship will be something to last a lifetime and he will surely succeed in anything he tries.

**JEFFREY CHARLES CLEARY**
Dunwoody, GA "Clears"

Clears, the dynamo from Dunwoody, arrived legally blind, destined to swim his way through the first year and be a Chemist for the remaining three. But he soon slowed from his quick breaststroke to the art of polo, and fulfilled his commitment to be the ruin of Canella and Bart. Impressive was he to the eyes of leadership until attitude teams and "the boys" ripped the stars from his lapel.

Jeff was always quiet and "to himself," especially when he delved frequently into sleep during his many drives towards Jane.

Few things bothered Jeff, beside nuts and afternoon OOW strolls. Being a serious student and a patient individual helped Clears through early morning Dobie jokes, afternoon concerts of painful volume from John and Mr. Tam., and the unavailability of his bed in the early evening hours, inhabited by an uninvited drowsy visitor.

An encouraging friend, his absence is a loss to the abusive group of 13th Co. In our minds, his success is insured.

**ROBERT W. DONNAHOO III**

Palmyra, NJ "Bobby"

From Exit 4 of the N.J. Turnpike came a baby-face and smile that no cute female could resist, or so they say. Yes, this was the trademark of "Happy-D." A world traveler at heart, he ventured to Europe at the first opportunity of leave and a functioning MAC flight. Having left his influence with a blessed few scattered throughout Germany, France, Spain, and England, he began to domesticate his drive, concentrating more within the U.S.

One could always recognize Bobby in class — not sleeping or listening intensely, but fervently calculating the time required to obtain a million dollars in the shortest possible period. After SI304, Bob found the computer, a convenient instrument to solve his financial dreams. Speaking of dreams, how about BJ Cole? Bobby, characterized as a mediocre genius at best, topped off his career at USNA by developing several theories such as "The Relativity Concept" and the "Pleasure Principle." The latter was by far his pride and joy. That is, seek pleasure at all costs and avoid any forms of pain, discomfort, and the ultimate — dirtying his hands by way of menial labor.

Good luck you "shy, innocent, and humble" soul.

**PAUL JEFFERS EICHELBERGER**

Butler, PA "Ike"

Plebe year was a challenge for Ike considering that he was issued two sea lawyers as roommates. He tried to remedy the situation by bringing humor into the room by short sheeting racks, waging wedgie battles and water fights. Along with his many capers Ike found time to join the choir and meet a Hood girl (DDF) during the Messiah weekend. Youngster year Hluch left and Ike calmed down to a steady EE life complete with stereo watches. Once, after a tailgater, Fish offended the OOW and got fried for using the OOW's favorite fire hydrant without his permission. Fed up with EE, Ike got into the abuse mode over spring break with COMMO and TACO — they treated a pack of Purdue girls to a Cycle 3 breakfast one morning.

Ike, it has been a lot of fun. Remember that, according to Big Fish, nuclear radiation gives better tans. So wherever you glow, best of luck and success.

Bob is one of the few among us who claimed dual citizenship: Ruidoso, New Mexico, and San Diego, California. He is most famous for his 5Hz, 60dB rendition of a foghorn that he occasionally used to summon his friends.

Even though Bob has a unique gait, he is still able to ski, play any sport that has a racquet, and chase women, though not all at the same time. He met Belinda in the darkroom. Whoever said that photography was boring? She has since then acquired his weekends, a joint Visa account, and his Fiat 124 Spider.

As one of two surviving Naval Architects in the Company (the other one of which is writing this biography), his design project was to place a scale model of himself in the tow tank to compute his thrust. Bob is also a family man. After joining Big Brothers, thinking he would adopt one child, he ended up with a whole family. He and I could often be seen at football games dragging a string of kids behind. Then he became one of the editors of this publication and hasn't really been seen much since.

Bob hopes to be home ported out of the beaches of San Diego, where he spent his childhood. Bob, and yes, even his voice, will be sorely missed in the years to come.

Ruidoso, NM "Baaaab"

**ROBERT G. FRENCH**

The Rock, as he is known to everyone, will no doubt leave USNA with a tear in his eye and a brew in his hand. As the most prolific artist for The Log, he could always be found drawing furiously with comments such as, "I'll study later, the deadline is this week!"

Hailing from Niles (where?), Michigan, Rock could always be counted on for a good laugh after the weekends. His escapades at Dahlgren and the "O" Club won him the coveted "Bruce of the Week" award more than once. He will be remembered by all of us as the guy who enjoyed himself the most, no matter what she looked like! A good friend and a class act, Rock will get what he wants out of life, and anyone who knows him is the better for it.

See you in Pensacola, B.G.!

Niles, MI "Rock"

**BRIAN GANNON GAWNE**

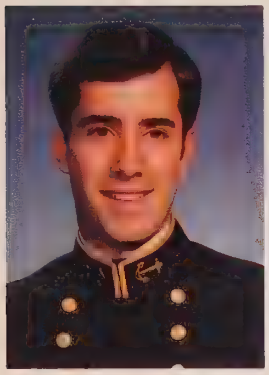
Stanley drifted down from Exit 14 on the Jersey Turnpike. Plebe year he discovered that spraying people with Lysol can be deadly and that white wine can make you do strange things, especially in showers. The end of the year marked Stan's athletic debut as a star on the sailing team. But the star faded quickly and actually turned green on the first offshore trip. Youngster year, Stanley discovered the joy of tailgaters. You never know what you'll pick up there, so he learned. Second Class summer Stanley learned the true meaning of "a woman in every port." But as a Second Class EE Major, the academic load began to show when Stanley started talking about resistors in his sleep.

Stan will always be remembered for his Ring Dance exploit. Not everyone can switch dates two days before the dance and get away with it. First Class year has been a quiet one for Stan (not being able to get any dates can do that to you).

Good luck as one of Uncle Hyman's boys. You'll need it!

Summit, NJ "Stanley"

**MARK STANLEY GINDA**



Wayne Gluf, known by his friends as Wayno, comes from Hicksville, Long Island, a very insignificant place in itself. An outstanding high school runner, Wayno was recruited by Coach Al Cantello. Wayno received his N-Star Youngster year in cross country.

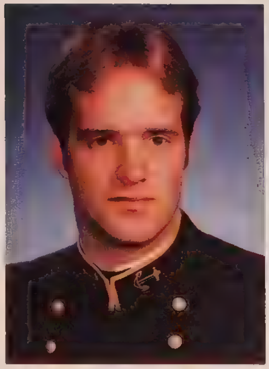
Plebe year few people recognized Wayno because of his shaved head, especially since he arrived with shoulder length hair Induction Day. Academically Wayno is holding on by just his pointy chin, a T.P.A.C. certified weapon. Many have seen Wayno in action on the dance floor, where he invented "crazy legs" and dancing on your hands to hard rock and roll.

In the face of disaster, troubles, or anxiety Wayno comes up on top with a smile, a joke and an air about him that brightens up your day. He is generous and always lends a helping hand to anyone in need.

Wayno, I wish you the best of luck, SEAL's baby, and remember, you carry with you a lot of great friendships from the Cross Country Team. GO NAVY X.C.

Hicksville, NY "Wayno"

**WAYNE MATTHEW GLUF**



**JEFFREY WILLIAM HANSEN**

Colorado Springs, CO "Hance"

Jeff made a wrong turn on his way from zoomie-town to Colorado University and wound up staying at USNA, although he did have some serious thoughts about Navy Junior College Second Class year. Hance never ceased to amaze us with his taste for novelties, whether it was his Spiderman bank, Conan doll, blowgun, mail order items from National Lampoon, or his propeller hat. Not all our boy's toys were by Mattel, though. Jeff usually needed a ball bat to keep away the ladies when he went out. In fact, his encounters with the feminine species led to some interesting tales (remember San Diego, Jeff, or upstairs Dahlgren?)

Originally an Ocean Engineering major, Hance learned that his adventures might be curtailed if he couldn't take weekends and switched to G.E. After one season of J.V. basketball he moved up to the big leagues and led the 3rd Batt B-ball team to Brigade champs.

Jeff will follow in his big brother Danny's footsteps to P-cola, where he is bound to be a hot stick. We already know he has the right stuff.

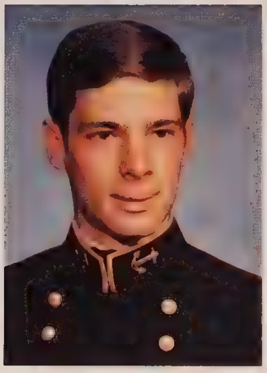
**JAMES VINCENT HARDY**

Simi Valley, CA "Vernon, Golden Adonis"

Jim came to us a laid back California boy with bleached hair and tanned skin. He has had to beat the women away so he could spend his time backpacking and surfing. For this he suffered and has become known as the blind date king. A Naval Architect by default, Jim struggled through the worst Rickover could spew. Long hours on his Hewlett Packard 41-C rarely conquered his labs. His motto became: "If my HP can't, the gouge can."

You can find Jim doing one of many things that include tearing his wrist and knees apart for lightweight Navy crew, drawing radical ship and aircraft designs, surfing generated waves in the 380 ft. towing tank, tumbling down ski slopes on his back, or towing an entire family of little brothers and sisters behind. If he were to get a job in the civilian world, he would be the special effects man for George Lucas.

A menace on the bridge of any ship, Jim's fortunate color-blindness will place him in one of Navy's programs for the physically handicapped.



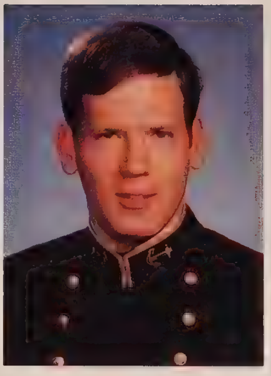
### PETER STANLEY KNIGHT HAYES

Panama City, Panama "PSK"

Peter Stanley Knight Hayes, commonly known to all as PSK, came to the Academy from the Panama Canal Zone. Peter broke a long line of family tradition coming to the Naval Academy; his family wore Army green but Peter saw the light and donned the Navy blue. The only negative thing to be said about Peter is his inability to carry a tune. Everything else about the man is positive.

Peter is a nocturnal creature. He enjoys sleeping during the day and studying at night, always considerate enough not to wake up his roommates, though. That is what makes Peter different. He is always considerate of others and cares about people. His parents moved around quite a bit, and he always had an open invitation to his home, whether it be Fort Benning, Georgia, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, or St. Petersburg, Florida.

Peter could be described by three words: dedication, conviction, and loyalty. Peter is dedicated to doing the best and never stops trying to pass that spirit along to others. His conviction is to do what is right. Peter's philosophy is, "Why get high on other things when you can get a natural high just being alive." Perhaps the best word to describe Peter is loyalty. He could always be counted on to be there when one needed him; his friendship is something to be cherished for a lifetime.



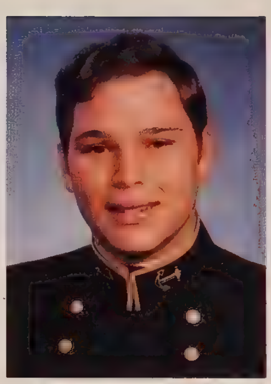
### JEFFREY MICHAEL HIPPLER

Boise, ID "Hip"

Hip came to Lucky 13 from the bowels of Boise. Accustomed to shooting ground squirrels with magnums, Hip found pleasure in pistol qual during Plebe summer . . . and that was about it. Plebe year found the spud man breaking up Lysol fights between his roommates and doing his best to keep the ol' QPR up. Youngster cruise came none too quick but left Hip searching for the lowest deckplate to lay on. He still swears he won't buy a Buick.

M.E. soon followed and the war was on, and on, and on. During Protramid, Hip realized that Nuke Power was not for him (famous last words), despite the fact that Adm. Rickover thought it was. California during First Class cruise brought Hip "Cowboy Bob," Lake Tahoe, "Doris Fish and the Sluts," and fewer deckplates. Road trips, crazed women, and frustration marked First Class year, but he fought on.

We'll see Hip in P-cola or Orlando. No one knows which for sure, but as Hip would say, "The only thing I care about is apathy." Good luck Mr. Hippler.



### TYRONE JOHN HUGHES

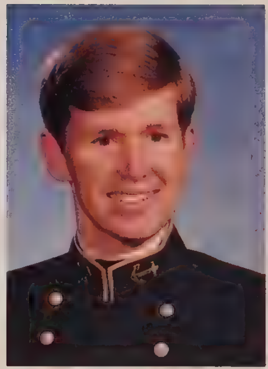
Levitown, NJ "The O"

Tyrone was recruited from Long Island to play lacrosse but decided it was dangerous to his health after biting through his lip. So, Tyrone chose a less violent sport: Brigade boxing. So much for Ty's judgement. Tyrone majored in Economics but was careful not to let studies interfere with his sleeping. He could usually be found nude on an unmade rack during study hour, sawing Z's.

Tyrone always had a good time on weekends . . . sometimes too good. On more than one occasion Tyrone had interesting encounters with the authorities (he's still got the newspaper article and form 2's to prove it).

Even though Tyrone *never* studied until the night before a test, he always kept his grades close to 3.0 (and that's no exaggeration just for *Lucky Bag!*).

Whether Tyrone goes Nuke or USMC, we're sure he will come out on top.



### WILLIAM N. HUGHES

Indian Harbour Beach, FL "The Doctor"

Coming from the surf on the Space Coast, Bill is a radical from the word "go." He loves country music and clogging. There isn't too much Bill can't do. All he needs is for somebody to say, "It isn't possible." After taking Steam and Boats early, Bill found a practical use for them . . . teaching everyone else. Hence his nickname: The Doctor. Bill is popular among the women at USNA. He has taken a few out on a regular basis in addition to the hundreds ??!! of civilians he's met. Bill is free and intends to keep it that way, at least until he can choose the right Mrs. Hughes.

Bill has climbed the ladder of success in his Oceanography major. He has attained the ultimate by getting a 4.0, even with Fluid Physics.

Bill is a true leader, as shown by his job as Platoon Commander of the pistol detail, President of the Protestant Antiphonal Choir, and first semester Platoon Commander. Upon graduation Bill will return to his home state to become a Naval Aviator.

**PETER JOSEPH JASZCZYSZYN**
Philadelphia, PA "Jazz"

When Jazz came to the Academy, we were glad to have him, especially for reveille. His geiger counter sounds were sure to wake us up. Jazz decided early that Green was the way to go, so he always tried to abuse himself as much as possible. Along with crew and Batt football, Pete loved to abuse himself with Mech E all nighters. Youngster year Jazz found out that the Corps doesn't issue wives, so he hit the Dahlgren scene. He managed to survive the typical Dog-pen regulars and found safe harbor one night. Barb, an ex-Whoop, understood him perfectly. After discussing the basics, i.e. close-order drill, Chesty Puller's biography, amphibious tactics, and how to spell his name, Jazz proposed and Barb accepted. Since then, Mr. and Mrs. Jazz have decided that raising a family is expensive, so the monetary benefits of Nuke Power are appealing.

In all fairness to Pete, he has been a fair, loyal and kind friend to his classmates. God bless you Pete; you deserve the best.

**DOMAN O. McARTUR**
Coleman, TX "Dobie"

Dobie is the only mid in the Brigade who will argue the world is flat just to argue and have you believing him in the end. He is also the only one who spent his First Class summer as Operations Officer for the Saudi Arabian Naval Expansion Program in Little Creek, Va. Since he writes and speaks Arabic fluently, he was in the right place.

He is also one of the few mids who gets 4.0 grades, becomes a Brigade boxing champion, *and* Brigade Sub Commander. He is also one of the few who picks banjos, plays 12-string guitars, and piano, like a professional . . . too bad he sounds like a croaking frog when he tries to sing.

A unique individual, Dobie will be commissioned in the Marine Corps. Dobie plans to have a happy marriage to Kathy Killoran . . . not too far away . . . and working in the Middle East, trying to preserve peace. Best luck!

**JOHN HANS MUELLER III**
West Caldwell, NJ "Otto"

John left the Garden State looking for adventure on the shores of the Severn. He was recruited for rifle but soon learned of the wonders of slumber. After dabbling in crew for a semester, he found himself on the I.M. fields. He kept in shape by dodging Whaley's Louisville Slugger. John chose to study Economics after validating four semesters of French — "I didn't like Systems anyway."

For service selection Mulls knew he wanted Aviation, but just to make sure, he tested the aerodynamics of his '67 Vette, and liked it! He didn't really have to study much to get good grades, but EE and Nav didn't have to work too hard to lower them, either. After spending a few hours in the pokey with Tyrone he decided that maybe the guy needed that shoulderboard more than he did.

We will all remember John for his love of good tunes, fine cars, and foxy gals. It truly has been a long, strange trip. See ya in P-cola.

**STEPHEN HORTON RAPP**
Lancaster, PA "Rappo"

Steve came to us from the small Pennsylvania town of Lancaster. His warm Dutch hospitality impressed Jack and PeePee. In hope of discontinuing their slew of compliments, Rappo downed twelve cannonballs, but he prematurely discharged them on Mother B. This and his rugby style of eating soon earned him a place in Kurtz's heart. Upon graduation to Youngster year, Rappo made sure that he got to know all the girls from Crabtown. He also began making annual spring break migrations to Florida, where he "collared" a pack of girls from Purdue with the help of Ike and TLP.

Second Class year took its toll academically. With high hopes of going Subs, it turned out that Reactor Physics just couldn't handle Steve. Because his major was Management, he not only helped his classmates with investments but also came up with new quantitative approaches in dating. Needless to say, Rappo would make a point to see his one-and-only — whether it be Nancy, Sue, Lisa, Sharon or the two in one night at Ocean City.

Steve, it has been a lot of fun and we wish you the best of luck and Godspeed into the future.

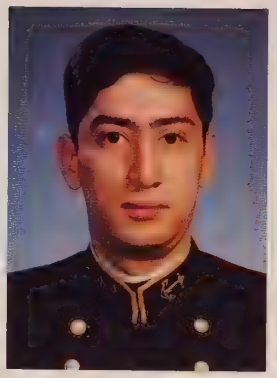
### JOSEPH PATRICK RARDIN

Milwaukie, OR "Joey"

Joe came rolling into the Academy from Oregon, leaving behind a dull life of sex, booze, and money. Joe spent most of his Plebe year learning how to overcome some health problems of his classmates. Youngster year brought out the die hard conversationalist in him. He always managed to bring problems out into the open — well, most of the time.

Second Class summer found Joe experiencing the new found knowledge that a lot of things can be fun in 4 ft. of water. Second Class year was the year of the road trips. One of the most memorable ones was when he left his Idaho connection in the car one night and didn't get it until the next morning when he found it frozen. After Joe took Steam and learned about the throttling process he proceeded to put his knowledge to practical use. First Class year saw Joe zipping around in his little green machine, enjoying the music and the countryside, oblivious of all else.

We'll see him next in the Fleet. Good luck Joe.



### ROBERT OSCAR ROBLEDO

El Paso, TX "Bobby"

A native of El Paso, Bob found the Bancroft Hall night life to be a little less exciting than what he was used to. To fill this gap, Bob quickly discovered academics. Truly one who strives for perfection, he was often found burning the midnight oil (and the company's coffee supply) until his work was flawless. Admiral Rickover, please take note. Pride runs deep.

If Bob is remembered for one quality it will be his warm friendship and generosity toward others. He is always ready with a helping hand, a round of applause, or a word of encouragement.

We envy Bob for performing the nearly impossible feat of keeping the same girl through three years at Canoe U and then hooking her into marriage. Bob and Lorraine, we wish you both the best for a happy and joyous life together. Good luck to a fine Naval Officer and his beautiful wife.

### RICHARD A. SAMOLOVITCH

Pittsburgh, PA "Samo"

Samo came to USNA from the Iron City in a cloud of soot. He quickly established himself as the man with the golden tongue with his subtle sarcastic wit and a lyric for every occasion. Never at a loss for words, Sam-Bob was known for his devil-may-care WTF attitude. Who could forget his famous "Smell this Pie" act that won him the coveted Bruce of the Week Award, or his Main Office Duty Driver stunt car antics? Nightly visits from the "O" did not keep him from finishing the EE major with over a 3.0, as he proved to us all that even a Pittsburgh Steeler fan could punch a calculator.

A true angel, he remained faithful to his Terri and only shared his rack with fluorescent light bulbs. What class crest? As captain of the volleyball club and Company Big M his First Class year, Vitch has no equal.

Samo and the Blue Max will leave for P-cola with a case of Iron City beer, knowing he has gained many lifelong friends.

### DAVID WILLIAM SAMPLES

Livonia, MI "Junior"

Dave Samples is one of those few individuals who impresses you immediately upon meeting him. He is a leader, a person destined to be someone. His character is always beyond question; Dave does what is right regardless of the consequences. He lives life to the fullest, not as a spectator, but as a participant. His zest for life, quick sense of humor, and natural charisma have made him a part of the good times and memories of all his friends.

Dave is a dedicated and loyal individual with a high commitment to honor, duty, and integrity. He can always be counted on, even to the extent of giving you the shirt off his back.

In short, Dave is an outstanding person possessing flawless personal traits, impeccable character, and unwavering commitment. He has added much to the lives of those who have come to know him.

The Marines are getting the finest of officers in Dave Samples.

Chris comes from a very casual west coast background. Plebe Year, when his squad leaders felt he was too mellow, Chris decided to become controversial. One night, when Gottslob was playing his mate's desk games, Chris made a bolt for freedom. After hiding in a classmate's shower for a while, Chris gave himself up, but not until study hour became "rate hour." Since then Chris has lived a pretty typical Mid's life with several moments of brilliance in his golf career and in pulling out Chem grades.

While on Plebe detail Chris again gained the spotlight. With Stitch, Chris managed to hold the OOW and the watch squad at bay while holding their own personal security check. Running from deck to deck, with mates in hot pursuit, C.T. and Stitch achieved lasting fame. Once again Chris had to surrender, but not until the jimmylegs had closed up the Academy as tight as Fort Knox.

All in all, we think the world of Chris and wish him Godspeed in his endeavors!

Seattle, WA "C.T."

**CHRISTOPHER TAYLOR SCOTT**

Matt has prepared himself well — perhaps better than almost any other — to be a professional officer in the Naval Service, and yet is such a down-to-earth guy that he destroys the standard perceptions of a "stellar Mid." As a Double E, he is at the pinnacle of the class; he won the Carl Vinson Leadership Award and worked hard as a leader, always out front — never behind.

Matt always managed to take time out for people, whether they needed an understanding ear or just plain needed some E.I. to keep from going to AC Boards. His love for nature is great. Whether it be backpacking on the Appalachian Trail or strolling beside the surf, skiing down snowy slopes, or spearfishing in Lake Michigan, he is happiest outdoors.

The Surface Line will get a "mighty fine" officer in Matt, where he will be as at home on the bridge of his ship, facing the wonder of God's vast oceans, as he will be with his men. Fair winds and following seas, to a dear shipmate.

Sheboygan, WI "Sharpo"

**MATTHEW MICHAEL SHARPE**

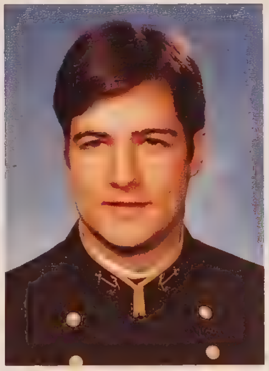
Chuck came to us from the thriving metropolis of Bugtussle, Michigan, leaving behind six acres, tremendous fresh water skiing and forbidden fruit, to name a few things. He immediately took to the eau de Severn and even though he was accustomed to power boats on the water, he latched onto an oar and helped pull Navy crew to a national championship in '81. Despite his dedication to crew, Chuck was also known for his fast bikes and women. He came to the Academy with one of each and left with a different one of each; the latter two he'll keep for quite some time, both primo.

Maybe it was Chuck's light sleeping that kept him complaining about his sore calves and "old man walk," which earned him a nickname we forgot to mention: O.T.R. Chooch's occasional restless mood was exhibited when one of his trips to the "Vous" on a Friday night of Second Class year gave him the opportunity to assume the responsibilities of First Class duty for a month or so.

Despite Chuck's errant ways he has finally seen the light and will be flying high in the skies for the men in green, barring any problems with the pre-com eye test. We all wish you luck 'cause we know you'll be great in whatever you do.

Hillsdale, MI "Chooch"

**CHARLES E. TAMBLYN**



I would like to say that we will always remember him for his car, but he never had one. I would like to say that we will always remember him for the times he went out drinking with us, but he never did. I guess that we will always have to remember him by the fact that he is an ex-Cretian (from Crete, Illinois). Plebe year, Ted decided that he was going to be the kicker on the varsity football team, but everyone knows that if you aren't one of the boys you just aren't going to play. The football team's loss was 13th Co's gain, as the opposing teams soon found out when "Ted the Toe"put on his golden shoe. Youngster year Ted was initiated into the Dogger Club; their motto being not to sweat the little stuff, Ted decided to spend the rest of Third Class year in the rack.

Ted has grown in the ways of God while at the Naval Academy and he has helped a lot of us get closer to him. Ted's easy going manner will surely make him a success in whatever he does, even if he does go Submarines. Good luck Ted.

Crete, IL "Thiede Dogger"

**THEODORE DONALD THIEDE**

Tim began his Naval Academy career well ahead of the eight-ball by validating more credits during Plebe Summer than most mids enroll in Plebe Year. But who would have thought that this Westminster, Maryland farmer who arrived at USNA with a box full of books would become one of the 13th Co.'s leaders in physical fitness as well? Timmer ran his first marathon as a Youngster and his running has been uphill ever since. In addition to pushing friends and enemies alike to run in any road race that came along, he established a company tradition, the 82 Mile Relay.

Being mentally and physically proficient, Tim concentrated on his moral development and brought great happiness and fulfillment to himself and those around him through Jesus Christ. Always ready with a friendly ear or personal advice, willing to evaluate but never one to ridicule, Tim will make an exemplary Marine Corps Officer.

Westminster, MD
"Timmer"

**TIMOTHY SCOTT THOMAS**

Chris Vance, a local yokel, hails from the quiet hamlet of Annandale, Va., er, quiet before he came along. Being a Management major with a minor in the opposite sex left him with his second love — sailing. Woof Cookie managed to con his parents out of enough money to buy a flashy 280-Z, with which he makes attempts to impress a well known *local* girl.

Chris has his heart set on flying A-6's with which to kill "those Godless communist Ruskies." In actuality, he'd settle for a bathtub with hypersonic wings — anything to get him off terra firma. Chris loves the outdoor life, from white water kayaking to rapelling off the Hoffman Building in Alexandria. He and his cohort in chryme, the California Kid, tested the tensile strength of the MHP.

Just remember Chris, "I *love* the way you say that!"

Falls Church, VA
"Wedge"

**CHRISTOPHER L. VANCE**

**JOSE A. VAZQUEZ**

Alexandria, VA "Hose"

It was the 6th of July in '78,
Hardly a mind can recreate
The awe and amazement we felt that day,
After we met our classmate Jose.
The rates and marching he did not fret
And although being braced-up by a youngsterette,
He strove and fought to be a Mech
And soon he had dynes way up past his neck.
So with negative gravy he said with a sigh,
"I'll go to the major that makes QPR's high."
And that's what happened; a mighty three-four
And time for the females he couldn't ignore.
He came back from liberty right at the wire
With the turn of the wheel and a screech of the tire.
He was never accused as the C.O.'s pet
And he's said some words we'll never forget.
About his life, he's always felt,
It's just "simplicity made difficult."
Assuming your grades and your eyes stay fair
May God bless you in the Navy's Air.
— Hope to see you in 'Bermuda'.

**THOMAS BRIAN WHALEN**

Rockaway, NJ "Whales"

Whales floated in from some unknown land in New Jersey. Most people feel he has yet to touch earth. Not women, sports, or Systems Engineering could distract Whales from his one true love, Bruce Springsteen. Owner of all the Boss's bootlegs, Tom has now set out on a new endeavor. You guessed it, playing the guitar; and he does it unlike anyone I've ever heard. With his flaming red hair, ceaseless smile, and his faithful "Gray Whale," Tom has made many a person's life at Navy a lot more enjoyable. He can bring you up when you're feeling down in his own little spaced out way.

What can you say of one who "requests permission to brace up for the effect" while reciting "How Long Have You Been in the Navy."

Tom aspires to Navy Air. He's been flying around for four years without a plane, so he should be quite a pilot. Tom will be missed by all he came in contact with; the kind of guy everyone wants to keep in touch with.

**MICHAEL E. BANNISTER**

Patuxent, MD "Mike"

Mike is one of the warmest people I know. Always smiling and laughing as he blows off yet another study hour trying to figure out why "Charlie's Angels" pre-empts good football games. Mike will always be remembered as the only plebe with enough intestinal fortitude to come with me on our midnight recons. He regularly got less than four hours of sleep during Plebe Summer while establishing resting places in Plebe Park, exploring the steam tunnels in search of a better way out, booby-trapping heads and rooms, and watching "The Return of the Creature from Boggy Creek," in Mahan at dawn with Maggot.

Mike is a true friend and a loyal GOAT. Post-game evaluation with "THE COACH" at tailgaters became a ritual and established Mike as an authority on beer and good food. (Did I hear a Buussscchh!?)

Mike met a lot of girls but fell in love with a '71 Vette (Fast and sleek; sorry, no tunes.) Mike saw a lot of roommates and friends go (where did all my underwear go?), people like Mike Piascik ("P"), Mark Bush, Pat Hawk, and Fitz. Don't forget our post-Nugent concert night ride in the Poconos with "P" and Fred ("Hey 'P,' wake the hell up!")

Elliot and I think a lot of you and your family, its been a wild four years. Sorry about the Big Mac!

**WILLIAM D. BRENNAN**

Vienna, VA "Danger Man"

Billy B. traveled the beltway and Rt. 50 early one July morning in '78 to start something he'd never forget. Mr. Inconspicuous survived as few of us had to plebe year, fighting Fitz routinely. But this experience paid off well as he made the hockey team's bench as a plebe, a position he hasn't relinquished yet. Youngster year Bill went straight, for 4.0's and Carolyn. Second class year saw Danger Man in 14th Co. Academics hit hard. The trio in our 1:00 a.m. activities: wheat thins, football, wrestling (the fingers), (and let's not forget the cupcake incident); all this — the turtle, the blue shouts, and the Brit, too — provided "really effective" entertainment during the depressing year. Particularly adept at picking up a chapter of cables from classmates in 20 minutes, Bill pooled his resources and made it into Pi Tau Sigma, you Mech E stud. Entering first class year, the new CC had a hand-picked staff room which provided little time for study. Handling the company's problems, Shatts, the Ottonwhales, and P. F. Remp demonstrated Billy B's most impressive characteristics, a cool temper and a level head. Whether flying or diving, you will be one great asset to the Navy. Bill, wash those shorts, will ya!

When Pat came to the Boat and Barge School from NAPS, she was psyched and ready to take on the world. She joined the cheerleaders (how 'bout that Navy team?!) and the womens' track team (now there is one, now there isn't). Then came academics. Pat enjoyed academics so much that she "volunteered" for two sets of summer school, and that was just first class summer. Pat perpetually complains about USNA and how much she dislikes mids, but we know she's faking it. After all, it's not just a job . . . (Ask B.K.!)

Pat is not one to take home with you, as this derelict-at-large can eat everything in the refrigerator and not gain a pound. What's more, she tries to convince you that your parents like her better than they like you.

Pat thinks that after first class cruise she's ready for the fleet. The question is, is the fleet ready for her? Bon chance and later gator.

Little Rock, AK "Polecat"

**PATRICIA COLE**

Neither the thriving metropolis of Hornel nor the endowments of a lascivious nymphette (Peggy D.) could keep Mike at home. He thumbed his nose at West Point on his way to the sunny Severn; his mind was on his future as an airline pilot (Nuke, that is).

I met Mike on the pep field where there was "plenty of room." We've roomed together since plebe year. I caught plenty off flack, and he hit the skids (or wanted to). He took all the pro courses before me so I got the gouge. Mike played football (at least four types) but English was his favorite ECA. He had a lot better luck winning new cars than driving old. Through the years he left a trail of broken hearts from NY to Texas. Unfortunately, they were all his. Some notes: stringbean, "Freddy, Mark, Hauck, Fitz, P, room fights, Conehead the Warrior, room fights, Tabor . . . Remember, Steve remembers us better than we remember him. Best of everything, because you are the best of everything.

Hornel, NY "Mike"

**MICHAEL JOHN CORTESE**

Kath came to USNA from the heights of Mt. Greylock. Insisting that five basic responses simply weren't enough earned her "sea lawyer" status early on in plebe summer.

First semester found Kath a home away from home in MacDonough Hall, Navy diving making its mark on this bubbly lass. Morning workouts, tailgaters, "some" studying and an "N" sweater highlighted plebe year.

Youngster life was a bit more suitable to Kath's individuality and spontaneity was the plan. Academics was not one of her favorite pastimes, but Kath gained more valuable worldly knowledge from her summer excursions.

The beginning of second class year saw Kath toting her straw to the tailgaters. Having her mouth wired shut was certainly not going to affect her social life! A tally of the miles put on her bicycle, the amount of regs successfully broken, and how many people she knows reaches quadruple figures. And who knows how many times the powers of infatuation have left her starry-eyed for weeks at a time!

No doubt Kath and her smile will go far, and no matter where she is, she will discover a way to have fun!

Adams, MA "Kath"

**KATHRYN DABROWSKI**

Paul has truly come a long way since taking the oath way back there in '78 when plebes were plebes and everyone rated what they got away with, unfortunately for Paul, in the early going he didn't get away with much. No thanks to Parrot or Lt. Drum in particular. Nevertheless he experienced Academy life to the fullest, from getting fried on a regular basis (every day of the week) to telling girls in disco dogpen how "nice" they looked, from drinking all night with the boys to thinking all night with the books. A native of New Jersey, Paul came to the Academy for a professional education of the military type, but since he was already a genius of sorts, he spent most of his time trying to figure out a way to beat the system (and almost succeeded). He led a life that was indicative of his spirit. Who else would waste good sleeping time to crawl around in steam tunnels of Mother "B" with a turtle lover, study all night long for barely decent grades, alternate between football, wrestling, and sailing to miss a few formations, or succumb to a few knee operations in order to meet some nice civilian nurses. Oh, who could forget Pam, the girl that changed his life and put him into the gear mode. Since Pam, Paul has been an all-American pencil neck. What a change. I don't know which is worse, the troublemaker or the bookworm. Look out nuke power, Paul is on the way.

Freehold, NJ

**PAUL DENHAM**

Gregg came to Navy in '78 with more qualities of leadership than most graduates leave with. His high spirit and Christian ideals touched the lives of all who were fortunate to know him as a friend.

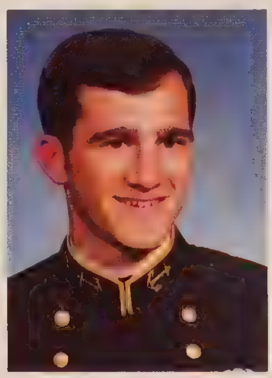
Gregg had many victories while at USNA, each one being a long struggle that seemed to end in disappointment. Like the good oarsman he was, Gregg worked hard every stroke of the way with calloused hands, only to finish each race in pain. But as the cliche says: "No pain — no gain." You can bet your bottom dollar that Gregg gained much from his long weekends behind the books, 4:00 A.M. rackouts, and marathon cram sessions. Gregg, you've earned a champion's applause!

His love at Navy was counting out the final strokes to a victory over Harvard crew. His claim to fame (and mine!) was that he lived in "the oldest room in the brigade," proudly stating that he was the younger of the two of us!

Above all, Gregg will be remembered most for his humble devotion to God. As stated in Leviticus 27:28, "... every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord."

Pittsburgh, PA "Geekendorf"

**GREGG RICHARD ELMENDORF**



Linda Marie, "Little One," hailed from the sunshine and beaches of Melbourne, Florida with dreams of grandeur. Her dreams soon turned to harsh realities of Six-N days, come-arounds, classes, and her roommate's unusual antics.

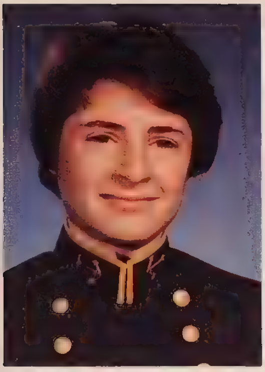
Youngster year found a new Linda, leaving her hometown tennis player holding his racket and hopping over the net into the waiting massive arms of a sober powerlifter. This led Linda to many exciting weekends as his #1 fan.

Linda's patience throughout her stay at the Academy was unsurpassed; from Kath and her teeth to the post Saturday night blahs, Linda always maintained control. Yet when it was necessary, this little gal turned into a real dynamo!

Looking ahead, our little southern belle now dreams of bridesmaids' gowns, wedding cakes, and the end of five long years!

Melbourne, FL "Little One"

**LINDA M. GANDEE**



### MARY VITA GIORGIO

Lake Carmel, NY

"George"

Mary came to the Boat School way back in '78 full of ideals and friendly smiles for all. The firsties had a hard time convincing her that she did not "rate" smiling, but "umpteen" brace-ups later, she finally decided to play it smart. So went plebe year — with SKB, PC and the Bud Club.

Youngster year was a revelation for Mary, with her discovery of the company wardroom. A true wardroom "rat," Mary nevertheless managed to maintain high grades and read her countless novels. Other drains on her "TV Time" were the two sports she lettered in at USNA: Varsity Conditioning Squad and Varsity Rack. She'll certainly be glad to see the last of the dreaded mile run.

Mary's experiences at the Academy were many and varied: six-N days, drill, sleeping through classes and restriction, not to mention "time out" for good behavior. For Mary, there will never be another "Seventh Heaven" quite like that at USNA. However, she eagerly looks forward to the end of four long years and is more than ready to toss that four year old, weathered cover up in the air.

### RUSSELL THEODORE JANICKE

Chicago, IL "Mr. 3W"

From the "cross that line!" section of Chicago, through the vacationland of Purdue, to the corridors of Bancroft Hall comes that worldly master of instigation, Cocoa-Man. Russ's year at Purdue prepared him well for his first semester at the Academy. So well, in fact, that he had nothing better to do during finals than bombard the seventh wing parking lot with apples from the lofty heights of 7-4, much to the dismay of the OOD. Russ learned quickly; the next time he ran, quickly too, from a Marine Corps major at a Forrestal lecture.

After the "big three" summer, Russ gave up the wild times in Dahlgren Hall for marine engineering and life as a granger ranger. Always one to keep his priorities straight though, the following year found our regimental supply officer with three-striper libs, a Fiat X-1/9, and an irresistible urge to travel — anywhere — so long as it was D.C.

Service selection was never a question in this man's mind. The silent service! But Russ, is Orlando ready for the perfect spiral?

### STEPHEN STANFORD JONES

Podunk, USA

Steve Jones, a fine example of a Midshipman. Stephen was an oasis of sincerity and compassion in a brigade often lacking in such attributes. But Steve earned his niche in the 14th entity. He survived an entire Plebe summer only a few feet from the likes of Fitzpatricks, Cephases, and Pietrzaks. He chose thoughts of Chemistry, Mozart, and song to take his mind off the responsibilities of adjutantia and graywolf marauding in the Bay. He overcame the atrocities of upbringing in such vile endroits as Montgomery, Fairfax, and the House of Vanderbilt, to find asylum and fulfillment in the caverns of the Mother B.

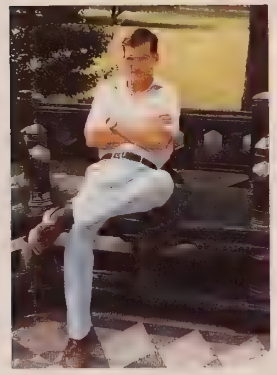
Steve loves his shipmates, his family, and his Lord. Steve's hard, he is, he be, he are.

### CURTIS A. KHOL

Lyndhurst, OH

"Pretzelman"

This skinny little boy from Cleveland, Ohio did not come to USNA to drink its women and chase its beer. Instead, Curt came to be a Systems Major and managed to have some fun along the way. From the early days of Sparky's wonder squad until those hectic nights as CAO, Curt was locked in a never ending battle with Pieface (alias Bill Rempe), Dangerman, and the Cottonwhale. Rarely in bed before 2 AM, his famous antics after taps ranged from pulling his intoxicated roommate off the 7-4 ledge to wrestling with the Hauckman and having apple and water fights with Howie. When he wasn't working on a Systems lab, on a date with the Tektronics, or munching on a chow package, he could be seen dodging Bushy's oranges and the other debris tossed into the 7th wing parking lot. Curt's summers were filled with knee operations, pretty nurses, and nuclear power, leaving him a prime candidate for the neutron Navy. Good luck, Curt, and thanks for holding out.



Ben came to Canoe U. a mature young man. Having spent two years at Duke University and two years in the fleet (Rota, Spain), Moods leaves us unmatched in integrity, loyalty, wit, guts, and intelligence, excluding myself of course. To the Brigade he'll be most remembered as Brigade Honor Chairman throughout his four years here. To me, Busher, Fitz, Hauck, Bannister and Reggie he'll be remembered for gin and tonics, his Fiat X1/9. Rosalie (his special lady), diving, and his letter jacket that he flaunted in our faces, solving 14's problems and heading 14B.

Having been your roommate for four years, I feel qualified to say the world is getting another great leader. I for one will miss your nose (and the surgery that failed), your phone, soap, shampoo and cigarettes; well, maybe not the cigs. You were a great alarm clock, a lousy marcher, but always a terrific friend.

You'll probably find Ben high in the sky, singing an old Moody Blues song someday. And when you do you'll have passed by one of the best.

Charleston, IL "Ben"

**BENJAMIN WOFFORD MOODY**

Ed was never what you could call a typical midshipman. He rapidly demonstrated that he was in a class all by himself. Ed first achieved notoriety by volunteering for regimental come-around during plebe summer. Well, plebe summer is supposed to be a learning experience anyway. Soon Ed established his trademark at USNA, the semi-conscious look on his face. This zombie-like expression earned him the name "Rack Man" and no doubt reflected an ardent desire to remain racking into perpetuity. "Rack Man" normally slept so deeply that shouting, deafening music, and the Blue Angels were equally ineffective at awakening him. Despite his renown for sleeping, Ed pulled more than his share of all-nighters. Ed was chided a lot for his sleeping habits, the zeal with which he consumed anyone's cookies, his friendly headlocks, and even for the way he parted his hair, but Ed gave us all a way to blow off steam when the pressure got rough. Good luck big guy, we'll miss you.

Cottage Grove, OR "Ed"

**EDWARD CHARLES OTTON**

**DENNIS ROY LAND**

Uncasville, CT "Buzz"

What a great dude! Dennis is a true scholar, women connoisseur, and partier — all rolled into one. Has it all been said?

After deciding that civilian line was too fine, Dennis enlisted in the Navy. Not only for the job, but also for the adventure. His first led him past "GO" and directly to the *USS BARNEY* as a snipe. Seizing the opportunity to leave the beautiful resort city of Norfolk, Dennis attended the NAPS class of '78.

While at USNA, Dennis became a fine example of positive, consistent leadership. Naturally, Dennis found a refuge — the rack. No spare time wasted, he utilized the rack, but this was quickly averaged out by his infamous all-nighters. Political Science and Chinese were his specialties.

Dennis's adventures have taken him the world over. From visiting obscure villages in Korea, dining in Parisian cafes, and eyeing topless women on the Riviera to eating fallafels in Jerusalem, Dennis eagerly sought new friends and experiences.

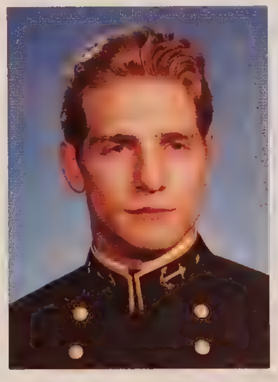
To know Dennis is to better understand yourself. Best of luck to Dennis in his career.

**W. B. McKENZIE**

"William, don't mind if I call you Bill?" Bill? Brett? Reggie? Reggie-bob? Magot? Maggotte? Comte de Maggotte?

"Who *is* this guy!?" Auckland (New Zealand), England, Pittsburgh, Boston, Little Compton, THE FLEET?

"Is this guy 'Murican?' Where's he from?" Better yet, guys — where *is* he going?? CARPE DIEM



Tom did his best to convince people he was just your average mid, but deep within, he struggled to repress numerous bizarre tendencies. He tried to make everyone think he liked being from Pittsburgh, but, in a moment of weakness, confessed his secret desire to be Italian ("Just call me Guiseppe," he said). He had girlfriends, but they were only for appearances. He once admitted that, "I slept with Tabor on the first night (of plebe summer)." For over a year we had to pretend that Stuart, the invisible pet dog in his room, really existed for fear that Tom would lose the bubble for good if we didn't. Tom's best quality was his sense of humor; he could find something funny in almost everything. Too bad he nearly caused mass brain damage with his jokes about canaries with bricks in their beaks. Tom validated swimming every year, but only to conceal the fact that he feared swimming more than once each semester. To a man with a good head, we salute you.

Pittsburgh, PA "Tom"

**THOMAS R. PARRY**

TO MY FATHER:

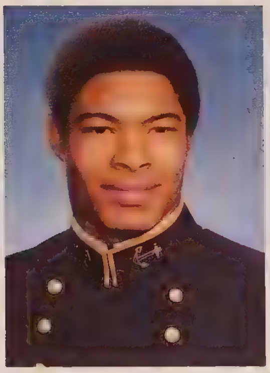
How deep are the riches and the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How inscrutable his judgments, how unsearchable his ways! For who has known the mind of the Lord? Or who has been his counselor? Who has given him anything so as to deserve return? For from him and through him and for him all things are. To him be glory forever. Amen.

Take care, dad. I'll be with you again soon enough.

ADORAMUS TE CHRISTE
PANIS VITAE

Bowie, MD

**WILLIAM G. POPOVICH**



**ELLIOTT REAGANS, JR.**

Crockett, TX "E.R."

Elliott came to Annapolis with three goals in mind: first, to graduate; second, to play football; and third, to have a good time doing the other things. He's managed well thus far. He's famous for his powers of observation. Though always funny, his statements are timely too. In his second week of cruise, he was heard to say, "Do you realize that its been two weeks since we've seen or even talked to a woman?" E.R. has a great sense of humor. He was one of only a few firsties aboard his ship that laughed continuously throughout thirty days at sea. What else? Elliott really likes to smile. He really smiled a lot in Rota, Spain where the natives were very friendly. Yolanda's one of Elliott's favorite people. He says, "Yo's a fantastic lady to know!" Only Neptune knows what E.R. will be doing after graduation, but whatever it is, you can bet, if there's anyway to make it fun, he will. Have fun E.R.!

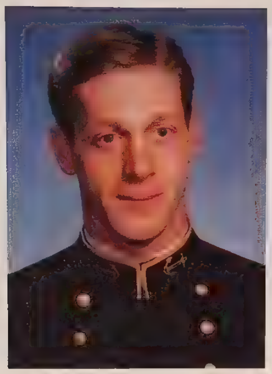
**WILLIAM H. REMPE**

Danbury, CT "Remp"

Bill showed up on I-day with only one thing on his mind, flying jets. Many late nights and roommates later, he finally made it. Except when at all-calls come-arounds, Remp's plebe year was spent hiding out in the back shaft. However, when youngster year rolled around, Bill asserted himself. Using deductive reasoning, he figured that to fly, he'd have to be an aero major. This brought about many late nights during the week. But when the weekend came, Bill relaxed by chasing girls at Dahlgren.

Always quick to take advantage of a good deal, Remp was able to pick up the whistling vette and find a place to park it all in one day. Once a second class, however, Bill heard that fateful slogan, "Sooner or later you'll go general." Taking full advantage of this set back, he became known as the "King of the Rack."

Remp, who could ever forget that Herculean feat of strength you demonstrated at Hood? Best of luck in Naval Aviation and remember, its not the beer that gets you, "its the gas."



**RANDY HAROLD SCHUMACHER**
Buffalo, NY "Randy"

Randy had to get in on a wavier for age. He is the only forty-year-old to ever graduate. It was too easy for him to come to USNA directly after high school, so he chose to be a member of the "Drifty Fifty" for the good Admiral. Not particularly caring to go directly to a submarine, he opted for a stay at NAPS where he developed his leadership ability, both on and off the sidelines. This sideline routine proved useful later, because even though he swam like he had webbed feet, he earned his letter in a round about way.

Randy loved academics here, especially E.E. He loved it so much that he kicked his E&M2 physics book all the way back from the final. His love of academia carried over to Mahan Hall as he skillfully played the role of Master Craftsman of more than one set. We still can't figure out how E.E. and hammers work together though.

"Anyway," Randy's calling is back to the silent service where he will continue to pursue excellence as a lifestyle.

**JON R. SHATTO**
West Long Branch, NJ
"Shatts"

Shatts came to the Academy straight from all-state performances in drinking and soccer. As a plebe, Shatts took to Navy soccer but not its coaching; Navy's loss.

Shatts discovered something during plebe year; he was good at academics. Deciding to be a Naval architect, Jon's youngster year was filled with late nights of studying and labs. But all work and no play makes Jon a dull boy, so weekends were spent with meatball subs, pitchers of beer, and some memorable Dahlgren beauties.

After the "big three" summer, second class year brought a transition for Jon to Charlie's, all-nighters, refereeing the fights, the Shatt's mobile, the boss, and more labs. Shatt's would help anybody, in academics or XO instruction, or just by getting the next round, Shatts was always there.

Well Shatts, what's it going to be? P-3's and grilled cheesers or will the Admiral get you first? Whatever you do Bud, the Navy will benefit from it. Take care my friend, cheers? Oh Shatts, who holds the record for most innings pitched in series play?

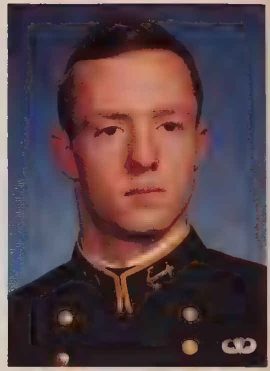
**RALPH THOMAS SOULE**
Hometown: Pamela (I do not consider any city in any state as my hometown. My "hometown" is wherever my girl friend happens to be.)

Ralph came to us from the far west, thinking he was at MIT only to discover, shortly after I-Day, that he was at NIT (Naval Institute of Technology). He was able to adjust and breezed through plebe year, despite Skidmore.

Upperclassdom found Ralph engrossed in EE and heavy metal, the latter of which he distributed freely to the company, whether they wanted it or not. Ralph also became a gouge dispenser, as evidenced by the mountains of gouge in his locker and the Grand Central Station atmosphere his room took on Second Class year during his EE EI sessions. Ralph will be best remembered as the only person who could bear to room with the infamous Rackman for more than one semester (three years). The Rackman would have slept through his time at USNA had it not been for Ralph.

Socially, Ralph managed to split his time between two ladies 7,000 miles apart, though he was almost stuck in Germany a few times.

Ralph will be entering the world of EDO upon leaving, to the Navy's gain. Good Luck!



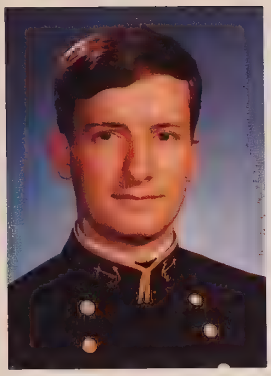
**SHAWN W. STROUD**
Louisville, KN
"Storm Cloud"

Its not easy to make the transition from water skiing at Tulane to having short hair and wearing a uniform, but Shawn made it look easy. As a plebe, Shawn was so disciplined that when he wasn't powerlifting, he was either writing English papers or picking up after his roommate. However, this couldn't last, and youngster year brought about a change from fruit punch at Timmy's to beer and babes at Dahlgren. After a while, Shawn finally realized that his true love was much closer to home.

In addition to the "big three" summer, second class year consisted of driving his Capri, having a fight a weekend, getting the gouge, and constantly changing his mind about service selection.

There was never a truer friend than Shawn. When he thought you were wrong, he let you know it. But if you were in any trouble, he was the first to help.

Whatever you finally decide to do, my friend, ever if it's nuke (who'd have believed that one plebe year), the best of luck to you. And remember, no carbs.



### HAROLD TURNER ATKINS

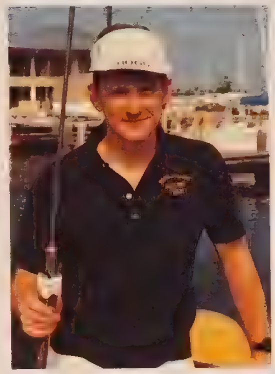
Anna Maria, FL "Puddles"

In the summer of '79, a Florida Colonel packed his son's suitcases and sent him to USNA. From that fateful day the legend of Harry progressed. Always applying the "southern gentleman" personality, Harry became successful in sailing, academics, and most importantly womanizing (you little devil!).

The young man from Anna Maria was always a pleasure to be around. His friends respected and always took special care of him. ("Hey Haaaaarry, how are 'da trucks on Route 1? Are the handcuff marks on your wrists gone yet from when Schelks wouldn't let you study?)

Whether it be chugging water or whatever (drink Roscoe, drink!), chasing after a Sea Cow or climbing the ladder of Economic success (ODE president Mr. Economics), Harry "was there."

In May of 1982 the Academy will lose one of its finest to the fleet. The call will be surface or nuke, but "Puddles" is a sure bet for success. Harry, you're truly going to be missed, but someday we'll cross paths again. Perhaps over a mai tai on an Anna Maria Island beach?



### TIMOTHY GARWOOD CANOLL

Schenectady, NY "Tim"

When Tim sauntered into the Naval Academy on July 6, 1978 it looked like he would be safe from the corrupting influence of his Schenectady buddies (Hogan, Will and Ted). No chance! He wound up hanging out with the Schilks, which could mean crazy things like the Youngster Friday Night Water Chugging Contest.

Although Tim's major, Chemistry, was supposed to leave him with no time for anything but studying, Tim was never one to turn down a beer. Weekends would find him in a waterfront dive titrating all kinds of solutions down his throat with the gang. He also found time for sailing and managed to pull in a National Championship for Navy.

And Tim did all this without getting a single demerit? You would have thought that his big ears and red hair would have attracted a little more attention to this mischievous guy. Whatever his secret to success is it's very likely that Timmy will keep on succeeding as he jets down to Pensacola and through life. Watch your six, Ace!

### MICHAEL SCOTT CASE

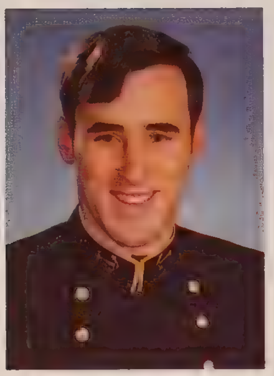
Kennett Square, PA "Face"

"Faceman" gave up the academic rigors of Penn St. for the more laid back lifestyle of good 'ol USNA. Unfortunately Michael was in for a bit of a shocker. Although his grades never recovered, Face did extremely well in his other endeavors. After trying his hand at wrestling and the javelin, Face finally settled on sailing. On those weekends when Mike wasn't sailing you could usually find him terrozing some bar (bars?). Mike was always the one with the bright ideas: leaving the stereo and all the lights on when he went to class in the hope the BOOW would think someone was in the room, or trying to get out of a sailing race 1/c summer by getting his division officer to change his orders. Besides his passions for sailing and rack Mike was always one for late-nite studies. Many times you could find him typing out his term papers the nite before they were due — what a great organizer! After two summer cruises Mike has opted for the less exciting life of NFO. We all wish him the best of luck — Go Mikey!

### MICHAEL GEORGE CHENIAE

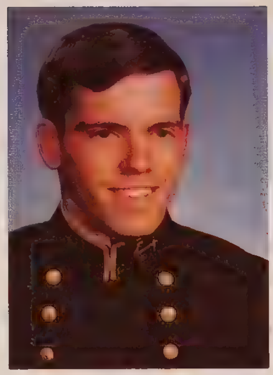
Lexington, KY "Mikey"

When Mike first came to the Academy (complete with long hair and an even longer beard), back in July of 1979, the world must have thought Abe Lincoln lived. Born in the back hills of Kentucky, where men are horses and most of the women are too, Mike quickly developed a fine taste for pure-breds. Just look at the women he's dated (specifically, "The General" Jone's secretary). But don't worry Mike; we all know you're only interest was to get ahead. Speaking of getting ahead, if Mike thinks Nuc Power will get him there he is as mistaken as the time he figured going to bed by midnight every night would raise his QPR. Nuc Power School will require the upmost of Mike's patience and with the amount he's got he'll have no problem applying himself. After all who else would or could survive an entire year in a room which resembled a zoo, complete with its own killer whale. But seriously, throughout the past four years Mike has been an inspiration to us all and deep down under (that's the only place a sub will take you), we all wish him the best of luck as a Submariner, "Bridge-Con-Aye."



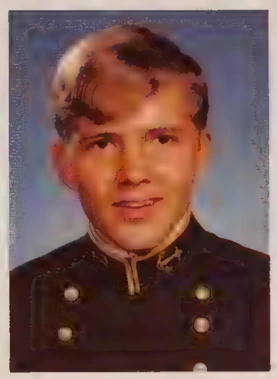
**JAMES GLEN COLASITO**
Bakersfield, CA "Simba"

Simba came to Annapolis after finding his way out of the potato fields of the San Joaquin Valley. He made himself scarce plebe year by managing the football team in the fall and putting the shot for the track team the rest of the year. Simba sustained himself on a never-ending supply of junk food second and third class year. His appetite never affected his academics, but it gave him a hard time on a mile run or two. Simba was never hard to identify in a crowd due to his own version of an Italian accent. Simba was never one to let a good time stand in his way — who will forget him at Army second class year or how he "slinked" in the Philippines on first class cruise? Simba chose to go nuke power because the food is better on subs and it will keep him out of Tabor's on Friday nights. Hyman's fleet will never be the same. "Take her down," Simba.



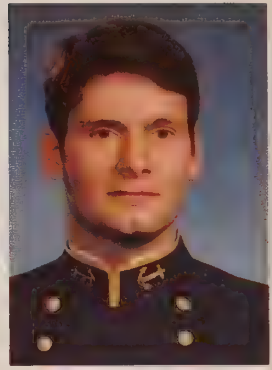
**MICHAEL PAUL CROWLEY**
Bel Air, MD "Crow"

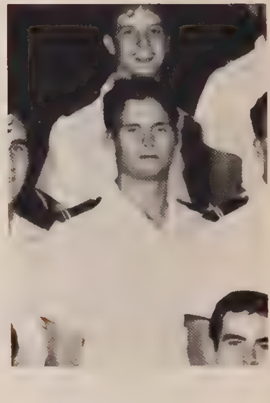
Mike came to Navy with a clean, wholesome image, straight out of high school, and he spent the majority of his first semester studying. However, he soon developed a few vices, to include alcohol. During youngster year he could occasionally be observed leaving downtown bars in search of . . . well whatever he was in search of he didn't need to go too far. Coming from a nearby town, Mike knew the local turf well (especially Ginny, Beth, and Karen), and being on the wrestling squad surely never cramped his style on the turf. Mike has been an avid member of the USNA Star Gazing Society (the ones who look for stars on their collars in the mirrors of Mother B) for all but one semester, and we all know what happened then, don't we Mike? Crow had few problems at Navy. As a matter of fact, Mike's only problem seemed to be the hole that followed him around everywhere he went. I'm talking about the one he's always standing in. Come on, nobody's really that short. In all seriousness, Mike was a great person and a better friend to have around. His intelligence, good nature, and professionalism will serve him well wherever he goes.



**CHARLES ALLAN GEPFORD**
San Diego, CA "Geps"

Geps (or Garp) stumbled into these hallowed halls by way of that vast wasteland some call California. He claims it was accidental ("I was at this great party; then, like WOW, the next thing I knew I was braced up!"), but it is rumored that his Dad (Commander Father Sir) may have had something to do with it. Whatever the case, he was here — destined to become an American fighting man. To prepare for this goal he fought battles against such awesome foes as Jack Daniels, Jim Beam and even somebody's old Grandad. Geps proved successful in these fights, a lucky thing too because his "battle with the sexies" has been more challenging. In the battle of Great Lakes he had to wrestle a three striper (of sorts) to the mosquito infested grasses of "Boot Camp Hill." Now he has higher aspirations and plans to conquer a Belgium fortress single-handedly(?). Chuck is also a lover of "music." (Who are Duran-Duran, Roxy Mosic and Adam and the Ants anyway?) He enjoyed many a horizontal workout with the Doors on the stereo and Doris on his mind. Yes, the world according to Garp is a strange one and we only hope that he really does go Nuke so Europe and America can rest in peace. Glow get 'em Geps!





**ELDRIDGE HORD, III**
Kingsport, TN "Tuck"

Tuck came to USNA from the prestigious Webb School following a one year detour at NAPS. Failing to be one of the great academicians of our time, he quickly became a leading contender for the Anchor. Among his top achievements was successfully (well, somewhat successfully, anyway) completing four semesters of college math while never understanding anything more complicated than addition. He never let academic problems interfere with his two favorite pastimes, drinking beer in dives and playing the ponies. He survived many hangovers, including one of mammoth proportions prior to the Army march-on Second Class year. He discarded his only serious girlfriend Plebe year, but was always available for a one night stand.

Tuck came to the Academy as a recruited soccer player, but retired at Coach Myers' request Youngster year. He then became the Walter Payton of 3rd Batt football and starred in numerous other intramurals. Mr. Hord is destined to become one of the Navy's truly great boat drivers.

After four long years it looks like "Ears Mckenna" may finally graduate. Though he started out as a Narc, he's made a 180° phase shift to general engineer and nuclear glow-boy. Always the athlete, he seldom missed his afternoon runs with Cone, yet still managed to play 150 lb. football and box. Jay has the classic Green-Grass-and-High-Tides outlook on life (ever seen someone laugh for six hours straight?). His California mellow disposition that has helped him float through USNA so easily will be one of his greatest assets in the future. Stick it in there Jay and you'll reach high places.

El Cajon, CA
"Ears McKenna"

**JOHN J. KENNA**

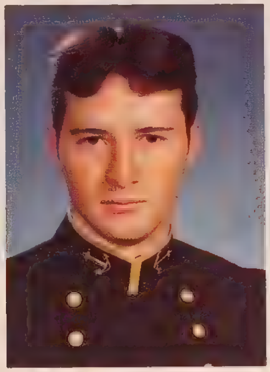
Pat conveniently strolled in from nearby Arbutus, Maryland to pursue his naval career. Although being a mechanical engineer caused the little Irishman to burn the midnight oil often, his aspirations for recreational drinking were not hindered. His love of music and alcohol (what a duet!) led to his colateral billet as company air guitarist. Whether it be performing at parties, Lake Waterford picnics, or on the stage of a New Jersey bar, Pat would always bring down the house with a stunning rendition of "The Who."

Our Irish beermeister has done extensive travelling in the past four years to several hot spots including memorable excursions to Easton, PA. (Lafayette College). His smile and personality have created many great friendships, except with the fourth class (just ask Captain Bennion!).

Social etiquette was also developed over the years. At Dam Neck, Pat was kind enough to politely introduce Ralph to Mrs. Company Officer. Admiral Rickover will be fortunate to get Mickey, a fine student and personable fellow who will be greatly missed.

Arbutus, MD "Mick"

**JOSEPH PATRICK MADDEN, JR.**



After studying "the meaning of life" for two years at Fordham, John left the security blanket he calls "The City" and joined the rest of the real world here in sunny crabtown. Plebe summer was not a problem for him, but his squad leader had a difficult time with the dialect, as did all of us ("Have a cup a cwaffee.") Weekends were always cherished and never wasted. Having two brothers, (that liked to party), studying pre-med/med school at Georgetown U. didn't hurt. And they were his sponsors, no less! John finally narrowed down his weekend partners to one New Yorker and one Virginian. He did well in both cases and will never regret it.

What J.P. lacked in academic ability, he more than made up for in professional knowledge and the application of it. Consistently commended for his outstanding officer-like qualities, he has proven that high academic achievement does not always predicate a successful leader. John will always "look out for his men" and be an asset and model to those around him.

P.S. One of these days, the Indians will finish ahead of the Yankees in the AL East, and I'll have the last laugh!

Little Neck, NY "J.P."

**JOHN P. McDONNELL, JR.**

Mills drifted into Annapolis from the bulging metropolis of Niles, Kansas. (Or was it Salina? You never could figure that out!) Mills was loved by one and all in the company, even the Company Officer who affectionately referred to him as "the Dirtball." While at USNA Mills also grew culturally. When you entered his room you had two choices of music, Pink Floyd or Led Zepplin. Academically he was nothing short of a stud; I mean 9 out of 50 on a multiple choice physics final and in one case not realizing he had a final until he woke up that morning. After realistically appraising his academic situation Mills decided against Nuc power and all the "fun" courses he would have had to take 1/c year (ie-wires and diffy-Q's). Instead, Mills opted for Navy's best — surface line. During the weekends, while most of his buddies were out partying, you could ususally find Mills spending a quiet evening with Lisa preparing for his future role as a hubby. Mills, the Academy will never be the same without you, and surface line will never be the same when you join them. Best of luck to you and Lisa; may you have a happy, successful life.

Salina, KS "Mills"

**WILLIAM DOUGLAS MILLER**

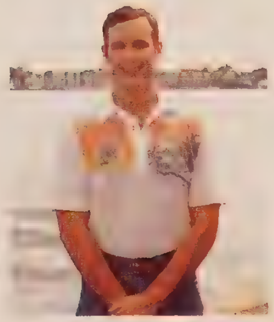
Our favorite Cranford Cougar stumbled out of the Rat and marched into Annapolis in July of '78. But Terry was not one to forget about home for long. He always waited anxiously at the mail desk for news from the Chronicle and news he didn't read he got from Louie.

Terry started plebe year with a low profile and a low QPR, but he refused to be quiet for long. Plebe year he made his mark by eating a dozen cannonballs to earn carry-on and youngster year he made his mark on a certain tail light. As time passed he became more popular with his classmates as well as with the local women. He often dreamed of the girl from Mountainside but didn't let that restrain him from making time with the girls from Notre Dame and the big Bowie women. But it was "some girl" who kept Terry occupied most of first and second class year.

When Terry wasn't playing lady's man he was the best party-and-road trip-partner one could ask for. (He owns a piece of the bar at Riordans.) Terry, if a guy from exit 11 who can't drive a stick can learn to fly, you'll be the best damn Navy pilot ever. Good luck!

Cranford, NJ "Terry"

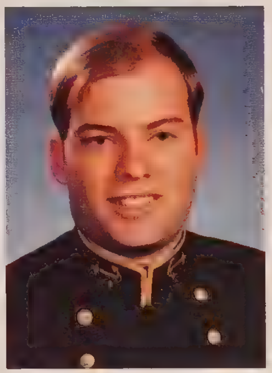
**TERRENCE BLAIR MORAN**

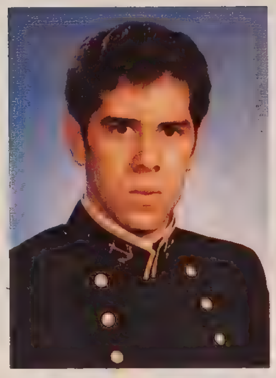


Ted, affectionately known as Teddy Bear, is a prominent member of the NADS, the Naval Academy dingy sailing team. Ted is the captain of the team, and since his arrival the team has won three national championships. Ted takes his sailing very seriously; as a matter of fact, he has taken me through several force-10 hurricanes in the early mornings. Ted lusts after two things; a beautiful British racing green MGB and the girls that follow. He believes in a girl in every port but majors in girls from Ireland and South Carolina. Ted has done several crazy things in his lifetime, and two are memorable: taking unprecedented high dives and plucking the hairs off of chicken breasts. Ted has spent many a "social" evening at nine acorn. Nocturnal visitors are Ted's favorites, some of whom are real and some of whom aren't. Ted has this thing about hair; it grows too much in the wrong places. He's one of the few people known to have to shave his chest and comb his back. Ted has found the wonders of flight, and he will soon leave his MGB behind and climb aboard the Tomcat.

Milwaukee,WI "Teddy"

**THEODORE H. MORTONSON**





**ESTEBAN RAOUL MURILLO**

Harbor City, CA "Juan"

Esteban Raoul Murillo is a one-man vigilante aspiring to devour each of the high stepping, fast trotting foxes of our time (i.e. — Steve Martin and Dan Ackroyd of "Saturday Night Live"). Juan suffers, however, from one minor ailment known as "GQ Syndrome." Steve's pacesetting activities include expertise not only as a member of the Karate Club but also as founder and manager for both the Karen's and Lisa's fan clubs. In addition to maintaining his athletic appearance (mark one, mod zero physical stud type), Steve maintains his curly black locks by a 140 decibel dosage of "Blondie" three times a week while simultaneously accomplishing his systems engineering homework. If God had desired man to fly, he would have created Esteban Murillo; Steve should have no trouble with flight, his aspired specialty. To sum it up: Esteban "Juan" Murillo — an all-around good dude.

**DAVID KEITH PALMER**

Buffalo, NY "21-Palms"

David Keith Palmer, commonly known as 29-Palms, was born and raised in Buffalo, New York, which to him is somewhere between Hollywood and the Arctic. As a mechanical engineer, Dave studies at random or when his weekends are threatened. For a "mech-E" major, he has a vocabulary limited to the following: Awright, cool, no problem, yo, bogus, false, Bogart, jam, GQ, funk, and loan me some money. Dave has focused his four years here on the magazines that he subscribes to, "GQ," "Money," and "Playboy." Quiet and cool, Dave spends more money than he'll be making in the next five years. This is to enhance his GQ looks and his capacity to tame beautiful women. Speaking of beautiful women, this man has the greatest approach to obtaining them; he scopes them out, observes the scenerio, sets up an OP-order and executes an approach. Dave drives a mean car which makes up for this mellowness. He aspires to drive the best cars, wear the best clothes, and entertain only the best women — nothing but the best for the best.

**PATICK ANDREW RENO**

Sanford, FL "Screamo"

Pat, known to his classmates as "Dome," makes his home in the sunny land of Sanford, Florida. A four-year member of Navy's varsity soccer team, Pat has earned the prestigious "N" star.

Pat is your all-American midshipman. You may see him cruising Annapolis in his silver 280-Z or in Wendy's getting something "hot 'n' juicy." Pat is also known as the "Hood Heartbreaker." Many a night he's broken a young girl's heart, and I mean young! Pat's academic achievements are "generally" incredible. He's worked hard to maintain a low profile. Pat tended to blend in with the mids that parted their hair in the middle. In fact his part is going every day. We all wish Pat the best of luck. The Shaft will sleep better knowing Pat is defending the skys of the free world. Good luck Hairless!

**WILLIAM ROGERS, III**

Chicago, IL "Rog"

Bill Rogers, better known as "The Rog," might have been born in Chi-town but it was not his destiny to remain there very long. As soon as he was old enough to speak, Bill was a travelling man. His world-wide travels have taken him to exotic places that most of us only dream about. As a result of his extensive travels, Rog has become a man of many good tastes and customs, as evidenced by his efforts to purchase a certain women's cologne which has not yet hit the American market — "Tour de France."

During his years at the Academy, Bill has gained the reputation of being the terror of the fourth class. If an unlucky plebe had the great misfortune of being caught up in Mr. Rogers' fury, the parasite would "perish" into a mere nothingness. However, underneath that rough exterior is the soul of a pussycat, whose pastimes are to drive his 280Z, read comic books, chase beautiful women and watch the Bugs Bunny Show. All the above is just a small example of Bill's affinity to be like his Pops. He laughs and talks, but he does not play.

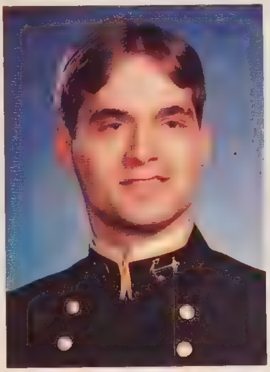
When he took his first steps, Brandy walked into furniture, walls, and anything that stood in his way. His mother was concerned, but the doctor explained that the child was just *very* stubborn and expected *everything* to move out of *his* way! This stubborn determination, however, was accompanied by a *lively* sense of humor.

Any time you need your lights turned off or things thrown around your room during study hour, just ask Brandy to stop by. You'll know when when he's in the area by his unique laugh. AAAHHHH!!! Brandy's always up to something, but, "Ya have more fun when you're nuts!"

As a firstie, Brandy dreams of his "hot" '74 Comet, a little cooperation, and his beautiful family in Montana. Brandy knows the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Savior and constant companion, and his heart's desire is to share with you about Jesus' unselfish, never-ending love for you and the new, eternal life you can have simply by asking Jesus to take over your heart. Pray, press on and praise God! You're a true brother, Rubes. Luke 24:44-49.

Kalispell, MT "Brandy"

**BRANDON CRAIG RUBY**



The Schilks is a way of life. It all started plebe summer with, "That's right there's no excuse!" "Schilke! What are you laughing at now?!" I'll never forget seeing the *moon* rising over the Chesapeake as Schilks hopped into his top rack. Oh yeah, how many of you have ever seen a bowling ball with a crew cut?

Weekends, whether rubbing foreheads with huge firsties or asking people to be his sponsors, Rat-Lips and Pinhead (as he most affectionately called them!) were usually around to help out.

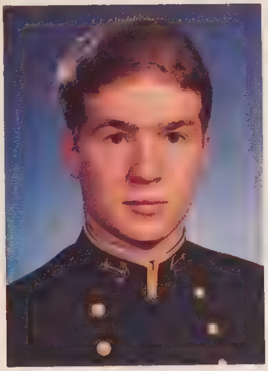
The Schilks and women — it must have been his hot, flashy sports car. Anybody seen that thing around? "Yeah, just check in those boxes from Great Britain; I think most of it's in there!" Pete was the same way with women as he was on the foredeck of Dandy, Alert, Spitfire, Astral and Constellation — FAST!!!

Pete had it all, brains, looks, charm, a sense (?) of humor, and style — but most of all he had a lot of good friends.

Drink a guiness stout for me Schilks!

Oakpark, IL "Schilks"

**PETER STUART SCHILKE**



"Nitz" came to USNA from the land of hoosic, the breeding ground of oceanographers and not-so-hot track teams. Heavy study schedules or chow calls did not phase Steve during plebe year as he studiously avoided both and rarely got caught at either. Steve's education continued into the upperclass years with such adventures as Saturday nights, working for *The Log*, and science and engineering seminars. As Steve developed the habit of wasting time to a fine art, his evenings were kept busy with censoring cartoons and taking phone calls from the Cleveland Indians' statistician. (The phone lines were kept busy among Cleveland, Annapolis, and Kentucky for two years!) As first class year dawned, Steve began to look to future horizons and the horrid thought that one day he might have to sit down and study a book.

Throughout four years, Steve remained a cheerful and interesting friend. The "Shell Answer Man Award" was not easily given away. Steve's intelligence and imperturbability will make him a success throughout life.

Melrose, NY "Nitz"

**STEPHEN J. SOMNITZ**

'Zoid graduates having survived four years of some strange roommate combinations, from Plebe Summer when he, The Schlicks and Baby Bubba caught their fair share of abuse (Thank you, Major Bob!), to the day he somehow found himself with The Bear and someone named Matthau. It was then that he received his other nickname, "Sahara." The Bear thought it had something to do with what John's sense of humor had in common with the desert.

John has a wide range of talents, from being a star on the batt football team to being a genious on the computer terminal (He loves the damn thing!), or from jumping out of airplanes to tying the smallest ties in the universe. He also has a knack for finding nice girls. The latest picture has been under the blotter for quite a while, and Spearzo isn't talking about it. Hmmm . . .

John's a bright guy who firmly believes in some things and does something about it. He's quite a guy and a fine friend.

St. Joseph, MI
"The Spearzoid"

**JOHN GERARD SPEAR**

Throughout the years, littered with pressure and toil as a bull major (poli sci), the "Verge" has developed quite a unique alliance with his books. From Russian (*Nastrovia*, or is it *Stroganoff?*) to Soviet history, he has delved into the depths of Russian thought and counterthought; consequently, he's shown amazing double-agent possibilities!? Then again, as president of the Cesare Borgia Fan Club, managing editor of *The Log*, and VP of *Pi Sigma Alpha* (Poli sci honor society), Verge has shown unmatched versatility as a poet.

Some outstanding qualities include a cultivated and renowned sense of verbosity, an eccentric love for Caps hockey (which only sucking on hockey sticks can cure), a high state of entropy when storing clothes and keeping the room clean, and a dose of very bad luck with a certain young lady and the ring dance that never was.

Other than resembling Walter Matthau, however, John is sincerely admired for his coolness, nonchalance, and unique brand of humor. His is the future!

Derwood, MD "Verge"

**JOHN CARL VERGELLI**

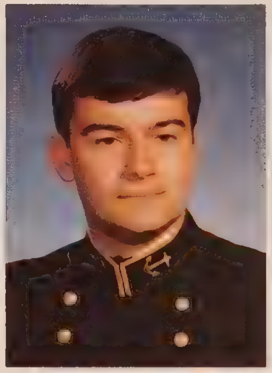
Kev comes from Beach Bum, Florida; his nose — well, who knows? However, as usual, Kevin has put one of his many disadvantages to good use. He chose the aero major as the best use for his wind tunnel.

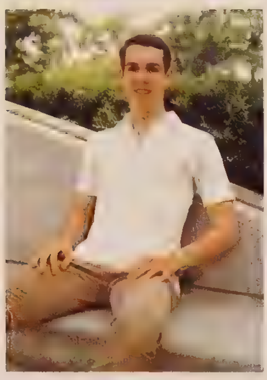
Besides geeking, sleeping, and pumping iron to maintain his ape-like appearance, Kevin dreams of women and flying. Yes, "dreams" is the right word. I guess this explains his going overboard when he finally gets one. He likes to utilize every minute he can with a girl; that's why he spends his hard-earned 1/c weekends in his van with his favorite female. Kev is also a firm believer in women at the Academy, at least those at Dahlgren. As for flying, he just heads to the nearest roller-disco and tries to stay away from his good buddies on the rink.

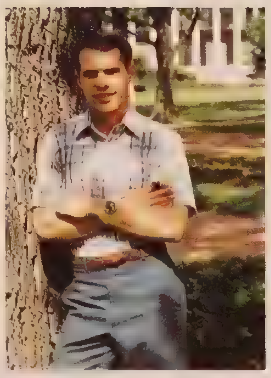
All seriousness aside, Kev has done pretty well at Canoe U. He has an N for sailing (no rudder or headstay needed), a few stars, and mega stripes. Good luck in Navy Air. "Ready — Hup!"

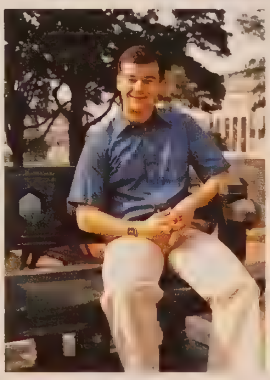
Merritt Island, FL "Kev"

**KEVIN THOMAS WILHELM**









### ANDREW HAMILTON WILSON

Kokamo, IN "Orca"

Andy Wilson hails from Kokomo, Indiana and is the last of three brothers to graduate from USNA. In the hall he has been known as "Orca the Killer Whale," "Shamu," "Drew-man," "Baby Bubba," and "The Kokomo Kid." Andy has enjoyed sailing at USNA; whenever he was not chained to a coffee grinder he was on the aloha deck saying good-bye to his breakfast/lunch/dinner/various-snacks. He did a fine job cleaning up the company area as first lieutenant. We finally found out where he had hidden all the garbage — in his locker, in his closet, in his desk, . . . In fact Andy is such a stickler for cleanliness that he even took a four-hour shower one night after a company dining-in. Seriously though, Drew is by far the most easy-going guy in the whole company; how could anyone not get along with a whale? We'll all miss you, "Baby Bubba." Good luck in the future. "Thanks Mom and Dad." — *signed "#3"*

### WILLIAM THOMAS BARTRAM

Bothell, WA "Tramp"

Bill arrived in Annapolis from that great (?) northwestern city of "Brothel," Washington, via that unique institution NAPS. Through his many childhood experiences (he was a Navy brat), he slowly but surely compiled enough information to form "The Bartram Chronicles." Like fairy tales, these stories all end in the same way. Not with "they lived happily ever after", but with "it was great." In addition, these stories always contained the Bartram Factor. This universal law, not to be confused with Murphy's Law, states that any numerical quantity in the story must be halved to attain the truth (B.F.: truth or reality = x/2). There is also the 60, 40, 35 corollary. Of course we can't forget the many "Marine Corps mornings" he had either.

But then there's always DAMTRAMID, where Bill had his Waterloo. He was such a fun loving guy until he met what's her name . . . that's right, Bessy. All those sleepless nights when his roommates stayed up worrying about him. Although he's aiming for Navy Air, after all those M.C.M.'s I thought he'd go Green instead of that life with fast women, fast 'Vettes and fast jets.

### JOHN ARTHUR BUGBEE

Wilberham, MA "Bugs"

John "Bugs" Bugbee, known to his fellow baggers, rather sailors, as "Overide" (for his uncanny ability to override a wench) arrived at USNA from the famed town of Wilberham, Massachusetts. He specifically states that he doesn't "pawk the cawr" like his fellow residents in Massachusetts, but he has yet to convince any of us that this is so.

John has an insurmountable amount of worldly knowledge and for this reason is affectionately known to some of us as "Mr. Gouge." He has had the privilege of earning a black "N" but that's what girls will do to you . . . one specific one in mind. Simply because he built a Heathkit stereo receiver he thought he could master the electrical engineering major here. As of now we're not sure who has mastered who.

One day we'll undoubtedly see "O.R" in the cockpit of some Navy/Marine Corps aircraft with a piece of strawberry licorice in his mouth . . . and in Blue Angel number five.

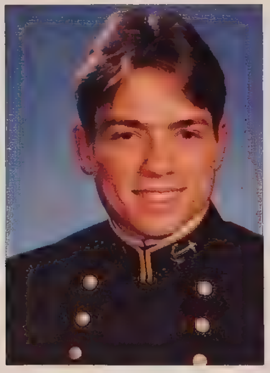
### THOMAS BUTERBAUGH

Norristown, PA "Boots"

Coming from that developing industrial super-city, Norristown, Pennsylvania, Boots ascended on the Naval Academy ignorant of the restrictions of military life. But after only three years, Tom has been molded into a lean mean sailing management major machine who is admired by all (all is a bum who lives in 7th wing parking lot). Boots has a personality that people love to be near. His wit keeps you laughing, his conversation keeps you entertained, and just by mere comparison, he makes you feel important.

Boots can usually be found in one of four places. Most of Tom's time is spent sailing or going to a sailing related activity (i.e. Annapolis-Oxford regatta, wild parties, etc.). During study hour, our hero can be found pinging through the halls trying to borrow some change for the coke machine (a coke is a sailor's pre-game meal). At times not to be mentioned, Boots can be found speeding around in his love wagon to and from a bucket of steamers at Riverside's. But when Boots gets bored with the above there is only one place left for him to go . . . the rack!

With Tom's experience with hot air and wind application, flight school was an obvious choice.



**DWAYNE CHARLES CLARK**
Hialea, FL

Dwayne Clark, hailing from Hialesh, Florida, showed up at USNA ready to conquer all, only to find early defeat from uniform races and swimming. Fortunately these were the worst of his worries. Dwayne decided to pick a chemistry major and better his technique of osmosis. It paid off bringing him to the top of the class and saving great amounts of energy allowing him to letter in Pee Wee (150's) Football despite the holding call against Army. Having a love for the beaches and big biceps, youngster afternoons often found Dwayne on Red Beach or in the Halsy weight room. Dwayne's second plebe summer (detail this time) found him once again doing uniform races. How long does it take to go from Bowie to Khakis?

Service selection will be typical of Dwayne's pattern, finding him asleep in the deep beneath a sun lamp proving nudes can get a tan.

**LYNNE ANN COE**
Ada, OH "Coe Bear"

Coe Bear hails from the teaming metropolis of Ada, Ohio, Ada being known for its Mellow Creme, girls' championship basketball team, Pitts and purple; coming to USNA was a cultural shock for Lynne for two reasons, one because there are more Mids here than Adaites there and two, everything here is blue instead of purple.

Lynne doesn't study much at night because she has such a crowd of her friends that stop by to see her there's no time for work. When Tex is seen, she is usually doing one of three things: eating, sleeping, or playing basketball. She excels, of course, at all three.

Among Lynne's most amazing skills is her ability to chug a full mug of beer in less than two seconds — she's won many a free brew with that one! Of course she's most well known for her fast men and fast cars(?)! We'll leave that one alone.

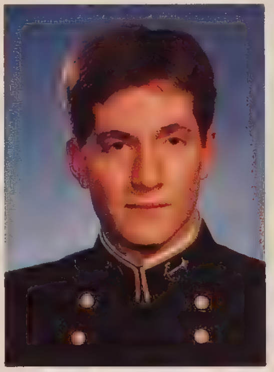
Looking forward to graduation, Lynne is eager to hit the Fleet. With what she is still undecided, but I'm sure she will give it a good one-two.

Frans floated into the yard one sunny July morning after a long ride from beautiful Richmond. He carried with him, deep in his mind, a dream. Through everything, academic difficulties, steerage runs, and wasted all-nighters, Frans nurtured his dream. He knew he was good. In fact, an endowment from the National Society for the Advancement of Performing Arts, (Blues Division), financed the Phantom Porsche that occupied the closets and shelves of 7252. He realized his dreams and aspirations during Second Class year, when, due to his love for the stage, he went on tour promoting that ancient form of art, The Blues.

His life changed for the better, but maybe that was the result of the intimate conversation he had with a VW and its bumper. More handsome and wiser, Frans now frequently uses American cars in pursuit of women from the many continents.

Although there will be those that miss him, academia will breath a collective sigh of relief as F.J. (hopefully) drives off into the sunset.

Richmond, VA "Jake"
**FRANS JOSEPH COETZEE**



Bill came to us from an unheard of and unimaginable little town in Florida called Titusville. He did, however, bring up a few friends from Florida (including Molly Hatcht, Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Outlaws).

Coop's mark in history at the Naval Academy was being a distinguished member of the varsity rack team. As a matter of fact, it is rumored that he was the Rack National Champion during his youngster year.

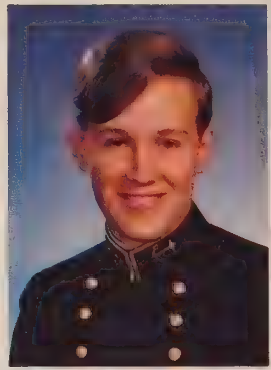
Not to be remembered for his racking prowness alone, however, he was also known throughout the Brigade (or at least the penthouse) as the "White Works Brigade Commander."

On the weekends, Bill spent a lot of time (in his not-so-legal car) at such places as the Riverside, Clankes and Pien Seven.

For those of us who have Bill as our "Porkchop," we can only hope that he doesn't miss as many classes (as he did at Ol' USNA) when he returns down south to Athens.

Good luck, Gish, you'll always have a rack at Mother-B's house.

Titusville, FL "Coop"
**WILLIAM GEORGE COOPER**



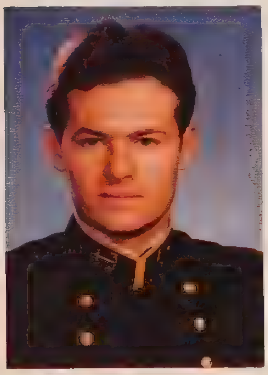
Brad took a road trip after high school and ended up at USNA from unheard of Rockymount, North Carolina. Brad's claim to fame here was his natural attraction for Navy Air. As a matter of fact, Brad asked his squad leader on I-day, "Where's my F-14?"

Brad's career here consisted of more than day dreaming over flying. There was some effort put into grades and a little into having a clean record, but most of his energy was put towards staying sane. Sanity for Brad included cranking the tunes and "mellowing out." On weekends it meant an ice cold Bud (quite a few, in fact). If studying got too boring, you could see Brad and the Coop cruising to steerage. Brad liked road trips and headed down south on many weekends. Graduation and an F-14 are right around the corner Brad. If you're only half as good at flying as you were at blowing off USNA, you'll be a legend in your own time Ace!

Rockymount, NC
**ROBERT BRANFORD CRAFT**

Jack condescended upon us from the sweet Virginia town of Alexandria. Endowed with extraordinary charisma and a very special purpose, Jack exhibited his leadership capabilities early on in his career. The high point of his leadership career was his now-famous denunciation of the plebe system, "Give me big 'n' steak burgers or give me death." Plebe year for Jacklin saw the passing of the infamous U.VA. letter as well as the classic Morison gambit. On the advice of his samurai mentor, he left his first love, poly-sci, and took up the rigid study of poetry and prose by Challer and Hemmingway. Not one to stand on brains alone, Jack was constantly striving to reach new heights on the field of athletic endeavors. While he has left his mark on the sports of frisbee, kilt racing and cycling, he is still working for an ultra-light-weight crew team on which to showcase his talents. Jack will always be remembered for his patient ear, deep feelings and right words at the right times. Best of luck Jack as you go in search of your wings of gold.

Alexandria, VA "Jack"
**JOHN MORISON DAVIDSON**



KLUWERUDERS
DIEREN

**GREGG DAVIS EDELMANN**
Northeast, PA "Eddie"

Who, in the eerie city of Northeast, Pennsylvania, would have thought that one of their fellow grapepickers would rise to greatness among the ranks in the brigade of midshipmen? The answer to that question is nobody. Upon Gregg's arrival any hopes of greatness sped right past his room because of his "Eye Corps" sign posted on the door. Unfortunately his rise in the ranks had a slow descent as the sound of laughter filtered into his room.

Things did get better for Gregg, he soon caught on the system and sweated his way through the academy. But in all fairness, Gregg isn't all work. I can remember a couple of times when he fooled around. When he was a plebe, he had a wild time at the Notre Dame game in Cleveland, just ask Bob! And because of his many intense hours playing Galaxiam at Pete's he was named president of the Annapolis sector of the Darth Vadar Fan Club.

Often Gregg was noticed losing touch with reality. He was an avid sports fan and rooted for any team from the Pennsylvania city of Champsburg — the city of pitts. He thought those teams were great, even the ice hockey team, the Penguins (I still think he made that one up!)

Good luck to Gregg, the Steelers and the Pirates, they'll need it.

**COLLEEN ELLIS**
Modesto, CA "El"

"El" hailing from Modesto, California has endeared herself to the hearts of many during her internship here at USNA. Her naivete, contrary to her reputation as a "California girl," surfaced upon her arrival here plebe summer. Overheard on the first day — "I didn't know that the Naval Academy was on the water?!" And she was off and running!

With a start like that there was only one way to go — up. So Colleen embarked on a career as an aeronautical engineer. Since then, Colleen has breezed through the four year program here at the "Boat School."

Lest she be labeled a "geek," Colleen, "a jock of all trades," played musical sports teams through her four years, participating in both indoor and outdoor track, rifle, gymnastics, batt fencing and batt track, track being her forte. All America, Leener! Congrats.

Thus, El will graduate with the mission of the Naval Academy behind her, having developed herself mentally, physically and . . . morally? Go Navy Air!

**DEBORAH MIKI FURLAN**
Davidsonville, MD "Debo"

Deb was one of two people I knew Plebe year who could go home on Saturdays. Home being in distant Davidsonville, Maryland, and there she went to the woods and to fantastic Japanese cuisine. Whoever said that USNA wasn't a commuter college?

Deb has a couple (just a couple?!) of quirks. She seems to enjoy being trapped in a cave, kissing the head of an ass, and being burnt at the stake. Actually, she is just one of the Masquerader's finest performers and always seems to wind up with a lead. Deb's gift for the arts can be seen in other areas as well. She enjoys dancing (ballet), art, and music, and she is a member of the women's fencing team. Why is such an artsy person a Systems Engineer? — who knows!

I would have to say that out of all of her activities here, and they are numerous, the tower jump has to be her all-time favorite. I mean, how many people earn the name "Scarface" for jumping into water?

Louie (one of a trio, you know: Louie, Huey and Duey) is occasionally accused of being a space. It is said that "a dreamer lives for eternity" . . .

**STEPHEN CLARK GOLAY**
Altoona, IA "Dog"

Not many Mids get a nickname like Hounddog, but then, not many Mids look like a lazy bloodhound sunning on an Iowa porch. Steve shuffled to Navy in the footsteps of his brother and to the pleading of the swimming coach. However, Steve's feet were smaller than brother's and he never got to wet a toe for Navy. He left a girl behind at home, and he still sees her, unlike all the other Mids; but that's where his loyalties end.

Steve says he doesn't enjoy drinking, so he must be a masochist. "Dog" stories abound, from laying an obstacle in Oxbow's entry, Second Class year at the Hile's, iced tea exits from Winston's, to the attempted genocide of the Annapolis police department. And when Dog wasn't allowed out to play, you could expect his buddy J.D. to come visit his room.

Go Navy Air, but remember our bet, buddy.

**ALBERT J. GRECCO**
Poughkeepsie, NY "Grec"

Big Al was one of sweet sixteen's most colorful personalities. Grec added a new dimension to our company wardroom life by constantly amazing us with his vivid lingo concerning the action on the television. He shared a particularly interesting relationship with the General. "Felix and Oscar" spent three years rooming together and they settled on an amiable separation as firsties. Their "discussions" still ring through the halls.

Lucky in love, unlucky with cars was Grec's unofficial motto. His favorite automotive mystery novel was "Death of a Pinto." Is it still in Baltimore Al? Now he is "reliant" on his K-car to get him to his ladies. Al had an active social life while at the Academy. From Edgewater to Hood, he attracted many a fair lass.

When Grec wasn't on a road trip, he kept Lt. D's desk company at night as he unraveled the mysteries of E.E. This dedication, plus a little nicotine and caffeine, will make Al a 24 hour-a-day asset to the nuclear fleet.

**STEPHEN CHARLES HEID**
Orange, TX "Steve Babes"

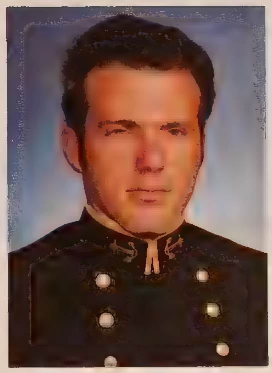
Heid, Ho! The familiar words ring clearly as he takes off his warm-up jacket, picks up a basketball and gets ready to enter the game. Then once again, a little less clearly as he puts down the ball, puts his warm-up jacket back on and sits back down on the bench. "Sure," he says, "Can you say pick a different sport? I know you could." And so he did — from basketball to football, various company sports, varsity crew and back to *coaching* the company B-ball team; excelling always but never quite satisfied. Something can certainly be said for persistancy.

Persistancy just about covers it. No matter what happened. Steve was determined to graduate as one of two Mech E's in the company. Persistancy certainly described his love life . . . there seems to have been hardly a moment when he wasn't in love with someone, (just friends, of course).

As he jets through the skies or builds bridges for the Navy, we can all rest assured that his wit, humor and gentle sarcasm will supplement his persistance and make him a success at whatever he does. Good luck Steve!

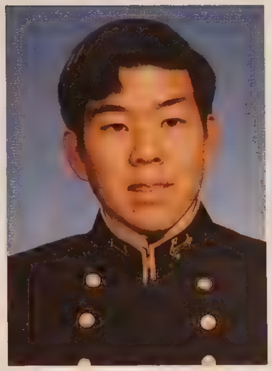
**THOMAS ROSS HIPSCHMAN**
Raped City, SD

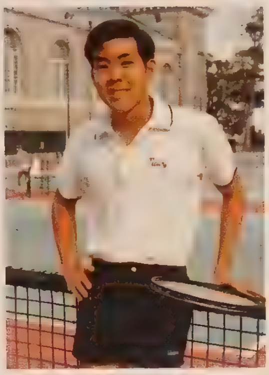
Tom wandered into the Naval Academy from the small and little known state of South Dakota. Little did the Naval Academy realize that Tom would be a legend in his own time. As a matter of fact, he was the first second class ever to be appointed as white-works Brigade Commander. Tom's immortal words, "Who invited you here, anyway!" were heard practically throughout the Brigade. Tom's time here, however, wasn't totally devoted to dodging his professional responsibilities. He managed to find time to frequent the "Riverside" often becoming somewhat acquainted and taken in as a displaced redneck. We'll always remember Tom with a golf club in one hand and a beer in the other saying, "Hey! How about bingo, bango, bongo!"



**RICHARD HUNT**
Duncdan, FL

This little hampster cruised into Annapo' a day early from NAPS but still a dollar short. When Diggs told him to show the boys in Dave's squad how to make a rack because of his prior experience, "Hunto" almost had to consult that big blue book to find out what a hospital corner was. Halfway through plebe summer Rick almost headed home to Tampa; something about Tango company and a conception, but Marty finally got the story straight. That first year was sticky, with Drew breathing down his back the "Pube" kept the Batt Performance Boards constantly convened. Then came bloody Saturday; Rick took little TY to the FRA and got his girl so oiled that she slipped and split her forehead open in the lady's room at the Valentine's formal. I have to hand it to you Hunto, that's one way Marty never slipped out of taps. Second class year it was beer and pillows on Wednesday and on the weekend it was off to Dahlgren in SDB's. He looked so good in black on Saturday nights. A blind date during the Ring Dance is looking good. Hunto, I'll be at the library. Fair winds, following seas, and Godspeed in mighty fine surface line.





**RANDAL KASAMOTO**
Hilo, HA "Krazy Kaz"

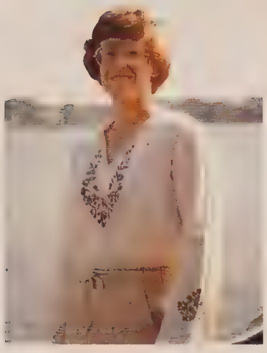
One sunny Hawaiian afternoon, Kaz boarded a Mahalo Airlines 747, tennis racket in hand. 16 hours later as he stepped from the bus he said, "Where are the courts, this isn't like any tennis club I've ever been to." After his initial shock, Kaz adjusted to Academy life pretty well. Sometimes all those classes between tennis matches got in the way of his court dates with the 'Dant, but Kaz just figured that everyone had to make some sacrifices. But Kaz is more than just another burly "jock" with three beat Army stars. He enjoys classical music like "Spyro Gryo" and improves his mind with recorded lectures by Rap Reiplinger.

Being away from Hawaii, Kaz was missing out on all those luaus and Ma's pakalolo brownies so he had to supplement his diet with prime rib, purple, fries and cuttle fish. After four years as a roommate, Kaz will always be remembered as a close friend and I hope we can keep in touch wherever we roam in our Naval Careers. We all wish him good luck and happy sailing.

**JOHN C. KENNEDY**
Clifton Park, NY "Doc"

Jay Kennedy, better known as "Doc" by all of his close friends, has left a lasting impression here at the Academy. This impression is the direct result of his good nature and easy going attitude. These qualities in his personality have given Doc several accomplishments that are sought after by many. He was an all-American and captain for the 150 pound football team, which later resulted in him being a member of the varsity football team.

When Jay isn't playing football it is not uncommon to find him over at the fieldhouse on any afternoon wrapped up in an intense game of "hoop." It has been said that he is an all-around athlete, which he has shown with his great abilities in football, basketball and baseball. To ease the tensions that arise here at the Academy, Doc became one of the original members of the infamous "R.C" entertainment and Van Club, which has an ever growing membership. Upon leaving, Doc will be going to Quantico to enhance the "military education" that he received here at the Academy.



**SARAH BETH KOVEL**
Alexandria, VA "SK"

SK spent her four years here busying herself with every imaginable activity except, of course, studying. But then she didn't need to study to get her A's. I think she learns by osmosis . . . anyhow, to fill all of her free time this year she has diverted herself by yelling at Plebes (a holdover from this summer when she was Regimental Sub-Cdr), serving as captain of the women's bowling team, flying in VTNA and weightlifting with the D & B.

The Company missed her a semester when she went to West Point to show them the Navy way. When she wasn't being abused by the Woops during Army week, she was the stand-out goalie for Army women's soccer team that had an undefeated season.

Sarah has a passion for quotes and odd bits of knowledge. Do *you* know how many tons of dust falls on one square mile of Detroit in a month? She does. And who'll ever forget her famous "Ah bebe, passez-moi les pommes de terre"?

Sarah is considering going Intelligence for Service Selection. Let's hope they don't have the prerequisite the name implies.

**MARTIN HAYES McKOWN**
Hanson, MA "Marty"

Marty is a unique member of Sixteenth Company. We don't actually remember reading the letter from the Commandant authorizing "McKown Libs," but then Marty wouldn't go out if he didn't rate it. Marty didn't drink to get drunk, he just didn't not drink long enough to get sober. When he did go out it seemed he would just lay everywhere: the car, dock, beach, etc., but he was still tired.

Marty's women were always "awesome" or "gorgeous"; he had to be right because he had a dozen Buds backing him up. One girl lived in a rectory and stole his heart, another was crabby, one was a bowler at Hood, and one wore black and stunk up our room. Marty did set some records at Navy: most broken noses, Patty, most demerits in the Company, most fifty-dollar tickets in Maryland, and the most alpha codes in his closet.

We hope Marty can survive long enough to make "Chief."

**THOMAS MICHAEL MILLARD**
North Hollywood, CA
"Thom"

While most stars go to Hollywood, that wasn't what Thom did. Instead he came from North Hollywood, California to go to Navy. Not liking numbers as much as "George," but not wanting to shy far away from high technology, Thom chose a science major . . . political science mind you. Although his grades didn't get him one of the top ten positions in our class, he doesn't have anything to be ashamed of. Especially after his genuine interest in and hard work on his major are taken into account. After all, anyone who would voluntarily spend their summer working at the Pentagon we must assume is politically motivated. In his free time there was "wine, women and song." Need I say more? He has musical ability indeed, but someone should have told him you don't "fiddle on the roof" with a guitar. He hasn't forgotten his roots either for he still wields a mean "kosher" frisbee. To get around on the weekends he has, not just any car, but a classy 1969 Mustang in mint condition thats good on "the long haul" too. By the way where is California? Thom has been a true friend to all and whether, upon graduation, we find him in the air or in the court room, we'll never forget him.

**LYMAN PARKHURST**
Brunswick, MA

Lyman, dropped off by some weathered mustang on his way to St. Paul via Crabtown, was adeptly prepared for those long summer days of plebe summer with his witty comments and never broken in electric razor, not to mention that big smirk as Daddy Dave used to call it. Yes, Lyman thought he had this place by the tail until the plebe summer stripers were laying odds with the book that "Parkhurst" would be the first to punch. Unfortunately for them this fiendish friend of "Animal" sailed into youngster "June Week" sporting a shady but solid reputation, a new young lovely from Notre Dame (after his OAO wrote that Dear John just like Marty had wagered) and a technicolor yawn from top bunk to sink that would blow your mind, not to mention sizzle your roommates nostrils. Needless to say, second class year redeemed our hardened attitudes of the rookie brewdrinkin' virgin sailor. Now that first class year is here, all I can say is Hymen "Your diggin deep" cause Wylie's going Nuke. Fair seas, following winds, and Godspeed to a friend who'll be dearly missed when we hit the fleet.

Glenn Patton came to us from that bustling metropolis and thriving intellectual center of America, Youngstown, Ohio. The General, as he is known in the upper echelons of military circles, came to USNA on the three year plan. The program consists of three years studying in a double major then returning from academics to pursue leadership training during the fourth year. So far, he has excelled in both areas of concern.

Due to his intense study program, the General could often be found cloistered in the wardroom studying Magnum PI, the Late Late Late Movie or conducting business deals for "General Georges Used Jewelry Emporium." In his spare time, Glenn seemed to enjoy boat rides on the Severn. He was always behind the rest of the team as they rowed their way around the Cheasapeake. All kidding aside, the General will be remembered for his unique wit and personality as he flies the skies of the world in the back seat of an F-14.

Youngstown, OH
"George"

**GLENN PATTON**

"Hey Ross, wake up! You'll be late for formation!!" — Mikey S.

The controversy continues — Where did Ross come from? Some say he came from Maine, others say Africa . . . regardless, Ross left his mark on the Naval Academy.

Plebe year, Ross could be found choking over chowcalls or drowning in the pool. He even learned how to use an alarm clock. After Ross's gunge summer he quickly settled into the youngster syndrome. Too much water on the brain caused him to change majors from English to Systems. By the time Roscoe P. Coaltrain got to be a second class, he had begun to change. On any weekend Ross could be found racking, drowning, howling or even trying systems, and then when that got boring there was always road trips. Senior year with his rough Polysci schedule, Ross still found ways to waste time, play games, blow off letters and even to do some homework (when he wasn't roaming for pillows, milk, lightbulbs or shower curtains to find).

May fair girls and following winds carry you anywhere your heart desires.

"Ross"

**EDMUND ROSSITER SAWTELLE**

Bill (alias "Stack") is one interesting chap who dropped by USNA from Bowie, Maryland for a few years as a recruited soccer player. His nifty soccer abilities got him a letter plebe year. The results of Stack's combination midshipman/history major role here at the Academy are that he's gotten a boundful amount of sleep and food (surely I jest about the sleep, but the claim concerning the food still holds, for eating is Bill's most prized hobby). One technique Bill has mastered during his stay at USNA is arriving tardy to any planned activity, meeting or evolution. How do you do it Stack? Being an extremely humorous, open and outgoing fellow, Bill has always been able to initiate friendships with anyone he meets. One goal Bill, who know Christ as his personal Savior and Lord (1 John 5:12), has set for himself is "to know Christ and make him known." Praise God! It's been a privilege knowing ya Stack. Take care brother. Pray and press on. God bless and God's speed in your future; Matthew 22:37-39.

Bowie, MD "Stack"

**WILLIAM A. STACKHOUSE**

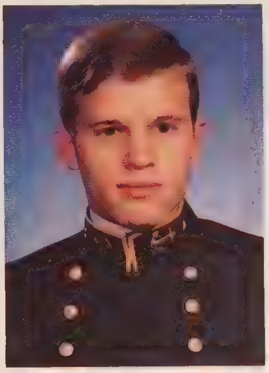
Arriving in Annapolis from "Stinky," Illinois, Michael announced to the world, "Hey, if you need help, I validated Chemistry." From there on out it went down hill. We all know the stories about Mikey are not true. Those wild weekends, the road trips, and the drunken revelry, they just never happened . . . ever. Mikey was more apt to be found pouring over his budget, Midshipman Investment Fund Interest Statement, or the infamous Nakamichi log. (I hope Leslie remembers to log the exact times). While the hall may not be his favorite place to be, it is definitely in the top two.

Spazboy took everything into account. He even had the problem of dirty laundry licked; he just didn't wear anything. Many times Norman was found in his "skivvies" eating his unique concoction of chocolate cookies and milk a la USNA mug. But he did have his good points — his interest rates were low!

Fair seas and following winds to the only sub-MARINE!!

Stickney, IL "Mikey"

**MICHAEL N. STRESEMANN**



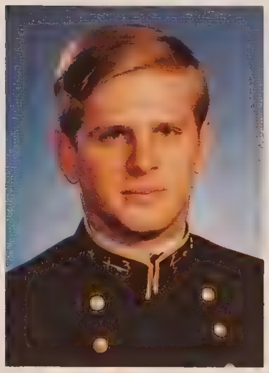
**16**

Edward Wojtan was born on the crest of an Irish beer and rocked in the back of an AMC. Bumbling into our midst on July 6 from Livonia, Woj was the only plebe to go undefeated against the home team in "stop the music." Fred quickly struck a telling blow against akademia. Establishing himself as the awesome mental power everyone thought he was. A renaissance man in the 20th Century sense of the word, Remo Wojtan never backed away from a challenge. His athletic prowess treated the Academy to a totally new dimension in physical activity. At one time or another, Fred was the heart and soul of intramural wrestling, cross-country, softball, squash, football, lacrosse, and track. On the spectator side, Edward has occasionally been known to slip into a cheerleader's skirt or join in a two man crusade to bring the blues back to the Academy.

"Vietnam" Wojtan entered a new era during 2/c summer as dreams of 'vettes, women and the Corps dance in his head. He could frequently be found during study hour engaged in a never-ending fictitious competition between his ghost 'vette and the infamous phantom porsche Graduation will see the loss of this easy-going mathematics major cum bull and those of us who will miss him will remember him as "solid to the Corps."

Livonia, MI "Woj"

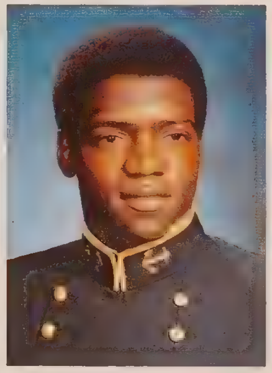
**EDWARD WALTER WOJTAN**

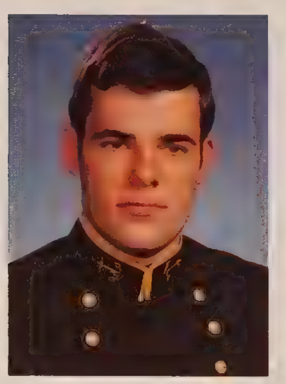


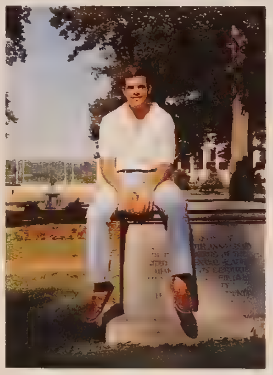
"The Kid," as he often referred to himself is from a modest home in the "motor city." However, to those who knew Chris he was anything but a kid. "Yeld" is a warm, friendly individual who would do anything for anybody at anytime. Which is probably why so many people respect him. I would say (and many people would agree) that Chris is just one of those all-around type guys. Hard working, dedicated, and especially athletic. Chris played Navy football for four years and was a terror in pick-up hoop games. He also knew how to have fun; ask anybody who has been out with him and his infamous van (which has been around since youngster year) on R.C. nights. Chris is also an adventurous soul, which is why he will be flying jets for the Corps soon. For those of you who didn't know Chris, it is your loss. Our Dr. Cey.

Detroit, MI "The Kid"

**CHRIS YELDER**







**BRUCE BUSHONG**

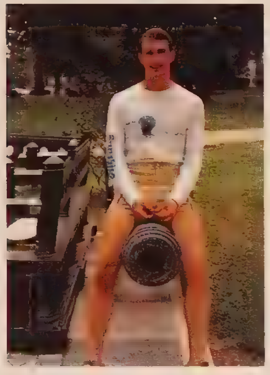
Titusville, FL "Bush"

Bruce left sunny Florida and came to USNA with a piña colada in one hand and a water ski in the other, which were quickly replaced by a rifle and reef points. Brought out of his shell by his "ratey" roommates, Bush quickly adapted into a routine which would last him the next four years — megavitamins, thermals to beg, and of course, anchorman on the Varsity Rack Team. Bruce, an ex-Systems superstar, soon joined "The Brotherhood of Physical Scientists," as a double dose of Screw provided the transition. After chucking his spear for the final time youngster year, Bush found time for many ECA's — a member of the typing hall of fame, ECST, in search of stripes and gouge, and the ongoing long distance saga if Bush-n-Dino. Letters, care packages, and "call Dinah at 11:01" notes were all examples of how this boy was whipped. Bruce's eyes are the only thing keeping him from being a pilot and his class rank the only thing keeping him from NFO. Whatever service selection brings, Bush's easy going personality will be welcomed anywhere. Full Speed Ahead, F.A #1!

**CATHERINE CALHOUN**

Camp Wood, TX "Cathy"

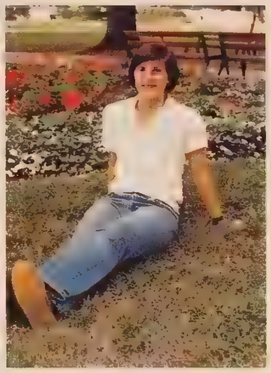
Cathy grew up in Camp where?, Texas . . . more commonly known to its population of 500 as CampWood. As the "girl from ultra-small, USA," she emerged a Texas Junior Miss and competed in the Miss America contest. But . . . NO . . . glamor, Fame, money and travel were not her speed. She wanted to "escape" it all and be a Naval Officer. As the band strikes up "Anchors Aweigh," she marches along in the back of the platoon, watched by all. Plebe year begins . . . she survived Spence, Herrmann and Wixler, while charming Spicer, Phillips, Kholman and all the officers. Sports caught her in the "parry and thrust" of fencing. She was quite successful, winning a letter and a hint of romance. Ah, but not so fast "geek," we wouldn't want to spoil your precious GPA. Second class year ended her limited social life. She didn't even talk to her roommate. What happenes when you combine water (Ocean Engineering) and electricity? Next, Plebe Detail and very low v-neck t-shirts . . . naturally to keep cool during the "hot" summer. Ask Dwayne. Firstie year in an unknown billet. Who gives a flying leap about Reg Ops? Service Selection brings hopes of CEC . . . maybe some PR? The Navy is looking forward to a build up of weapons. Now, in '82, there will be a new "Boom-Boom" added to the fleet.



**JOSEPH GERARD CAPSTAFF**

Aberdeen, NC "Joe"

Joseph Gerard Capstaff, alias "Joey Po-Ski," "Geek," "Sweat and ½," the extra baggage of "Frick, Frick, and etc.," but mostly "P.W." (We all know who owns the whip,) is a Jersey born boy (sorry, don't know the exit) that, like the other 54% that yearn to leave that New York suburb, bolted ASAP to the southern fried state of North Carolina. Although he considers himself a southern boy, I saw that he never lost that New Jersey style of tawlking. Joe with his southern demeanor, never lost his flair for first impressions. Joe's stumbling up stairs, when not being carried, struck his new academic roommates at an awe as he burped his hello! But Joe has been known for handling his spirits as shown by his puddle jumping, staff car entries, and his flantom phying. No matter what the circumstances, either puddle jumping or burping hello's, Joe never lost his military bearing by staying in complete uniform. Best of luck to Joe and Diane . . . I mean Susan . . . no, that was Chris . . . no, no, it's Terry. Take care of him Terry. He'll need it! Go Boomers.



**BARBARA LYNN CRUTCHFIELD**

Potomac, MD "Crutch"

Barbara Lynn Crutchfield calls Potomac Maryland home — so what's this I hear about Illinois tags?

"Little Hitler" made a mark during plebe summer with her absolute no smile theory — unless, of course, she was checking out a certain upper classes soccer ball (or body?) Her next claim to fame whizzed into the scene as the #1 ace pitcher and letter winner for Navy Softball.

As an ever "slobby" roommate, the "Crutch" inflicted continuous self-torture while pursuing the useless field of electricity. But, there were those moments of "out-the-door," "duck calling" and basic sexual terminology 101 for her naive roommate. Then, from out of his corner room weighing in at 138 came the "Big Ragu." From then on it was ground pounding and Navy air all the way. Who cares if several thousand miles seperate them. Raggo Printing will always pick up the $250 phone bill — and that's only one call! Who knows, sooner or later there may be a little "Rags" waiting for the return of "Hitler."

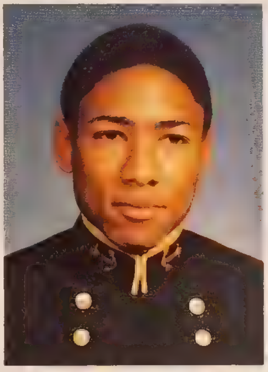
"Little Dommie" came to USNA from a small town in northern Virginia, which may explain all of the parties he managed to crash during his four year tour here. Never one to buck a challenge (no matter how tiny,) Dom managed to claw his way through Plebe Year and a couple of "really mean" second class. After that, it was almost fun for the little guy.

Youngster year found Dom very active in gymnastics until a hard landing during vaulting sort of popped a few ligaments in his left knee . . . He hobbled through the rest of the year in white works, so I guess it was worth it! Not wanting his right knee to feel out cast, he put it one during Battalion football his second class year after he kind of got between the ball and a really big linebacker. So much for his football career.

First class year saw a little change in Dom's life. His too sharp of a wit kept sticking his 9EE Pro Keds into his mouth, but now at least he had his Porsche 924 to keep distance.

Fairfax, VA "Dom"

**DOMINIC STREAT DIXON**



Lloyd came to us from Silver Spring, Maryland with one thing on his mind, and that was to become a submarine officer. Although his plebe year is best forgotten, there were some things that will always be remembered, such as piping down the watch on his own and Frosty's famous yell, "EDGERLY!"

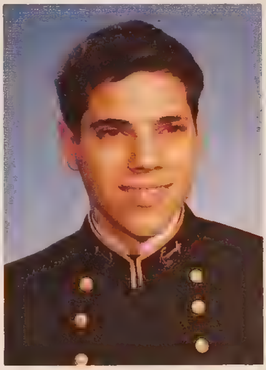
With the strict environment of plebe year of finished and his upperclass years just beginning, Floyd got into anything and everything that had to do with electricity and science, such as lasers, oscilliscopes, a jacobs ladder, and fireworks.

Academics were one of Floyd's strong points, and that was only because he worked hard at it. He chose double "E" and as a result, he didn't enjoy his weekends very much until he became a firstie and saw the light. When Friday afternoon rolled around, he was off in his "ghetto wagon" to some wilderness area to do some shooting, taking along one of his many guns from his arsenal.

Lloyd will now be headed to the silent service and in the future may become President of GE. Good Luck.

Silver Spring, MD "Floyd"

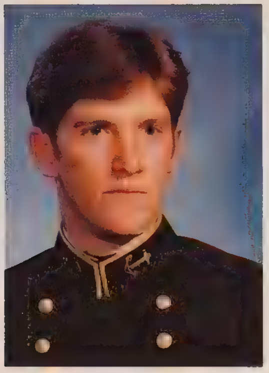
**LLOYD WILLIAM EDGERLY**



Greg, an acknowledged connoisseur of fine wine, women, and song, came to USNA from Hamilton, Ohio and immediately found a home in 17½ company. During his plebe year, Fish made a worthwhile investment in Pete's Place. In no time at all he polished and perfected his barroom skills. Although he naturally tended towards conservatism, Fish was known to sit in on a card game or two. However, Greg's greatest enthusiasm revolved around the slopes. Whether he got his ultimate thrills from the hills in Veil or the valley in California, only Greg knows and he isn't telling. Greg's two week striper stint typified the professionalism that he exuded. His compelling desire to escape the claustrophobic walls of Bancroft Hall ultimately led to his demise as a legitimate leader of the brigade. Nevertheless the future is bright. He'll be able to jump the walls at Pensacola in a single hop. Greg fly straight. The sky's the limit.

Hamilton, OH "Fish"

**S. GREGORY FISHER**



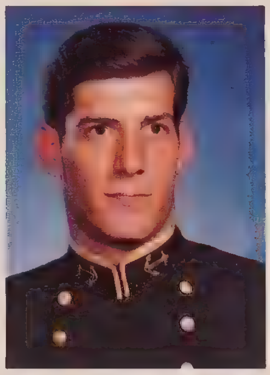
Tim came to USNA from Rochester, New York, a city famous for its Genesee beer and Kodak film. Like everyone else who comes to Annapolis, Tim soon developed a bad case of SBU's which eventually led to his ascendency as President of the Phy Sci Brotherhood. Although Tim was a varsity letter winner in lacrosse his sophomore year, Coach Slazsa decided to put this hard-nosed player out to pasture Second Class year. This gave Tim more time to enjoy some extracurricular activities. These included falling in love with hundreds of girls, participating nightly in lights out Texas death matches, and enjoying Clint Eastwood movies. Tim was a huge asset to the 17th Co. He was not a person to get upset or angry, and for this he was well respected; just ask any of his Plebes or tennis opponents.

First Class year Tim bought a Volkswagon Scirroco and on Friday afternoons he could always be seen bolting through Gate 1. Unfortunately Firstie academics were not quite that easy and Tim could usually be seen bolting back through Gate 1 Friday night.

Although not the scholarly type, Tim truly has the right stuff and will make one of Navy Air's hottest sticks.

Rochester, NY "Vladimir"

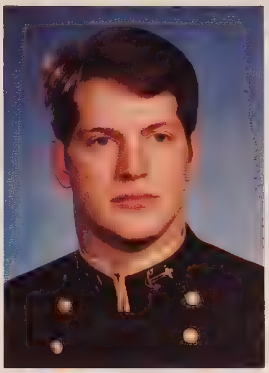
**TIMOTHY R. GLASOW**



Will came to Canoe U. as a good ole country boy from the rolling hills and coal mines of "West by Gosh." With him came stories of fast cars and many girls. Somehow, Will seemed to have a special nack for handling Plebe year. He quickly made friends with everyone and became a leader in the company. Youngster year found Will reading early morning recons, having meetings with the Dant, and adding to his throng of love sick women. Although gifted when it comes to women, Will's females are like old generals — they just fade away . . . Second and first class years, when not at the books, Will could usually be found abusing his body for the 150's team. Will's love of USNA was surpassed only by his love of home and wallet, and summer always found Will heading back to the hills to shovel coal, a profession well suited for a bull major. In a good month he could usually double his yearly Squid's pay. Heading towards graduation, it seems that Will must have his wires "CHRIS-crossed" because it looks like he may finally settle down. After graduation, Navy Air and law school await Will's talents.

Lenore, West Virginia
"Daryl"

**WILBURN KEITH HALL**



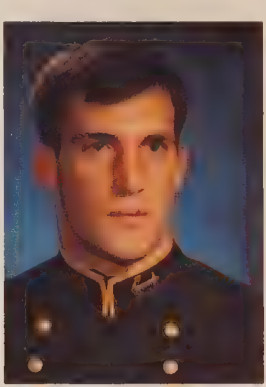
T.J. came to the "School by the Bay" from a small suburb called St. Petersburg in the sunny little state of Florida. On his arrival he was suffering from a severe case of St. Pete Catholic Baron fever, which was not catching, thank goodness. He recovered quickly, but succumbed to a case of "Hook 'em Goats" each fall that gave him the runs, as a fullback on the football team. He scored his first touchdown as a Second Class then came on strong against foes the likes of Notre Dame, Michigan, Houston and of course, ARMY. However, he is still famous for that "Heads up, Bob" block Youngster year.

Tim found that Systems Engineering was not challenging enough, so opted for the rigors of the Phy Sci brotherhood. In addition, T.J. was high on the list of favorite Firsties during Plebe summer for his "Ahh, that's brutal," with associated hand signals. Plus, who could forget "Boom-Boom Down Go the Trou!"

Lucky his favorite color is green, because the Corps is getting a great one as a Marine. Though never a big drinker, he is sure to have Sherri with dinner in the years to come.

St. Petersburg, FL "T.J."

**TIMOTHY JOSEPH JACKSON**



**PAUL NATHAN JAENICHEN**
Brandenburg, KY "Chip"

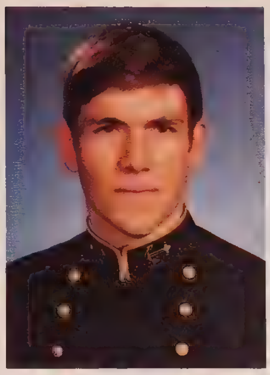
Brandenburg and the Crazy Lady were good enough to surrender one of their sons, yet it's beyond me as to how this "Son of a Whoop" ever ended up at the Boat School. The D&B and Ocean Engineering dominated his time Plebe year, yet it wasn't until the Spring that he found a real challenge in Navy Crew. Youngster Cruise on a sub eliminated any doubt about service selection and he returned for Ac year as the first 82er of 17 to become engaged. Crew, weekends in the workroom, and letters from Paula who had a special "longing" for her "T-Bear," got him through Youngster Year. Second class academics didn't phase this self-proclaimed wardroom rat, and we even talked him into a D.C. trip one Spring Saturday evening. Crew looked promising and three years of hard work culminated in a National Championship at the IRA's. A natural striper, Chip took charge of the Company as a firstie and began looking forward to the big day in June with Paula. Quite the submariner, Chip will always be remembered by those who knew him well for his patented wink and grin.

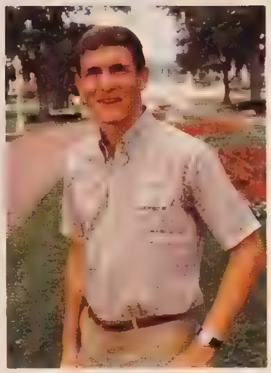
**DAVID CRAIG JOHNSON**
Pensacola, FL "Spyder"

Dave came to USNA straight out of high school from that very small and unknown town of Pepsi-cola, Florida. Or is it Pensacola? His destiny was to take him northward to this fine and outstanding institution. You could say Dave enjoyed his Plebe Year, unlike the majority of his classmates. You could always find him doing his unusual things at his sailing T-table, "bagging it."

Dave's next couple of years seemed to be taking him to the top both academically and socially (U. of Maryland.) Then comes Dave's first class year. He is still up there in academics, but now he has a new love, "Decoy."

As an aerospace major, Dave has a great deal of interest in aviation. Yes, you've guessed it. It's Navy Air all the way. There probably isn't another mid that has broken as many rules as he during his first three years (cars and civilian clothes,) and it doesn't stop there. He's still happily breaking them. To sum things up, Dave has really made something of himself here at USNA. He has been a good classmate and a great friend. Too bad Kim, it's your loss.





**ANGUS A. McCOLL**
San Diego, CA "Gus"

Arriving from sunny San Diego where he grew up with the Navy, Gus distinguished himself early on by getting fried for cutting his own hair. Despite a few other hitches, plebe year went well, and Gus adapted easily to the Academy's routine. Plebe year also was the beginning of his involvement with the Officer's Christian Fellowship, which proved to be a continuous blessing. Things went well for the near-sighted English major including a youngster cruise in the West Pac. and a trip to Europe during second class summer. Then in the fall of second class year he met Denise Zimmerman whom he soon recognized to be God's provision for his wife. Always a loyal supporter of the sea service, and a pro knowledge whiz kid, Gus changed his mind frequently throughout his time here with regard to service selection. Finally, he found his place as a submariner, which is proof that God works in mysterious ways. As Gus hits the fleet he will endeavor to press on for the mark of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ.

**CHRIS MILLER**
Buffalo, NY "Mills"

Mills was always destined to be a Mid. When he was born, the old man, CDR Miller, slapped him on the rear and said: "Welcome aboard, Son." Chris was a local favorite on the Tennis and Squash courts, but the coach never capatalized of his vast potential. Mills decided to take a civilian LANT cruise 2/c summer and try his luck in the big bad world. Millerman was set on being a law student at Cornell, or was it an accountant at Stanford? Regardless, he got his first job. After two days, Mills decided he would trade his minimum wage for a speedy Corvette and the security of USNA. We always thought Mills was trying to emulate Dustin Hoffman in "The Graduate" when Millerman wasn't chasing Mrs. Robinson around Annapolis, or the world for that matter, he was keeping the boy's laughing. Mills was an investor *par excellence,* investing borrowed capital in many a wild weekend. Although Millerman will fly in the back seat as an NFO, this great guy will never take a back seat to us.

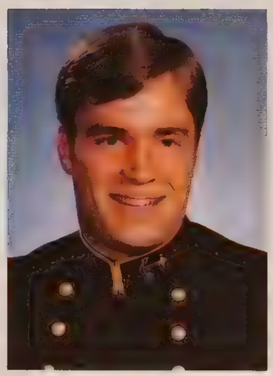
**PRICHARD RAYOS ORTIZ**

Corpus Christi, TX "Orbit"

Prich came to us from the fun and sun of Corpus Christi, Texas, with an unreg haircut and a tennis racket in hand. Although Prichard did not have the most enjoyable Plebe year, it certainly was a memorable one. He and the Class of '79 never seemed to have the same idea of what a sense of humor was, which cost Prich a lot of Saturday nights.

Prichard was a member of the unique group of 17th Company Aero Majors that survived the curriculum and Prof. Rogers. When he wasn't studying, writing letters, or out for the weekend, Prich could be found on the tennis courts. In his years at USNA Prich could not make up his mind whether he was a Filipino or a Texan. When it came to women, he was even more mixed up. Though he could never decide on which young girl he liked the most, he always seemed to be in search of a certain Joy to take up his time after graduation.

Headed for P-cola, Florida, and a career in Naval Aviation, Prichard is a guy who can be counted on as a friend and will do well with some "Joyful" coaching.



**THOMAS GERARD PAGE**

San Jose, CA "Pager"

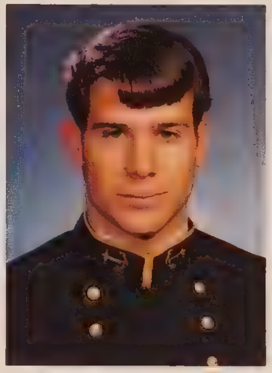
Coming to Navy after an anything-but-preppy year at NAPS, Tom has brought his share of California flavor to USNA. Distinguishing himself early on the 150's football field, Pager's first N-star was quickly recognized by Sweet Sue and her gang of claim checks, and did us all a favor Plebe year by catching more than his ration of flak as the ringleader of the "ratey" room. T.P. decided against diet tables for four years, and took his football instincts to the lacrosse field, as many opposing lax players can attest to from their wheelchairs. "All work and no play" was never the motto for this master of small talk, for he partied as hard as he played; clearly demonstrated at Ocean City, College Park, and other East Coast ports. Academics were also on his "things to do" list. For this double major (i.e. minor in resources, major in management), dosing the textbooks at 0230 was no biggie — too bad he cracked 'em at 0220! Whether wearing wings for the Navy, Marines, or Delta, "Tomcat" can look forward to a career of many friends, success and good times. Thumbs up, F.A. #2!

Hailing from the great Lone Star State, Huck brought with him a Texas smile on a farmboy's face. Plebe year his rich southern drawl was an obstacle to some but his many antics soon made him a company favorite. We'll always remember his stint as the Super Hero, Bat Man, plebe Halloween. Not to fall from his ways, Huck entered Youngster year with the famous "Hound Dog" spirit. Most memorable was his no-bones night at the Frampton concert, he still has an affectionate spot in his heart for the bricks at Dahlgren. Second class year Huck's attitude became more serious, if not for the books, then for the rack. He even succeeded in joining the elite Phi-Sci club despite the great odds. (We always knew that Huck could avoid the "Nuke Draft") The one area where Huck did excel was in his ability to imitate any strange noise. On many a night, Huck's turbocharger could be heard through the halls of 17.

First class year Huck's thoughts turned towards hunting, tunes, and his new "weekend machine." Loved by all, Huck is well-rested for graduation and Navy Air.

Pattonville, TX "Huck-Hounder"

**GREGORY KEITH PARSONS**

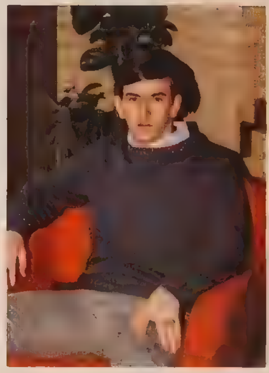


Massachusetts being famous for such native sons as John, Bob, and Teddy, Steve came to USNA hoping to add his name to the list as "one for fun." He started early on his claim to fame as a resident of the back shaft plebe year. Noted for his antics with the first class, Steve will affectionately remember his stint as a ploob by "How 'bout you, Pollard?"

Despite Steve's love for fun, Youngster year saw him gain notoriety as the 4.0 kid. Not wanting to be caught with the stigma of being an academic stud (geek), Steve put his energies into other endeavors which included a solar tracer, the tune machine, the disco trap, water hose raids, bottle rockets ... Alas, Youngster Christmas did nothing to enhance Steve's reputation for tact. (How can you end with "Starting Over"?) As a seguendo, "Stevo" continued in his aspiration by making a name for himself as a Varsity sailor. Steve excelled in this sport as soaking up sun and brew came to him naturally. Speaking of such, second class year can't be discussed without mention of the liquid diet of Spring Break in P-Cola. With Steve, Moosehead had nothing to do with big game hunting.

Marshfield, MA "Stevo"

**STEPHEN JOSEPH POLLARD**



Vidal came to Seventeenth company from the island paradise of Ponce, Puerto Rico. For awhile, the Company thought he was a foreign national, but we had much to learn from him. Well known in the Company for his epicurian tastes, Vidal added a special touch of class to all with whom he associated.

After two years of sailing, Vidal decided to forego Varsity sports in favor of weekends and Georgetown. First Class summer was a special time for him. After a YP youngster cruise, he found himself on his first real ship, a tender. After cruise Vidal got the good deal of all good deals when he was sent to Spain for a six week study and travel porgram. Returning a bit more cultured and with his Spanish refined, Vidal started first class year by buying his dream car, a BMW 320I. He also master-minded a coup d'etat to become a member of the Spanish Club's ruling junta.

Ever in search of the right woman, Vidal will continue his quest as a Surface Warfare Officer.

Ponce, Puerto Rico
"Dalio"
**VIDAL RODRIGUEZ**

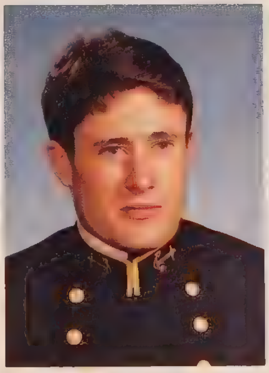
John came to Annapolis from northern Maine. Consequently, what many considered the devil's own brew, the "Wad" always thought of as anti-freeze. Let's have a toast to all those disbelievers; John will graduate, liver intact, in May '82.

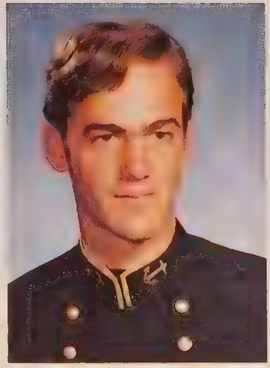
Lenroy ta-ra-ra boom dee ayed his way through freshman year, and it has been down hill since. He minored in management so he could double major in golf and sleep.

With his nose for wheeling and dealing, John should go far. This con man made his Mom send soap so he could invest his pay. His first venture was a few share's of Pete's, followed by an interest in Riorden's and many an investment at Fran O'Brien's.

Midshipmen life taught John how to use his time and money efficiently. Plebe year he tried showering in 14th Company in an effort to keep his shower clean. Youngster year he kept his bed tidy over the weekend by sleeping on the mail desk. Second class year had two bargains for John: two-for-one Wednesday afternoons at Little Campus, and that $1500 deductible car insurance he got for free.

Rockland, MA "The Wad"
**JOHN L. RUSSELL**





**PETER SANDS SHERMAN**
Monterey, CA "Sherms"

Peter came to the sailing school on the east coast by way of the gold coast. Not one to leave too much behind him, Pete brought his baggage with him. For three of his four years at Annapolis, Pete's room was challenged only by Joe Gish's on 3-1, while Joe's room appeared more lived in, it is questionable whose room had more *guests*. Pete comes from a long line of Navy heritage, and naturally assumed that 3 stripper libs were automatic. He did wait until youngster year before utilizing the privilege. Road trips to D.C., N.J., PA., Weems Creek, Riverside, Dukes. Pete learned well in California and brought his talents to the NADS. He was the "Foredeck" during the race, but afterwards, the "Mizzen Club," YOOOHHH! SOCIAL!!! Avenger, Annapolis, Newport, BI., Pete is nice to the girls too. It took him 8 weekends to blow off his girlfriend. And now?, they're just friends. "All we do is talk." Yeah, right., on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Wednesday. Pete's greatest feat? Why his independent project, study through osmosis. Such time consuming and extensive research. What board is that? Go Peter — Navy Air!

**MIKE SMITH**
Pleasanton, CA "Smitty"

Smitty came to Canoe U. from the golden hills of Pleasanton, California and immediately discovered his natural niche, the open pages of a textbook. It took Mike three years of hard work and determination to make it here, but once allowed to enter the hallowed halls; he was determined to fight tooth and nail to stay. One of those early gungy greens, the Earl of Smythe has seen the light and decided Navy Air is the only way to fly. His favorite hobbies, besides sweating in a textbook with his red pen and straightedge, are nicker dancing, to which he was a novice before joining the ranks of Urban Cowboys, and model building, for which he has a passion almost akin to sweating! It's been a pleasure eating, working, and partying with Smitty. One never knows what'll happen especially if the tunes are turned on. One thing is certain, though, if Mike grabs something by the horns, it'd better give, cause he sure won't. Ride 'em cowboy, Mike.

### STEVE SUNSERI

Tallahassee, FL "Stevie"

Plebe summer forced the quietest member of Howie's Heroes to trade in his beloved clarinet for an M-1. So Steve, after much reflection, decided that life with the beaters and blowers was preferable to that with Stalag 17. Between plebehood, D&B trips, and love-filled wedding invitations, Steve found much to write home about. Undaunted, he adopted "Professionalism," turned in his cymbals, and traded his broken heart for the regs and rates of Woopsville. Unlike his state hero, Ponce De Leon, Wop-the-Woop found his fountain of youth in Boston. (Who needs beer and r-rated movies, anyway — right, Steve?) Our favorite Woop returned to the brigade a new man, proud and anxious to continue his studies on factors affecting the mass flow rate of perspiration. That led to plebe detail, where Steve was full of helpful advice for his relief (Watch out for the eyes — eh, Stevie-Boy?) Stevie was the perfect roommate — with a stnoatgetuc ear and quick wit that made up for his peculiar habits of sleeping at attention. Makes the mornings rough, doesn't it? The brown shoes are lucky in stealing Steve, for he is living proof that what elbow grease can't, sweat can. Good luck in the fleet, Steve, and thanks for being a friend!

### MARK EDWARD TARANGO

Tolleson, AZ "Smiley"

Mark came to our fine institution from Tolleson, Arizona, where his family set up residency after swimming the Rio Grande in 1968. Not one of the most academically successful students, Mark, along with the rest of "the brotherhood," was always found dodging AC Boards and seeking the gouge.

A good athlete, Mark was known for his expertise in company sports as well as his graceful style out on the Batt lax field. When not diligently studying his academic courses or sleeping, he could often be found throwing laundry bags at the BOOW, dribbling a mouse down the hall soccer style, or writing his favorite sweethearts, Benullah and Fi Fi. When it came time for play, Mark always went all the way. A lover of fine foods and refreshments, he was often found overimbibing with the boys at area colleges or local establishments.

One that never let things get him down, Mark could always be seen with that smile which gave us all hope. Still undecided about whether to be a boat driver or a back seater, Mark is sure to be a success at whatever he does. GOOD LUCK FROM ALL!

### PHILIP COX TISSUE

Newark, DE "Tish"

Phil came to the boat school from the thriving metropolis of Newark, Delaware. Being the scholarly type he found the academics rather unchallenging, which allowed him extra time to pursue other interests such as airborne training, karate, and the varsity pistol team, where he became an All-American. The weekends found Phil in his Trans-Am pursuing the better things in life, mainly girls, girls and girls. Not one of the company's heaviest drinkers, Phil was never one to turn down liquid refreshments when at local colleges or the Vous.

One who was often thought of as too serious, Phil was always willing to help anyone out in time of peril, especially in academic courses.

Soon to be one of the Marines' hottest sticks, we know Phil will end up a lifer. We all wish him the best of luck always.

### CRAIG DAVID UFFMAN

Baton Rouge, LA "Uffy"

The Uff came to the Cheasapeake University of Naval technology from the sportsmen's paradise of "Loosiana" determined to set the place ablaze. The man-smiler of 17-2, Uffy soon had his entire squad grinning their way through Plebe Summer as they exhibited a strange penchant for holding full length mirrors.

After a youngster year bout with the "USNA blues," CDU returned for 2/c year almost married and more determined that ever to spend every available minute of his five weekends with his o and o. When he wasn't making that 1829 Sunday evening dash, or phoning the little Mrs. Craig, he found time in his crowded schedule to pursue his favorite pastime-money.

The Uff-man, as his Plebe detail Performance indicates, also had a remarkable way with worms. Craig was definitely loved by his woman and women alike . . . he still gets cookies in the mail and probably will still when his five year indenture to the Rickover boys runs out. Fair winds and following seas!

### MICHAEL WALTER ULLRICH

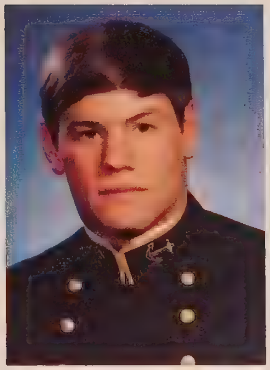
West Point, NY "Ully"

After growing up as a squid-heckling townie of Annapolis, the tables were soon turned as Mike saw that the grass was greener on *this* side of the wall. Surviving plebe summer by winning the PEP T-shirt logo competition, Mike and "JoJo" (whose boys?) developed the professional attitudes necessary for a rewarding plebe year. Tackling third and second class years by the spiffies, Ully could usually be found in the wardroom fantasizing about drill and YP's, or thinking of questions to ask at the next Dant's Call or Bore-us-all lecture. Never one to turn down a brew and road trip, Mike can always find memories of red heads, bloody noses, and tours of the beltway. Naw, he wasn't peeved. Two years of lacrosse found his knee under the surgeon's knife, so this sports fan hung up his lax stick to become a company all-star. While Mike slept through study hours, dreaming of going home every weekend (after all, it was only two blocks from Gate 8), home moved from Squidsville to Woopland, via Michigan (yes, there really is a Kalamazoo). Mike's hard-working drive and sense of humor will take him far. Anchor's aweigh, Ully!

### GREG UPRIGHT

San Antonio, TX "Scruffy"

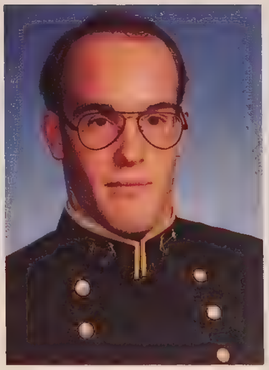
Greg comes to the 17th company from San Antonio, Texas with a chit and chow-package from his mother and where the state is as big as his ego. Greg, during his first two years was notorious for obtaining medical chits. It wasn't until youngster year when he asked ."How do you wear 'WUBA'?" He was however in no way a "bagger," for his medical problems were quite real; although running into fences, chipping his teeth and complicating his injured knee were rather extreme. By late youngster year his major injuries had healed and only his back, wrist, shoulder, neck, and arms . . . troubled him. For the doctors, Guppy was a pleasure and good practice — to work on, however for the company he was even a greater pleasure to live and work with. His personality, when asleep, is quite enjoyable and when awake, it's unsurpassed. Undoubtedly, he is a person of many talents, all of which he has shared and we have benefited.



### DON WEHRENBERG

New Brunswick, NJ "Donnie"

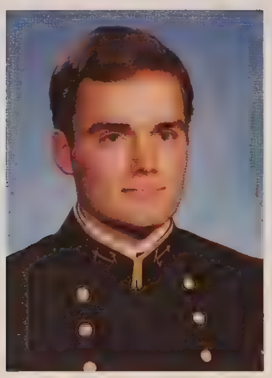
Donnie "Tow Terrigno" reported to USNA in the study mode and immediately dawned the noble title of "sweat." in fact, the naval academy laundry will attest to the number of ruined uniforms that Don possessed as a result of intense "beading." Plebe year was challenging, but nothing was more challenging than when Don tried out for 150 pound football suite. Don's interests lay in Jethro Tull and Delro Jo Frondron, but not necessarily in that order. But he was also big on road trips; we'll never forget the Royal Manner Bar up in the Gutter state. "Oh yea, which exit?" And who can forget the way Don went through pencils and sharpeners. Putting pens in pencil sharpeners doesn't increase the life span of the sharpener. But somehow Don rose above all the challenges and "resource managed" his way to 2/c year and the infamous Ring Dance. All of Don's friends looked forward to the Ring Dance more than he because this was the first chance they would have to see his girlfriend . . . (?) the Ring Dance definitely turned out to be quite costly for the "incredible hulk," but only because Balfour charged him double for all the gold that went into his class ring.



### DENNIS EDWARDS WELLS

Brielle, NJ "Rue"

Saint Dennis LaRue, Social Director and party manager, acquiring his skills from the partying New Jersey shore, brought his talents to the NADS. Clad in blue and white, boxer shorts, "Hood" visor and geek glasses (with the preppy red velcro strap), he is found carousing on yawls, lasers, windsurfers, and the infamous "Averngér" one of the original Bandana Bros., and Speed doctors, Rue's major claim to fame can be found on the girl's room walls in "Riverside" or "marmadukes" (don't forget the 'bluffs') body builder, nautilus instructor, road runner (can be found punding) — LaRue's modesty is displayed when his shirt comes off at triton light, but he blushes when you talk about brush bristles. Baldness is sexy though, ask the boys about New London. Good times abound with Dennis; from Bahamas to Vermont, vacationing plans take priority to weapons labs. Sun, surf, sea, sail, ski, and sky — Saint dennis LaRue.



**ALAN R. WILDE**
Buffalo, NY
"Van Hoffburger"

Al was a dedicated sailor who minored in EE. He came from Buffalo, city of countless bars, which prepared him well for sailing with Team Budweiser at USNA. Van could frequently be found repairing winches and such at Riverside for sailing practice during the week.

Never one to be rude or sarcastic, Al was a real ladies man. Take the International Debutant Ball in Washington for example. He and a young Bostonette spent the better part of the evening under the watchful eye and camera of a nosey reporter, who luckily didn't follow them to her place. Or how about the long distance operator he met over the phone at Travis? Van also proved he had no prejudice against enlisted girls from Bermuda, or engaged girls either.

Al did manage to get a stripe first class year, making him the ranking member of 17½ company. That was no loss, for the only stripes Van wanted to see were the ones painted on Route 50, leading him to D.C. He never did manage to receive the black "N" he so much deserved, but that's the way it goes. Whether he will be in the cockpit of an F-14 or on the deck of a nuc, Al still hasn't decided. Al, just watch your six. See you in Subic.

**LYNWOOD J. BARKER**
Clifton Park, NY

Len came to the Naval Academy from snowy Clifton Park, NY. Almost invisible plebe year since he ran track and cross-country, it wasn't until second class year that he realized all plebes don't sit on T-tables. But Len worked hard at track and academics. He proved this by maintaining a 4.0 grade point average for the first few weeks of every single semester. Yes, Len is the eternal optimist and always stood by his favorite saying, "sure we rate it." Len never did care much for technicalities. He was too busy enjoying life whether it be biking from Schenectady to Pittsburgh, running at six o'clock in the morning or experiencing the night life of the D.C. area. Of course, he did study EE once in awhile so he and the Admiral should get along great (as soon as they install indoor tracks in the Ohio class.)

**GARY M. BUTTER**
Clifton, NJ
"GMBFJB, Parkay, Butt Butt"

Gary is one of the few people I know who not only admits he is from New Jersey, but will give you the exit. He has a way with people and his way is the only way; at least until he ran into Ray and Mike youngster year. Even they couldn't change him though; borrowing his typewriter still carries the threat of suit. It seems like Gary got stuck with every "good deal" possible in his four years at Canoe U. He always got all of the bad watches and bad profs. There is no doubt about it, he was persecuted. This did not phase him in the least, though, as he pulled stars plebe year and handled EE like it was kid's stuff. One of Gary's biggest accomplishments was overcoming his natural affinity for the bottom of the pool and passing every swimming test on the first try. Whether braced up plebe year or hopping up and down on plebe detail, he took his job seriously. The Nuclear Navy couldn't ask for a finer addition to their numbers.

**JAMES P. CONLON**
Augusta, GA "Philbo"

Philbo, from the fine state of Georgia, arrived ready to be the first midn. admiral. Philbo was the perfect plebe, low profile, average grades and high spirit. He was not seen his youngster year due to his never ending battle with EE. Second class year Phil made a flaming appearance. He took out most of his frustrations on '84 or his text books. Most of the plebes survived but none of his books ?. ? AIRBORNE qualified as they continuously crashed against the walls. Phil fooled us all — we thought he had a short fuse when really he had no fuse at all. Philbo fell in love twice 1/c year. Once with the '78 Trans Am and second with his three stripes. As C.C. he required 18 to meet his own high standards of appearance and spirit. We willingly followed his lead, except staying up everynight till 0400 doing EE. Philbo's love of money has brought Rickover one more glowing midn. to his service. Good Luck Philbo!!!

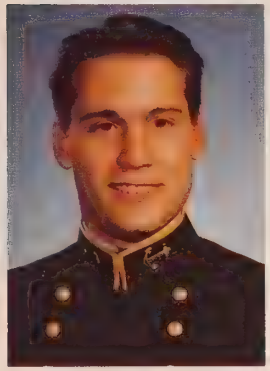
Hailing from far off Camp Springs, Ed took a year off at NAPS to develop the study habits which have served him so well here at USNA. After a grueling Plebe year, Ed looked forward to a fun Youngster year and received instead a fun first semester. Second semester offered many opportunities for character building and an N-Star from the Commandant. An aspiring Mech E, Eddy realized early that Resources had so much more to offer. Second Class year ushered in pool games at Pete's, card games at Wad's and debacles at Dahlgren.

A natural athlete, but plagued by injuries, Ed was confined to the playing fields of Fran O'Brien's, where he excelled by his own admission. Prone to narcolepsy during the day and insomnia during the night, First Class year afforded him the liberty of sleeping his weekends away in Bancroft.

A bullish investor, inveterate gambler, lover of wine, women and song, Ed has left his mark on all of us. Naval Aviation will never be the same.

Camp Springs, MD "Ed"

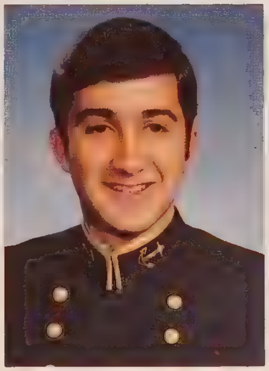
**EDWARD HERBERT DAWSON III**



Paul comes to the boat school from the sunny plains of Texas, Universal City to be exact. Paul quickly forfeited his diet and dream of becoming Navy's star coxswain after plebe summer and joined the world of company sports. Academically, Paul is a dedicated worker. Paul is majoring in Mechanical Engineering with a minor in interior decorating. As a Mechanical Engineer, Paul was complacently going through life until he confronted the likes of Nuem Allen, Wild Bill Lee, and Rocket Reed. It was then that Paul came to the astonishing realization of life and academics the Naval Academy. It is all a game; you cannot win — but you got to play. Having escaped the grasp of Rickover, Paul plans to kicker dance his way into the surface fleet upon graduation.

Universal City, TX
"Cupcake, Parfay, Squeez, Short-Eyes"

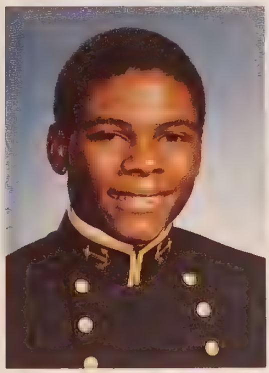
**PAUL S. FERRELL**



Wrestling his way from Virginia Beach, Virginia, Will found his toughest competition at the Academy to be Electrical Engineering, but he stuck it out sacrificing many a Saturday night. This may have turned out to be for his own good for one rare youngster weekend outing found Will doing part time work with Rhomdo Moon's weekend wrecking service — just short of amphibious operations. (They claim Volkswagons float). Along with his E.E. Will took a strain in whatever he did. As Duty Class Representative, Will delivered the long awaited word on class rings and "parking in the yard," and he played "middleman" for class fundraisers. With such a busy schedule Will had to make sacrifices, including wrestling, but this didn't mean he was out of Naval Academy Sports. Somehow finding the time, Will dedicated himself to swimming, and he had no trouble making the squad. Come graduation, it looks like Will's going to fly off in an A-7. Good Luck "Platypus" from the "Dufuses" in Eighteen.

Virginia Beach, VA
"Wilbur"

**WILLIAM H. GAY**



OLD GOERTZ ***, READY, RUN

Steve hails from Spokane, Washington where an interest in NTDS prompted him to come to Canoe U. Goertz had an interesting career at USNA, beginning with his plebe year when he always knew the salad dressing. Steve found his true love plebe year, the blue lady, and spent most of his time pressed flat against her, peeping over the edge of the top rack only when disturbed. Steve left his mark in the collection of room 7359.

The biggest contribution he made was in the area of the time sharing system. Helping out the computer center, he devised the new message system. In no time at all it was a success. Even if the message system doesn't bear his name, it will always be a monument to his skill. Fortunately or unfortunately for the plebes, he sacrificed his summer to be liaison officer and guest flamer at meal times.

Given his dedication and motivation, Goertz will be an asset to the Navy of tomorrow. Good luck Steve.

Spokane, WA "Goertz, Mantas"

**STEVE GOERTZEN**

Jim called Marlton, N.J. (Exit-3) home until his parents moved to Chicago (yes, he tracked them down). Jim spent Plebe summer learning dancing and drilling, and Plebe year learning how to Hyde. As the only eighteener to swallow twelve cannon balls, he is the only Mid never to get carry-on for it.

Youngster Hogan really got into the spirit of things and finally earned his Commandant's "N." Disco's backgammon bash, Saturday evening concerts and amateur barbering kept him from studying, and he could often be found wandering the halls searching for (and finding) trouble.

A closet English major, Jim masqueraded as a Mech until Mad Dog sent him "over" to Pseudo-Engineering. Bolstered by Second Class June Week successes, First Class year really brought him critical acclaim, and a change of heart. First time he ever admitted being wrong.

Although Navy Air looks nice, Nuke is a *great* program.

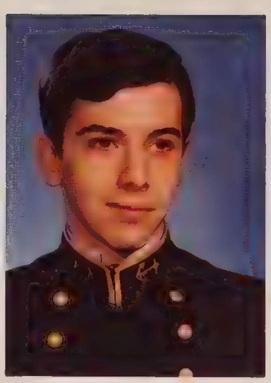
Marlton, NJ

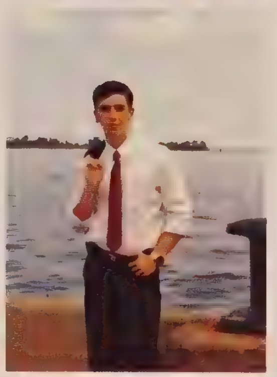
**JAMES EDWARD HOGAN**

Rhomdo Moon originally came from *Sasquatch* country in Washington state. His first encounter with anything besides grizzly bears and a pair of skis didn't occur until NAPS where he "done good." Upon arriving at USNA, he finally figured out that the Redskins weren't from his home state. During his plebe year he designed and built the Batt. Army project and squeezed in time to study pyrotechnics and U-trou studies. After Herndon, bridges were his downfall in two ways. Placed on social probation, he never got off until his first class year. Rhomdo is best known as an **aficionado** of gadgetry, chondria, and as the Company barber. As the only permanent member of the backshaft club, he alone survived aero, for which he deserves a pat on the back, and a straight jacket. Easygoing, Rhomdo will give you the shirt off his back. See you in the backshaft!

Tacoma, WA "Rhomdo Moon"

**ROMERO G. IRAL**





**CARROLL F. LEFON**

Alexandria, VA "Car-roll"

Hailing from *Alexandria, Virginia*, Carroll taxied in to Annapolis on a binding scholarship from Marymount College. Humbled by plebe summer, the once pampered and slightly plump Lefon soon shrunk under the wrath of the 2/c. Carroll fenced his way amidst Boris' flames, was knighted a youngster, properly earning the title "Sir." Opting to cruise through Ac year, Carroll took the summer off and validated "Professional Development" all together. A Poli-Sci major, Carroll maintained a low profile and a low QPR. Study hour would typically find Carroll with feet propt, enjoying his brie, french bread and quiche, while reading *The Hobbit* and keeping beat with AC/DC. From grungy to gungy, the now segundo turned his "marginal eyes" towards a possible flight billet. Lefon's aerobatics in his E type Jaguar qualified him with the "rightwous stuff" and the collateral duty of Alcoholic Safety Officer. As an original Wives' Club Card Holder, Carroll was forced to restrict his recreation and finally paid his dues to Mary. With the collous charm of Bogart, the rage of Patton, as a lover and warrior, Carroll's aim is straight and true.

**DOUGLAS E. LENKER**

Middletown, PA "Doug, Lenk"

Doug came to USNA from Middletown, PA. Plebe year had its touchy moments, what with mess night and boris taking their toll. But it was fun when Doug gave his three mile island articles, because he knew 'em all.

The freedom of Youngster year got Doug in trouble, but he always picked himself and continued on. Dougle E was a challenge, but he conquered that as well. Then at the buffet concert, he met Donna and knew he had found the right one.

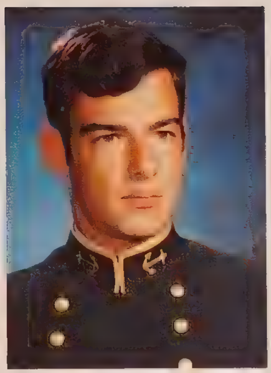
After restricting almost 50% of second class year, Doug entered first class year with one thought: Graduation! Torn between air and subs, we all know Doug will be one of the best. The best of luck to both of you.

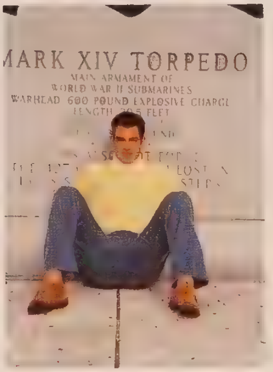
I've got to go now, the phone is ringing.

**STEVE LOWERY**
Arlington, VA
"Sailor Steve"

Steve came to 18 from Honolulu, but his parents couldn't see him enough so now he's from Arlington, but his car is registered in Florida (Ask Matt Maxwell for a ruling). Steve was recruited for sailing and Mech. E and has managed to excel in both winning a myriad of cups and trophies, keeping above a 3.2 and away from the rocket.

The fact that his room smells of the Severn contrasts with this highly organized man. After a med cruise on an attack boat the sailor is destined to be one of Hymie's boys. We all wish this quiet guy from the back shaft following seas (subs aren't bothered by winds). Rot's a ruck, Steve.





**RAYMOND LUSCINSKI**
Hanover, MA
"Raybo, Ray"

Ray hails from the thriving metropolis of Hanover, Massachusetts, right next door to East Hanover and West Hanover (Where's that?) He quickly learned what plebe year was about — he joined soccer and T-tables. Unfortunately, he signed up,with Ocean E., which signed him off. Oh well, General Engineering ain't too bad.

Ray had fun Youngster year, running around chasing women and running his roommate back to California. What are friends for?

Second class year saw Raybo still booting soccer balls and spooning plebes.

But first class year, what a change! Raymond bought a Trans Am, with new Murphy tires soon to follow, he even played soccer games some and he got engaged to a beautiful girl. So Ray, what's left (besides pilot wings?) Good luck to the best of polocks, yankee or rebel.

No one quite knows where Matt Maxwell came from but he sure did pass thru good ole Canoe U — kind of. No-knees Maxwell cruised thru plebe year, just ask Bing or Hubs. Speaking of questions, no one could ask question like Max which was evident since only he could ever answer them. Yes, Matt always did have a way with words if only we could figure out what those words were. Academically, Matt did very well in the easiest engineering major at USNA (Who needs thermo anyway?) And of course who could talk of Matt without mentioning all that time he spent at Hubbard Hall racking .out. Seriously, though, Matt always did set his priorities. After all, he put his family ahead of his MCBO watch and has the form-2 to prove it. But with the help of thermo, Max avoided the clutches of Rickover and in spite of his fine set of knees, is Pensacola bound.

Oak Harbor, WA "MAX"
**MATHEW T. MAXWELL, IV**

Something told me it was gonna be interesting (to say the least) knowing this leftover from Woodstock. Initially from Buffalo, he decided to experience the world prior to experiencing here — U. of Buff., N.W. Prep., and the school of hard-knocks (learned how to change hydraulic brake fluid there). Now this 28 year old with wing-nuts is a plebe and is telling the rest of us every plane that flies by — "Yep, looks like a 'Watcha-Hitchi 813' with . . ." or about new wave — "You hear Elvis Costello's latest song yet/!!" Ya, plebe year was an experience — with him — fireballs, underwear, shot-gunning (he always lost), and making plans to kill the insect. After rooming with him, that first year though, I knew he'd dwell on youngster cruise. As of November youngster year, though, he became a "Wives Club" Card Holder, sharing the membership with Janet. Second class year found Lear-Jet as 1/12th of the "Dirty Dozen" and as an on-board flight test engineer for the XKE Jaguar (too bad the results get messed-up) so if all goes well this last year, he'll be in Pensacola driving 18's or 14's. Hopefully, I'll be there too — I'd miss the "Bosun's Mate's Breakfast" and the "Gutteral Noise" too much if I wasn't.

Buffalo, NY "Lear-Jet"
**MIKE P. MAZE**

Murphy invaded us from the suburbs of beautiful Pittsburgh, PA. He's anything but a typical midshipman although it didn't take long for him to become famous throughout the brigade as the Dessert Man. When not studying EE he was either drawing the end pages for this Lucky Bag or was jamming on his true love, his sax. With Murphman on the loose, no one in the hall was safe including the company officer. Whether it's painting ladies on the wall, giving a woop a haircut or showing up two days late from leave, Murph is anything but predictable. It's also time to reveal that phantom passenger from the VW incident youngster year. But for all his antics, Murphy was able to overcome his goofy-looking glasses, his smelly feet and his second class year academics to become a stellar performer and one of Rickover's boys. Good luck fleet, you'll need it.

Pittsburgh, PA
"Murph, Murphman, Dessert Man"

**MARK A. MURPHY**

Pat came to boat school rolling in on his wheelchair from P-cola. A former monk, Father O'Donnel was an expert at exercising old spirits mired in closets. Pat added to his gross income by being a bricklayer, doing much of the work on Dahlgren. A man born after his time, Pat lectured anyone willing to listen on the virtues of Model A's and Victrolas. His tastes in music ran from the epic song of Frigging in the Rigging to being a member of a barbershop dodecatet. President of the Hibernian Society, Pat is a good man to drink a Guiness with, discuss O'Neil, and talk about Pat's remarkable resemblance to J. Alfred Prufrock.

A true English major, Pat believed the pen to be mightier than the sword; too bad he ran out of ink. Russian was Pat's true nemesis; he spent most of the time in class thinking he was taking Greek.

He is a Surface lifer who quotes Ben Morell, "Give me a smoke, strong coffee and the salty sea spray; and I'll make a steel ship romantic yet."

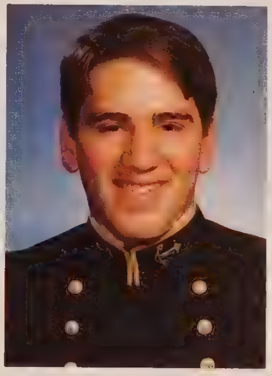
Pensacola, FL "Pat"

**PAT O'DONNEL**

Tom Remley is a throw back from the sixties, but we have been unable to throw him back. Tom corrected his original sin of joining the 3rd company when he saw the light, inside the sup's office, and became a free agent to be picked up by 18. With his clandestine bar and grill he found the way to our hearts and became the company flour child (Pilsbury xxx). Frankly Tom is a stud. He is one of the most heavily recruited athletes on the intramural circuit. Some say he drinks a little too much, but they only saw him during the week, he unraveled the mysteries of Mechanical Engineering through his acclaimed Rem Cycle Method. He very handily developed the Remley Impact Test. X-ray analysis confirmed his hypothesis that a wall is stronger than the human hand. As a WRNV DJ Tom pushed alid rock to innocent mids and old ladies. All Tom's friends had their hair parted in the middle, or they had no hair at all. The Navy needs more (Black) "N" winners like Tom.

Erie, PA
"Uncle Tom, Rems, Rem Job"

**THOMAS E. REMLEY**



Rick came to USNA from the heart of "plantation land," South Carolina. He chose old Canoe U over the Citadel in his back yard. Afraid of northern life at first, we coaxed him into seeing the light and his grey is slowly turning blue.

Rick chose to be a mathematician. His QPR is impressive! But what's even more impressive is that he kept his QPR while watching almost every sporting event on TV. MASH, too!

Destined to be one of Rickover's boys, I sure hope he remembers to bring his spitoon on board. No room for skoal wads on a sub floor. Take care Rick and best of luck.

Charleston, SC
"Rick, Stain"

**HAROLD R. STEIN**

**DANIEL STULTZ**
Perry Hall, MD

Dee came to USNA by way of Perry Hall, Maryland. We knew it would be a long four years for Danny when he squared his first corner with a resounding "Go Army. Beat Navy!" It was all downhill from there. And who can forget the time Dee christened a classmate . . . with a beer pitcher! Ah yes, the "laid back" man who "calls a dog a dog" cruises to Baltimore in the "Silver Bullet" . . . since Plebe year." If there's a way to get over the Wall, Dee knows it. If he couldn't get around the regs, Danny just "busted through." But I've never known a person as great and friendly as Dan, and I know I never will. Dee, will you ever forget the "Windjammer" in Norfolk? Not only did 24 lose its "sanest" individual, but I lost my roommate! Oh well, where ever he goes, Dan will be a success and never short of friends. I wish you luck, success and happiness. I love ya, Dee!

**JOSEPH E. WENDELL**
Vallejo, CA "Joe Momma"

Joe came to Main Street from Broadway Street only to find that living under Academy regimen would require intense adjustment. Joe accomplished this adjustment at Fran's where he became such a regular that a drink was named in his honor. The Wendell Special doesn't have much kick but it goes a long way. Joe's weekend adjusting didn't keep him from rowing crew and actually helped him to find true wisdom. EE said goodbye to Joe and Joe said hello to Poly-Sci and weekends. A thinker, Joe was very adament on controversial subjects. Everyone knew where Joe stood on such varied topics as Mom, progressive jazz, non-performing dormans, and the position of the light switch during study hour. As a bull major and avid reader Joe once read *The Case of the Missing Easter Basket*. The book frustrated Joe because, although he knew the butler did it, he couldn't prove the crime since the last page was missing. Good Luck to Joe in Pensacola; Seville Quarter is a nice place.

**CLARENCE A. WIGGINS**
Rocky Mount, NC "wiggs, Cool"

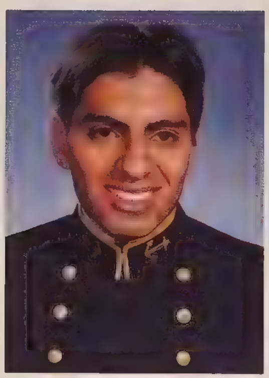
Clarence came to the boat school as a poor farm boy from Rocky Mount, North Carolina. It took "Wiggs" awhile to settle into a new lifestyle — i.e. Chris Schmitt and Lee Futch but he passed plebe year and set off to sunny California for vacation.

Third class year was an adventure as he learned the regions of the "rack" which made for his "sudden" change of majors! Now with more free time Clarence discovered the beautiful women of D.C. only Brigitte, Wendy, Debbie, Sandy, Anita, and this list goes "on" and "on," ? ? the true story of this professional bachelor.

Clarence still has his eyes set for making a killing on the stock market, flying a P-3, followed by a stint with United "stewardesses included of course," staying a single bachelor "Good Luck" and retiring a self made man at 28. It was great 4 years "Cool." . . . John Boy . . .

**DONOVAN WILLIAMS**
Apple Valley, CA "doc"

Donovan "Doc" Williams strolled to good ole Crabtown, via NAPS, saying goodbye to old ways and old faces — that included the master-at-arms who literally brought him. Plebe year made a new man out of this California nature boy. So much so that he turned in the surf boards and the waves for currents and a view of the ocean bottom during youngster summer. Eight weeks under water proved to take its toll on Doc though as he returned with his eyes set on Local Lisa, Duty Judy, and the rest is history. Second class year started a new chapter though and her name was Laura. It's one of those chapters that has no ending. (So much for Murphy's Law.) We never saw too much of Doc since that time. If it wasn't Laura, it was the Army project, and if it wasn't the project, well we figured he was on the phone! By accepting Rickover's cordial invitation, Doc, the daily jogs, the Monday football and of course the allergies will all be sweet memories. Best of Luck Johnboy.



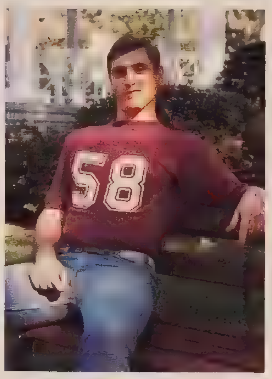
### JOSE LUIS ALVAREZ

Mountain View, CA "Pepe"

Luis, or Pep, is from Mountain View, California, where he was a local baseball star. Hs shifted his direction in coming to the Naval Academy, turning to the fast packed action of Company fieldball. In his Youngster year, with help from Jordan "Mega Stud" Woods, he led the team to a Brigade championship.

Luis also earned the respect of his classmates by keeping over a 3.3 cum in Electrical Engineering. After two cruises on nuclear ships, the Enterprise (which was welded to the pier) and 1st Class year on the Sunfish, Pepe plans for a career in the Nuclear Submarine Force, Rickover willing.

Senior year has found Luis on Battalion Staff and the numero uno man on the 4th Batt handball team. There is a chance that EE may have finally gotten to him, as he is heard raving on about resonance nodes in the Michelson bathrooms formed at 68 Hz. Despite not so notable rankings by his Company Officer, we'll save the "good luck" for someone who really needs it.



### CRAIG F. BENSON

Pittsburgh, PA "Bens"

Craig came to us from the Iron City of Pittsburgh via NAPS. Being a Napster, Craig had no problems with Plebe year, let alone Plebe summer, so he proceeded to skate on through it all. Spring break came along Plebe year and off to Myrtle Beach he and the boys went. What an unforgettable trip! Remember the guys wearing the Smokey the Bear hats? They weren't Forest Rangers, that's for sure!

Youngster year rolled around and Craig came back with love in his eyes. He had met the woman of his dreams and off he went, weekend after weekend after weekend, to see her. Craig's taste for women was incredible. He had more girls around him than he could count. In fact, he came back one Friday night with a civilian girl on each arm to "visit his room."

Second Class year came around, and even MOM began to like him. In fact, she had such a great concern for him that she kept not one eye but both eyes on him ... all the time! Academics got harder but not for Craig. He studied in one semester almost as much as any Mid would on a Saturday night. Finally First Class year came along and Craig really got off on the right foot with the stork and the Deputy Dawg.

Oh well, only so many more days left. I wish you the very best in all. Good luck there, Mr. "C."

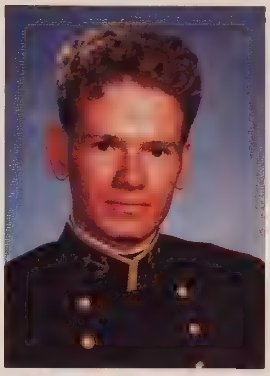
Little did anyone guess that when Danny Bergin blew in that nothing would ever be the same. Danny started quite modestly. He sailed with NADS, in 420's, Mistral, Alliance, and Intrepid. Then things started to happen. Boats weren't enough; he discovered at sailing parties, on boats, and in town that women could be fun. Night dreams were filled by Caroline, Becky, Erin, Katy, Mary, and Jennifer. Soon a certain M/LCDR, F.O.M., ruined his dreams and started Danny down the path to his first "Black N." Of course, wearing Docksiders with dinner dress or running into that ... BOOW didn't help at all. Soon he became the Major's favorite! Well, by replacing Powers with Parties, Danny was able to turn the "fid" into a Chiquita . . .

Remembering: windsurfing, parties, ski trips in Utah and Lake Placid, parties, P-3s and mopeds in Bermuda, Notre Dame, parties, Monday night football, road trips to Buffalo, Little John's quitting, the Dunn's, parties, running to 123 Spa View, 9 Acorn Uncle Al and Scotty, Bob Hope, and more parties.

There will be a day when Danny's alcohol stream dries, but until then, good luck and smooth flying. By the way, tell Hymie "hello" for us . . .?

Rochester, NY "Bergs"

### DANIEL POWERS BERGIN



Ronnie B, the original "virgin killer," vowed to be the first mid to be on the 'Dants list all four years. Being 4/c CC helped, but when Capt. Jack left, everything went downhill. Youngster Syndrome hit quickly when Maj. Mayer noticed his unbrassoed buckle at the first formation 3/c year. The year also brought an N (without star) for 150's, lower CUM, Phy Sci and PDA. Second class year rolled around and Ron was all set for over a 3.0 — then the second week came. Still no star; going straight back to USNA from the Army game and starting on his way to being Ronnie Romance. First class year started off professionally with a great 34-day underway Med cruise. Plebe Detail included a $15 parking ticket for his "new" 240Z — now he's up to $50 speeding tickets! We're in the final stretch now, his star finally came along with being the teams MVP and being named to ELFL's All-American team. After TAD here coaching football, he'll be on his way to P-cola and a career as an NFO. Godspeed.

Aiken, SC "Ronnie"

### RON BETHMANN

Dear Marysue,

How fast these four years have gone! It seems like yesterday we signed in at the Field House with our parents watching. We sat next to each other on the bleachers and introduced ourselves and thought that we were to be roommates. Not so, but now we are roomies and it was worth the wait, despite the bouts of bronchitis and pneumonia (I bet that's because you leave the windows open in the winter).

We had our bad times interspersed with many good times. I remember you suffering through Captain Dunham's track workouts, our Herndon picture, Reeta's Saturday morning birthday party, football marchovers, captaining the softball team, the 40 year swim, and Sunshine, I don't know if I could have lasted through USNA without your guidance, good advice, and smile.

I know you have touched many people at the Academy and in the church through your missionary work. I'm happy to be one of them. The Fleet is ready for another great officer. Good luck and godspeed in everything you touch.

Love,
Sheila

Ellinwood, KS "Bitts"

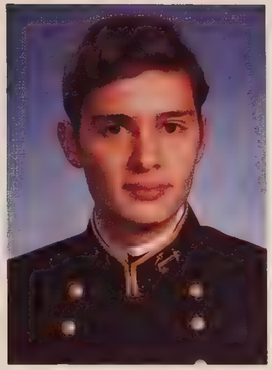
**MARYSUE BITTEL**

Sam left his hometown of Alton, New Hampshire, in the summer of '78 and, after four years here at USNA, his easy going disposition has remained intact. There are a couple reasons for this. First, academics were never a problem for Sam. With the intention of going Submarines, he chose the Marine Engineering major and found the going to be relatively easy. Second, Sam found his niche was to be a hooker. Yes, his afternoons and weekends were spent out on the rugby field. For this he earned an N-Star (and a bum knee). But finally, the biggest reason Sam was able to remain unruffled was this: Becky. Becky was Sam's cure-all, being at the right place (her place) at the right time (any time). She even guarded Sam's homemade wine.

Well, Sam won't be able to get any wine on board his sub and he won't be playing much more rugby, but he still has what he needs. The Submarine Community will be getting the best.

Alton, NH "Zulu Warrior"

**C. SAMUEL BLACKADAR**



**WILLIAM J. BOEH**

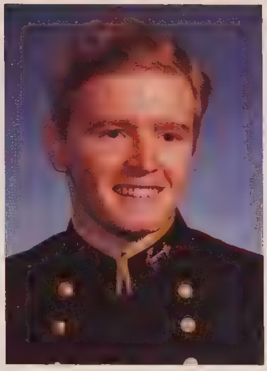
Fairfield, CT "Senior Chief"

Bill, fondly known as Senior Chief Boeh, came to us from Fairfield, Connecticut. Bill earned his title of Senior Chief not because of his age, but because of his love for food . . . great quantities of food.

Bill's most exciting event Plebe year was his well planned out trip to Myrtle Beach, with all those beach babes, fine food, great climate and hot showers. Then Youngster year rolled around and Bill couldn't wait for spring break again. This time he really outdid himself and talked to God.

With Second Class year came the apartment, and many rough afternoons of jogging. Bill's other interests included strenuous activities such as building model airplanes and listening to music. Bill, not one to be selfish, shared his music with the rest of the Company whether they wanted to hear it or not. With Senior year, Bill passed his Precom, after several tries, and started counting the days to P-Cola.

Good luck Chief.



**ROBERT J. CHEW**

Saratoga Springs, NY "Chooch"

Bob came to Navy from Saratoga Springs, N.Y. via the University of Missouri. The fact that Saratoga's main industry is horse racing was not lost on Bob. His gambling ability has served him well here. He was probably the only Plebe whose card playing won him a set of white works for every day of the week. From this small beginning he progressed to making several profitable (and fun) excursions to Atlantic City.

Bob, A.K.A. "Bobby Biceps," has a formidable build for his stature, and he'll never let you forget it. Don't let his physique fool you, though, he suffers from a mysterious monthly malaise which always seems to coincide with his exams. In spite of this handicap he still managed to attain a creditable QPR.

Naval Air is Bob's choice. Both in Service Selection and in his fiancee, the daughter of a Senior Naval Aviator, as usual, he went with class.

Good luck, and see you in P-Cola.

**DAVID DICKINSON**

Edison, NJ "Dick"

"Dick" came down the Jersey Pike and hit the Academy with his feet moving and his mind scheming. Dave quietly spent Plebe year learning the ropes. The word "sweat" was never cast his way. His Naval career nearly met a quick end after he wildmanned the heavyweight boxing champ. Youngster year Dave found a few easy roads to follow in the form of Ops Analysis and Company Drill Officer. (We always dressed right!). He also showed the first symptoms of becoming a wardroom rat (as a Youngster?) and a true rack hound. The bowling and Brigade champion fieldball teams were both subject to his harrassment as well as outstanding play. When he wasn't on the field he was pulling for his Giants or beloved Mets ('69 is a long time ago).

Dave spent many weekends fishing near home for sea bass and commuted to USNA for the work week. Dick's antics, with "the Maj" as the victim, could even bring humor to the dark ages. His First Class year he became more "popular" with '85 than any other Firstie.

Our thoughts and best wishes go with Dave as he leaves the Severn's shore to join the Skimmer Fleet, maybe on the New Jersey?

**SHEILA A. DUFFY**

Syracuse, NY "Duff"

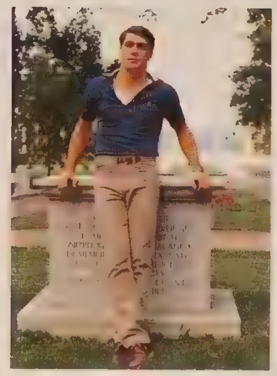
Hey Duff,

How did you ever put up with me at 0730 every morning? "Hey, aren't you going to formation?" And you even felt bad about being so "mean." You could never be violent enough to get me up though . . . let's face it Sheila, you're just too nice! Maybe that's why all those guys were always in our room . . . (changing clothes in the shower — how *did* all those guys get in our room?!) It must have been those great clothes you wear (not WUB'A') — or was it your copper sparkled hair? (are you sure that was chlorine?) Oh well, maybe it was just your sweet spirit and innocent puppy dog eyes that brought so many good friends.

Of course, being nice didn't change all those Chem Labs — didn't I tell you you'd have 6-N days while I was in the rack? But you always came back to wake me up, cheer me with your smile, calm my Sunday night "moods," and let me have my "ledge"!

Sheila, you're a treasure — a spirit sweet as roses and a heart made of gold!

Always,
Sunshine



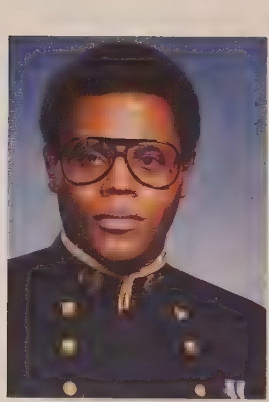
**GARY ALLAN GARDNER**

Long Island, NY "Waddy"

Gary (Waddy) Midn. Extraordinaire, came to us from Long Island, with a short stay in the 8th Co. along the way. Down there in 8th Co. Gary learned the conduct system inside and out. OTW five nights in a week was routine, dragging Matt out of Dorsey Creek after a football game, sprinting from the OOD with a fifth of C.C. in the sweatshirt, breaking his hand in a disagreement with a Youngster (he was a Plebe), late night adventures in Isherwood and encounters with the Jimmy Legs after an OTW party, all added up to 200 demerits and a ticket up to Country Club 19.

Gary showed up here as a second semester Youngster. He fit right in with the boys. Spent the night with Fred in his car after a squad party. No problems there. For Gary, 2nd Class year brought him a zoomie roommate. Can't forget those nights during Air Force Week that Gary spent in anybody's room but his own. All those late nights searching for "the Gouge" always led him to the "Manor" for those well known munchies and the backgammon championship. If Waddy wasn't watching TV on Friday nights you could always find him with Chief and Chew at C.F.'s apartment.

Now that the end is near, we'll all be looking forward to getting back together on the sunny beaches of Florida. Have the best of the good luck always. Go get 'em Tiger.



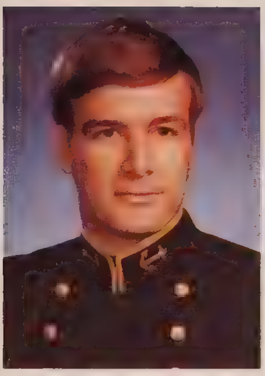
**EARL FRANKLIN GOODSON**

Xenia, OH "Big E"

When Earl blew in from O-hi-O he never stopped blowing. He quickly joined the D and B and picked up the biggest horn around. He blew himself all the way up to D and B Corps CDR. Plebe year he could not decide between a 2.0 and Jill. He dropped Jill, got his 2.0 and moved on to Caroline, Molly, Deni and finally Roxanne, not to mention what's-her-name from Thailand. When he wasn't partying with the D and B at the Mardi Gras he was at Norma and Kathy's in Baltimore.

Big E grew plants. Most of them looked legal. He bought a silver T-Bird, then realized the price of gas had risen; danced with Patti at the library, played to much "non rock 'n' roll" music, met Jan in Syracuse, Dawn in Virginia and at West Point said "goodbye" to Chris. He helped marry off Tony B; never worried about grades, never had to with his major; sprained his shoulder; sailed to Subic Bay, P.I., A.F.A., cleaned his contra — at a party (?); saw Bob Hope after the concert; joined the Surface Navy; joined with Roxanne — for a lifetime.

Good luck E!



### MARK G. JANTZEN

Liverpool, NY

After surviving Plebe summer with "Goofy" as Squad Leader, Mark entered academia, assaulting it with great enthusiasm, which resulted in his high Brigade ranking. To relax from Ocean Engineering, Mark lettered in water polo. For three years, Mark participated in and enjoyed the team's many road trips. Another short road trip was Mark's drive around T-Court and down Stribling Walk.

For Youngster cruise, Mark volunteered for a submarine, but resigned to be berthed on USS Mars, which recently returned from ramming exercises. Mark completed UDT/SEALS training Second Class summer. First Class cruise Mark visited the enchanted islands of the Pacific. San Miquel beer, LBFM, and jeepneys highlighted cruise. Mark also volunteered for Orlando detail, where he really enjoyed his time (what was her name?)

During Second Class year Mark made Brigade Admin. Next, the Major offered him four stripes, but he turned them down to meet the challenges of a Squad Leader. We also picked up a roommate Second Class year, who enjoyed driving people crazy. Mark remained sane by throwing objects at Dick and torturing Phred, our pet mouse.

As Mark's time here ends, he'll join Rickover's Navy with TAD diving in Florida. Augah, augah, dive, dive, dive . . .

### MICHAEL LUCIANO

Newberg, OR "Lucky"

Lucky arrived at USNA with a stuffed squirrel in one hand, a regulator in the other, and never looked back. After devoting his life Plebe year to the proverbial "CQPR," he breezed his way through academics as an Upperclass by opening his books once or twice a semester. Pursuing the good life as a Second Class, Mike opened "Luciano's Pizzeria" (always ready for a late night snack). He also spent his time chasing the fairer sex, including the invisible French lady. Seeking excitement, he settled on a Honda Gold Wing and promptly trekked across the country and back again.

Mike was a stalwart on the trap team. To keep his trigger finger nimble, he became expert with scissors, and the third wing barber shop lost all their business.

First Class year saw him in "the great escape" from Doyle Hall. Finding that he loves wind in his hair, he is electing for it at Mach 1 as he goes up into the wild blue yonder.

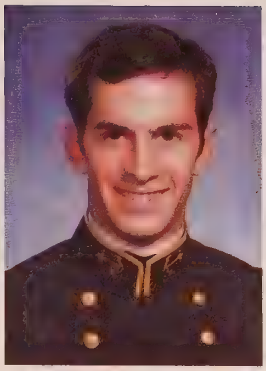
### STEVEN BOYD MONTAGUE

Detroit, MI "Monty"

Big plans had been made for Steve before he arrived on I-Day. He established himself early in the Company as an athletic sort by swimming some laps in the Reflection Pool after PEP one morning. He proved to have an affinity for sailing as well as aquatic mammals.

Steve took off early in the Aero program and soared to the presidency of the AIAA. After getting his Second Class car problems settled, Steve's weekends were spent in the foothills of Maryland. His obsession for girls with pretty eyes soon subsided and he returned to the 19th Company where he was finally recognized by the Company Officer after three years.

Wherever Steve's future lies, whether in the air or *in* the sea, may he find smooth sailing and may those demerits never catch up with him.



### MATTHEW B. MOURY

Lancaster, OH "Matt"

Matt came to Canoe U from Lancaster, Ohio . . . No . . . Anna Maria, Florida . . . No . . . Ohio ("Ma and Dad quit trying to ditch me!") — no matter where he came from, he's a heckuva guy to know. He was a varsity golfer but decided to end that when he took time away from extracurricular activities! Yeah, and he had a good time Army weekend Plebe year: "Baxter, what died?" Company lightweights benefited from his sticky fingers and dancin' feet — too bad the rest of the team couldn't perform. He maintained a good standing as an Ocean Engineer but for a little hassle for being a geek sometimes.

Matt got a lot of support (and headaches) from his hometown honey . . . adds more of a challenge and some encouragement to a unique experience. Some good weekends of cutting loose with the boys and his purchase of a 240Z proved Matt wasn't really all bad and that there was hope for him despite his academic tendencies.

The Submarine Force has a lot to gain when Matt joins the team. Good luck to "Admiral Cool."

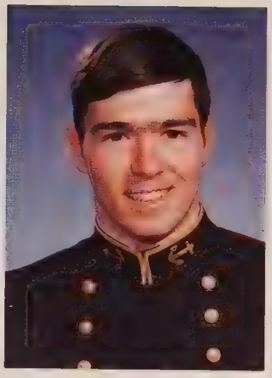
### WALTER E. NOBLES

Nyack, NY "Thunder"

We knew Walter was bound for glory in green when he arrived from NAPS and set his sights on the Corps, Ahem! He proved to be a nocturnal roommate, launching night assaults or enjoying a midnight snack. He gained notoriety early, securing a spot on the 150's team and being elected Class Treasurer, a position he held for four years.

Walt gained invaluable experience manipulating funds, which may account for his being the only member of the class with a Cadillac Seville and a full bank account! His selection as Brigade Commander Second Class year and Regimental Commander during Plebe summer came as no big surprise.

As we said, he's bound for glory. Best of luck Walter. Watch out for Guamanese nurses, and don't forget the snake!



### CHRISTOPHER J. PERRY

Essex Junction, VT

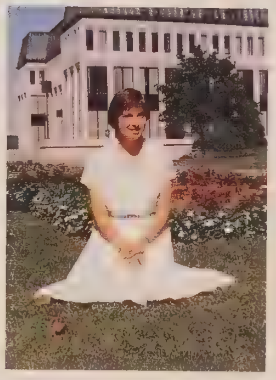
With a hockey stick in one hand and a traffic ticket in the other, Chris left Vermont behind, much to the relief of the Vermont State Police, and ventured to USNA. Always a leader, it took Chris only one semester to show us how easy it was to earn an "N," a black one of course!

We really questioned his judgment when he chose Mech-E, a major he cursed along with its profs like the Rocket and Co., but never yielded to. Our Youngster year couldn't have been complete without the Saturday road trips in Chris' "escape mobile," which could be found in a local parking lot.

Always one of the boys, the "ice boys" that is, the Company hockey puck skated his way to a letter sweater and nearly out of his major.

Second Class year we learned how not to wear a black sock bag when reconning Main-O. What would Army '80 be without our road tripper making his half dressed guest appearance at the march over. How *did* you get off that pre-game return bus to USNA? (N-Star)

Best luck in the wild blue of the air-dales.



### JOANNE MARIE POTTEY

Newton, MA "Jo"

Jo calls Newton, MA her hometown, although Cape Cod could be called home away from home, always a true beach bum at heart.

Potts hit 19th Co. with her winning smile and Boston accent. It's taken years for her roommate to teach her to talk Normal! Plebe and Youngster years saw her struggling with the "2 for 7" commitment, but old fashioned determination won. Maybe it was early morning jogging (or was it *Fish'n?)* that made her appreciate USNA.

Unlike one of her classmates, this early Ocean Engineer saw the benefit of weekends and decent grades. Of course she changed to the very similar major of Political Science!! Keeping with this tone, Jo just couldn't settle on a particular sport. Track — well that's just like swimming, and that's wet, so of course that's just like crew! And what makes it worse — she was good in all three. Social life you say — let it suffice to say, "Which one is it this weekend, Jo?"

So now, Potts bides her time while waiting for the big day, May 30th. But wait — graduation is the 26th. What happens on the 30th, Jo???

### JOHN K. PRICE

Woodbury Heights, NJ "J.P."

John arrived from Perkiomen Prep School with a strong desire to explore the world of sailing. His love for boats seemed to center around an affinity for foredeck action. Unfortunately, his first command as well as his foredeck aspirations ran aground. John was plagued by irritating problems such as disappearing cuff links, sleepless nights, and convincing his roommates that powder showers are where it's at. Of course, there was that nagging problem of how to get out of all the trouble his roommate got him into: a memorable night at Middleton Tavern, and an unforgettable night at Gate 3, to name but two. The Army parties were great — just don't set us up with any more blind dates!

Subs is the only way for you John; no Marine Corps wives and no Iranians. Hope your days of diving in the deep blue are as fulfilling as your days at USNA. Ooga-ooga, dive-dive.

Pete wasn't too thrilled about his first few weeks (or years) at USNA, but he managed to "play the game" and make it through. Pete had a way of making things fall into his lap. He was always lucky and winning bets. In four years he only lost once and that was a coin toss for a loaf of bread and a deuce. But Mom took care of him, so no sweat. He never had to study; he just opened his books and fooled everyone. Pete could supplement his $90 a month income by charging Andy for help in Aero and for chow — SQUEAK. Spring, youngster year: Pete shows off his new Porsche 924 by driving in the yard to visit the Dant. His visitor's parking space anyway. Is the van still parked behind you Pete? Did you yard-mail the keys to Main (O)? Along with a marriage to the Navy 2/c year there came another commitment to a special young lady, but that one is not a "five and out'er." 2/c year was a breeze for him as $C^2$ and Mom's boy. 1/c year was the best yet. Sleeping through quarters every day, giving Dave a hard time and counting down days till graduation. ADM Rickover's 30 hour a week study program introduced the study of "human behavior" for Pete. Best of luck Pete; with Nuke bucks, subs, and married life.

Eau Claire, WI "Pete"

**PETER DAVID SAUVE**

Bill came to the Severn River Yacht Club from Walpole, Mass., in search of adventure and good times. Finding the late nights a little boring, Bill donned his renowned rubber mask and cape and spread terror among many a sleeping victim. Bill was one to spend as little time as possible in Bancroft, and could usually be found weightlifting, glaring at a Mechanical Engineering book somewhere, or out visiting with his sponsors. Bill's love for YP's got him a personal meeting with the Battalion Officer. Really now, you can't blame a guy for being a crummy cook.

Bill found his athletic niche in Company sports, excelling in soccer and football. He was elected "most likely not to lose his stocking cap in the wind." Bill had rather poor luck with black net sock bags, and spent a few weekends wondering how it all went wrong. Always one to find the humor in things, Bill was a charter member of the Ice Boys. "Hey Baxter, bet you can't lose 20 pounds . . ."

Walpole, MA "Swint"

**WILLIAM SWINTON**

From the start of Plebe summer, Reeta wasn't really sure what she had gotten herself into, but she gained a lot more confidence singing the USMC Hymn to everyone. And so, Reeta stayed. Plebe year was rather uneventful — then there was Army. When it was time to choose majors Reeta wanted Resources Management, but when she talked to the Major about it the tiger turned into a pussycat and she decided (?) on Chemistry. How many more hours of lab, Reeta?

Youngster summer came, and so did the yippies. Reeta had such a good time she was sure she would leave. But Youngster year at Navy had a lot to offer, like watching the sailboats on Saturday nights and having mind boggling "punch" at Army. Second year arrived and Reeta bravely took on the commitment, along with her new sporty Chevette. She also changed from being "one of the boys," like at the Garden State Bowl, to just Wu, and a lot more growing up happened when three roommates became two. First Class year was full of events. At Service Selection Reeta chose Pilot (good thing the Major wasn't around). Good luck Wu, the boys will be thinking of you.

Peru, IN "Wu"

**REETA KAY WHITNEY**

Scotty Wha came to Annapolis from Texas, or was it Arkansas, or even Iran. He had that rare quality of being able to make anyone laugh at any time. Plebe year came easy to Scott as he moved into the "ghetto" and went to the first concert (The Doobie Brothers) in civies. His spring breaks took him to Myrtle Beach with Even Williams and the famous camping trip up into the Shenandoahs with the "boys" and J.D. B.J. Baxter was probably Scott's biggest problem that he encountered here at USNA. B.J. hated studying and loved partying, as did Scott. 2/c year brought Scott his one and only black "N" and a twenty-first birthday for everyone to remember except him and the gorilla.

The ring dance for Scott was about as traditional as you can get: a proposal to Norma in the gazebo on one knee! Norma, you picked yourself a true winner. After graduation and a June Week wedding, Scott and Norma will find themselves in sunny Pensacola.

The best of luck to the both of you and may God bless you always.

Plano, TX "Scotty Wha"

**JEFFERY SCOTT WILSON**

Scooter came to USNA on a beautiful July day in '78. Hailing from sunny California, he decided on July 7th that the East Coast wasn't where it's at! Even though he felt this, Scooter took Plebe summer in stride. Along came AC year and Scooter was thrilled; he could finally start his favorite sport — ZZZing. All was well Plebe year, except for maybe the Dant's call. Well, what do you know — Third Class year late nights and even more ZZZing. Being one of the "ice boys," Scooter couldn't let his classmates' phone calls go unanswered — now how does one get into a locked office? Ah ha! Pick the lock! Watch out Houdini! Where's that gouge? The shop opens for business.

More California and finally the day of reckoning: "Sure I'll stay; I've made it this far!" Second Class year starts like all the rest — ZZZing. Hey Scooter, what's that on your head, shaving cream?, MN (O)?, running around T-Court? Oh wow! Business in full swing — watch out Tracy! Ah, one more summer — back to L.A. and Las Vegas. Finally, First Class year — ZZZZZ! Where's that gouge? How many more days? Oh man! Well, when those days are up, we'll all be saying "so long" to a good friend and P-Cola will be saying "hello" to an ace NFO.

Take care and good luck Herb; I'll really miss you.

"Scooter"
**HERBERT YEE**

Smiley came to USNA from Wenham, Massachusetts, listening to "Black Sabbath," "Steppenwolf," "AC/DC," and muttering words like "wicked excellent." Always known for his love of loud music, whether of good quality or not, the "King of Music" almost made it through Plebe year without his life sustaining tunes when he decided to pipe in music from a Second Classman's room.

Andy was a very polite and reserved person when he came to Annapolis, but soon saw the light and fit in well with the rest of the derelicts in 19. Everyone always said "Sooner or later you'll go General," and Andy took the straight and wide path to graduation in the middle of Youngster year.

Always willing to fix someone's car or lend a helping hand in any way he could, Andy will always be the best of friends with all. Navy Air look out — kick in the after burner. Give 'em hell, Slick.

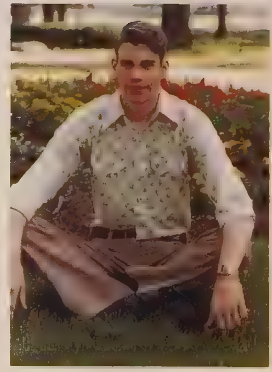
Wenham, MA "Smiley"
**ANDREW MORGAN YORK**

**MARK E. BAKOTIC**
Homestead, FL "Stretch"

The powers that be convened, and it was decided that Mark had to pay for his easygoing Florida lifestyle. Four years later, Stretch is still pretty laid back — well tested, REALLY well rested but still laid back. Once our boy discovered where his military right was, the rest reads like poetry. Stretch developed special "quick-draw" and AWACS techniques in order to utilize his (non-existent) Plebe stereo privileges. Firsties always hung with the kid; partly for his quick wit, mostly for his endless supply of Kools.

Mark later pioneered research into optimization of food consumption and rack analysis, while his roommates went through three Class A's, one Para 5, an AC Board, and several savage journeys.

With the pros from Dover at his side, First Class year was a breeze. Stretch's concern for others, and his willingness to help out (not to mention his Kools) got the pros through the nasty patches. The circle is now complete — from sinner to saint to sinner. Time for a cool change, Stretch; fair winds and clear skies forever.



**LEO DAVID BALK**
Union City, CA "Dave"

Dave is a tall, skinny NAPster, so skinny that when he turns sideways he disappears. His big mistake in life was changing from an English major to a Mech E. He still writes plays in between Fluids and Cables. The highlight of Plebe year was when he met his future wife, Lisa, at a mandatory pig push, in Dahlgren Hall. Although Leo is a hard core Surface Liner, he achieved a record low of twenty PQS points on Youngster cruise, only to eventually become First Class Training Officer.

You can always find Dave in one of four places: the rack, the shower, typing letters to off-the-wall companies, or on a YP. Not only is Leo a member of such professional activities as MSA, and YP Squadron, he is so "gungy" he wears WUB'S' to T-shirt pep rallies. Leo is so obsessed with neatness it takes him ten minutes to draw a straight line with a ruler.

All Leo's faults aside, he will make an outstanding Naval officer because of his high sense of morality, great dedication to the Naval Service, and shiny leathers.

### JOE CARPENTER

"Crapper"

Joe "Crapper" Carpenter came to the Naval Academy from the backwoods of Pennsylvania. From so far back he'd only seen one stoplight and indoor plumbing had him baffled. Mech E also baffled Joe, but Physical Science agreed with him. In bed at 9:00 o'clock — don't want to ruin those eyes. "Hey Joe, want to help me with this problem?" "Shut up, I'm trying to sleep."

Highlights in Joe's stay had to include the Virginia tailgater; "Hey, where's Joe?" "Who knows." The O.D. did — found him in the Second Wing basement in only half his uniform. Had to fill him in on that one. The Army game-Thanksgiving trip was also a classic. "Hey Joe, what's that bear doing in your driveway?" And what about the Roundup Five bands in Philly's J.F.K.? Joe is about the only guy that spent a day at a "Stones" concert and never heard a song. Not much luck in Philly, eh Joe?" But the stories Joe brought back from Europe topped all. Must have been wild.

Remember . . . Henson, Nueman, Bob Ward (you put his kids through school), cruise, Captain Hostoglis's dog (hey . . . hole), imported beer night, Virginia tailgater, roundup, Army, "Stores," volleyball, Cass' party, Foote's party, the Willow Tree and that fat cop, Maryland game (Joe, what are you doing to that guy's car?)

### RONALD R. CASWELL

Ron came to the Academy via NAPS. An original member of the Physical Science club, Ron was never much for academics. Entering First Class year with a 1.99 seemed to prove this. Ron's accomplishments were many, including but definitely not limited to lettering in 150 lb. football Plebe year. Ron was also a talented musician, playing in bars around the area. As it seems to be with all musicians, Ron was never without a girl. There was Renee (a broken heart), Carolyn, Sylvia (another broken heart), Sherry, Terry, Mary, Larry!?, etc. Being a musician himself, you would think Ron would have courtesy for other musicians, but he thought so little of Jimmy Buffet he spent all night in the head (sweet dreams.) Always a big spender, Ron would get carried away with his Visa, like when he left a twenty dollar tip for a three dollar check. Oh, that demon alcohol.

Remember . . . Volpe, Carp, Benz, Tyrone, Jake, Billy, Dave and the rest of the boys, Hank's boat, NAPS, willow tree and the fat cop, the "Stones," the ride back, 150's, room tours, Lt. Mericle, Lt. Bersman (well, maybe you can forget a couple of things), W.W. and the boys from 20th Co., gymnastics on Route 50.

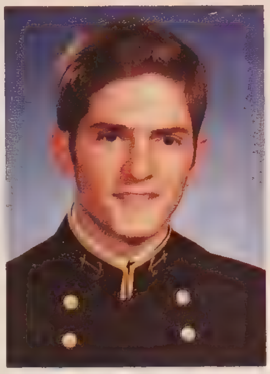
Jim came to the Naval Academy from the great state of Alabama. If you don't think it's so great, just ask him. Once here, he quickly established his reputation as a student and a student. Jim was known alternately as the God of the Gouge and the Master of the Aero Reality. His gouge file for any given course usually outweighed the prof's. Jim was one of the very few known to have taught Wind Tunnel to the instructor and yet only received a "B" in the course. He was so dedicated to academics, he even felt compelled to finish a Fluid Dynamics lab on the side of Rickover Hall on a Saturday night.

Although Jim was a dedicated scholar during the week, his weekends were made for women. His girl collecting runs in Dahlgren Hall were well known until he finally collected the right one.

Thanks for the gouge and good luck in Navy Air, Jim.

Montgomery, AL "Buf"

### JAMES MICHAEL CLIFTON



Scratch Cramer woke up during the second week of Plebe summer only to find the trip had taken him further from the parties than he expected. He still fit in as a member of the derelict squad, and proceeded to keep both classmates and First Class amused. As for sports, Coke was a terror in Batt boxing, small but willing Batt footballer, and an expert in the wearing and maintenance of the arm sling.

Youngster year was highlighted by a twenty-minute stay in Rota, Spain, and ended by proving his academic prowess with a short chat with many good friends (separated by a long green table without an ash tray on his side). Second Class year the doctor was joined by his attorney and together the two of them saw many late nighters (which almost caused another visit to the green table). During First Class summer he showed that he could use his piece almost as well as his tongue and he made the MASH craze a fine art.

Should Gamma Phi Beta be mentioned? No, I guess not.

Reston, VA "Coke"

### JEFFERY M. CRAMER

JJ came to the Academy from Darien, Connecticut, after finishing basic prep training at Gunnery. For four years we wondered if Jack actually had collars under those sweaters. Plebe year he joined the sailing team to sail the open seas, but he soon found out that they weren't so open. CRASH!!! Jack went a little overboard with the preppie look when the OOD didn't think docksiders went well with mess dress. CRASH!!! After several long distance calls to France, Jack's love of sailing was replaced by a History teacher from Virginia. Here's shaving cream in your face. It's only a hundred bucks. CRASH!!!

With java in hand and pen poised, Jack proved that you can get a B.S. from USNA without touching a calculator. Hey Jack, did you and Baxter ever find what you were looking for in the dumpster?

We wish Jack good luck in the Fleet; just look out for those buoys.

Darien, CT "JJ"

**JOHN J. DOHERTY**

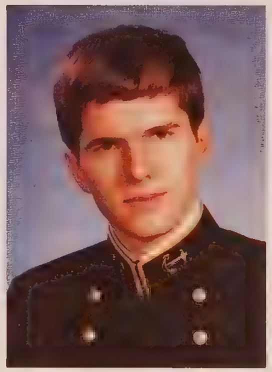
Having lived with Bill for three years, it isn't all that tough to write a short biography on him. His good qualities so outweigh whatever microscopic flaws he may have that only the former are worth mentioning here. Bill is a terrific listener who can hear out any friend who wants to talk about his problems, look very concerned, and come up with a wise answer.

He has been a team player among his friends, in the Company, and on the fencing team. Speaking of fencing, the only thing sharper and swifter than his sword is his rapier wit, which often comes to light when we're just shooting the breeze or when there's a crowd in the wardroom: "Wanna see my camera? It's got a zoom lens!"

Bill has made life here at Canoe U much more enjoyable for me and the rest of his Company mates and he is bound to become an officer of whom the Fleet will be very proud.

New Orleans, LA

**WILLIAM R. DRUCE**



From the first time I met this drunken Plebe humming vintage Led Zeppelin '69 style, I knew Go Easy was O.K. in my book. With a year of college already under his belt, Mike wasted no time adjusting to our high academic standards. Particularly remarkable was his oft practiced art of reviving himself from a semi-comatose state at precise fifty minute intervals.

Those field trips are gone forever. Those long hours in the Chem labs weren't wasted either: "Hey Doots, care for any more grape drink?" A quasi genius with a tendency toward the derelict . . . "No Mike, you can't hang your Jack Daniels bottle from the ceiling. Yes, I agree, it does make the room more livable, but that's not what the 'Dant had in mind."

A devout air dale and worshipper of the "holy coordinates," Go Easy was not without women. Anyway, who could forget Ro — come on Mike, you must remember — who, Dianne — enough said.

But Mike's only true love is Navy Air. Keep in touch, at 30,000 ft. and Mach 2.8 you never know who you might run into.

Wheaton, MD "Go Easy"

**MIKE J. GOLIGHTLY**

Steve came to the Academy in the summer of '78 with a mellow Californian attitude and a year of NAPS under his belt. His stockpile of humorous NAPS anecdotes seemed inexhaustible, especially to his roommates. To Steve USNA was just a necessary inconvenience on his path to glory as a Navy jet jock. Early efforts at higher academics ended when Steve punched out his flaming Systems Engineering major and landed blissfully on Phy Sci Island. He preferred to minimize study time, preserving his eyes for P-Cola, and it was a rare sight to catch Steve with a book in his hands after Plebe year.

Youngster year found Steve sharpening his talent on a 6-string Fender, playing a mean rhythm guitar for the ill fated but long remembered Black Spectre. The loss of legendary Will Y. Second Class year spelled the end of the concert scene for Steve and he became a recluse, retreating to the Company wardroom for hours of television worship.

The end of his Second Class year Steve went into debt to everyone except the devil himself to purchase part of his dreams, a shiny white RX-7. The rest is legend — yearly trips to Florida, a weekend in Minnesota at mach speeds, some great summers of mooching off friends and many memorable Academy moments.

Good luck, Steve, in the world of jets and "G's" and remember, if you've got the Right Stuff, the rest will come naturally.

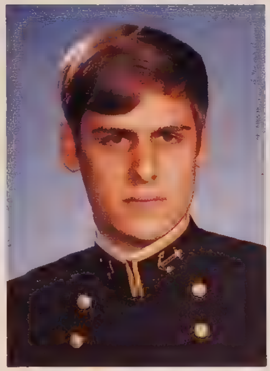
Santa Anna, CA "Steve"

**STEVEN W. JOHNSON**

**DAVID I. JONES**
Severna Park, MD
"Davey"

Davey (Where's Your Locker) Jones, a local yokel from Severna Park, Maryland, arrived at Navy via NAPS. Dave was quite an achiever: lacrosse co-captain, lettered seven times with three for lax and four (black N's) for a variety of things. Needless to say, Dave never had very good luck. It started Plebe summer when a blond lady friend decided to sit with him in church; result: restriction and E.D. entire second set. It ended second semester Second Class year with Dave and boys being caught U.A. on Friday night at the Willow Tree. Thanks Jake! Dave's luck with academics about equalled his luck with conduct. He survived an Academic Board Plebe year and maintained a C average from then on.

Remember: Volpe, Virginia Tailgater, Army Second Class year, Bob Ward, Roundup, Stones, Stones fix ($35.00 a la Jacowitz), Malloy (Jerk), Ocean City, Sexauers, First Class cruise, USS Charleston softball team, crabs and corn at O.C., Thanksgiving in God's country, Footes, lacrosse, restriction, destruction of government property (i.e. your roommate's bunk), Chic-n-Ruth's, Bennie, Cas, Carp, Tyrone, Billy, Frenchie, Jay, and Jake.



**DALE A. KEMPER**
Elmwood, Ill.

Dale was pulled off the farm fields of Elmwood, Illinois, on that fateful day in July to serve his country — or so he thought. Little did he know about what lay ahead. He was quickly indoctrinated by the likes of Kanterass and Flamestelle, but soon lost the knowledge they passed to him. Plebe year, he satisfied his curiosity about his new surroundings with a side trip into the Capital with a rented car. His respect for the Midshipman regulations culminated with an encounter with the OOW Second Class summer. But he sent his 9" TV home . . . honest!

In academics, Dale lost the coin toss but Mech Eng won. Lucky he stayed away from Computer Science though. His prowess on the terminals was demonstrated semester after semester of gouge professors like "The Rocket" and "Wild Bill." Dale survived them all and now it's on to another challenge. He doesn't have to face this one alone, though. Congratulations Navy Air; you got a fine couple . . . Denise wants a P-3.

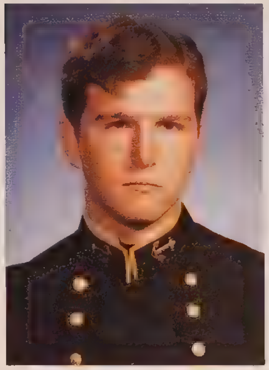
**CHARLES R. KINEKE**
Danville, KY "Chuckles"

Chuckles was a townie who went from calling people squids to becoming one, but his real home is at sea. This was evident Youngster cruise when Chuck and Co. found themselves face to face with the thirty foot waves of Fastnet. However, Chaz said he was n-not s-s-scared. Sailing taught our hero some of the finer points of Midshipman life. How about the Monday night steamers at Riversides? And maybe a quick jaunt to Towson on a weekend race? Sailing also taught Chuck to survive J.C. During the Bermuda Race, and in spite of CDR Brightwork, he received command of the yacht Insurgente (race for a case, Jack?).

The King Cobra always had his eyes (among other things) on the ladies, but he keeps those girls spread out down the East Coast. We certainly could not forget the Big G or the Dogger as the favorite local drags. The Snake got his start early during the wild sex weekend Plebe year when he found there were no controls.

When Chaz is in the yard his time is spent 5% studying and 95% in search of the gouge. An EE major who stumbled but never fell over J MOSFETS and OP AMP cookbooks, Charley nevertheless found time to relive Bermuda in the room with movies and rum.

Chuck is hoping for 5 years TAD as sailing coach, but Heimy may get him yet. But wherever you go Chuck remember: Mrs. Ford is praying for you, and she needs a place to stay.

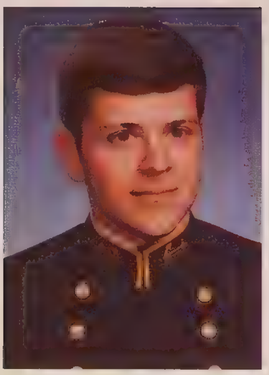


**ROBERT T. LEE**
Hamden, CT "Bob"

Bob came to USNA by mistake. "Well, I was driving down to stay with some friends at St. Johns when I stopped here to ask for directions. The next thing I knew — zip! — and my hair was gone! Naturally I couldn't leave and face my friends without hair, so . . ." After an exciting Plebe summer, Bob settled down to the business of Naval Academy survival. He spent just enough time with gymnastics to know that he was meant for bigger and better things (afternoons of rack).

Bob has been known to consume goldfish by the gallon ("Gimme those, Carlos!"), but he had to stop undressing women with his eyes when he caught his eyelashes in the zipper of some sweet Jordaches.

Bob has found through trial and error that hallway studying and Mech E don't mix. He looks forward to returning to New England, especially Connecticut, via New London. The nukes don't want no dukes — give 'em hell, Bob!



### MARK D. LOPRESTO

Cinnaminson, NJ "Lopes"

Hey Sport, let's go to the International Ball. Why that's odd. It certainly is! Tsvoya Maat, crutch-man. S.L.F.K. See ya on Turner Joy Road. "Sarge, we got us a dilly here." Rider's on the storm with half a Tall Boy. And who'll forget Army at Markie's? Thanks for the pasta sandwiches. Love that hat, Lt. Is that spelled with an "e" or an "a"? Your's or mine? Bruce, put me down . . . sir. Hey J.J., do you know how to get to Frostburg? Scorch! What did you put in the Mountain Dew, Volpa? You wanna change the channel? Jonesy, how 'bout another cheeser? Only 98 attaboys to go. Remember Quantico! Sue-eee! Have you torn up any pictures lately? Scorch! Well, you've got 5 minutes 'til restriction muster,so we'll see ya 'round the Asphalt State. Thanks Mark . . . for everything.

### DOUGLAS E. LOWE

Castlebury, FL "Drugs"

Doug Glowe, Pussa-ball player par excellance; when he wasn't throwing footballs, he was heaving oranges. Dougie sweated the books during the week, but he sweated the weekend horror flicks more. Although he studied hard, he was always ready for a road trip to Florida — especially when Duck wanted to set him up for a date. Speaking of dates, too bad he had to break the third date of his life so he could come back to babysit the Plebes.

Food vanished quicker from Drug's plate than money vanished from his wallet. Even if you watched him closely you still couldn't see the knife and fork move. If Doug wasn't so anxious to win his bet with J.J., maybe the girls would be more than "good friends." Academics will always be No. 1 with Dougie, but his neck will remain No. 2.

As a Marine Engineer, he's headed for the Mericle Navy and is destined to Glowe in the finest of Navy tradition. Good luck, Doug, you'll still be a true friend, even if you will have no hair.

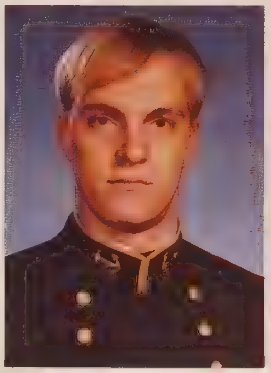
I wish I had listened when the blue and gold officer said "It's going to be pretty tough." What does a farm boy know? Leaving the Naval Academy will be much harder than leaving upstate New York was. I was brought up there, but grew up here. I fell short of my expectations. I survived an AC Board through a miracle of miracles, and the only stripes I got were from those "corduroy bedspreads" in Bancroft. I have learned a lot through mistakes, and although it could have been easier, I am thankful for lessons learned.

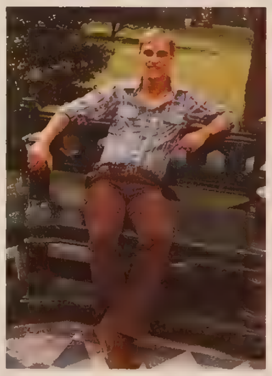
Thank you, Lena, for being there when I needed you.

I'm glad that swimming is over, but I'll miss the rock jam sessions (the Goucher gig). No hard feelings to Salty Sam and all those who thought the fight would never go the distance.

Pulaski, NY

### DARRYL R. MANWARING





Jack parked his Stetson and spurs at Gate 3 and took the Academy by storm, after importing enough armadillos and jalapenos to satisfy his Texican blood, Mac was ready for Plebe year. A handyman at heart, our baby Marine tested his pain threshhold early on,and watched his closet door damn near liquify his big piggy. Plebe year also saw our hero's advent of selective stereo privileges, much to his roommate's dismay.

Youngster cruise, Jack showed exactly why the South lost the war — too much firewater. As a Segundo, Oohrah opened up the Dry Oasis Bar and Grill, and with a Lone Star in hand and a smile on his face, he gracefully accepted his first Black "N." Jack should have gone home when his cactus bought the farm. Funny thing though, our hero never stayed down for long. Notoriously stingy with his care packages, he was always around when the chips were down.

'82's first General will wander down to Pensacola after a brief vacation in Quantico. Semper fidelis and Lone Star forever.

Portland, TX "Oohrah"

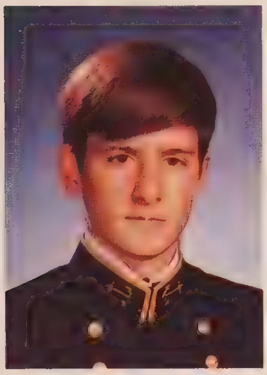
### JOHN R. McCARTY

You can gaze out the window
Get mad and get madder
Throw your hands in the air
Say "What does it matter?"
But it don't do no good
To get angry, so help me, I know
For a heart stained in anger
Grows weak and grows bitter
You become your own prisoner
As you watch yourself sit there
Wrapped up in a trap
Of your very own chain of
sorrow
I been brought down to zero
Pulled out and put back there
I sat on the park bench
Kissed the girl with the black
hair
And my head shouted down to
my heart
You better look out below
Hay, it ain't such a long drop
Don't stammer, don't stutter
From the diamonds in the
sidewalk
To the dirt in the gutter
And you carry those bruises
To remind you, wherever you
go.

John Prine

Springfield, VA "Dan"

**DANNY MILLER**



Peter J. harbored great expectations when he made his way to Canoe U from the frozen tundra of Minnesota. Although he considers USNA only as a stepping stone on the road to a more Capitol position, he has still managed to eke out a fun-filled if not often mystifying existence here at Mother B.

A multitude of remembrances surround Pete, such as Greek food and dances, the CNO's shoulderboard, off-track betting, Yankees' trivia, 4.0 semesters, Spike stories, the black felt fedora, Spy vs. Spy, *The Making of the President*, Frank Sinatra, shyster typing prices, Johnny Dollar, The Great Gildersleeve, and that $64,000 question: Yes, but how much does it cost?" If that were not enough, Pete was one of the few who could go to a dance empty handed and come back with his hands full . . . twice over.

We will always remember you, Pete. Good luck in your quest and God bless.

St. Paul, MN

**PETER J. NICKITAS**

**ELIEZER PEREZ-VERGARA, JR.**

Monterey, CA "Pete"

Turning his surfboard and wetsuit in for a dixie cup and white works, Pete stepped into Academy life fresh from high school and the beaches of Monterey, California. He was able to make it through Plebe summer with no major physical or psychological damage; although the traces of a Tracy Special were still present. Being the mellow California surfer type, the only logical choice for a major was Oceanography. This choice gave Pete plenty of extra time on the weekends to sharpen his womanizing skills over at Dahlgren. Friday night recording sessions with the shortlived group, Black Spectre, were a common occurrence during Youngster year. Second Class year meant tough academics, but Pete just kept plugging away. Pete finally broke the vice grip on his wallet First Class year and went out and bought an X1/9 — the better to swoon the young ladies with!

Other highlights of Pete's career here at USNA include being a Company sports stud, going to only two graduations, Hawaii cruise, San Diego detail, and many others.

Good luck, Pete, and have fun in Navy Air.

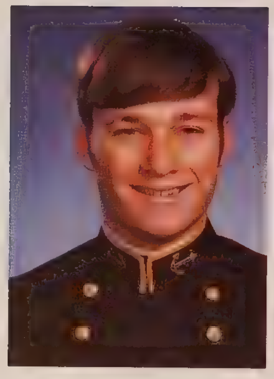
**CRAIG S. POWERS**

East Longmeadow, MA
"Sport"

From the first day when Craig arrived at "Sunny Camp Annapolis" from East Longmeadow, Massachusetts, he began to sweat. Not from the heat but from what was in the oven. The Sport distinguished himself early on as possessing a bizarre sense of humor, which was at its height when he roomed with Volpa. When he wasn't studying or working out, both of which contributed to his place on the Supt's list, the Sport was busy getting into trouble with the SLFK. Who could forget that memorable Easter Sunday night on Turner-Joy Road? Captain Barringer couldn't forget either and personally awarded them appropriate honors. "Nobody knows the trouble I've seen . . ."

The Sport was always "handy" to have around, especially at parties before Army. There were always several ladies in the Sport's life — domestic and foreign. Quiet, Mum(ford)'s the word. After Anne helped him discard the robes, Craig played Freud to Kathleen. But the Sport couldn't stand to be away from his number one girl for too long, so at the end of Youngster year he brought her down from East Longmeadow and set her up in an apartment in Arnold.

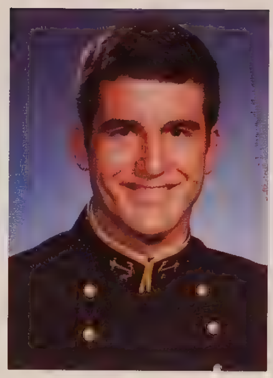
Good luck, Craig, as you take to the skies with Navy Air.



**ROBERT H. REIFSNYDER**
Nesconsett, NY "Reif"

Bobby "Hey Reif" Reifsnyder came to Annapolis back in '78 with dreams of setting the Academy on fire, but those dreams were soon out the window, along with his rack, as Plebe year began. His misdirected enthusiasm was overwhelming, or maybe it was his Long Island accent, but he sure made his mark. Reif was a natural leader, but his classmates didn't seem to agree. After two landslide defeats, Reif decided he didn't want to be Class President anyway and threw in the towel to end his political career at Navy. He had more success at wrestling The Bear than he did boxing, but neither sport blossomed into anything meaningful. Bob did succeed at 150 lb. football and even talked the coaches into giving him a letter Junior year. The ever talented Reifsnyder also managed to coach his Battleax team to a less than successful season with the attitude "It's not whether you win or lose, until you lose!" — a real slavedriver.

Hey Reif, best of luck in the future and go clean your room! (You never did learn how to make a rack, did you?)



**WARREN W. RICE**
Redondo Beach, CA
"WW"

When WW came to USNA from Redondo Beach, CA, he hated it so much that a week later he turned around and went back. But Baby Huey decided it would be worth his while to come back and try to quit. After they wouldn't let him go, he learned the fine art of road tripping!! We all know that the real reason Warren came to Crabtown was to be closer to the little nurse in the Sunshine State. If he spent as much time studying as he did writing his epistles, he would certainly have been a mega-striper. As Company horror movie connoisseur, he would go to the ends of the earth to see one, even as far as Baltimore. As the Company food expert, Warren ate everything that didn't move or salute, but he never ate as much as he did Army Second Class year with SLFK, Crash, Sport, and P-Lowe. "That's the biggest white man I've ever seen." God created the world in six days, but give WW a hammer and a screwdriver and we'd bet he could do it in four.

Good luck in the Surface Fleet and remember, "It takes a man to drive a can."

**RAYMOND MARK ROBICHAUD**
Laconia, NH "Roby"

Ray came to the Naval Academy via NAPS from Laconia, New Hampshire, with many loves. Among the top were Styx, Blue Oyster Cult, skiing, basketball, his Patriots, and his Mom's "Whoopie Pies." After he found another love just before Youngster year, Ray had to be taught the limits of the Yard the hard way. Unfortunately, his promising basketball career was curtailed by a concussion and jumper's knee.

Ray, however, was never one to be overcome by a little adversity; he bought a mini-hoop and made up for lost time on the court — in his room. Luckily Ray's physical ailments relented enough to allow him to make significant contributions to 20th Company basketball.

We all benefitted from knowing you and wish you the best of luck in Geophysics.

**KEVIN D. SMITH**

Kevin came to USNA from Florida. He had some good times and some bad times; but mostly good times interrupted by really bad times. He wanted to study horticulture but wasn't allowed to build a greenhouse outside his window. He never acquired an appreciation for cold weather — that's why he maintained the friendliness of a mad rhino on Dark Ages Monday mornings.

His never ending supply of dinner jokes insured an ample supply of seconds on the table. Four years of varsity track provided him with perpetually cracking knees and ankles so he's looking forward to finding more restful activities and getting fat.

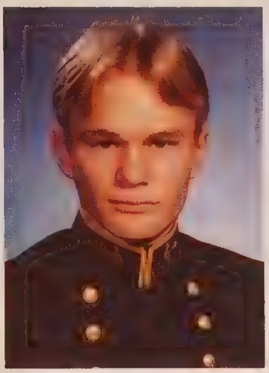
Now he's off to drive ships for the Gray Stack Line. Although he seemed to lack a positive attitude toward USNA, he really loved it. Ha! Ha!

### JOSEPH TASCHETTA

Wakefield, MA "Rat"

Ships, planes, books, war games, model rockets. Boy, what a background; I've got this place pegged. I'll find out, sir. Mr. Clutch. Rice is going where? You mean I've got to take care of this room all by myself for two weeks? Just call me Ratman, thanks to Mr. Hudik. Too much school, not enough military. I should have gone to West Point. YP jock extraordinary. You guys study too much. Sleep during finals like me. Youngster cruise was great — hardly stepped ashore all month, we were out so much. The real Navy. Study? What a pain; this place is too academic. I think I'll write to a few companies. Hmm, I could use a filing cabinet to put all this pro stuff in. I'm going to quit. No, I'll stay. I quit. SEP pending. Last minute, I'll stay. Systems Engineering takes too much time. Drop to General and pick up another filing cabinet. Rewrite NAVTAG*** The companies keep writing back. Romance in the hall. NPQ. Supply Corps for sure. Second Class Training Officer all year with two First Class assistants. Summer comes and YP "E" boat brings back dreams of an unrestricted line waiver. YP Squadron C.O. for 4th Batt, and half the boat is from 20 . . .

Good luck, Joe. Mercurial, strong-willed, a storehouse of knowledge, willing to take risks, outgoing, and dedicated, you are the stuff legends are made of.



### RICK VANDAGRIFF

Columbus, OH "Griff"

Rick must have come into this world with a bota bag of J.D. to his lips. Being the Brat that he is, home for the Griff depends on what day you ask him — Florida, Turkey, Germany, Ohio, etc. Lucky for him he got turned down by the school with the "Stuff" and got accepted by the school with the "Right Stuff." Rick came to Preppysville with one important philosophy: "You can always count on the Cheap Seats."

The Griffer as a young Mid made an important discovery from which all midkind will benefit: "Aerospace Engineering and weekends are mutually exclusive terms." So, in a vision from the rack, he left his dynamics book behind him and proclaimed "Phy Sci, QPR high!"

Every person has his claim to fame, and in the Griffer's case, he's the only white man ever attacked by Apache Indians in central Florida. When dealing with anyone, Rick believes in getting down to their level, as some poor cat in Charlestown will never forget. Some people look good in uniform — the only thing that he looks good in is a green suit and a tinted visor.

His first words when he steps into his F-14 for the first time will be, "Hey, where's the tapedeck" and "Do you think I can get my Jenson triaxials in here?" If you're ever at 30,000 ft. doing M 2.4 and you hear someone moaning vintage Zeppelin over the radio, look around, because that's the Griffer going by. GO NAVY AIR — BEAT THE MIGS!

### STEVEN E. WEAVER

Mishawaka, IN "Weaves"

Once the Navy found Mishawaka, it wasn't too tough to convince the Dreamweaver to leave his Indiana law practice and join the country's finest. After losing the directions to the NROTC unit at UVA, he headed east and fell in with the rest of the derelicts in '82. Plebe year, with the fear of God in his heart, and a wrestling singlet on his stud body (see attached foldout), Weaves wailed on both the rooks and the books. After Youngster year though, the score was: wrestling — 2, Weaves — 0. Always stellar in the classroom, our hero began to demonstrate his proficiency in other areas: burping, blowing people grief, power packing and racking, and droom rasslin'. Life got even better for the Brown Buffalo when the good doctor established residency: CRACK ACTION, 'gammon, Gonzo art, M*A*S*Hing, road trips, the medicine chest, and the hairy bats.

With visions of Air Intel dancing in his head, the defense rests.

### JOSEPH DONALD WELTER

Columbus, OH "Wiz"

July 16, 1978 — entered the Naval Academy. August 27, 1978 — entered the books. May 26, 1982 — exit the books. Joe (The Wiz) never failed to amaze us with his bottomless pit of knowledge. Voted by his classmates as "most likely to study himself to death," he was always the ultimate in gouge. Any day of the week Joe could be found with his trusty calculator in hand, but once the week was over and Friday night came around the story was different. He still had his calculator in hand, he just couldn't be found. It was off to his girl friend's house for a weekend of vigorous academics . . . really. Besides being voted Company Academic Kamikaze, he was voted most likely to graduate without violating anyone or anything, including himself. He really followed the rules.

All kidding aside, Joe was a friend in need and a real asset to our class. We are all the better (as is our QPR) for knowing him. Remember this one Joe: "The Man Act . . . that's the same as a cherry, isn't it?" How about this one: "Mark, go get me another pair of shorts, I just threw up in mine."

### EDWARD T. W. YEE

St. Paul, MN

Ed departed the Gopher State in the summer of '78, telling his mom only that he would return after he had learned to fly. Always one to skirt the rules, but never one to get caught, he and The Weaves survived that first summer only with the help of a transistor radio. He quickly picked up the concept of class loyalty and volunteered to stand watch over Parents' Weekend — for a hefty price. After a close brush with the DURBS, he progressed to Third Class year, armed with his white Z-28. He really began enjoying First Class rates — as a Youngster.

Fearing academic burnout, Ed paced himself in his studies. Utilizing his Academy acquired economic background, he intends to become financially secure by age thirty.

During Second Class year he finally found the sense to ask out his best friend's sister, and all else became secondary. From Pensacola his trips to Miami will be shorter but take longer, with Cathy keeping him at a reasonable speed.

Ed departs the Academy with an Econ degree, many fond memories, and best wishes in Navy Air.

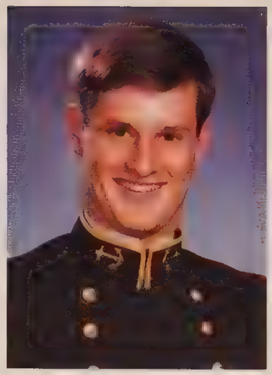
### JEFFREY CHARLES AMICK

Indianapolis, IN

Jeff came to good old USNA via high school JROTC, where he gave up four stripes for the life of a Plebe. He left behind a lot coming to Annapolis, especially the annual Indianapolis 500 and his harem of high school sweethearts. In his time as a Midshipman, Jeff has been quite the stud, having met dozens of girls on his various excursions. But come to think of it, I can count on one hand the number of times he took the same beauty out twice.

Jeff's major contribution to the College on the Bay has been to the Drum and Bugle Corps, where he has lettered four years and became Team Captain in his Senior year. As D and B Commander, Jeff's main goal is to beat Air Force, which has evaded him and his group the last three years. Being an Electrical Engineer at heart, Jeff has had plenty of time to sing in the choir also. Through and through, Jeff is a true Midshipman at all he does, and whatever service option nabs him, they can count on a superior individual.

Go Navy; beat Air Force!



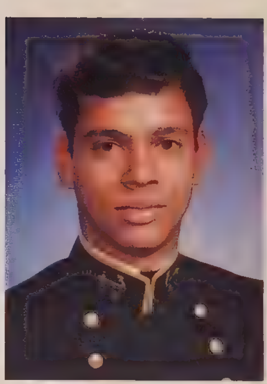
### CHARLES EUGENE ANDERSON

Pensacola, FL "Chuck"

Charles came to USNA with blinding 9.5 speed, just slightly slower than Houston McTeyr. Charles will be forever grateful for the help given to him by his Plebe year roommate, Jay. Jay was constantly helping Charles keep in shape. Charles became a leader of the Brigade as a cheerleader Plebe, Youngster, and Second Class years. Often Charles commanded the Brigade both on and off the field. He truly was a morale booster. Charles gave up cheerleading his First Class year in order to pursue his high academic ideals.

Charles was quite the race car driver and often went to Atlantic City, N.J. for the annual demolition derby.

Charles, we like your hair. Good luck at SWOS, or Flight School, whichever comes first.



### RICHARD D. AYUSO

Tacoma, WA "Rich

Rich came to Annapolis all the way from Tacoma with dreams of "radiating" after graduation. Rich participated in the Buds program, did some flying with VTNA and was a great long-distance runner. The Marine Corps Marathon was a breeze, and with his Marine Engineering courses, he was a whiz. Rich also enjoyed taking naps with the gentle strains of "Boston" at 65 decibels. Listening to music at that intensity level had a detrimental effect on his hearing. This accounts for Rich's impromptu change of command ceremony First Class year, when he failed to hear an extremely vague order given by "Pillsbury" man D. Doughboy. Rich's fatherly concern for the Plebes during Second Class year so touched their hearts that they treated him to a free hair shampoo in the 4-3 head.

Hearing that the gouge was at Goucher, Rich set out to find it. He met a Psychology Major and realized a psychologist was just what he needed; so he proposed!

Anyway, we'd like to offer Rich and Kaye all the best.

Bob was that ideal Midshipman. He would settle for nothing less than perfection, and he seldom experienced failure. He loved his uniform. He could often be seen wearing it, even when he didn't have to. Bob was Phy Sci, but he should have been a Chemist; he figured out a way to have his pillow case turn colors with the seasons. Bob always had good relationships with the laundry service. They sometimes forgot to do his laundry, but always kept up a personal correspondence.

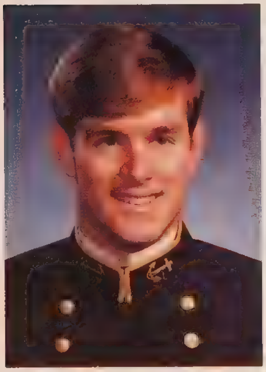
Bob's favorite time of the year was Christmas, when he would go home, and all his friends would "Oh" and "Ah" at him. Being at home also gave Bob a chance to maintain relationships with his personal friends Rafael Septien and Ross Perd, who will be crawling to Bob when his initial commitment is up.

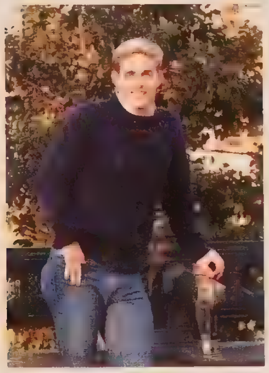
Bob's personality conveys one thing to girls: "Hurt me." His heart has been broken so many times that a girl has to look real hard to find a piece large enough to smash. Bob did have good taste in clothes, though. If one looked in the bottom of his closet, one would find numerous Ralph Polo and other name brand shirts, along with $80 pants.

Bob really looks forward to becoming one of the few, the proud. Corps all the way!

Dallas, TX "Bob"

**ROBERT TERRY BYBEE, JR.**





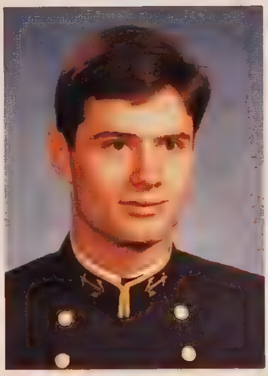
Ed came to USNA as an outcast from M.M.A. In the beginning, he had visions of being a laid back Surface Liner. Creator of Morty Mid, "Ward" became quite a celebrity. He also became a member of a rock band. He was truly cool. Youngster Army, Ed thought he found a replacement for his true love, A.H. Things started off with a bang, but fizzled out as the semester continued. Eugene soon began his transition. He met a Colonel's daughter and things were never the same. "Caser Dude" soon became "Ground Pounder"!

Ed is really looking forward to T.B.S. Many people tried to talk him out of it, but to no avail. Eugene still believes it is worthwhile to sell his Scirrocco to buy uniforms. In the Corps, if it is over three miles, they walk it anyway.

Good luck, and see you in the Hawk.

Montclare, VA "Ed"

**EDWARD POLLISTER CARROLL**



Rog came to Canoe U from the Lone Star State to do one thing and that was to graduate. His first mistake was when he chose Mech E as his major. Consequently, Rog was sometimes found burning the midnight oil on the rare occasions he escaped the rack monster. Rog got by, although he did not take as many weekends as he thought he would take as a Firstie.

On weekends, dressed in his usual western wear of jeans, pearl button shirt, and sharkskin boots (Rog had to retire his ten gallon), he was frequently seen swallowing whole jalapenos and washing them down with "Armadillo's" best drink, the Marguerita. Maybe that's why he always twitched his neck.

Rog gave up on his idea of being a Navy Diver after his first scuba class, and instead he chose to go Surface Line. He plans to take the early 5-year retirement plan so that he can wear his cowboy hat whenever he pleases.

We all wish you luck, Rog, and keep a six of Coors on ice in case we're in the neighborhood.

Irving, Texas "Rog"

**ROGER KEVIN CONLEY**

R.E.D. Jr. came to Annapolis from Monterey, California, San Diego, California, and Clearwater, Florida. Must be the neighbors, huh? As a Plebe, Rags was very conscious of his subordinate position. Therefore, he was only caught once in civilian clothes . . . after taps . . . in a bar . . . drinking beer. Rick's performance as a band member brought him a groupie from 3-0. Mr. Regular had no problems in dealing with superiors. Just ask the Firsties who saw him on 80th Night . . . in civilian clothes . . . with a (gasp!) girl.

Then, Second Class year, he met Tina, a *real* flash-in-the-pants romance. And then there was Miss Glen Burnie, who really appreciated his roommate's artistic talents, as did her father. First Class year saw Demps take a more professional stand — Engineering watch in Luce Hall . . . at night . . . alone . . . on watch?

But seriously folks, we wish Rick the best of luck as he goes Surface Line. His enthusiasm is surpassed only by that of Horatio Hornblower. As a parting thought, Rick, may you never miss with your harpoon.

Monterey, CA "Rags"

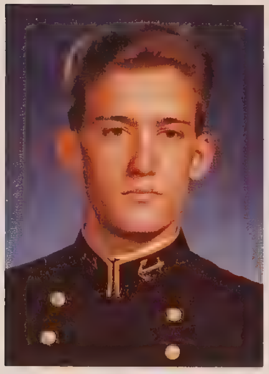
**RICHARD E. DEMPSEY, JR.**

Four years could not change the droll humor, the warm personality or his high school sweetheart, but the hair sure took a beating. Plebe summer found him at more recon raids than come-arounds. "Frick" was one of the few night stalkers who called the security guards by their first names and put things other than flags on flagpoles. Truly a laid back person, a typical night would find him wallowing in study with Queen and/or Boston playing at earshattering decibel levels. About the only thing that strained Ron's friendly disposition was yet another bedtime Steve Scout Story. Stimulating conversation with this intellectual heavyweight generally centered on the usefulness of country music, uselessness of the administration, or alternate uses for Ham Francisco.

But really, no one will ever forget his easy laugh, lack of money or willingness to help. Academic and Brigade activities were important, but nothing occupied his mind more than the mileage to Syracuse. Frick's latent Navy Spirit has surfaced and he's lined up to go a long way — if he would only tame his hair.

Warwick, RI "Frick"

**RONALD D. FRICKER**



Brian came from the Marine Corps expecting the Academy to be a lot of things. Below are a few Freshman year questions and Senior year answers.

Academically impossible? — "Only when one really tries."

Physically demanding? — "Only if one is a vegetable."

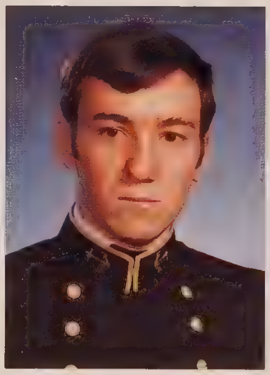
Professional environment? — "Let's be real."

Brian, is there anything you do like about the Academy?

"Graduation"

Watertown, NY

**BRIAN J. GRADY**



**PETER PHILIP HAGLICH**

Eatontown, NJ "Pete"

Just after getting his driver's license Pete graduated from Monmouth Regional in Eatontown, N.J. He took a wrong exit (which exit?) on the Jersey Turnpike and ended up in Annapolis as the third youngest in the Class of '82. Pete was destined to become one of Rickover's Boys from the first day he set foot in Mother-B. In preparation for a life of confinement to small spaces, Pete spent all his free time restricted to a 6½ ft. by 3½ ft. space, his rack. In this space he could be found exercising his brain, producing his verbal witticisms that blew right over most of our heads, and once in a while some homework. First Class year Pete became a Trident scholar. With this honor came the overwhelming twenty-six hour course load, six hours of classes and twenty hours of theorizing and postulating (from his 6½ ft. by 3½ ft. cubicle) about the ortho-obnoxious algebra and Hildeburt space (or something like that).

From those of us who drink coffee to stay awake, not because we like it, God speed.

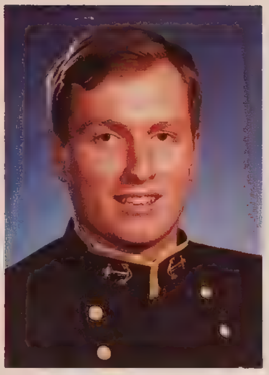
**RUDOLPH HELLER III**

Lakeland, FL "Rudy"

Rudy came to USNA from sunny Florida not knowing that he would end up hating Annapolis. He never seemed to enjoy Annapolis very much, and usually got far away from it whenever he could. Towns around here just weren't like those in Florida. But after a while, he just didn't worry about it a whole lot. He didn't worry about much at all when it came to Annapolis. After all, Annapolis is just a town, right?

He did achieve some goals after settling into USNA, one of which was to become a Phy Sci major. Yeah, he worked hard for that one. He never seemed to be much of the gungy type, but he's sure to go Corps. Supply Corps, that is.

Good luck in all you do Rudy. Take it easy and remember, it's only five years.



**RALPH McCLELLAND HUBBARD**
Satellite Beach, FL
"Bones"

Ralph came to the Naval Academy from Satellite Beach, Florida. He came in search of a college degree, a commission, and a letter in Navy football. He is leaving USNA with a college degree, a commission, and a pair of NAAA athletic shorts . . . beat Fork Union!

Bones' physique puzzled the 5th Wing tailor shop. They never had to tailor a uniform to a boy with legs before, and they didn't learn with him. Ralph never let his uniforms get him down though, because he had plenty of things to take his frustrations out on, like his roommate. Ralph developed some fun and death defying roommate games, such as roommate bulkhead bouncing, roommate shower stuffing, roommate fire prevention.

Since Ralph was from Florida, he naturally listened to Jimmy Buffet records a lot, all the time, even if they were warped, even if they were broken, all the time — A LOT.

Good luck in the future, Ralph. Drive carefully up AIA.

**STEVEN E. KLEMENCIC**
Newport News, VA
"Hulk"

Steve arrived at USNA from Newport News, VA. He wanted to come to Annapolis to play Navy football. However, on being questioned during First Class year, it was found that he still wanted to play Navy football. His athletic career for Blue Wave started being cut short with a sudden spastic seizure during Plebe summer. It was all down hill from there, with two broken ankles, countless leg casts, and a few stints under the knife.

His physical status did not in any way affect his mental acuity — just ask his Russian Professor. Because Steve lost a lot of roommates to the AC Board Angel some think he is a jinx. Just ask Jay . . . or ask Jeff . . . or ask Chris. If anyone ever wants to know which one Steve is, just have them look for the Hulk in white works.

Jon travelled all the way from Wilmington, Delaware, to attend the Naval Academy on a baseball scholarship. When his scholarship abruptly ran out he turned his attention to wine, women and grades. Jon willbest be remembered for his luscious blonde armpiece during Plebe year. After his "Dear Jon," Jon started a new hobby of trying to get a different date (and Dole sticker) for every weekend. This usually worked fine until he fell in love with a high school sweetheart — that is, she was still in high school.

As Second class year came to an end, Jon mellowed out and began to concentrate on his new girl and spending his money.

His Service Selection is permanent aide-de-camp to coach Heinz Lenz. Jon certainly gave us some good times. Good luck and we'll see you later.

Wilmington, DE "Jon"
**JOHATHAN DAVID KURTZ**

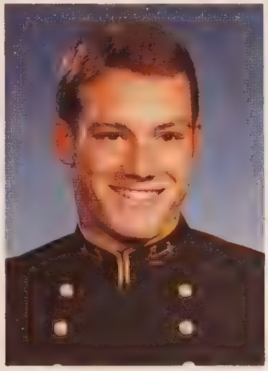
John arrived at Annapolis via Newport from Carmel, California. He had sand in his shoes and a surfboard in his hands, and he always claimed that the ringing in his ears was actually the roaring of distant surf.

J.B. spent Plebe year burning the midnight oil at Chester's house. After starring that year, he got off on the right foot the next year by touring the historic sites along Washington, D.C.'s 14th Street. To make some extra bucks to support his extracurricular hobbies, he started a baby sitting business in the Company area. It failed; he was fired and there won't be any cigars in John's near future.

Although John was reluctant to start Second Class year, he finally made the decision to stay and celebrated by driving his Porsche through a highway exit sign.

Wang's future billets include a stint as a California state-supported girl watcher with collateral duties as a lifeguard. The surf's up at Camp Pendleton, John. We hope the break is great at Okinawa too.

Carmel, CA "Wang"
**JOHN BOURKE LANG**

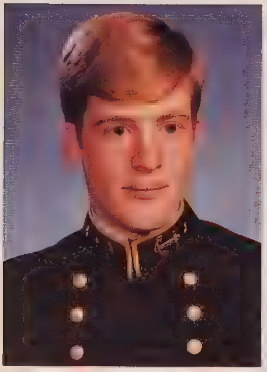


If Doug walks away from the yard with nothing else, he will always have the "Nosebleed Award for Personality Adjustment." Plebe summer he arrived a quiet and harmless person, intent on total success. He leaves with a razor sharp wit which can cut the biggest of egos down to size. Early on Doug developed a taste for funny movies and large quantities of alcohol. Doug hopped right onto major investment ventures. He and his roomies got in on the bottom floor of an important silver deal and managed to make their way to the basement in no time. Speaking of gambling, Doug went to Atlantic City several times where he could be seen offering strange women rides to any destination they requested. He wielded a mean shillelagh stick and was one of the main "young executives" who literally tore up the golf course.

Mac finally has his head in the clouds, and wedding bells may be ringing soon. Yes, he has retrieved a retriever. Going away presents were never this good, eh Doug? See you at P-Cola.

"Mac"

**DOUGLAS EDWARD McELHENY**



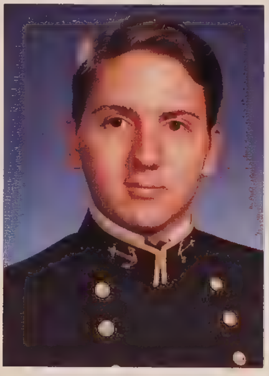
Steve came to us after a short trip from Panama. Pre-equipped with his jungle instinct and elevator Pro Keds, Nisky soon added stars to his bag of tricks.

It might seem that Steve was a geek or a real womanizer, but that was simply not the case. His room was packed full of the year's latest stereo equipment, and he could always be found there recording the new releases on his super duper West Pac reel to reel. Stereo components were not the only souvenirs Nisky brought back from his First Class West Pac cruise . . . memories of many a dawn launch developed within him a burning desire to strap on a Navy jet and fly right back.

Shoot for the stars, Steve, we know you've got the right stuff.

The Panama Canal Zone
"Nisky"

**STEVEN EDWARD NISKANEN**



Ron came to USNA from who knows where! We think it was California because of his dark tan and long blond hair. Ron was very into sailing and the sun. He was soon skipper of his own yawl, and later "Moxie," thanks to his command presence at the helm. Ron was not one to mess with. It was not beyond Pars to put some smoke on even a Captain's posterior.

A true leader of men, Ron became the Commandant's right hand man when he single-handedly stopped a band of riotous Plebes and Youngsters engaged in a bloody brawl. Ron was very into fitness. He came to USNA able to do two fortnight's worth of pull-ups. Being such an athlete, it was only natural for Ron to switch from Nav Arc to English.

A buff photographer, Ron took some very good photos. His specialty was the silhouette. The whole Company enjoyed those. Ron's family is proud, as well they should be. Even Grandma Parson went crazy in Dahlgren during Grad Week.

Ron, if you want to know how you did at USNA — you done good! See you in the Fleet, hero.

Rahoe City, CA "Pars"

**RONALD GEORGE PARSON**

MOXIE
US NAVAL ACADEMY

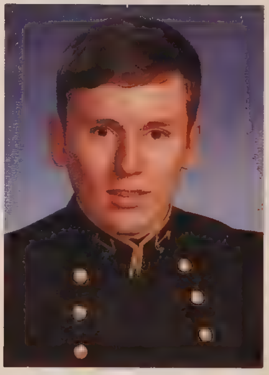
This good ol' Georgia boy came to Canoe U bringing with him all the mannerisms of a polite and proper southern gentleman. Somewhere along the way Lidden deviated, he lost that air of southern superiority and turned into a crazy, fun guy. It all started with Plebe year and Timmy's and from there got steadily worse. Lidden's Youngster year brought his first real experience with the women of the north, and no one will ever forget his first blind date, that is, no one but Lidden.

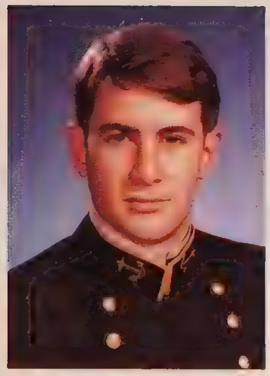
Second Class year Lidden "Afraid of Girls" Pate took to sleeping under cars, making "'vous" trips and enjoying himself at Army — sort of. After a cruise under the sea, Lidden was all set for his final year. From "good ol' boy" to "hell raiser Navy style" Lidden has made the most complete change of anyone we know. This gentleman is someone who has all our respect and who is a friend to all. His personality has added something to all of our lives and will continue to add to everyone that comes to know him.

Good luck friend and enjoy.

Covington, GA "Louver"

**ANDREW LIDDEN PATE**





**THEODORE E. RASSMUSSEN III**
Whittier, CA "Raz"

Rhett owes the fact that he was popular in the Company to "Devs"! The transition was not easy though, and Rhett has many trophies to show for his struggle from Geekman. Quite the water-polo player, Rhett was kept lightening quick by his various roommates throughout the years. Raz wasn't quite as agile socially; although he did have one true love Youngster year. He felt they were so close that he bought her some real gold earrings. She showed her appreciation by virtually disappearing from the face of the earth.

Always the master of puns and double entendres, he possessed the ability to convince females, with whom he was a total stranger, to jump on tables and scream such odd phrases as "Navy waterpolo!"

Although Rhett has always favored the Air Force, he has been lured to the sea. He will be found either taking notes at quarters or, if under way, on watch. Rhett is ready to relieve *you*, sir.

Good luck, Raz.

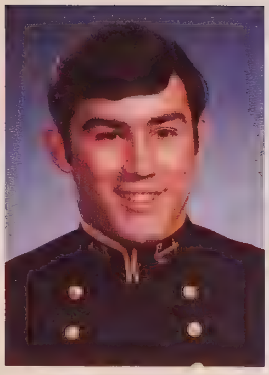
**MARK R. RIOS**
West Corina, CA
"The Gunge"

Although Mark now resides in the 21st Company, his true home is on 7-3 in the Color Company. If you combine a Woop with no hair left and a misguided Company Officer you'll know the reason for his First Class year visit to Second Regiment.

Mark will mostly be remembered, though, for being our token "grunt." He's always to be found either reading *Proceedings*, jumping out of airplanes, correcting Plebers, shining his shoes, or something equally absurd.

Being a Marine does have its advantages; the short hair went well with his preppy look. Already hitched to a beautiful woman, the future looks good except for the fact that his wife thinks that Marine uniforms look funny.

Good luck to one of the Dirty Dozen.



**JAMES DOUGLAS SETTELE**
Francistown, NH
"YHOA President"

Jim decided to come to the Naval Academy because he lost a bet with his brother on a New England Patriots game. Once here he began to impress everyone and soon had them well indoctrinated into the Naval Academy life. Youngster year was memorable because it was Jim's indoctrination into the Hood social life — boy was he indoctrinated! Jim jumped into his Second Class year full swing. He met his short-lived sweetie and became a Hood regular. He was not seen much until Army, and then everybody saw him.

Jim managed to meet the most interesting girls. Though he traveled through the Amazon and tangled with the wicked witch of Ithaca, he lived — Army awaits you, Jim!

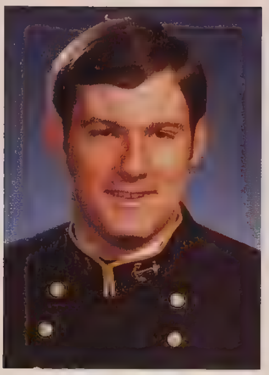
So goes the life of a great Midshipman. His friendship will be appreciated by all that knew him. This chronicle is a tribute to all the good times and a hope that they will continue.

**ANTHONY CARL SMITH**
Bloomington, IN "Tony"

Tony left Bloomington, Indiana, with dreams of becoming a Double-E Major, but first semester Youngster year was enough to convince him that English was where it was at. As a Plebe Tony subsisted on cereal brought up from breakfast, but by Third Class year the wardroom became one of his favorite places, where he spent hours filling his face and fighting off mess attendants who tried to clear his table. Academics was not one of Tony's strong suits, but certain courses were special favorites for him, such as Physics, Boats, and German. He more than made up for this with his athletic prowess at swimming, running, and especially bicycling. A "short bike ride" for Tony was a trip to D.C. and back.

Although a Bull Major, Tony showed his electronic abilities with his $3,000 stereo system which was more complicated than the USNA computer. A gung-ho jet jockey from the start, his dedication to Air never wavered even though he might have to wear green to fly (shudder!)

Best wishes and God bless, Tony.



### JON CRAIG SMITH

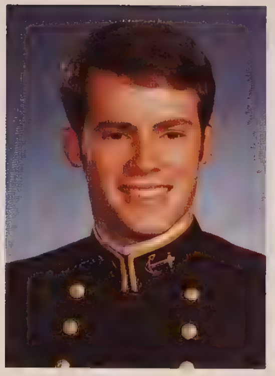
Downey, CA "Craig"

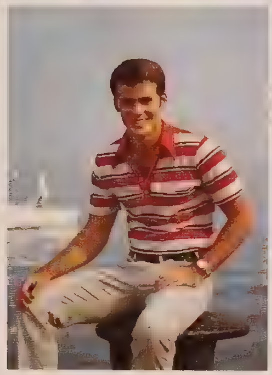
Navy football got a welcome boost when the "Pride of Downey High" decided to forego a couple of ivy league scholarships to attend Canoe U. However, Craig proved that he had a lot more to offer than his athletic prowess. He attacked the academics as fiercely as he attacked Navy's opponents on the football field. If Thermodynamics had been as easy to conquer as Army's defense, Craig could have graduated Younster year, instead of struggling with Mechanical Engineering for four years.

There were those at the Academy who thought Craig might be a little "too big for his britches," mainly the people in the repair tailor shop who sewed up his trousers every other week.

Fortunately Coach Welsh was better at fitting uniforms than the tailor shop, and Craig wore #70 in the starting right guard slot as a Firstie. His outstanding performances for Navy football were a source of pride for us, and we know that the "Pride of Playboy 21" will be a tremendous asset to any Navy unit fortunate enough to get him.

Good luck, Craig!





### GLENN REVERDY SNYDER

Pottstown, PA "Snides"

Glenn arrived at Annapolis from the booming metropolis of Pottstown, PA. Although he at first appeared rather geekish, Glenn quickly proved everyone wrong by majoring in Systems and winning an "N" Star with the fencing team. Throughout Youngster year Reverdy could be found programming sweet nothings into the banks of Honeywell, his little metal friend. Rev was soon two-timing the computer after he found something that stayed "on line" after midnight . . . girls. This new found fact influenced Glenn in the direction of Frederick, Md. During the rest of his career at Navy Rev ran all his programs at Hood College.

Glenn was the first Mustang Company Commander in Naval Academy history. In that billet he always demonstated a calm, cool, professional, and hickied presence.

Good luck, Glenn; you've got what it takes.

Ron was a '75 graduate from the Lackawanna Senior High School, making him an "old man" in the Company. Even though he has not enjoyed the honor of being a stellar academic student, he has had many enjoyable memories: Army weekend, one memorable night in Kaneohe Bay, living in his fiancee's own apartment, all-nighters before exams, duty on long weekends?, and restriction because he was UA after a certain June Week dance during his Youngster year. Ron spent his Youngster cruise in the Med on nude beaches and women infested bars. In order for him to complete his survey of "the effects of women abroad," he volunteered for a First Class cruise in Hawaii. His best memories there were rapelling, spie-rigging, high speed water recovery, flying (ACM in the TA-4 and in the Huey), snorkling in Hanauma Bay, the hale koa on Waikiki Beach, and happy hour at the Officers' Club.

Ron hopes to fly Marine Air — preferably the A-6 Intruder but his only real concern is avoiding Admiral Rickover's nuclear power program.

Lackawanna, NY "Ron"

### RONALD WAYNE SNYDER

The "Jav" made his way here from Anthony, New Mexico, to steal the hearts of Maryland women, even though he claimed to be a one-woman man. Javi was never known to be overly concerned with being on time, even when going on liberty. Javi's MHP had a misprint, so he thought that study hour went from 2400 to 0600, showing up at quarters with the 3000-mile stare. He showed great cleverness in concealing his Porsche as a '72 orange Vega.

Dynes was Javi's favorite subject, which is why he took it three times. Another favorite pastime of his was the burger run. Not snow, sleet or hail, not even taps, would keep him from heading out for a burger. He was one of the most highly decorated members of the Company, earning three Black "N's"

Javi plans to fly after graduation and become the No. 1 terror of the skies. His enthusiasm has kept our spirits high these last four years and we'll always miss his laughter and affectionate bearhugs.

Vaya con dios, Javier.

Anthony, NM "Javi"

### JAVIER SOTELO

Tim came to USNA from the great outdoors of upstate New York. It took Casper well into Second Class year to become used to civilization: "What's that in my sandal?" A big basketball buff, the only thing he could slam-dunk were girls' hearts. That isn't to say Timber was without compassion; he almost even "loved" his girl friends, when he was lonely enough. Casper will never forget the phone calls from the "VU," or sprinting down Main Street, College Park, to make them. Always one for fast action, he was naturally lured to the "Big Apple," which he came to know very well.

Tim also enjoyed fast cars with fast and furious relationships, and fast movers, which is why he is headed for P-Cola. When Tim is the first to get married, he will owe us all $50. See you then.

Lake Lazern, NY "Tim"

**TIMOTHY MARK WHITE**

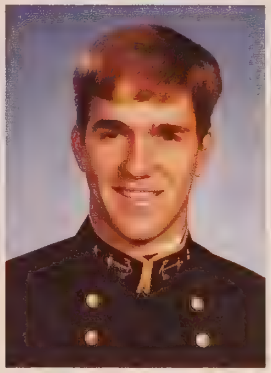
Driven by a love of Naval history, the pride of Howe Military School donned his Brooks and set out on the outside perimeter that leads to USNA. Dropping anchor, "Lord Nelson" began his quest to follow in the footsteps of his historical idols. Unwilling to be just one of "the others," he settled for nothing short (and I do mean *short)* of perfection in himself. Brandishing pencil and calculator, he racked up a sickening string of 4.0 semesters. But Brad was not only noted for the beads of sweat dancing off the stars on his collar. He also proved to be very competitive in athletics where, in addition to running and lifting, he excelled in dribbling Brasso cans and drop-kicking tape decks.

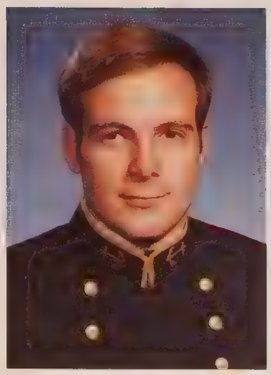
Brad will be most remembered for his cosmopolitan taste in women, and we wish him luck in finding that someone special who'll fix his potatoes and jelly and keep him from freezing his a-- off.

Good luck Brasso — be it Nuke or Corps — it has been a unique experience knowing you.

Fenton, MI "Brasso"

**BRADLEY GRANT ARNOLD**





**THOMAS JOHN ARUFFO**

Stratford, CT "T.J."

Why anyone would leave a "laid back" school like Widener College to live a spartan life at the Naval Academy only T.J. will know. Maybe the reason is that he never intended to live a spartan life, not even a slightly disciplined one. His innate gift of organization (circular file notes) and orderly closet (laundry bag with a door) are testaments to this fact.

Tom decided as a Plebe to become a sailor, not just for the thrill of adventure, but because of his aversion to marching. T.J. was a very creative sailor, though; in a race over in England he tried to steer his boat with his jaw. We all knew Tom as the man with the connections. If he is not drawing straws to decide which girl to go out with, he is mingling with millionaires or having dinner with Charleston Heston and President Reagan's son. And we always wondered how he got on Battalion Staff. T.J. added new meaning to the phrase, "deep selected."

We will always remember Tom for his carefree attitude and his favorite phrase, "Hey guys, check this out." T.J.'s roommate for three of the four years and the rest of the gang in 22 wish him the best of luck in the years to come.

**CHRISTOPHER JOSEPH BIELIK**

Orange, CT "Pubes"

Chris had to wonder about USNA when his Plebe summer roommate left him after five days — for a football game, that is. Donof's wit and Slick's inability to pronounce Chris' Polish name produced Pubes' unusual nickname. Plebe academics were a breeze to him and he spent more time teaching others than he did himself. Co-starring in the popular "Death Squad" series, Pubes became famous for leaving behind puddles of sweat as he went to visit such notables as Maddog, Skip, and Three Throb Rob. Once he became a Youngster, the TV never had a chance to cool off.

The resident trivia king, he has yet to be stumped on a betting average. Second Class year and weekends made him available for that blind date you wanted to pawn off on someone; anyone who roots for the Giants and the Mets *must* be positively hopeful by nature.

Too bad about the contacts; Navy lost a good pilot, but gained an even better NFO. Good luck in the Fleet, and remember: if you weren't here, you wouldn't be here.

**BRUCE ALLEN BILLE**

Ashland, OH "Brooose"

The 22nd Company halls were often filled with the cry of "Brooose," which only meant that the six-foot, six-inch "crazyman" from Ashland, Ohio, was waltzing down the hall, probably imitating a dinosaur or an orangutan, shooting his water pistol at an innocent Plebe, blowing his whistle at late chow callers, or playing pranks on upper class. Bruce had an avid imagination which proved a detriment to his studying. Rather than "sweat" an exam or worry about homework, Bruce found much more satisfaction in feeding the squirrels, dancing with laundry bags, taping his favorite tunes, slaving over Rubik's Cube, designing bulletin boards and, of course, perfecting the art of racking. Despite his hatred of studying, Bruce never let his grades get so low that he couldn't fulfill his two main goals: graduation, and his weekly road trip to visit his "main squeeze," Liz.

Bruce was certainly no slouch athletically, and he excelled in tennis, racketball, varsity basketball, billiards, and, of course, Friday night poker.

Surface Line can only benefit from Bruce's energies.

**JACQUELINE BINHLAM**

Radcliff, KY

Jacqueline "Mȳ-Chān" Binhlam, the native of Saigon, master of languages, an oriental genius, has been the one individual none of us will be able to forget. From her "I find out, sir!" to "You so gross!," and "You guys so mean to me!," her words will forever ring in our minds. Jackie became fluent not only in Vietnamese, Chinese, French, and Korean, but in the English language also. We will well remember Jackie's stories of experiences in Saigon and how she has come to love and value the freedoms in America. Her dark eyes have been opened to our way of life as she has learned the joys in friendship, the trials of discipline and the wisdom of dedication.

Her dedication to academics has been her greatest triumph as intelligence is one of her God given talents. Very peaceful and usually absent-minded, we will remember Jackie for her innocence and simple beauty.

Good-bye little My-Chan, we shall see you in success.

**PAUL JOSEPH BORROR**

Santa Clara, CA "Ace"

Paul splashed down into the Academy Plebe year with the hope of being an astronaut. If flamboyancy will get you there Paul will do it. This California Plebe really knew how to start a fire both in the pool and in the hall. He was never at a loss for words. When Paul got a good poem pouring out of his pen, boats and NAV would have to wait. Preferring girls to academics, Paul set two qualifications or s companions: a driver's license and a Daddy 0-6 or above.

Paul weathered the Academy with his care-free style, "casual" to quote the poet. Paul got into hanging around as a Firstie. The Benz with the hand out the roof was Paul's signature. His desire to fly manifested itself in a nylon and aluminum bird he picked up (or rather it picked him up).

It looks like Paul will enjoy being a pilot provided he does not use his body as arresting gear. Take care Paul, and God bless.

**MICHAEL K. BREWER**

Ames, IA "Brew"

The Brew rolled in from somewhere in Iowa in the middle of 1978, ready to establish his own little nook in the corner of USNA history. Fueled by a burning desire to prove that he was smarter than his school teacher daddy, Brew spent more time behind the books each day than most of us confused idiots did in a week. At the table, Brew's stellar performance was highlighted when they renamed Murphy's Law, "Pulling a Brewer." Come Youngster year, we found Mike on the rugby field (Mike looks about as much like a rugger as a cat looks like an elephant). We were awestruck — but not for long. Mike's knees decided Company sports were more his speed and Brew listened.

Mike then drew the most obnoxious roomie in the Brigade. Soon thereafter, Mike's religious aspirations skyrocketed (his roommate claims coincidence) and Mike became the spiritual shepherd of the 22nd Co. A quick (hah hah) sub cruise redesignated the Brew's service selection as he returned to yet another year with the obnoxious one. Again, a significant increase in his faith was noted (coincidence?).

As the battle of the QPR's continues, Mike still does well (but not so well that his dad no longer writes) even as Senioritis sets in (faster than rigormortis).

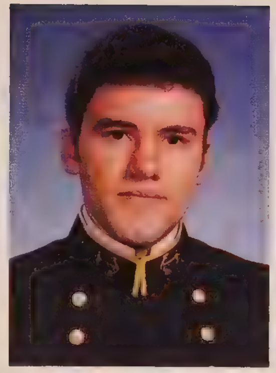
Catch a wave Brew — we love ya!

### EDWARD MICHAEL CARROLL
Cohasset, MA "Edski"

Believe it or not, Ed wanted to come to USNA. As a member of the sailing team, Ed's goal of never marching in another P-rade after Plebe summer came to a crashing end with the destruction of Barbara and Resolute. Between rigging clocks to run backwards and "subtly" changing family portraits, Ed, better known as Slob to the upper-class, teamed up with Smack to make Sweat's life interesting. His competitiveness showed through Youngster year with the Annapolis-Queenstown-Hood-Queenstown-Annapolis race, victory in the first quasi-annual Harvard-Navy drinkathon, and completion of a crash course in Russian grammar (Da, is true comradski).

Second Class year brought the Volvo, and frequent trips from the USNA. Ed always felt at home on the road. In fact, he spent more time on I-95 than on homework. However, at Army 1980 the Volvo died, and with it the road trips. With more time to spend in Bancroft, he turned to underwear wars with Fat Ed for amusement.

Following graduation he will probably end up an NFO. So it goes, right Edski?



### GABRIEL ANTHONY DIAZ
Queens, NY "Gabe"

Gabe came to USNA from Queens, New York, after a year long visit to Newport, R.I. He had no trouble with Plebe year and was soon ready to become an upperclass man. He enjoyed food, women, dancing, drinking and music. These vices allowed Gabe to become a Black "N" winner, giving him plenty of time to listen to his music library. Bad times like AC Boards, conduct offenses, and broken bones after football games only made Gabe more determined and ready for graduation.

The Glee Club served as Gabe's main ECA and he enjoyed going on all of the road tours possible. He also had a high attrition rate on roommates, both at NAPS and USNA, although he was never the cause. Gabe always impressed the women and somehow conned them into writing him about ten letters to every one he wrote. His major achievements were making "the list" Plebe year and learning to like Jimmy Buffett.

Gabe plans to go into Naval Aviation and one day get his driver's license. It's been great . . . see you in P-Cola Gabe!

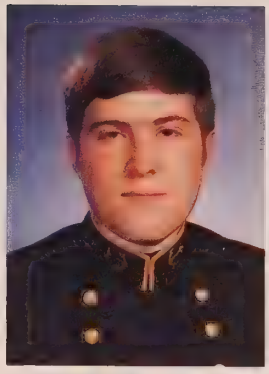
### GERALDINE LOUISE DOVALGO
Eugene, OR "Geri"

Trudging her way across the U.S. from the land of puddles, Geri came to the Naval Academy with one goal in mind — Mechanical Engineering. With the help of a battery-powered stereo component, a touch of Garfield, sleepless nights and a dabble of needlework, she managed to struggle through "The Rocket" and "Wild Bill."

Geri was always willing to lend a helping hand with anything from typing a paper to working a statics problem. Among her numerous ECA's, Geri can claim memberships in exclusive professional organizations founded in Hawaii and Quantico. Even though she leans havily on Surface Line or Marine Corps, Geri will most likely settle for CEC.

How can we forget that slow, southern-western (?) drawl that took a whole meal to give one newspaper article during Plebe year? Geri, just keep a few things in mind as you head out to the Fleet: I love Oregon, Ziggy for President, G.I. power, it's aunt, not "ant," and most important, "The sun will come out tomorrow!"

Best of luck!



### THOMAS MICHAEL ELLISON
Livonia, MI "Ellie"

Coming from the northern reaches of Michigan, Tom was first known to many of his classmates as "dead in room." But he recovered quickly to begin struggling along the arduous uphill path to becoming an Electrical Engineer. An expert at fixing broken electrical equipment, Tom could not quite grasp how all those equations had much to do with EE. Tom always came through in a pinch though: what's a day lost in D.C. or walking a few miles for gasoline? Things would have been pretty dim at USNA without his lighting and stereo systems for performances and dances. Needless to say, Tom's lighted "N" will always shine over the Navy football team.

Sometimes he was a little confused about whether he was at West or USNA judging from his evening attire, but after spending seventy days under water during First Class cruise, Tom was all "nuke."

Remember Army, the double bed, the Gallery, the Chinese food and bachlava (with a touch of Amaretto, of course)? Tom, hope you enjoy the angles and dangles and the best of luck in everything you do.

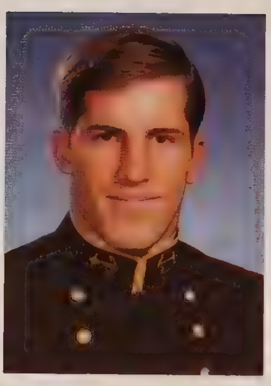
### MARK C. FROST

Mobile, AL "Frosty"

Few know why they call him "Stubby," a couple know why they call him "Peter Pec," and many know why they call him "Crab," but everyone knows who they mean by "Frosty." Mark came to the Academy after two years at F.I.T., majoring in partying and crew. Frosty proceeded to validate half of his Plebe year courses, which left him to take Second and Third Class courses to fill his schedule. Crew was his sport the first year, but the long, hard hours forced him to spend more time on the books. He became a Company sports stud in softball and football, but still needed to brush up on the finer points of Company basketball.

Naturally, like many other Mids, he holds fondled mammaries at Hood (oops — holds fond memories of Hood!) He also enjoyed watching movies like "The Exorcist" and scaring all who watched it with him.

Sure Mark, you've got charm, but you're not perfect! Good luck in all.



### ROBERT STEWART GUEST

Randolph, NJ "Sweat"

Sweat pouring from his forehead, formulas rushing through his mind, and graphite gripping the paper, Bob successfully completed his Oceanography major with flying colors. His classmates appropriately dubbed him with the name of everything that was left on the desk after his exams were over — "Sweat."

Bob came to the glorious Academy from Randolph, New Jersey, and didn't quite catch on to the object of Plebe summer right away. The discipline of the Academy soon made a better man of him, and his hard work paid off in his academics and his athletics. Always one to stay in shape and active in at least one sport, Bob excelled in wrestling and water polo. His craziness and road trips to Hood and Marymount were limited by his academic duties. Still, something entered his head besides Fluid Physics, because he would occasionally break into an uncontrollable screaming fit, begin singing for no apparent reason, or start a destructive rumble or two.

We all wish Bob the best in what promises to be a fine Naval career.

### DAVID EDISON HALLADAY

Fairport, NY

Here's to Dave, a real giant of a man. He told us Plebe year he was from Rochester, but after he got to know us he conceded he was really from Fairport, New York (where?). Dave came to the Academy wanting nothing more than a commission and perhaps to grow six or seven inches. He should be admired for becoming Company Commander and Captain of the varsity wrestling team despite the fierce inter-class competition and a deluge of "short" jokes.

Not one to let final exam sap his spirit, Dave showed us the real meaning of lighting up one's . . . er . . . life, scorched shorts being the only casualty. Between practical jokes and an occasional discourse on personal integrity and professionalism, Dave did his part for The Man Upstairs. His unwavering sense of good will and perpetual patience are indicative of the Christian ideals which are his life's driving force. He credits the Lord with his success, setting an example that has left a lasting impression on us all.

We'll miss you, Dave. Go with God.

### MARK ANDREW HARDY

San Diego, CA "F.H."

From the moment he learned to get out of Plebe summer come-arounds by giving the fastest chow call in the squad, Mark has managed to stay one step ahead of the system. Not one to let life's little worries get him down, Mark doesn't know what the word "perspire" means. Instead, his gift for circumlocution, and religious adherence to the principle "You rate what you get away with" have insured Mark's stay at Canoe U has been relatively painless. Whether it's making Plebes salute a uniformed muppet four-striper, or leaving a trail of broken hearts at local girls' colleges, Mark has managed to get out of the rack long enough to make an impression on all whom he comes in contact with.

Navy Air (?) has gained a good man who is bound for success (without really trying), even if he can't find a plane with an Alligator on it or a button-down cockpit.

Fair winds and following seas Mark, and don't forget your own famous Naval saying: "If I go, the ship goes with me!"

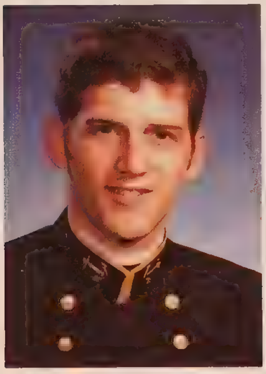
Dave came to USNA from the thriving metropolis of Mt. Upton, N.Y., where he was valedictorian of his high school class of two. I-Day we found him hiding in the shower, obviously attempting to adjust to his new, rigorous routine. Getting up at 0530 was nothing new for the Farm Boy. It got worse, though, when his parents moved and left no forwarding address. His "Plebian" accomplishments included self-inflicted hair cuts, developing the ability to clean around Axel, and surviving the Death Squad. His first stripe brought him road trips to Cornell, which occupied 95% of his time; 10% went to Aero, which left -5% for English.

Second Class academics took their toll of Dave, who either couldn't find the time to do his laundry or kept "forgetting" to put his chit in the bag. As MPO, he would show up at quarters with his cloth name tag upside down — silly Dave!

Dave's been Navy Air all the way, and come Service Selection, we know where his nine toes will stand.

Mt. Upton, NY
"Farm Boy"

**DAVID D. HOWE**



From Exit 4 on the Jersey Turnpike came one named Humphs. He had to make a slight detour at Little Quantico, but he finally brought his soccer talents to USNA. Assuming the leadership and scoring roles was no easy task, especially as a Plebe. Although he could not play his Senior year due to injury, he still captained the team.

With strong family ties, Danny frequently made the road trip back to the lakes with the rest of the Jersey connection for his parents' gourmet cooking and to check on "Shannon." We always thought that Humphs was Irish until we tasted Big Joe's Italian subs.

Always one who appreciated the finer things in life, Humper could be occasionally spotted downtown entertaining a young lady. His love for the ladies was only surpassed by his love for the Corps. Humphs was Marine Corps through and through (at least that's what he kept telling Jack).

We all wish Danny good luck with the Corps (Supply Corps) and hope that he becomes the superb leader we all know he is.

Medford, NJ "Humphs"

**DANIEL THOMAS HUMPHREYS**

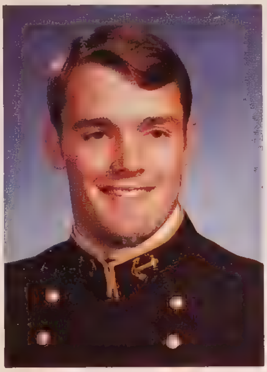
Ed, a semi-local product from Towson, came to USNA with a three-word vocabulary: "Navy crew, sir!" He quickly expanded upon this, and became particularly adept at "whammoing" peanut butter sandwiches while trying to whistle Dixie for carry on. He also created the "ultra bilge," providing his own list of names and hometowns at "Comearound." To be perfectly Frank, AC year was probably harder on his roommates than himself. His fire breathing chimney-like pipe smoking was only outdone by the extraordinary "wedgies" given to deserving individuals. The rugby playing "Polish Prince" soon became a terror on 2-0.

Everyone thought "Oinker" was the true lady killer when he was dating Becky, Mary, and Elizabeth at the same time — then we found out they were the same girl. After finally settling on one girl, Fat Ed could devote more time to his true passion: the "Fruit of the Loom War" with Edski.

Come service selection, we hope he can find an airplane that can lift the RDO Fatwagon off the ground. "Rodger that people"!

Timonium, MD
"RDO Fatwagon"

**EDWARD BURNS JASION**



Barbara Ann Juarez, known as "Fleet" by us insiders, inspired us with her professionalism, her down to earth nature, and above all else, her joy and faith in God. Almost always enthusiastic, Barb participated in cross country and indoor and outdoor track, staying perpetually on the move in her running shorts, shirt and ever-present bandana and sweatshirt. Barb kept up the pace for four years, wearing a "Navy" shirt and having the Lord in her heart. She ran believing "We should run with endurance the race that is set before us, fixing our eyes on Jesus, the author and perfector of faith, who for the joy set before him, endured the cross."

Along with running, Barb lifted her voice and guitar to God's glory. We'll miss you Barb, but are reassured to know that God will always be with you, even as you become a Fleet Admiral of our Navy.

Olinda, CA "Barb"

**BARBARA ANN JUAREZ**

When Bill came to Leisure Village on the Severn he was a motivated, professional and studious individual. After three years of intensive roommate training, Bill has been successfully weaned away from two of these faults. He is no longer professional nor studious. At times we even find him enjoying himself at parties ... at least that's what we hear from the babes in Hawaii (you little devil, you!).

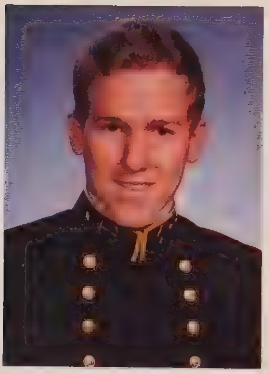
The fact that Bill's parents moved to Italy the day after I-Day should tell you something. It took Bill three years to convince them to return to the United States. We still have not made any weekend road trips to Pearl Harbor, though.

When Bill wasn't duking it out with the Mech E Department he was bringing it home for Navy as a varsity member of the gymnastic team.

The future looks very promising for Bill. If he is not boring holes through the sky at Mach 2.2 you will probably find him catching rays — under the sea at about 3 knots. You have come a long way, Bill; all the best of luck.

Pearl Harbor, HI "Bill"

### WILLIAM A. KENNINGTON, JR.

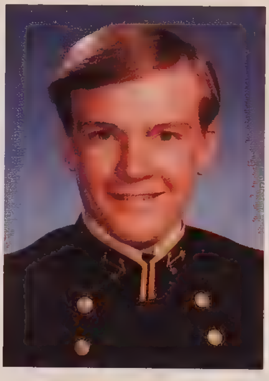


Pacer came from Longgg Island with a head of hair and a flair for partying. He enjoyed his hair so much he even had it parted down the middle like a dope fiend. However, Big Red came to the rescue, and saved his deteriorating soul. He also seemed to enjoy the wearing of civilian clothes. He wore them during Plebe year to the tune of thirty demos. He even wore them to evening meal one night just before Second Class year started. His constant snubbing of the Love Walrus was an inspiration to us all. Many a weekend saw Pace, the Playmates, and twelve little friends hit the road in search of adventure. He often found it, but if he didn't he was too wasted to know the difference. He always seemed to weazel out of a Class A, even though Lyle Humpton gave it his all.

Bearing Heimie's approval, the Submarines will be getting, not a good man, but a decent one. Take care and BEAT NAVY!

Lynbrook, NY "Pacer"

### PACE ROY KESSENICH



### JANICE ADELE LAMISON

Pittsburgh, PA "Buck"

Janice "Buck" Lamison came to the Academy from Natrona Heights, Pennsylvania, very close to Pittsburgh and the Steelers and the Pirates. Jan very soon became a favorite among the upper class when it was discovered that she had a rosy complexion which could easily be made to become more rosy.

Very early on Jan decided the two hardest things to do at the Academy were Engineering and crew, so she proceeded to do both. As an Aerospace major, Jan could always be called upon to discuss the lift and drag on any object in sight, but after numerous late-nighters and countless cups of coffee, Jan made it to First Class year, where her tenacity paid off and she became Captain of Women's Crew Team, so the afternoon crew reports were continued for another year. Jan's interests were not only academic though; she was also very active in ECA's (not all of them Academy sponsored).

We wish Buck luck down in P-Cola (and not just with the planes), and may all the struggling with Aero prove to be worthwhile. Good luck and fly high!

### GREGORY MICHAEL LAWLER

Belleville, MI "Lawless"

Greg came to USNA from Detroit, Michigan, taking a one year stop at Bogus Military Institute. Although he caught 'Dooner's attention early by always laughing at him, no one else would have noticed him if he hadn't tried to set a new record for sugar dissolved in iced tea. Plebe year backgammon games with Sterling provided some comic relief for everyone except him. Youngster year brought about two new passions: *very* young ladies, and the search for the perfect cologne. One of the former, H.B., was a blessing, providing us with an underclass parking lot "7 miles away, or so." And you always knew when he had decided not to study at night — the grill smelled all the way down to 8th Wing.

Second class year started off on a "sour note," when CDR G. decided he liked music too much. Dynes erased visions of Nuke Power, and he downshifted into Phy Sci and graduation mode.

We'll all miss that laugh, so reminiscent of a dying whooping crane. But never forget: When in doubt, shower out!

### CHRISTOPHER WATSON LESTER

Rockville, MD "Mo"

Mo came to USNA from Rockville, Maryland, anxious to play baseball. Unable to get a varsity letter in baseball, Mo joined J.G.'s Friday Night Varsity Club and he received an infamous Black "N" instead for his fine effort. After spending numerous weekends, including Army, locked in Bancroft Hall, Mo decided to try his hand at interior decorating. The walls of Room 2005 looked like a collage of the Doors, Hendrix, and the Who. When other Mids would sleep their Youngster afternoons away, Mo would use this time to participate in athletic activities, whether it be basketball in Halsey or later his new love Batt lax. However, First Class year finds Mo drifting from athletics and academics to his Trans Am and the University of Maryland.

We're sure that Mo's wit and good humor will help him succeed and become an outstanding Naval Pilot.

### NICHOLAS A. MARCANTONIO

Milan, MI "Dad"

The first thing one noticed about the "old man" Plebe summer was his hair. No one recalls which was more conspicuous — the length or the gray. Whatever the case, both aspects continued to become more noticeable over the next four years. Yes, Nick played the role model of the cynical enlisted sailor for the entire Company Plebe year: his only lines were, "They can't take away your birthday," and "Get outa here!" Contrary to popular belief, he did smile a few times in his years at USNA, mostly while dancing in front of his mirror doing crossword puzzles. His interests varied, with his love for reading being matched only by his love for performing in the D and B. Never tell Nick that you can play anything the Baltimore Symphony orchestra can on nothing more than a rubber band and a comb.

The "wise" one got off to a great start his final year at Navy with a poor judgment call, almost blowing his chances of sharing the "good life" with the rest of us.

May that Italian *smile* continue to shine as he rides the waves for Navy. Later, dad!

This fun-loving Pole had it rough from the start. As soon as he arrived at the Severn's banks, he was upset that he didn't come from his Commack, N.Y. home via his boat. Nonetheless, shaved head and all, he made it through Plebe summer where he soon made his mark on "Double Deuce" His antics included "almost" hitting that soda can with his head, thumping Axel regularly, kicking shoes through windows, Mountain Dew cocktails, and singlehandedly increasing USNA's food budget.

Ed later became "Double Deuce's" greasemonkey and financed many a weekend by tweaking his way through the aches and pains of his classmate's cars. It never mattered where the car was parked or what day it was. "Liberty has no bounds in lieu of an ailing engine." Ed's only saving grace was his ability to time a trip from Bowie to formation or taps down to the nanosecond.

We don't know about Zeus but whatever piece of machinery he's riding in the future will be well tuned and heading on a road trip.

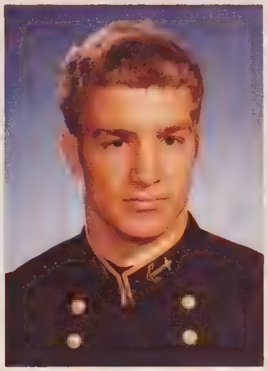
Commack, NY "Zeus"

### EDWARD J. MASZEWSKI

He had much to learn before reaching ensign or colonel or chief ... (Which is it Greg?) Seemed to revel in the learning experiences: Santee Basin's water is wet; restrictions and tours aren't compatible with being a firstie; brigade stripes are bogus; paratroopers are crazy, but SEALS are downright insane; a sub cruise (in a Hawaiian drydock) is the way to go; "friends" are hard to come by ... Even with a 3.4 QPR, not until 2/c year did the OE major and his EE cohort (that's you Tom) "axiomatically prove" the basic engineering concept: *The answer is 12.* Still spent much time with his books and his (roommate's) stationery. Letters poured in from dozens of females; after Cynthia's "Dear John" visit, he wished they'd been more than "just friends." He finally found that "special one" but had to sacrifice a few along the way. (We still aren't sure how even "*gross* judgment" could cause a firstie to sacrifice a plebe — and his weekends.) We figured Madonna surely had him hooked with all those letters (and cookies), but he showed us that not even a diamond was stronger than his perpetual desire to do the right thing. Kendall, best of luck to you and Jenny in your journies; at least she can rest assured that those "other women" won't be getting any mail from 1000' below.

Greenville, MS "KJ"

### KENDALL J. MILLER



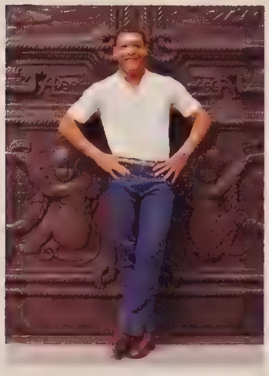
After high school, Terry planned to continue his education and lifestyle at Old Dominion University near his home. Unfortunately, after several wrong turns, Terry arrived at USNA on "I" Day. Not knowing what college was like, he had no idea this was not O.D.U. We knew the mistake he had made, but refused to tell him because we discovered how nice it was having him around. Terry's sense of humor eased the pressures of Plebe summer and made life here a real adventure. His quick wit and unpredictability brightened the gloomiest days.

Terry is a people person with a heart of gold. He wouldn't blink an eyelash at blowing off a test if he felt a friend needed help. Whether in Company or on the wrestling mat, Terry added spice to the lives of all who knew him. His friendship is treasured and we all have much more to learn from this man.

It appears now that Terry is going to make the Marine Corps a nicer place to live.

Virginia Beach, VA "Terry"

**CARL TERRANCE PARKER**



When Rug gave a chow call during Plebe year everyone knew about it; he was even slower than Heinz ketchup. This ol' boy hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and a meal doesn't go by unless the words "pass the tabasco sauce, please" are heard. When it came to the art of love, no one knew more beautiful women than Rug, but he had a hard time convincing them of his sincerity. One could only gain an appreciation of Jimmy Buffett after having known Rug.

Sailing became a favorite afternoon pastime for him. He even showed his prowess in intramural football with his hands that were made of glue. The one activity that Rug liked best, however, had to be the horizontal workout.

One of the greatest human beings that God ever created, we wish him luck in his quest for Naval Aviator wings. It's been a hell of a four years, buddy. See you in the friendly skies.

Baton Rouge, LA "Rug"

**PAUL GREGORY SCHILLING**

Dave reported to the boat school from San Jose, California, bringing with him a nickname (based on the pronunciation of his last name) which he hoped would be soon forgotten. During Plebe summer, shortly after having his head shaved, his ears developed a new name for him — Wingnut. Once academic year started, due to his unique outlook on life, he gained still another nickname — Doctor Weird. After stripes began to appear on his boards, and everyone began to understand his different lifestyle, all of these nicknames boiled down to just Silly or Doc.

One point of Doc's nature that must not be overlooked is his choice of female companion, a pretty "young" California girl named Becky. What will the future hold for Silly? He had always planned on being a flyboy, but now looking at being a nuke. This is typical of Doc's unique ways, going from one extreme to the other.

He will do well in whatever he chooses ... "Everything you know is wrong." — David C. Bonk.

"It's not my fault." — Will Diamond.

San Jose, CA "Doc"

**DAVID G. SILVIUS**

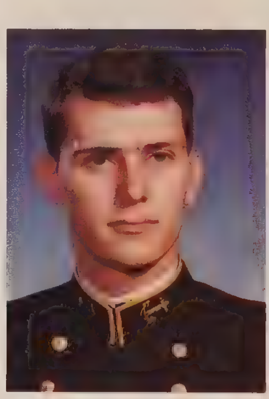
Whether Annapolis was ready or not, Nashville, Georgia, gave Greg Tyson to the Naval Academy because Georgia had had enough — it was someone else's turn. Left behind, but not forgotten (as indicated by a large number of "interesting" photographs) was a true southern belle. Plebe year found ol' G.T. usually running steps with the crew team, which put a stopper on his love life because of fatigue. USNA soon became a greater challenge during Youngster year because it was then that he was introduced to Basic Chinese 101.

He became especially fond of Annapolis in March of Second Class year because his true love migrated north. Needless to say, Bancroft Hall saw very little of Mr. Tyson on weekends during the remaining year and a half.

It will be with heavy hearts that we part company with Greg at graduation. His constant insistence that "the South shall rise again" always brought a hearty chuckle and will almost be missed. We are sure that he will be successful in whatever he does in life and we wish both him and Patty the best of luck.

Nashville, GA "Rebel"

**GREGORY S. TYSON**



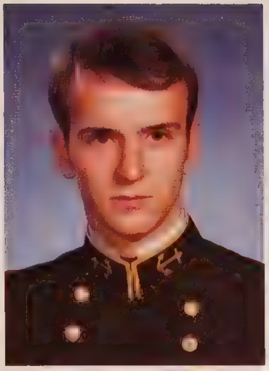
**DONALD CLARK BENNETT**
Cleveland Heights, OH
"Don"

From his world of fast women, fast cars, and fast music Don marched into our lives and the fast paced life of the U.S. Naval Academy four years ago. I remember well that fateful day when Don and I first met. He strolled into the room late. I was sure glad when he finally showed up. I was beginning to think he was a ghost, a point he quickly refuted when he arrived.

The four years here have not done a great deal to change Don. If he could only swim as well as he chases women we would have an Olympic contender among us. I thought for a while that Don's women chasing days were over when a young filly from Philly succeeded in leading him around by his ring. He came to his senses two years later.

I hope Don makes good his aspiration to be a tank Commander in the Corps. The Corps could use a good man who knows how to drive a standard transmission.

Thanks for the memories. It's been "mighty white of you."



**GARY DEAN BROWN**
Wentzville, MO
"Refugee"

The biggest Ted Nugent fan in the Company Plebe year, Gary mellowed his musical tastes with the help of a country music roommate. He earned the nicknames P.O.W. and Refugee after his classmates noticed his resemblance to some of the thinner stars of the Vietnam flicks we saw every year in Leadership. Although he was offered a trip to Orlando after graduation, he decided to go to Pensacola for a vacation instead.

Gary was quite a lady's man, especially with the younger ladies. But he goes for the more mature women now. He likes women so much he even snaked a roommate's girl when he was away.

His favorite subjects, besides F-14s and women, are money and rack, so he became a Management major. Who wouldn't like to have five Youngster afternoons First Class year?

He is leaving the beautiful Missouri countryside for the blue skies of Navy. Good luck, Gary!

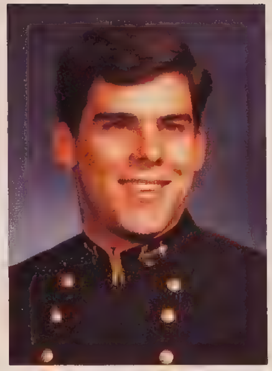
**CARRIE LORRAINE COULTER**
Kansas City, MO "C2"

C2 knew USNA would be tough, but nothing quite so difficult as being asked, "Where are you from?" Dad being a Marine made for several geographic homes, so, while Mom and Dad left for Africa (what! no forwarding address!), Carrie left for the Academy with her dog Dingo, who, by the way, has survived the rigors of USNA laundry service.

Carrie's moral support from Dingo was soon to be sapped by a Huckleberry Hound. But Carrie held on through Plebe summer, only to meet up with Plebe year.

Many people have interesting photos from Plebe year. Carrie's collection was started for her when she found on her desk the "United Nations Moon Shot" photo — thanks Bruce, Jesse, and Frank! A quick glance at her photo album reveals Carrie's association with softball, Neil, her Peugeot, Russ, Poli-Sci, Mike, YP cruise, Ray, Africa, Bob, YP cruise (yes, two!), Barry, Pennsylvania, Steve, Virginia — well, not necessarily in that order.

Well, Carrie . . . Good luck, and you know what they say, "The grass is always greener on the other side of the hill."



**THOMAS JAMES DOUGHTY**
Napa, CA "T"

The secret of life is enjoying the
passing of time
Any fool can do it
There ain't nothing to it
Nobody knows how we got to
The top of the hill
But since we're on our way down
We might as well enjoy the ride

The secret of love is in opening
up your heart
It's okay to feel afraid
But don't let that stand in your
way
'Cause anyone knows that love is
the only road
And since we're only here for a
while
Might as well show some style
Give us a smile

Isn't it a lovely ride
Sliding down
Gliding down
Try not to try too hard
It's just a lovely ride

Now the thing about time is that
time
Isn't really real
It's just your point of view
How does it feel for you
Einstein said he could never
understand it all
Planets spinning through space
The smile upon your face
Welcome to the human race

J.T.

**GREGORY SCOTT GILBERT**
Puyallup, WA "Wilbur"

Scott came to Canoe U. from the great northwest via prep school, University of Washington, and a deployment in the real world. On track and under budget in the seven year undergraduate program was both a source of pride and pain to this Ancient Mariner. Scott was probably the only Plebe to snake a Plebe summer Firstie. Did Mower even find out what Stacy was doing parents' weekend? "Gilbert, didn't that talk we had do any good?"

Scott was without an equal in rack ... undoubtedly the ugliest man in the world when asleep. The famous spring break in Daytona ... How did ten people ever live in that van for 8 days ... found his thrill from Chapel Hill at Rosie's Orlando.

Scott was on the mound for the Brigade Champ slow pitch squad as the 2/c Sluggers rolled to a perfect season. No academic giant, Scott proved he could handle a double major, Resources and Management. The Navy can't go wrong in letting this skimmer take a fast PHM in Harm's Way.

**PAULA JOAN HARTZELL**
Branson, MO
"Blood and Guts"

Branson's Brightest came from down on the farm to take USNA by surprise. If it wasn't hog calls in the back shaft, it was country logic in the room: "On the farm we just watched the pigs." But the Missouri scrapper held on, through Glee Club rehearsals, through swimming, and through this place, with charming comebacks for every obstacle: "The farm's fine, sir. How are the coconuts?" It was during Second Class year for a period of a month, or two, or three ..., that Paula decided to hold a cast party for her achilles tendon. Self-named crip, Paula single-footedly left a little bit of herself on Stribling Walk. You can take the girl out of the cast but you can't take the cast off the girl.

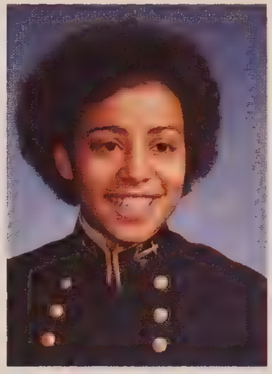
Despite being a "hurtin' puppy" for a while, Ole "Blood and Guts" is bound to succeed wherever she goes. So here's to Paula, Molly, and ... By the way, Paula, how is Andy?

"Stand up Michelle."
"But, I am standing!"

The first few months, Michelle had trouble adjusting to USNA. She just never saw eye to eye with anyone; a problem that remained throughout her four years. Most memorable from Michelle's plebe year, was not her wardroom shriek, or her "Beat Virginia Suh!", but her response to the question "What is your favorite fantasy?" Answer — "Prince Charming rides up on a white steed and sweeps down and commissions me."

"Howie" found a niche with Masqueraders. (She also found Joe, but that's another story.) After successfully displaying her talents in word manipulation, Michelle, a Mathematics major, was awarded an honorary bull degree from the Masqueraders. As quoted from the certificate, "Miss Howard has demonstrated that without a doubt it flows deep when she speaks. This (acceptance of the award) may prove difficult since she is below the standard height requirements. Therefore she is presented with an honorary Bull Major's shovel. Pile it high Michelle. You've done a great job so far."

Aurora, CO "Howie"
**MICHELLE JANINE HOWARD**



Jonesy came to Navy from somewhere over the rainbow, way up high. Play that country music Toto. A Nuke from the beginning, Brian studied more than his share, leaving ample time for his curiosity in women. Brian used the mass repetition approach to dating, i.e. go out with everyone possible and you have to find something ... anything. Distance, money, height and age are no object. How about that young one up in Memorial Hall? That certainly was a breathtaking experience — at least for one of you. Despite continuous counseling from his "with it" roomie, Brian never gave up his weekly imitation of Hop-along Cassidy, using custom roach stompers and a ten gallon rain deflector as a disguise. Definitely a cowboy in the jungle of Bancroft Hall, Brian was always singing, "I was country when country wasn't cool." Since Brian's eyesight is not sharp enough even to recognize an airplane, he wisely and safely chose to be one of Ricky's Mercenaries. "Pass the paycheck please." Good luck to the future Prez.

Linwood, KS "Jonesy"
**BRIAN DAVID JONES**

John's career in the Navy began in the summer of 1977 when he was summoned to leave his home of Littleton, Colorado to serve a short tour of duty in Newport. Shortly after completing his first duty assignment, John received orders to his second duty station, a four year unaccompanied tour in Annapolis.

Since coming to Annapolis, his life has not lacked excitement. Every semester poses new and exciting challenges which somehow seem to last 'til the very end. Because of this, he has had the opportunity to meet most of the members of the upper echelon of the Administration. John, however, tries not to let the daily routine get to him and usually takes out his frustrations on other Mids. He has been trying out his boxing skills for four years and even though he has made it to Brigade Finals twice, he still has not learned to quit while he's . . . ahead? . . . still young?

John's future plans are to wear the green and fly airplanes. Good luck in the Corps.

Littleton, CO "J.J."

**JOHN JOSEPH KANE, III**

Dan cut off his long hair and came to the East with high expectations. During Plebe summer, Dan can be remembered saying, "I don't need this place!" Well, Dan soon proved that this place needed him.

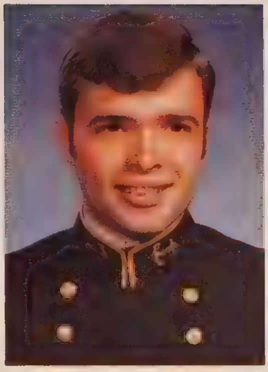
Academics came easy to Dan with the proper attitude: Work hard to play hard. He could usually be found at his lighted desk, if he was not out running, sailing, disc-jockeying, or taking appointments as Company Barber. On weekends, Dan could be found with one of the many local girls he seemed to attract, while playing the wide and (sometimes too . . .) competitive field.

During 2/c summer, Dan bought a '68 Corvette and ironically parked it at the nearby Nazarene Church. Next, Dan moved (with Lou) in with the 2-0 gang, achieved a 4.0 SQPR, got into GH and Sailing, and raised a litter of kittens, all of which lost him a case of beer and the stripes he never wanted anyway.

With a degree in Management and the desire to always be the best, Dan will surely be successful in the aviation community.

Meridian, ID "Spudboy"

**DANIEL MARTIN LEE**



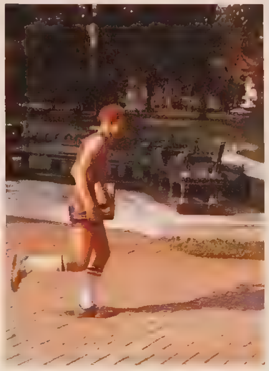
**DANIEL G. LYNCH**

Amherst, NH "Danno"

Dan left the peaceful mountains in NH, joined the Corps, and after a brief stay at NAPS, he ended up at the only academy that would accept him. After making a good impression Plebe Summer, Dan managed to coast through his four years at the Academy. He suffered through three months of loneliness before Carol moved to Annapolis in Plebe year. Carol quickly accommodated the dual roles of wife to Dan and mother to the rest of 23rd Company. Dan got tired of Annapolis 2/c year, so he took a semester vacation at the Coast Guard Academy, earning a varsity letter and raising his already high QPR in the process. With Carol out in town, Dan had all the motivation he needed to get 4 stripes and the libs that go with them. Who says you can't commute to the academy?

When he wasn't out at Carol's, Dan could often be found wandering around the halls aimlessly, looking for someone else who wasn't studying so he wouldn't feel so guilty.

Good luck in your future life together, Dan and Carol (enjoy the hundred dollars). We wish you luck in your service selection, Dan — whatever it is.



**DONALD LAWSON MACONI**

Guilford, CT "Magoo"

Arriving from the "Backstreets" of New Haven, Don strove to become USNA's first blind mechanical engineer! ($20/2 \times 10^6$ vision) "Mr. Magoo" came to us as an ambitious (if near-sighted) young man, trying out for the soccer team, choir, and an engineering degree. Truly Born-To-Run, Magoo found time to race in 4 marathons — finishing one in 2:49:54!! — and to run in several 10Ks.

The energetic New Englander was a major part of 23rd Company's soccer and baseball teams, playing infield on the Brigade Championship slow pitch softball club. Don was also active in the Navigators and the Distance Running Club. After his first class submarine cruise to Australia and New Zealand (and a Shellback head-shaving initiation ceremony), the Connecticut Kid decided to pursue a career in Navy Aviation. (No Nukes, Hymie!)

Don will always be remembered for his warm smile, lively sense of humor, and most of all, his true friendliness. With God as his guide, he will surely by successful as an NFO.

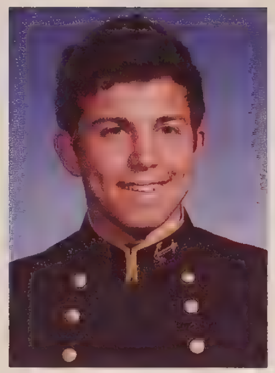
Go get 'em, Don! John 13: 34, 35

**MICHAEL WAYNE MALCOLM**
Miami, FL "Mike"

Mike came to us straight out of the fleet Navy as an airman and proceeded to jump right into Plebe Summer with the burning question: "ARE WE FIRED UP?!!"

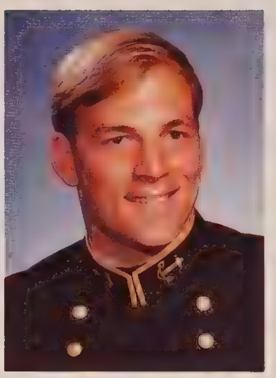
A native Jamaican, he adds a definite taste of the Caribbean to Annapolis and even managed to go to Bermuda by sail as a member of the Academy sailing team. Although calm and reserved in manner, Mike has been known to do the unexpected at times. After all, only a select few can say that they have experienced shot-put catching! Mike recovered from this athletic feat, however, in plenty of time to chair the Ring Dance Committee, the result of which was a truly memorable evening for our class.

Mike hopes to return to the fleet as a Naval Flight Officer and we all wish him the very best of luck.



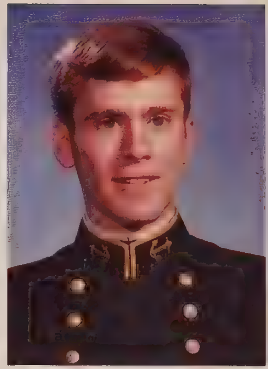
**TODD LEE MALKASIAN**
Milwaukee, WI "Stud"

This personable Midwesterner quickly acquired his nickname "Stud" during Plebe Summer, which he has proven worthy of ever since. Plebe year found Todd standing on chairs screaming "HAIL HAIL STEELERS!" and going on Mahan Hall recon raids. "Milk Duds" was widely known for his nocturnal performances as the Battalion Workout Rep after his brief spell on the crew team. Being an EE, "Bubba" still found time to d.j. on WRNV and to play 3B on the company's Brigade Championship softball team. Though he spent his weeknights at Nimitz (geeking or sleeping), the uninhibited "Mulker" tore loose from impedances come Saturday, raising havoc from Dahlgren to Daytona, North Carolina to NYC, (not to mention Philly!). Todd's love life flourished as the ladies were spellbound by his charm and adorable dimples. Firstie year saw Stud's $100 Pinto replaced by a silver Tercel. Bubba will always be remembered for his diligence, great sense of humor, and 25 boxes of cereal. Good luck in the future! You are a true Stud and friend in anyone's book. Now get some sleep!



**SHAWN DANIEL MANK**
McLean, VA
"The Manker"

"Clank, Clank, I'm A Tank" Shawn came to USNA after a stopover at NAPS. For most Plebe Summer was a trying time, but one seldom found Shawn without a smile on his face and a pool of sweat around his feet. Being quite a scholar the academic Mark devoted much of his time to intelligent women. The remainder of his efforts were spent on partying, athletics, and last and certainly least — academics. Shawn was one of the few Midshipmen ever to attend the Academy part-time, with an impressive 99.9% successful escape rate. He always found endeavors out in town much more to his liking. He is also the legendary king of 2-0, spending three out of four years in the same room, much to the dislike of the Bancroft maintenance crew and the company officers. Always a joker, Shawn possessed a buoyant and unpredictable sense of humor. A good friend and a fine individual, the Manker will surely succeed at whatever he does.



**CLAYTON WILLIAM MILLER**
Oak Harbor, WA "Clay"

Clay left the great State of Washington for Crabtown, Maryland — and hasn't been the same since! Clay was best known for his imagination, artistic talent and enthusiasm for life. As a Christian brother, he was a constant source of encouragement. Clay was an early casualty of the Aero major, but revived on Physical Science therapy and lots of "Clouds."

Clay, the athlete, (Applied Struggle notwithstanding), has been a member of 2 (3?!!) Brigade Championship teams. His crowning effort has been coaching the Fourth Battalion cross country team to a major upset over the 5th Batt. team.

As Sherlock Homes '82, Clay surveyed and charted the entire underground steam tunnel network. He eventually led his Plebe summer squad through the tunnels and out onto Hospital Point — carefully avoiding detection by a low-flying, searchlight-equipped helicopter!

Although he did submit his Nuke letter, (at least they said you could withdraw it later . . .), his heart is in Navy Air. May God be with you wherever you go Clay.

**MARK NISHAN MOOSHAGIAN**
Worcester, MA "Moo"

Hey Moo, where is Worcester (Wooster), Mass.? And who made you the S.O.W. watch? These were typical questions we had when Mark came south for college. Plebe year Mark could never be called a "sweat" because he didn't, or at least he said he didn't. But we won't forget the comet party we gave him one night.

Academics never phased Mark who validated all four years Plebe Summer. Hey, I can't remember seeing Mark one time during Youngster Year, but we all seemed to be invisible. During Second Class Summer Mark turned the head of a pretty little blonde, but that's another affair. Mark says he will go surface line and we wish him the best of luck in his future endeavors.

**DARREL MICHAEL MORBEN**
Wahpeton, ND "Morbs"

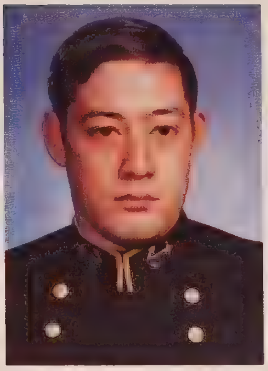
Morbs left the hustle and bustle of Wahpeton, the infamous metropolis of North Dakota, to prove to others that there's more up in ND than just gophers and sugar beets. How 'bout those grades! And he was never convicted of being a geek. Although a member of "the club," Darrel had his share of girls. Cathy — the UVA connection — was, let's just say, a learning experience; Anita from Hood — a lesson in patience. Will you ever fully get over Diane? Darrel's first pick-up was Patty — but who really picked up whom? Dave's sister Allison was top quality — so what's 8½ years?

An all-American intramural recruit, Darrel played company soccer and lightweight football, and, with Louie and Gary, anchored the outfield of the Brigade Champion company slow-pitch softball team. Darrel seems destined to become one of Rickover's boys, but no matter where he goes, the halls of 4-0 will continue to echo "Dyarrelll!!!" Good luck and God bless.

**MAXWELL MULHOLLAND**
Belmont, MA "Sport"

Such a big guy in a little package! That's one way to describe "Sport." Max has always wanted to be an officer and has tried to commit himself to a lifestyle of excellence — and he has come close many times not only as a Political Science major with a 3.4 QPR, a member of the History Club, German Club, Political Awareness Forum, and as President of Pi Sigma Alpha, but also through incredible accomplishments such as: Two all-expenses-paid vacations to Germany, a semester as soccer stud at the military stockade at West-point, and finally landing the big one — a Brigade staff "Big Cheese" position. But aside from walking on water or defeating squash opponents, Max's unbeatable sources of strength have been his honor, integrity, modesty, ultra-professionalism and spirit.

Sport is always ready with a quick joke, limerick or encouraging word. There is no doubt that Max will always continue his never ending battle against mediocrity and inspire those around him to do their best. Best wishes — underway on haze grey in the real Navy, Sport!



**CHARLES T. MURPHY, JR.**
Oceanside, CA "Chuck"

During his last four years at the Naval Academy, Chuck has been a member of that small cadre of heroes who make their living on the edge of academic extinction, yet laugh in the face of adversity. Chuck has become a true legend in 23rd Company through his ability to do the most amount of work for mostly marginal returns.

Coming from Oceanside, California, Chuck brought his SouthCal charm and mystique with him. Never without companionship, Chuck has always been a ladies' man. Chuck's good-natured mannerisms, sense of humor, and friendliness have served him in good stead, and he knows practically everyone by their first name. Keeping his interests in music and martial arts alive, Chuck avidly supported the Judo and Karate Clubs, while supplying the Brigade with spirit through the Pep Band. Planning on a career in the REAL Navy, Chuck will be found underway on haze grey following graduation.

### CARRIE LOUISE MUSSO

Los Altos, CA
"The Mellow Moose"

Plebe year proved forgettable for the "mellow moose." Forgetting articles of clothing at uniform races — "Miss Musso do you have a bra on?, forgetting not to volunteer information — "Sir, I have a Hewlett-Packard," and forgetting to close windows in November — "Come on you wimps, it's not cold. It's all in your mind."

Youngster cruise remains memorable. We're sure the 6 o'clock Philadelphia news team will never forget Carrie's mock strip tease dance on the "Buttercup." After a couple of summers of Airborne and Air Assault, with a few years of crew for conditioning, the master of mean was ready to start second class year and to start intimidating Plebes. "Can you imagine Miss Musso smiling?"

Mussolini's hobbies include collecting stuffed animals, collecting form 2's from Plebes, and collecting good times. Definitely NOT a Marine, Carrie will look back on USNA one day and remark, "I came, I saw, and I went."

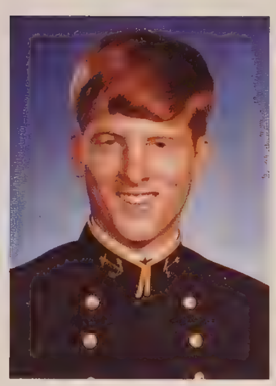
### BARRY D. NEVERAS

Orlando, FL

These identical twins came to the swinging town of Annapolis from Orlando, Florida. As the story goes, Barry decided to come to the Academy and Gary just naturally tagged along. Or was it Barry who followed Gary? Anyway, they both ended up at the USNA and as fate would have it, in the same company — a definite first.

They sorely missed the sunny beaches of Florida, and spent many hours on red beach looking for the nonexistent sand, water, and girls.

Barry and Gary were both Resources Management majors, no studying on weekends for these guys. They spent many nights in the wardroom, watching television until the wee hours of the morning. They made up for this loss of sleep in almost all of their classes, and when they weren't sleeping in class they were participating in their favorite sport, Varsity Rack.



### GARY W. NEVERAS

"The Neveri"

The Neveri managed to wake up for añother love, intramurals. They busied themselves with soccer, football, and softball. They switched from fast-pitch to slow-pitch in their Second Class year in time to be members of the undefeated 1981 Brigade Championship Softball Team.

Over Second Class summer they culminated their management expertise when they purchased their car, a $600, 1973 Chevy Impala. Although not much to look at, it made many a road trip to Orlando, where the Neveri showed the Gang the highlights of O-town; Disney, the Booby Trap, and of course, Nickel Beer Nite at Rosie's. The car also doubled as a cooler after home football games.

They received their first responsibilities in their First Class year, Barry as Company Operations Officer, and Gary as Company Fat Officer, a big responsibility in the company.

After enjoying many hours of rack on their Youngster and First Class cruises, they decided to follow in their father's footsteps and joined the surface Navy. Sorry H.R.

Fair winds, following seas, and may you always find the Gouge.

### DANIEL LESLIE NOBLE

Aldan, PA "Dan"

". . . First thing you know, ol' Dan's a mariner, Kinfolk said — 'Dan, move away from here!' They said 'Good old Crabtown was the place you ought to be,' So he loaded up his backpack and he hiked to Mother 'B' (Bancroft Hall that is, University of Navy) . . ."

— And that's how our hero, part-time mechanical engineer, discovered the 23rd Company Sharks. Three words vividly describe this future underwater argonaut:

DEDICATION: Whether a 4.0 for Mom and Dad, or his lifetime membership to the company officer's list, Dan could always be found hard at work — increasing in wisdom.

AMBITION: Joining 4th Battalion's cross-country team was a major undertaking for this country bumpkin . . . done back-to-back with his scuba lessons, making Dan our only wet-weather harrier!

INSPIRATION: Dan invested his time and heart into helping others with their walk with Jesus Christ, setting the pace for the rest of us. He always wore a big smile — despite "Rocket Read's" attempt to make things warm for him in his heat transfer class.

So that's Dan, in a bombshell . . . may God bless your future career in the Navy!

Coming from Exit 8 of the N.J. Turnpike, Bob was a crew jock until rooming with Jonesy and Moo, when he realized that his true talent lay in boxing. In the next 2 years, Roberat met up with a two time all-American (twice!!!) while making it to the Brigade Semi-Finals. The Bald-Headed Eagle had a great 1st semester Plebe year since he was on a first name basis with the upper class, but 2nd semester was a sore spot in his Academy career. Magpie did not have a talent for computers, but made frequent visits to Ward Hall. He was most active at night and renown for getting "whiplash" in class. Along with his car, (2/c year), Bob bought his 1/c parking spot (IT'S NOT WHAT YOU KNOW, IT'S WHO YOU KNOW).

Ruberat has the ability to make friends easily with senior officers because they think he's senior to them. We will always remember Bob for his great sense of humor, friendly personality, and fatherly image. Fair winds and following seas!!!

Hallet, NJ "Ruberat"

**ROBERT LOUIS RUBIN**

Jim quickly got ahead of his classmates with the experience he gained at NAPS. However, Jim was never known for his organization. His laundry bag rarely contained his own clothes. He never really learned how to handle his money either. He once cleaned out all the money loose in his uniforms and discovered a hidden fortune.

Youngster year Jim became a member of the 2-0 Gang and a "GH" fan. During this time he met the girl that was perfect for him. What he wasn't, she was. They say opposites attract, don't they?

Every night "Junk Food Jim" could be found keeping Steerage in business as academics never gave him problems. He assured himself of this as he switched majors from Mechanical Engineering to Oceanography.

Second-class year "Stretch" was the key first baseman of the Brigade Champ softball team. Having slipped from 3 to 33 since Plebe year in company rank, Jim founded the P and P Club.

Jim's attitude and good nature will carry him far in whatever he chooses.

Tempe, AZ "Jimbo"

**JAMES POLK STEELE, III**

Mitch came to the "College of the Navy" from the great state of Texas. His stay here has been a pleasant one. He learned that having a good time is just as important as being prepared "morally, mentally and physically."

Mitch's great sense of humor has left many people puzzled, but at least he found it funny. His exploits at the "boat school" are unique, just ask Mente's Datsun and the EE Department.

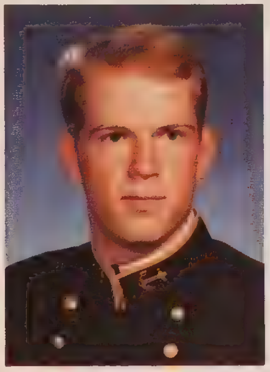
Mitch's love of life is paralleled only by his love for Youngster afternoons and the rack. Despite his light-hearted approach to just about everything, Mitch had an uncanny sense of when to take things seriously. He profited greatly from his experiences at the Academy and holds no grudges for never having been on the company officers list.

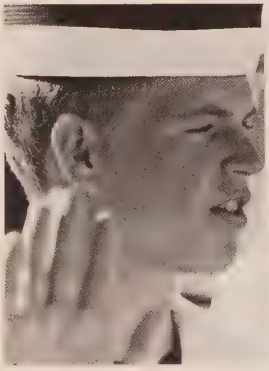
Mitch is well prepped for the fleet. His "fun times" in Tijuana, Orlando, and at company tailgaters are proof positive. This is a man that ". . . never needed to go to Hood!" and did more than drink at Dahlgren.

So, as one looks into the setting sun and sees the silhouette of a Z-car trailering a Hobie 16 toward the general direction of Pensacola, remember the "Beef."

Sherman, TX "Beef"

**MITCHELL TAYLOR**





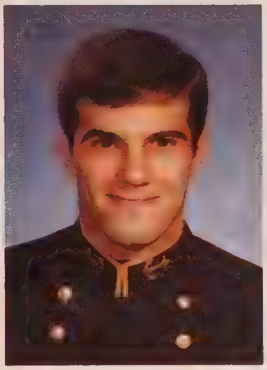
Lundo's Odyssey. Lundo came to us from Slickville, PA, a town ¼ mile long with 4 bars and the largest beer distributor in the Pittsburgh area. Being the product of an all male prep school, and a national prep champ wrestler, Mike quickly discovered the coed side of this fine institution and NCAA wrestling, in that order. 1 for 2 ain't bad, eh Mike? This Italian lover was the only 2/c in the company that didn't need to waste a stamp when he sent out his ring dance invitation — How 'bout yard mail!

Mike went through the annual ordeal of losing close to 20% of his body weight. It was not unusual to see him pulling his trou' up from around his knees during the in season. 1/c summer brought Mike to the "Fatherland" where he was finally convinced that all those jokes about flies were true.

All in all Mike's been a great roommate and friend. We wish him continued success no matter what his future endeavors. Member of room least likely to exist.

Slickville, PA "Lundo"

**ORLANDO MIKE VALORE, JR.**



Eric came to the Annapolis Institute of Technology after attending one of its thrilling science seminars, which really pulled the wool over his eyes. After a rather "interesting" Plebe year, Youngster year saw Eric develop several habits: New-wave music, backgammon, and staying up late doing anything but studying. For lack of a better reason, Eric decided to take a hit in professionalism and join the ranks of the 2-0 boys. As an "Iceman," Eric earned his black "N" — Thanks, Lyle.

Being from Buffalo, Poindexter never could get a tan, so spring breaks found him in California drinking wine with Doughty. He liked California so much that he now calls it home.

When Poin returned from First Class cruise with his "yellow" Firebird and dolphins (Didn't he say "You'll never catch me *dead* on a sub!"?), he came back to the Rolling Stones, road trips, and a broken leg. A partner in the van, Eric's going Nuke for the paycheck. Don't work too hard, Eric. We'll miss you.

A member of the room least likely to exist.

East Amherst, NY
"Poindexter"

**ERIC ALBERT VANHOVE**

OLD SUSIE *** ... "SUSIE" NOT SAVED ... OLD KAREN *** ... "KAREN" HAS MIGRATED ... OLD CATHY *** ... "CATHY" HERE!!

As they say: "Old programmers never die, they just lose their memory." But in Scott's case, many particular women will never leave his mind nor his LED display.

We're not exactly sure why the Air Force Academy didn't want VASINA *** — after all, it's located in his backyard ... but with one desire inscribed upon his heart, Scott accepted his sentence to do time at the Naval Institution — hopefully leading to the fulfillment of his dream — "to fly fast jets!"

Amidst computer work, 4 years on the Hop Committee (1 as the Chairman!), organizing our class Ring Dance, 4 years in the Drum and Bugle Corps, and spending time escorting at a few east coast beauty pageants, "Cassanova" has managed to hold down a number of "relationships" (hopefully none are reading this!).

There's only one way to describe this man — ACTIVE! Besides, he's the only Mid we ever knew who created a brigade-level billet for himself! (Be Real!) Fair winds and following seas . . . best of luck, Scott!

Colorado Springs, CO
"Scotty"

**SCOTT ROLAND VASINA**

GOOD MORNING

**LOUIS VENTURELLI**

Quincy, MA "Louie"

Louie, a state-champion wrestler, quickly developed a reputation as an all-around athlete. Sports was always high on his priority list but he had trouble in the pool, where he could always be found on the bottom.

Youngster year brought out Lou's taste in wine, women and song. A d.j. at WRNV, he influenced many who had the unique experience of listening to his favorite music. He was always very sociable with the girls. Remember Lou, girls come and go but friends are forever. And who could forget Army where Louie tested the physical limits of partying.

Second Class year Louie indulged in his favorite pastime — gambling. The road trips to A.C., the outrageous phone bills and the deep depressions will long be remembered. Next, Lou joined the 2-0 Gang as "General Hospital" and the "Kittens" became a daily event. Operations "Outlandos" and "Get Happy" were close calls. Louie developed an amazing ability to study little, yet do well.

Come service selection, Louie will probably roll dice. We all know he'll succeed at whatever he chooses.

**THOMAS CAMPBELL WATSON**

McLean, VA "Tee"

The amazing T. C. Watson — never caught without a beer, without a smile and a glazed look because he had a beer, or without a carload of empties, was a true inspiration to the 23rd Company. Yes, the "incredible drinking man" was quite at home in his classic TR-4 or his 2-wheeler. Always ready for a party, T.C. never let the insignificant realm of academics interfere with the vastly more important world of social life at USNA. The only man capable of maintaining, at the very least, an "A" in social decor as well as a high academic average, T.C. made the best of both worlds.

A pilot to the core, we can only hope that "T. WATZ" eventually finds his way to the cockpit where he truly belongs. Don't forget our U.A., evening exploits on the town — okay — yes my liege, sabe that!!

### ROBERT ANTHONY WOOD

Pendelton, OR "Tony"

Tony is a future pilot who hails from the hills of Oregon. His backwoods upbringing got him into many heated discussions with another roommate from the big city during Second Class year. I have been with Tony since the first day way back in July of '78 and have noticed that he still can't sing, doesn't drink except for one incident of wine tasting during Second Class summer in Switzerland, doesn't smoke and still talks like a country boy. He chose Aerospace Engineering as his major and has stuck with it even though it has caused him to spend most of his time making love to his books only to be sc----d by a few courses.

Tony has one of the loudest voices in the Company and has never failed to prove it. His Plebes loved it over detail. He has been a danger to my stereo system by playing music by such artists as Statler Bros., Johnny Cash and Charlie Rich. Throughout all of this I found Tony to be a great guy and a pleasure to spend these past four years with.

### KEVIN F. BROWN

Lowell, MA "Cupcake"

Innocent Brownie is forever proud of his Lowell hometown which blessed him with a "wicked" speech impediment that needed immediate attention. His counterparts in the "inseparable three" quickly taught him the ways of the world. Outwardly being of the quiet, reserved type, few knew the true devious Cupcake. C.C. had a certain love for his rack and seemed to melt into it. Often times his urgency to "hit that rack" during free periods did not leave him time to remove his shoes.

No one can forget his love of "ishescream," "fainting spells," or his "hide and seek" out at "the Motel." Kevin always kept his two cohorts entertained with his subtle wit and success in putting the Dude one beat closer to a heart attack ("when you least expect it, expect it"). His kidnapping and periods of "sickness" highlighted Plebe year.

Brownie endured two years of wire and elastic just to have a place to put his chin strap on a windy Wednesday parade.

Cupcake will best be remembered by a professor's evaluation: "There is absolutely nothing remarkable about him. I assume he has been absent a few times but no one has ever noticed." May your "dying embers" burn forever, Cupcake.

A firm believer that the idiom is the message, Casada nevertheless elected to avoid the bull majors and go for the gusto-Systems. The Brigade's original "page 10er," Casada knew that only the gouge meant survival. That and a good working relationship with Hood, Goucher, Marymount, and the Alexandria School of Nursing.

Armed and moderately dangerous after NAPS (repeated *naps*), Casada docked with the Severn Flotilla with one thing in mind: to get out. In keeping with the "you-want-it-go-get-it" philosophy, Casada founded the Lonely Hearts Correspondence School Plebe year. Youngster year witnessed the rapid disbandment of the LHCS as Casada found himself without ink, weekends, or female pen pals.

Casada's deducation: If F = MA and you can't push a rope, then nothing worth knowing can be taught. Despite four years with an insatiable case of Rack Fever, Casada's learned how to attach a halyard to his P.J.s

Indianapolis, IN "Casada"

### VICTOR CASADA

Four years is a long time to room with anyone. By that time you've either killed each other or you are the best of friends. I'm glad we're friends, because you're bigger than I am. I'll never forget your midnight cries of "watch inspection! watch inspection!", or the great Gonzo sweatshirt caper. I always admired your ability to find the most scenic parts of the yard, like the bathisphere.

Speaking of diving, neither you nor Kaps ever went down for the count. So when is round two of the great Academy Motel bout? It's a good thing that Philadelphia is close to New Jersey or we would have had some pretty dry victory celebrations. I think Rick and I spiked the Pepsi pretty well. Sorry your date didn't think so. I'm never going to ride to Philly with you again. It's no wonder I was doing somersaults in the hall.

I could go on and on with all the great memories we made and shared, but I wanted to make sure I said that as a friend, you are one of the best. Four years is a long time, but having a friend like you made it all worth while.

Woburn, MA "Chuck"

### CHARLES L. COLLINS

George Dryhurst, the 1st set 24th Co. Underground Company Commander, was always popular during his years at Navy. He was especially known among his classmates for his cheerful, outgoing nature. George was always willing to help a classmate out, a friend we could all count on.

George quickly developed a reputation for being popular with the local beauties as well. Seemed like he had a new girl every week. He settled down quite a bit Second Class year, though, deciding that quality was better than quantity.

Also, George received his "Diving" Officer Quals while in Damm Neck. Is that why he is opting for Surface Line?

Hurst was one of those rare birds who was able to watch T.V., write letters, sleep, and be an all around wardroom rat while still maintaining outstanding grades. He not only received an education at USNA (even if he was only a Math major) while still, and more importantly, having a good time.

One thing's for sure: a Samurai like George will always have fair winds and following seas because nice guys finish first!

Laurel, MD "Hurst"

**GEORGE M. DRYHURST**

From beautiful Huber Heights, Ohio (the largest brick home community in the U.S.), came Schlep. It was all over when Greg's "fine and dandy" energy led him to states of "hyper in the morning." As far as that goes, though, this energy was to eventually pay big dividends.

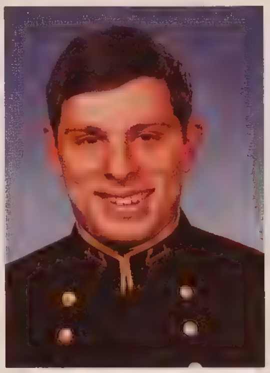
The only way to tell Greg's story at the Boat School is to show how his persistence turned failure into success in every attempted endeavor: from a 2.3 average to a perfect 4.0; from being cut from the tennis team to a varsity "N" star winner; from a swimming "rock" to a capable backstroker; from a nervous boy around girls to a confident and accomplished honorary "Latin lover"; from being rated the worst Upper-Class to Company Commander.

But lastly and more important, Schlep turned from just an acquaintance into a true friend whom many people can count on for many years to come.

Dayton, OH

"Schlep Rock"

**GREG EISMAN**



This townie had USNA stamped on his behind from day one. But this new status did not keep Mike from throwing great Company parties, which even the "Colonel" attended. Living in the yard made Plebe year a blast, especially on those "special weekends." As proud owner of the "Race Volvo," in which many road trips (otherwise known as death rides) were made, Mike had no qualms about driving in the yard as a Plebe — in uniform, no less.

As Youngster year rolled around his weekends were taken up either by the sailing team or "the wife," the latter seeming to show up in the strangest places (Rm. 4331). Second Class year, before bed checks were routine, Mike always seemed to find the right high school buddy on those late Friday nights to join for some beer and pizza — on the better side of the wall, of course.

If this Kosher Catholic can keep his head above water, we'll probably see him high in the sky carrying on as one of the best from Hard Core 24.

Annapolis, MD "Stu"

**MICHAEL JOSEPH FORD**

Glenwood Springs brought to the Naval Academy Coors and "The Huntman," an inseparable team. His heart was set on skiing but Ringo had other plans for this world class golfer. Many a weekday night was spent with "The Coach" working on his game. When not blazing trails on the course, Mark could usually be found with one of a series of local honeys. Hoover, Mary Patches, and the Army are but a few who felt the wrath of Heartbreak Hunter. The infamous Hairbag Squad was proud to have Midn as a four year member.

After a meticulous brushing of those golden locks, the (rack) "King" was surely destined for that blue throne. Eternally health conscious, this vitamin junkie would often "get a grip," fire up the popcorn popper, abandon the books, and talk roadtrips and F-14's. If those rack burns don't physically disqualify this future jet jockey we'll soon see a "red haired" urban cowboy F-14 pilot cruising over the hottest beaches and those magnificent Rocky Mountains.

Good luck, Hunt! How about those Buds!!

Glenwood Springs, CO

"Urbs"

**MARK ROBERT HUNTER**

### RONALD LYNN JAMISON

Johnstown, PA

My four years here can be summed up by saying, "I never let school get in the way of my education." I feel that the greatest threat at the Academy is letting the urgent things crowd out the important. Chemistry had its place but so did relationships, clean fun and ECA's. People meant a lot to me. I can't thank Kevin, Ken and Jim enough for their kind words and friendship. I also wish to thank Doug Nordman who was my real Chemistry teacher. My deepest thanks, however, goes to Craig Larrew, Colleen McFadden, the OCF gang and my EP friends for being examples to me of what Christ-filled lives are like. Looking at the four years as a Mid from a long range viewpoint, I'd have to say that the Naval Academy experience in my life was neither a beginning nor an end, but instead the fulfillment of a promise by God to supply my needs and to prepare me for his upcoming plans.

### ROBERT EDWARD KAPCIO

East Syracuse, NY "Kaps"

Bob left Syracuse to see the world, but decided to spend four years in Annapolis getting ready for the trip. Though destined to play Navy Lax, an injury thrust Kaps into the weekend mode. Every room he lived in doubled as a sauna, as those twenty-five minute showers kept his roommates lean and mean! All rack periods were abruptly ended by his "unsettable" alarm that could wake the dead. Talk of "the loft," sounds of the Doobs, a couple of excellent road trips to Syracuse, and a good facial on the skins were common. Though determined to get back in perfect shape, home cooking during leave managed to foil these dreams time after time.

At times he got in an "upside-down" mood, but was usually found taping album after album.

Always on the go, Kaps was the only man whose bowels were always on a movement order. We'll probably see Dinkus out racing BGBs in the future if he doesn't come down with nuclear fever.

Go Kaps Go . . . Go Kaps Go!!!

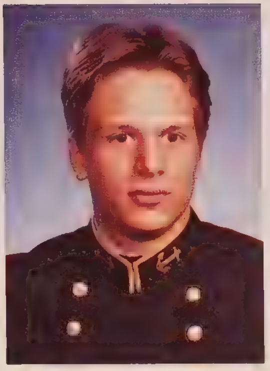
### FRANCIS JOSEPH KELLY

Westfield, NJ "Franko"

I knew Frank was a good guy the instant I saw him. He didn't even know us but would deliberately mess up his rates to protect us from getting grief. He was also very athletic; three N's Plebe year is pretty impressive. His three letter performance would not be repeated, however, because Frank was learning how to enjoy life. Frank quickly became a weekend warrior and at 3:00 o'clock Friday the academic shop closed for the weekend.

Frank was frequently seen falling in love down at Dahlgren Hall. Frank displayed a vast amount of patience in dealing with his various roommates — Oscar Madison, Quilbo, Rowder, Moss, Hunts, and who can forget Jacques (who left us to join the Space Program). I don't know how he put up with us all.

Even after Frank's stellar performance in Navigation and Computers, I'm sure he will make a good NFO, as long as he's not in my backseat. Frank will be missed by all here at USNA after he leaves for the fleet, but I'm not sure he'll be missing good old USNA (not even a little). So in closing, I'd like to say goodbye to a good friend and some day I hope I'll be saying "Frank, have a drink on me."



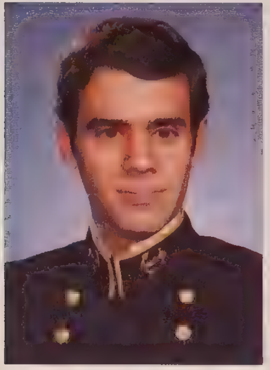
### JAMES A. KRAFTY

Fountain Hill, GA
"Krafty Dude"

Jim joined the "inseparable three" at USNA after spending eighteen years in obscure Fountain Hill on the outskirts of Bethlehem (which the Dude still can't pronounce). Plebe summer saw Jim eating moldy apple pies and existing in his room unsuccessfully attempting to study his rates. The humidity of Crabtown's summer months brought a sweat to everyone's brow, but that on Jim's remained for four years. Jim was never really a weekend warrior, spending many of them in his adopted home — Nimitz. Everyone worried about Jim's habit of staying in his room in obscurity, and none more than his parents, who had to call the Academy to find out if the Dude was still alive.

Jim's life, though, was hardly dull — his mouth made sure of that. His selected weekend bouts saw the Dude and Ralph at most parties. His taste in girls was certainly questionable (toothless, tobacco chewing, but "still friends"). Jim was fond of change but the part in his hair was different.

Jim is sure to attain whatever he wants in life and, no matter what, he'll always be right — in his own mind!



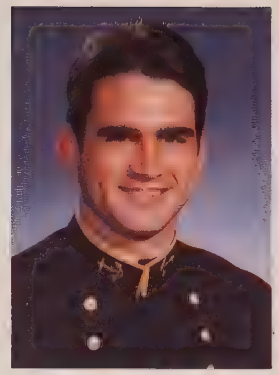
**FERNANCO J. LOPEZ**

Hialeah, FL "Fred"

Fred "C.A.S." Lopez, Hialeah, Florida's answer to the military, tries hard not to be one of the crowd. His most famous claim to fame occurred Plebe year when Fernando submitted a special request chit to the Commandant of Midshipmen for the entire class of '82 to receive carry on. Unfortunately, it never reached the Dant's desk (nice try, Fred). Besides being able to take "short" jokes well, Fred also excels at the "all nighter." No one else can begin a research paper in Economics at midnight (including waking his roommate to type it) and finish it by 1st period like our Fernando.

Fred's desire to compete in Brigade boxing led him to the semi-finals, but Fred enjoys a workout wrestling with the rack monster just as much (if not more).

Whether roaming the halls in the middle of the night or subscribing to gimmicks to increase his height, Fred will long be remembered as the mainstay of 24th Company's humorous side.



**JEFFREY A. MOSSBRUCKER**

Pitman, NJ "Moss"

Jeff, alias the Agrarian Barbarian, came to USNA by way of Pitman, New Jersey. A man notorious for his boxing ability both in and out of the ring, Jeff can be relied upon to help out a friend in need. His uncanny way with the ladies has brought him much luck in finding many willing companions. One lady in particular caught Jeff's eye during submarine training at New London.

A dream to work with his hands and to be one with nature will be his eventual goal in life. His most significant contribution to Academy life has to be his compassion for his people. I feel very privileged to have such a good friend. Jeff has been like a brother to me and will continue to be a significant person in my life.

Some say he will have trouble with military life for he is "too nice a guy," but I say the people he will work with will admire him in every way. Thanks Mr. and Mrs. Moss!

Neegs came from the snow of central New York and immediately lost 10 lbs. in the Maryland heat. After his cross country career came to a screeching halt, he concentrated on the books and the weights, both of which he mastered with little or no effort.

Whenever possible, the "Plebe Beater" would drop everything to go to a good party. Always one to take to the spirits, he spent Youngster year just learning to drink without leaving spaghetti on the bathroom door or spending the night in a trash can. Always a true romantic, he met the girl of his dreams Second Class year . . . twice. He and "Mad Dog" kept the "cleanest" room in the Brigade.

Single once again, he spent First Class year studying under the "Outdoorsman" how to be a rogue. As Danny's replacement in the main lobby, he will never be forgotten as a truly unique oddball.

Liverpool, NY "Neegs"

**SCOTT L. NEGUS**

Better known as Tank to his friends at the Academy, Tom came to us as a mere tadpole from New Jersey. To say the least, it was an uphill fight for him that first summer, especially since his excitement over the place just would not let him sleep. It was also a fight for his roommates who worked to keep him from leaving and then from joining the Marine Corps. You win some, you lose some!

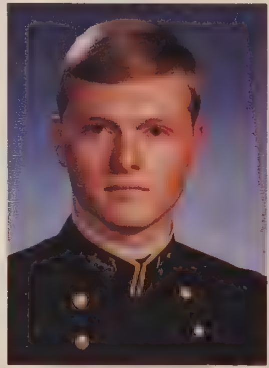
Tom was ahead of us all that summer, though, in learning Navigation, thanks to some nice Firstie in the room directly below us. As time progressed, he also seemed to feel more and more at home here, although it may have just been because of the great time we told him we had at Jeff Pope's party.

Some of Tom's favorite pastimes were sleeping, talking of the beauty of New Jersey, and avoiding pizza. No story of Tom would be complete without some mention of his trip to Texas. It seems that he went to a wedding and ended up having twice as good a time as the groom did. Tom, though, will be remembered best for the friend that he is and will always be. It is with deep regret that we will not see him among the Navy's officers, but the Marines are getting a top man.

"Midshipmen don't lie, cheat or steal, but I have no idea where he is."

Ramsey, NJ "Tank"

**TOM PADDEN**



Andy Palowitch — the Naval Academy's only 5 from Bethel Park, Pennsylvania. His road to the position of Big Cheese (that's BC for short) was a long one with numerous PITT stops along the way. In fact, he stopped for fuel nearly every semester at a striper board session (that's SB, or rather BS session for short). Not always able to see the shortest path, he somehow managed to run into Thailand, England, and New Zealand (along with plenty of old Z-land) along his way. Fortunately for him, he was able to follow the cow calls back to ME.

One thing that must be said for Andy — when he takes on a project he does an extremely thorough job. He showed the Class of 1982 just exactly what is meant by the words "mess night." Youngster year he showed us how misery loves company and then pays for it.

We were lucky to have Andy around when an extra hand was needed. He was always willing to help in whatever area he could. Future mechanical engineers and Brigade Commanders have quite an example to follow in Andy.

Bethel Park, PA "Andy"

**ANDREW W. PALOWITCH**

To all who know Tom, you might say that he closely resembles a pinball. Ricochetting from this place here to that and from this thing to another, Tom always managed to score a lot of big points. He scored real big! To mention a few: lovely ladies sometimes; close friends; wild liberty; many an enjoyable roadtrip in his "blue matchbox"; rooming with two buffoons; falling in love with Fluffy; crazy room decorations; and finally, a tilt with the Admin. Conduct System.

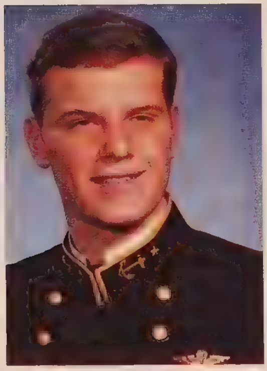
Rowder is the all around great dude that the Soviet Navy wishes they had. He studied hard during those captive days at the bastille, only to get probation through the SURF NAV.

All his buddies, including me, wish him the very best in the future and in the meantime, "give that man a Bud!".

Washington, DC

"Rowder"

**THOMAS SUMNER ROWDEN**



**BRADLEY H. ROWE**

Indianapolis, IN

"4.0 Rowe"

Indiana lost one of her finest when she sent Brad (4.0) Rowe to the Academy. Never was it expected that the rigors of harsh military life would transform that virile innocent youth into the lifeless mass that was found clinging to his rack day in and day out up on old 2-3. Nor was it expected that this narcoleptic tendency would debilitate him at such militarily strategic times as the Pittsburgh and Ramsey campaigns. Without a doubt, Bradley passed out.

But there was one thing that kept old 4-0 up — Cindy. Long weekends were spaced too far apart for Bradley's liking, and he never missed the opportunity to travel home to Ball U. But in those long interims he took fond delight in Rubik's frustration and stacks of Math books. Graduating at the top and passing his lethargic body over to Rickover's whims seems only appropriate for Brad. With all the bonuses on direct deposit to C and P he'll make up for the phone he never had.

But until he's made his claim to fame it's a good thing he has lots of friends to keep turning him over so the rack burns don't char his body. As he mumbles in his blissful repose, "Forever The Service. FTS."

**JAMES JUN SAKAI**

Aica, HI "Pretty Boy"

J. J. "Pretty Boy" Sakai packed his O.P.s and frisbee and left the sun and fun of Aica, Hawaii for the sun and fun of U.S.C. After a year as a Trojan, J.J. decided that he was having too much fun and with visions of Navy wings in his eyes, the Sakman came to "Hardcore 24." While not an academic all-American, Jimmy gave the Econ. Major his best shot and qualified for membership in the "2.5 Club." With a taste for good times, good food (crabs), and Hapahaoli girls, J.J. looked forward to liberty and leave. Somehow Sak always managed to save enough money for airfare to Honolulu.

"Banzai" Sakai did everything first class, including his sports and rack time. J.J. will be remembered for his easy going California style, his bouncing walk, his hairbag appearance, his unusual study hours, and his change in color on the weekends.

As a fellow member of the infamous "S Room," I wish J.J. the best of luck, and I hope to fly alongside Sak in the future.

**ARTHUR R. SALINDONG**

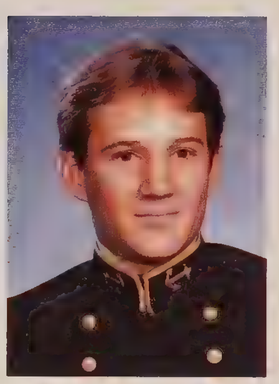
San Diego, CA "Art"

Hailing from San Diego, Art came to the Academy hoping to accomplish all his endeavors. After academics and a case of pneumonia Plebe year, Art realized that he couldn't major in History. Youngster year, however, things began to turn Art's way as he finally started to study. Maybe he studied too much because he fell asleep in almost every class (surprisingly, he maintained the grades).

Art was known to the Company as its resident pull-up champ, doing countless pull-ups at the Batt. Sports nights. He sought adventure through Airborne, Scuba, and playing with his Rubik's Cube. As for sports, he tried gymnastics, squash, and boxing, but couldn't decide, so he took up intramurals.

Art was probably the only person who slept with his eyes open and he racked frequently during free periods. Art has vowed not to go Surface Line, but whatever his choice, he will do well.

Good luck Art, the Lord is with you.



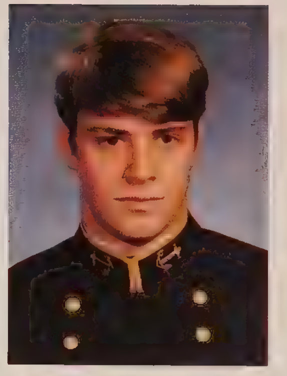
**GERALD SHERRILL**

Arlington, VA "Wing Nut"

Jerry came to Annapolis from Arlington, VA. with hopes of flying the right way. With basketball on his mind, his grades, finally, told him that studying was a part of the routine. He soon got out of the rack, cut down on Rickie's wine parties, and brought up his grades. Youngster year saw him retiring from hoops, hitting the books, and becoming a member of the "S" room.

Along with 2/c year, he also earned the names The Outdoorsman and The Wildman, through the fine art of road tripping. He is still looking for that special girl, as he will be the only original member of the Main Lobby to remain single. He is also the founding member of the Moss Fan Club. Thanks Edith!

P.S. I'm not going to marry Donna, no matter what you all say!



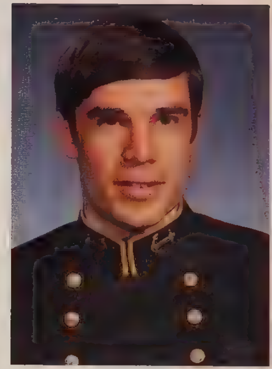
PHILADELPHIA
FLYERS

**MARK DAVID SHIELDS**

Quakertown, PA "Maddog"

"Maddog" Shields came to "Hardcore 24" via beautiful Quakertown, PA. After overcoming the shock of rooming with R.K., M.D.F.S. became part of "Mike." Plebe year in G.C.F.S. with Hiawatha and Vito was spent rolling on the floor laughing, throwing pennies, listening to "B-Sessions" and "The Saint." The "Dog" caught Youngster syndrome in the "S-Room" with Sak and Gerhald. Youngster year brought good nights at "The Pen," the sock drawer, bokes, good pumps, and bad grades.

After a "hot" Second Class summer, M.D. spent many nights lost in his Datsun. Despite lessons from "Wingnut," Maddog was always a gentleman to the ladies. After Firstie cruise on "Nimitz," Shieldbo threatened Navy Air or Hari-Kari. U.S.N.A. took "The Doctor" to proms in Columbia, riots in Panama, and Prinair flights to St. Thomas. Remember "Flyers Fan Club," I.R.A., return of "the bad boys," Hamanyu, Row-12, "2.5 Club," Hairbag Squad, Halsey "Stay Hungry" Gang, Y.S.W.F.L., Sons of Liberty, Second Wing Barbershop, "Smelmut," fellow hostages in 24. Thanks Mom and Dad. Fly Navy and Go Flyers!



**RICHARD SIMON**

Saint Petersburg, FL "Rocky"

Rocky swam his way to the Academy via NAPS, prior to which he was an ET in the Fleet. When not cheering for Tampa Bay, racking (ET stands for extremely tired), or banging his cymbals, Rick was making friends. He had many friends at the Naval Academy — Bert, John, George, Charlie — he knew a few guys, too. Besides his affinity for women with men's names, his interests included a love for the Bucs, the Rowdies, and sports cars (anyone want to buy a TR7?).

Rick never let bad words steer his loyalty away from Tampa's teams, and his classmates never let his loyalty steer their bad words away from those same teams.

There was never a dull moment with Rick as he was always looking for a good time, and always finding one. Rick had many good times with the D and B. On one dull trip to Harrisburg, Pa. he turned things inside out to make life a little more exciting.

Always cheerful and ever the optimist, Rick was an inspiration to us all. The Fleet will be gaining a good man when Rocky graduates. "Tommy, I'm in Kansas!"

### JOHN SOMPLASKY

Scottsdale, AZ "J.P."

Throughout that fateful summer of '78 J.P. or "Sump" as he is affectionately called struggled quite hard to be the best of all his classmates. His perseverance was carried into his academic endeavors whereupon he became a stellar performer. He soon became the envy of his classmates as he not only became involved in numerous diversified activities such as Scuba and NAFAC, but also proved himself to be one of the best Political Science majors to ever come to USNA. "Our boy" kept his classmates continually in a state of rapturous laughter with his remade versions of pop rock songs. His famous "Disco King" dance still leaves many of us in a state of awe — and nausea.

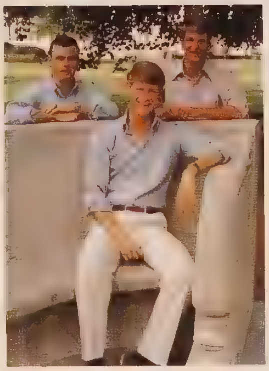
The thing that scared us most about Sump was the constant possibility of him crushing us against a bulkhead with his massive chest. I only hope he can get through the hatch and into one of Admiral R's subs.

### RORY K. WATSON

Marietta, GA "R.K."

Leaving his Georgia Peach behind in Marietta, Rory made the venture to Crabtown to join the Class of '82 in Hardcore 24. Earning such nicknames as R.K. and S.C.H.L.A.W.N.G., he finally succeeded in convincing the Administration here at Mother "B" that he was not an American Indian. Rory took on the toughest schedule of Mid-Nukers and Pop Quizzers at the Academy and finally fulfilled the prophesy that "sooner or later you'll go General! Boom, Boom!" But Rory never let his problems get in the way of helping other people with theirs. Consequently, his room was always the busiest in the Company.

This, however, is not to say that R.K. was always a complete angel. He will always be remembered for his great "B" sessions, his love for pistachios, sunflower seeds, and B.L.T.s, dodging pennies in the shower, and for his four year apprenticeship under the Master of Wit, taps stories, and ass-kicking rock 'n roll, CASADA!!! Nobody ever tried harder to bring his classmates together and no matter where we stray in our careers, none of us will ever forget the memories we have shared with Big R.K.



### KENNETH R. WHITE

"Opie"

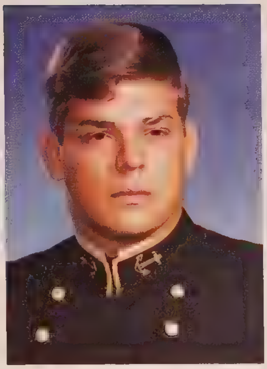
Opie came to USNA in July of '78 and joined the ranks of the "inseparable three." Ken was born in Kittery, Maine, but being from a large Navy family, he is still looking for a place to call home.

After a choking Plebe summer characterized by a thousand facer, Opie demonstrated that he was one of a kind. Ken wanted to be nice to people — at least he tried. He was forever inviting people to his house (there was always plenty of work at the farm).

A master chef Ken was indeed as he treated the O.O.W. to a fine grilled cheese sandwich on one memorable evening in the room (oh, the aroma!)

His habits were readily distinguishable and put him on the (hyper?) active list. Ken couldn't subsist on one glass of milk at the table (just try to get the milk carton away from him). He couldn't keep still at all as his endless pacing, leg shaking, and rack tossing would always keep someone awake. Ken's desire for parties, road trips, and girls never stopped and they usually kept him climbing the walls.

His one desire is to follow his father's footsteps. We're sure that he'll do just that — right dad!?



### KEITH E. BORING

Richmond, OH

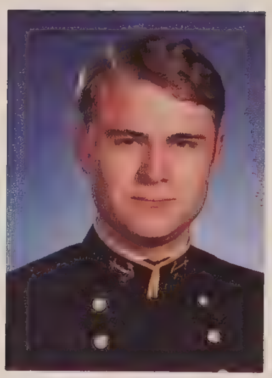
Keith, known as #74 in your program, came to the Boat School from Richmond, Ohio in the summer of '78 with two things on his mind. To become a Naval Officer and to play major college football. Graduation and commissioning May 26, 1982 and two years as starting tackle for Navy have fulfilled his dreams.

Keith really cares about other people. He'll go out of his way to lend a hand or some advice. I know without his help I would have had a tougher time with my engineering courses.

Keith likes a little country in his life. He wears his John Deere hat when he goes out and when he puts money in the juke-box, a country-western or southern-rock song is sure to come out. And of course he never backed down from a little barroom brawl either.

From the beginning Keith had this place licked. Two weeks off during Plebe summer to play in a state all-star football game in Ohio started the ball rolling. Through the years he has made many weeknight road trips to College Park. And to make them even faster he traded his El Camino for a Corvette. I'm pretty sure Keith could co-author a book on proven ways to beat the system.

It has been a pleasure to get to know such a fine individual and to share so many good times. I know he'll have a successful career and I hope he finds the redhead Sammy's Gram said he would. He deserves her.



### FREDERICK BOURASSA

San Bernardino, CA
"Fred"

Fred, who hails from the sunny state of California, wandered in the gate of Navy U. in the summer of '78. The trip, however, was not easy. He was taken prisoner by some men in funny green suits for a year at the Marine military academy in sprawling Harlingen, Texas. After one year he escaped and made it to the banks of the Severn.

After his arrival Fred sweated (I mean really "sweated") through Plebe summer and immediately started to show his academic prowess by getting put on academic probation first semester. Unfortunately this sad state of affairs persisted for all too long a time. However, in Fred's slow and easygoing way he overcame this problem and is no longer in the standing for anchor man.

Fred enjoys reading his gun magazines such as the "American Rifleman" and "Soldier of Fortune." His roommate objected to this practice but said very little for fear of his life. Fred has dreams of glory and of being a successful officer in the future. Whether this be as an airdale or a boat driver is not known. But whatever it is, I know he will enjoy his work as long as it's on the West Coast.

### FREDERICK THOMAS BYERS

Dublin, GA "Fed"

As the founding father of lucky duck school, Fred has surely been the key factor in E-Z 25's success as color company. His famous remarks, such as, "Dats jus gwait!" and "What For?" have been a great contribution to the professionalism of his company.

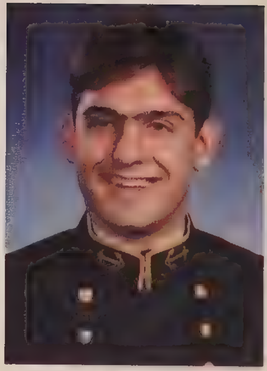
Fred is a black belt in karate, but no one has ever attacked him with pine boards or concrete blocks. He had other talents, too. After three years of debate at U.S.N.A. he decided to do something more intellectual like smoking a pipe. Fred had five years of acting experience loaded with awards, yet he never tried out for the Masquerader productions. He thought it would be easier to be a snob on 25's heavy weight football team, the Ducks.

We will always remember Fed whenever we see a smiling gold duck. May the lucky duck school live forever in his name.

### JEFFREY W. CAMPBELL

Eatontown, NJ
"The Beak"

Jeff came to 25 from a small, dingy suburb of New York City — New Jersey. Affectionately known to his classmates as "the Beak," Jeff quickly climbed to the top of the pack. Watching Jeff crank out 4.0 after 4.0 often became monotonous but one could only marvel at his seemingly effortless precision. At least Glenn always did. Jeff was one of the few members of '82 to make it through here with no demerits. His example of virtue provided inspiration for the many backsliders among us. However, Jeff was not content to rest on his laurels. He quickly became an acknowledged expert on almost all subjects. Just ask him. It's a rare individual indeed who can maintain a 4.0, perfect conduct record and still remain one of the guys. Naturally, we all regretted not benefitting from Jeff's expertise during first class year. However, we were proud to have Jeff on 4-1 and could only admire the manner in which he carried out the responsibilities of his office.



### WILLIAM H. COGAN

Breu Berg —
Waldamorbach, West
Germany "Coys"

Bill was the fashion leader in 25: living in Germany gave him a head start over the rest of us on the latest in European styles. But, he will always be remembered as a lady's man; he seemed to have the best luck with the woman ("... she said she was a model!"). Who can say whether the girls were more interested in Bill because of his stimulating conversation or because of his great looks. (One eyebrow and those ears)?

Bill's greatest contribution to Navy was in the sports department (it certainly wasn't academics). He was a tough Rugby player, hard-charging both on the field and off the field at the parties.

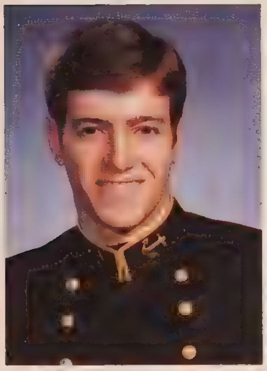
Cogs was a friend to everyone in the company. He didn't have to try, it was just natural for people to like him (he was always good for a laugh). We'll all miss Bill after graduation, he's hard to keep tabs on.

What's wrong with this picture? The hat is white, the uniform is black. The unfortunate face belongs to Dale Crothers, better known as Seatman from the Fair city of Fax, Virginia. A poet and realist by heart, he was a would-be musician if it hadn't been for his coming to the Academy (good thing it worked out the way it did.)

A connoisseur of fine music, fine wine, and FINE women, loneliness is not a word in Seat's dictionary. As a Marine Engineer Seat studied a lot, but you could always count on him when the weekend came for a game of darts, pool, or a good hunt. Now, that's casual!

Yes, yes, we all wish you the best of luck and may your future be as rich as your "college" days were.

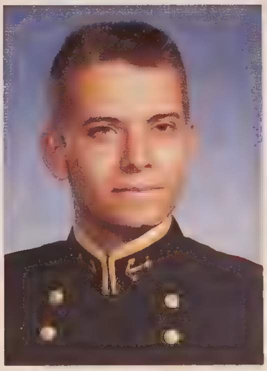
Virginia Beach, VA
"Seatman"
**DALE A. CROTHERS**



The "cool head" came to us that sunny I-day with one thing in mind — to be a professional Naval Officer. (God, how awful!) Somehow, while the rest of us were biting and scratching our way through, Dachmo-Baby breezed through this place and even found time for those infamous Mids with the hip disease . . . a "rose" by any other name?! . . . Eddie was our yp-jock 'ster year and how he ever survived the sweat room (jungle and Mr. Classical music) that year still amazes us. Ed Head "graduated" to the go-Nuke-for-the-money room the following year. Will we ever forget the "draw s-w-o-r-d-s" and the all-nite underwear tearing wrestling matches?!

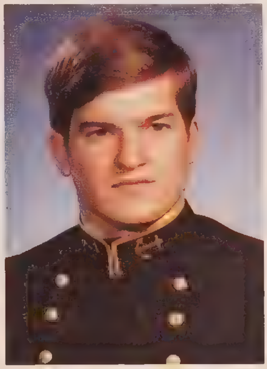
Ed got and even kept his priorities straight, however, by becoming one of only a handful of NARC's at the Boat School and even managing to be professional enough to make first set Batt. sub-cdr. But words just don't do justice to the love, smile, and laughter Eddie's brought to EZ-25. May he remain the very special friend that he is and may the glow in his heart be from Rickover and not from his taste in women! . . . K.L.K.

Ambler, PA "Ed Head"
**EDWARD A. DACHOWSKI, JR.**



No good lookin' dame ever passed by Wild Bill without hearing the old Rockefeller line. His sense of humor and mere presence were always an inspiration to the guys and girls out looking for some action. Bill thinks he's the Three Stooges all in one and spends a lot of time trying to prove it. His warm, quick wit kept the sun shining and the laughter rolling. We'll all remember you Bill for your "Meet the Mets" jingles and that sick sense of humor. We all love ya Bill — we couldn't help but do that!

Port Washington, NY
"Daws"
**WILLIAM RIGGS DAWSON**



I was born, a poor white child, on 18 Jan 58. After 20 long, hard years I received an appointment to Lucky Duck School, entering in July of 1978. The first two years I sailed yawls and played rock and roll with Stilleto. Then, as a Segundo, I joined the Lucky Duck Soccer Team — we had a perfect season (0-8) but lacked momentum at times. Next stop, WRNV as Mr. 69 during Thursday noons. In the spring the Ducks took to the field to play football. Their battle cry:

EXCITE THEM, EXCITE
THEM
MAKE THEM TWITCH
AND MOAN.
OOO AAH OOO AAH
GO DUCKS GO!

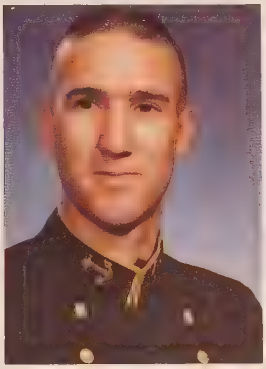
And then the Commandant said, "Let Rick Franklin be Brigade Drill Officer." And he was. And it was good.

Graduated from Lucky Duck School in May of 1982.

2nd LT — United States Marine Corps

Semper Fi — 25 — Color Company.

Santa Ana, CA
**RICK FRANKLIN**



The good doctor was kind enough to put in a 4 year appearance after dispensing automotive justice down in Oxon Hill for a time. Always one to pursue perfection, he immediately began a 3-year quest through the Admin. Conduct System. Tiring of finding new ways to get fried, and seeing that the rules were being changed anyway, Doc opted, instead, to dispense automotive justice here and is known for some auto-acrobatics which still invoke hushed tones among USNA police. Doc will consent to fly Navy, since road-racing designators are difficult to come by, but is awaiting production of a Trans-Am jet. May your valves never clatter; may your radar detector never fail; and best of luck, whether they do or not.

Oxon Hill, MD "Doc"

### VIDAL E. HAYES

Bob, as everybody calls him but he hates it and would rather be called Rob, is surely as homegrown as you can get . . . he was born in the hospital on Hospital Point (where he was frequently dropped on his head by Navy doctors — you know how they are), and has lived in Annapolis all his life (21 physical; 12 mental years). Sentenced to USNA in 1978, he there met his mental equal in Fred Byers and thus became director of the Luck Duck Happy Sing Club, introducing such new talent as "Sid Stench and the Plastic Karma Band." His most famous feats as of this writing are as coach of 25th Co. hvywt football in 80-81, doubling the win column from the previous year to 2-6; and as closet Battalion Commander in 80-81, leading 5th Batt. to Battalion colors. We'll always remember him as the guy who turned down 6 stripes because it would clash with his I.Q. Have fun in Dallas, you Nuke you, and we must have lunch sometime.

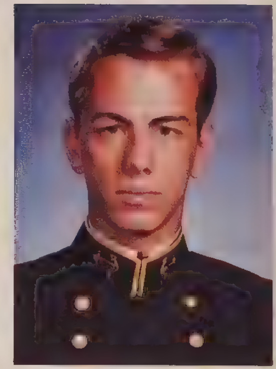
Annapolis, MD "Coach"

### ROBERT WALTER IVES

### STEVEN RAY JUNG

Bondual, WI "Jungle"

Steve decided that there had to be more to life than milking cows and making cheese, so he came to USNA with desires to pursue a career in the sky. After spending Youngster summer on the good 'ole AE-25 and working more calculus problems than he expected, Steve decided to see what it was like to jump out of airplanes. However, spending a few weeks on crutches convinced him to try something a little safer — so he joined the world famous Lucky Ducks. Firstie Year Steve got two stripes, and got himself an old "new" car. He later spent time being a "friend" to Robut and Fed and putting up with his gouge hunting roommate. Jungle has always kept enough smiles to be able to share a few. Fair winds, Steve . . .

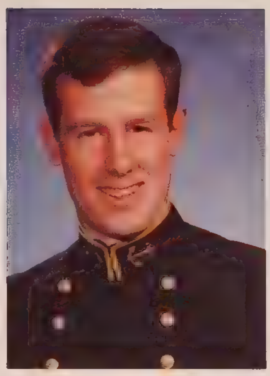


### KURT LANCE KUNKEL

Warner Robins, GA "Kunks"

The most outstanding thing Kurt did Youngster year was get wasted on Jim Beam at Army. It wasn't until Segundo year that he learned to study and stay up late with the Killer and Ed Head (study with Killer — stay up with the Head). After all, that whole room was going Nuke: Ed for the service, Barry for the bucks, and Kunks because subs were the way to stay out of Surface Line. While taking 2/c WEPS, Kurt acquired the gouge from a Firstie in 26, and promptly locked on to the 1/c's little sister. Yes indeed, nothing like launching off to Hood for a weekend with Bobbi in a new 626.

But First year is here, and Bobbi has been replaced with Jackie (Boy, it sure was COLD out in Frederick!). School is becoming a joke (Kurt's always been one) and Army, Christmas, service selection, and graduation are coming up. One thing remains constant though — whether you're driving subs in New London or turning and burning in the air over Nimitz — you are and have always been a great guy and a good friend. Peace, prosperity, but above all stay away from Meyran Hall!



**BARRY ROBERT KYLLO**

Askov, MN "The Rock"

Barry, who is better known as "The Bear" by his girlfriend and "The Rock" by his classmates found academics here not as trying as the swim tests. He was never at a loss for words to express his thoughts on the upcoming swim exams.

Barry's roommates will always remember what an early riser he was, the first three or four times they had to wake him each morning.

Barry, an Economics major, had no problem with keeping the grades up, we all know it was from all those "long" hours put into studying!

Barry was always the shy quiet type, I guess that's why he took the dive and bought the rock for the "special girl."

On Barry's First Class cruise he found out Nuke-subs was his only choice.

Good luck to Barry, may his course to his submarine and Orlando run free and "full speed ahead." "Damn the Torpedos," Barry we're all behind you!!!

**BRUCE HICKS LINDSEY**

Riedsville, NC "Lax"

Bruce "Ex-Lax" Lindsey came to us with visions of big stripes dancing in his head. However, we were able to cure him somewhat, persuading him that the world of roadtrips and grain parties were much better for his complexion. He still ended up with two stripes, but that was only so he could say he outdid his brother. While always the one with lots of pictures on his blotter, Bruce never seemed to be able to hit that grandslam. Probably because his BMW was always on the Fritz. Nevertheless, Bruce can't say he didn't enjoy this place. Math majors can't help but like it here. No sweat. Bruce always had that open ear to listen and that open heart to care. The Valentine Shorts will be missed by all who knew him. And now the airlines will become EZ!!

Ever since he arrived at USNA, Bill has been loved, respected, even adored by all Officers and fellow Mids alike for his leadership, followership, spirit, and general appearance. Unfortunately, he has exhibited a severe psychological problem characterized by his tendency to bicycle on cross-country trips, his attempt to become an aerospace engineer, and his repeated attempts to get his hands on the controls of an airplane. However, because of his general ineptness, all these desperate attempts at suicide have so far failed. No doubt he will keep trying though. Bill is constantly thinking about service selection, but can't decide whether to go Marine Infantry or Supply Corps, so he'll probably go NFO instead. We all wish Bill good luck! (God knows he'll need it.)

"Bill"

**WILLIAM J. MEIER**

Brendan O'Friel arrived at the Naval Academy a terminally conservative by-product of the New York parochial school system. But while unconditionally intolerant of green vegetables, Bof remained easy going enough to make him a necessary fixture at company 'gaters, while never imbibing any substance more potent than a Dr. Pepper. As a matter of fact, Brendan was so laid back only his rack could support his leadership style. This attitude did not, however, carry over to his academic career. Brendan's pursuit of academic excellence even took him outside the walls of USNA to American University. But his pursuit of women eventually brought him back to the Naval Academy. The 25th is thankful that Bof re-upped in time to lend his strong leadership to his already strong company. The Company sends its wishes that Brendan will fly in the fleet only behind someone as competent as he.

Larchmont, NY "Bof"

**BRENDAN O'FRIEL**

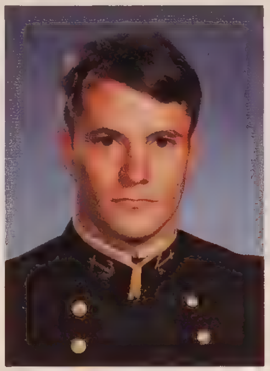
Obi kinda eased on in with his smooth 750 and laid back personality. He sure seemed awful quiet but if you opened him up — look out! He's got a sharp tongue and some strong arms but don't worry — that's not really Mikey. He's more like — well you know — sorta like — or maybe — get the picture? We all know you're easy Obi and we love it just as much as you do. We've enjoyed your company one heck of a lot but we were never sure if you were there or not — we never heard anything! Good luck to ya Obi. Fair winds and fast babes is all you'll need to keep the title "LOVE GOD." Lots of luck — lots of love — and keep on bikin'.

Rochester, MN
"Obi Wan"

**MICHAEL DUANE OVERBY**

"... better to rule in hell than serve in heaven."

**PHILIPP MICHAEL PATCH**



The Navy-Blue Powell in a family of Army Green, Jennie distinguished herself by yelling "Go Army, Beat Navy" Plebe Summer. The main Plebe year hardship Jennie faced was the mandatory vow of silence (i.e. no music). When asked at Disco Bulkheads for suggestions, Jennie yelled, "Dan Fogelburg — Bread — Steely Dan — Styx!" before anyone had a chance to think. Youngster year brought "The Apartment" (her room), the first of a long line of suicidal goldfish and the beginning of her private jungle. The Apartment flourished second class year on 4-2. At one time, the count was 6 plants and 2 goldfish. First Class year started off immediately with senioritis, Adjutant's paperwork, a first class Mid to add to her Ensign and a private invitation by Jacques Cousteau to join the crew of the Calypso. (Jennie turned down the invitation in order to graduate). For her classmates, Jen was always ready to help, either by listening or doing. Good luck in Geo Physics (the ONLY physics that appeals to her) and best always.

Marietta, GA "White Girl"

**JENNIE ELLEN POWELL**

Joyce left behind the warmth of her Hollywood, Florida home (it's still not the true South!) to begin four years in the arms of Mother B. As a member of the "M & M trio" and an eternal sandblower, Joyce survived Plebe year with a serious attitude about USNA (fortunately Youngster year changed that some). A caring person, Joyce often tried to alleviate her roomie's no stereo pains by "singing" one of her endless memorized musicals. Her musical and acting abilities were finally appreciated by the Masqueraders and especially one young cast member (you cradle-robber you). Annually as a result of Annapolis' latitude, Joyce's biggest obstacle arrived — winter. But by the first thaw Joyce could always be found playing softball — with J.V.'s until she wised up to the illustrious Company slow pitch team.

With a flair for extemporaneous bull and a Poly Sci degree Joyce plans to go 1100. Whatever she does we wish her only the best and thanks for the past four years.

Pembroke Pines, FL "Joy"

**JOYCE ANNE REEVES**

**ROBERT L. ROUNTREE**
Mount Holly, NJ

Tree came to Canoe U. from Mount Holly, New Jersey via the Marine Military Academy. His Marine experience and high school AROTC courses left him with more knowledge about marching than the class of '79 during Plebe summer. A short stint on the J.V. football team convinced him intramurals was the way to go. And a superstar was born.

Bob came with two goals; receiving his USNA diploma and getting aviator's wings. Navy air will be lucky to call him theirs.

Bob's involvement with the company brought him the respect and admiration of all his classmates. He loved them too. His annual party the evening before the Army game was always an event you couldn't miss.

Bob loved to party, too. His favorite place to go was College Park, especially after a hot little blonde enrolled there. More than once he turned on his little black box on a weeknight and took off in his Camaro. His Second Class parking privileges and three striper liberty have convinced me that he authored the book on ways to bend the rules without getting caught.

All of us who were close to him were very lucky to have had the experience of knowing such a fine gentleman. We wish you the best of luck in your career.

**WARREN JOSEPH SAMOLUK**
Clearwater, FL "Sammy"

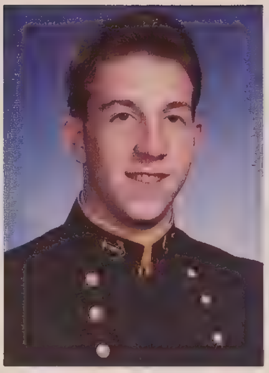
Live to Fly —
Fly to Live.

**MARK STUART**
Arlington, GA

The future chief of Naval Operations came to us from the heart of Dixie armed only with an inadmission as to the victors of the Civil War and an unconquerable ability to disregard that which he found distasteful. After two years of advancing Navy's prestige on the ISO's gridiron, he brought his formidable academic prowess into play, but found that distasteful. His background in diplomacy was better suited to Dahlgren than class(es?), and he became the legendary stu-meat: scourge of women's colleges nationwide. With any luck he will one day dispense gunbarrel diplomacy from Naval aircraft, thus keeping his homeland free that it may one day rise again. Farewell and following seas, and blood makes the grass grow, Stu.

**GLENN MATTHEW TRACY**
New Orleans, LA "Ernie"

Glenn came up north for a short four years with long study hours as part of the deal. His biggest dream was to build ships — or was it to find a girl to take home to Mom. 'Ernie' proved to all that he has unstoppable desire to reach the top and take the 25th Company with him. He has excelled in everything he has tried and made more friends than he'll ever be able to remember along the way. Always a rallying point for his classmates, and known for an open ear, Ernie has had a lasting impact on all who have been privileged to work with him, and to him, the very best from some grateful friends.



Tom, a quiet, fair haired doctor's son, came to us from that dreary state of Michigan. Although it took two years, Tom finally forgot about enrolling in a "hole" called the U of M. Not always so fortunate, it was another full year until Tom decided to dump his biggest problem, his "EX"pense. With 1/c year came a change in strategy concerning women. Once Tom discovered the real wonderful world of women, his exploits were surpassed by few . . . his Dad's "Toronado Silver" junker (RX-7, good for hauling firewood and demolition derby's — which he tried and lost) undoubtedly helped. Deciding not to play for Big George, Tom advanced to the highest levels of athletic excellence through his participation on the Company basketball, softball, and football teams. When Tom wasn't gearing up for one of these contests, he could often be found practicing sit-ups . . . for his next make up.

Sadly, because of forces beyond our control, Tom may be spending a considerable amount of his future days underwater, breathing in plutonium, and turning bright green. Hope you can overcome this phobia, J.D., . . . If so, I'll see you at 20,000. Take care, good luck, and always remember, GO OHIO STATE.

East Lansing, MI "Grandfather"

**THOMAS DEAN ALLIS**

When not in his natural, bearded state, Concord's latest Thoreau has followed his grandfather's footsteps in Bancroft Hall. His verbal sparring ability is only outdone by his fencing talents. One must be careful when seeking to dislodge Rich from a philosophical position. He has the uncanny ability to lead his hapless victims into an intellectual quagmire!

After experiencing the dizzying thrill of a Blue Knob ski weekend Plebe year (lost a ski?!), he pursued the thrill to the heights of Utah. Rich will always be known as a snappy dresser, with a limitless wardrobe and a sense of variety. Youngster year saw Rich setting new standards in food service with his unique pie delivery to Nylen. The Masked Marvel was truly the voice of the Brigade.

Rich's special Blitzkrieg will long be remembered with his tank drive to Philly. No matter what the event, Rich will always add his special flavor. When we remember these four years, his feats will always bring a smile to our lips. Thanks, Rich, it's been a real trip.

Concord, MA "Rich"

**RICHARD F. ARMKNECHT, III**

**PETER THOMAS VALINSKE, JR.**

Los Gatos, CA "PT"

Pete pulled into USNA via NAPS and the fleet, where he had served on a MSO(N). He quickly established himself as the informal leader, which would get him into trouble later. Pete figured out everything concerned with Plebe year, and breezed right through it.

Youngster year was tougher, what with Ocean Engineering, Bonnie, and Rachel. But the real trouble was Mom, and even Pete couldn't win when it came to her. Lord knows we all tried.

Branded as an instigator in the "Dirty Dozen," Pete had to change his mailing address for First Class year. But nothing fazed him. A true Nuke, Rickover will jump at this prospect. The old man will be almost thirty before he steps on a sub, but he will take charge of everything that comes his way. No problem.

**JOHN CHARLES WEBB**

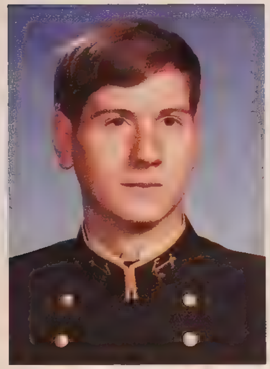
Dover, OH

A 14k transistor hangs from his neck; John is a sleeper in EE, coming from Dover, Ohio — a town powered by a Sears "Energizer." Plebe summer, John won glory for '82 with an eardrum rending chorus of "Army Mule." One of the few people on a first name basis with the computer, John, in support of his EE studies wrote a program to substitute for REM sleep. Realizing there is no substitute for the fair sex however, he has always put his weekends to their best use. Youngster year, after wooing the ladies from afar with his Friday night show on WRNV, John would spend Saturday nights dipping and spinning the girls of Dahlgren . . . until he picked on one his own size who put him into a spin for the rest of the year. Emerging from Youngster year slightly "bruised" but none the worse for wear, John continued his radio career but abandoned Dahlgren when he acquired his Scirocco. Fair winds and following neutrons to John as he dives into the Nuke sub program.

Dave arrived in Annapolis a real salty dog — straight from the fleet. Although he never let on that the closest thing to an ocean he'd ever seen was Lake Michigan, he never let us feel he was anything but REAL NAVY. Youngster year saw Dave settle down with a family. He really enjoyed family life, bowling with the kid, but as 2/c year and middle age set in, Dave dropped the wife, sold the family car and bought a Porsche. He hasn't slowed down since then. Another girl was quickly found. A Ring Dance acquaintance who happened to live in the right town — away from Annapolis. Majors were Dave's specialty. Everyone thought Dave was a Mechanical Engineer, including the Society of ME's who made him President and kept sending him away to conventions. His profs knew, however, that this man was definitely General material.

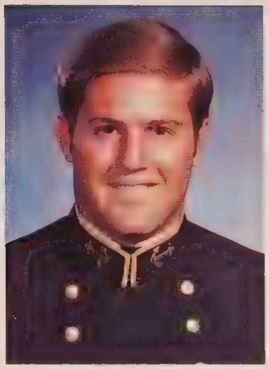
A good friend and owner of a nice car, I know which plane to look for — it'll be the one flying upside down. Good Luck, Buddy — J.

Rockford, IL "Dave"
**DAVID J. BAUDHUIN**



Go for it! — Works best in bed — Linda — Hang On Snoopy! — Carla — Mellow . . . — quarter a draft! — William's tricks — mega-tunes, mega-watts — MUSTANG!!! — Osmosis — Carla Anne — Trekkie — Road Trip! — Beep, Beep Yuras! — Mary Wash' — Tuna-noodle casserole — Kamikazi Mark! — High Flight — Curse You, Red Baron! — What, me worry? — Carla (sigh) — Mongolian cluster —! — ahem — Snoopy's Drean — Highway Star — Blow it off!! — If you can't impress 'em, B.S. 'em! — Southern Comfort — Mrs. Bell (sigh) — VTNA — PHY-SCI CPR High?? — I think I am a mushroom — Don't count your geese before they're cooked! — Phone Bill . . . Oh Nooo! — You know, the pointy end — The Last Great Act of Defiance! — It just followed me home? Target trained — Famous Twin Naval Aviators . . .!

Detroit, MI "Jett"
**JETT DALLAS BELL**



**RICHARD SCOTT BROWN**
San Diego, CA "Scott"

Scott "Golden Boy" Brown arrived from San Diego and took an immediate disliking to humidity. Scott's first romantic interlude on the east coast (first of many) was a swinging session on 1-4 with a mop. Following Herndon, Scott ventured to the Med. and discovered the pleasures of Naples on 3/c cruise. 3/c year he found that a yellow TR-6 and a brunette bombshell named Jill would be taking up all of his time. Following his breakup with Jill, Scott was heartbroken until the next weekend when he started sampling the rest of the country's assorted feminine delights. He started 2/c year with a new Corvette, a few too many Form-2's, no hair and an infatuation with the prep queen of UVA. The warm sun, salty surf and congenial women of San Diego soothed Scott during 1/c cruise after his traumatic? falling-out with Kelly. 1/c year the Vette was hot, the Form-2's plentiful, beer TOO abundant and the weekends great. Mach speed and many migs and your dreams comes true. HW, CS, SD, RD.

**JAMES RYAN COATNEY**
Las Vegas, NV "Jim"

Jim "Dad" Coatney came to USNA via NAPS after two years in the "Real Navy." Jim quickly locked horns with those "damned kids" in the class of '79, but he came out on top and survived the climb Herndon. The whole year was a pain, but Jim managed to get in quite a bit of illegal dragging on weekends to ease his tensions. Jim's open season on Maryland women continued through Youngster and Second Class years. Laurie, Vickie, Theresa, Peggy, Nancy, Linda, Tania, and many others fell for his smooth lines and big smile. Among Jim's other pastimes were fencing, Army projects, and sometimes — but not very often — schoolwork. He decided to get serious and work for stripes Second Class year and he got them — marching over to say goodbye to '81 as Batt. Commander. Among his distinctions First Class year were his innovative sword drill at formations, and being the only Firstie ever to study at a "Green Alert." Jim really has been a good friend these four years and will be a credit to the sub force — even if he had to be bribed to go Nuke a second time.

**GERALD M. COOK**
St. Petersburg, FL "Jerry"

Jerry decided he wanted to go to the Naval Academy at an early age and naturally achieved and finessed his way to the appointment. With his past record of excellence as his companion he arrived at the place of his dreams, ready to embark on the climb to greatness. Nothing could stop him now! . . . or could it? Always having a knack at finding the most difficult route, he once entertained an entire deck with his Abbott-and-Costello-worthy rendition of yes sir, aye aye sir, though at his own expense. Not stopping there, this devout Floridian picked Tampa Bay as his football team . . . and even made his choice public! Similar decisions include becoming a Systems major, giving up greener pastures for greener jungles in the Marines, and gutsy as ever, to take up flying — without benefit of an airplane OR common sense. His masochistic shower routine is below mention. Kidding aside, a great friend and harder worker could never be. He'll always be a joint member of the highest order in the shy-handsome-bachelors-waiting-to-be-discovered club. Good Luck, Godspeed, and remember, E.F.S. . . . D.L.P.

**STEVEN H. DAHLQUIST**
Bellevue, NB "Steve"

Steve came to us from the cornfields of Nebraska. Complete with overalls, Hee Haw would have been proud. Plebe summer was a traumatic experience for Steve. Little Debbie was 1400 miles away. (Boo Hoo) Steve soon lightened up and the weekends of Ac Year found him patronizing the local watering holes of Annapolis. Youngster year, Steve steered us toward many girl's colleges. Steve, Superman is faster than a speeding bullet not a VW Rabbit. At those high speeds, it's hard to stop for the gate watch. Every one was jealous of Steve; Form 2's just seemed to bounce off of him. They used it against you didn't they, Steve? Things seemed to settle down for Steve second semester, Youngster Year, when the wife moved in from Nebraska but that didn't stop enterprising Young Steve from joining the hairless crowd the next year. Steve's honor was impeccable and it paid off when he could legally miss all those irritating formations. Not bad Steve, three stripes the easy way. Steve's wit and sense of humor will be remembered by us all and we wish him the best of luck down under. Take care, R.D., L.D., C.S., S.B., H.W.

**LAWRENCE D'AVENIA**
Flemington, NJ "Lar"

Our boy Lar came to us by way of Stockton State and NAPS . . . a real man of the world? Plebe year was rough but as long as "Mare" kept the chow packages coming, nothing was unbearable. Failing to find an ECA to suit him, Larry began Youngster year by starting his own car club, complete with beer cooler and a weak bladder. Larry's cordial manner never failed to make evenings interesting for the boys, whether on the 'dock' at the F.R.C. or in 'Disco'. Restriction passed, grades improved and the football field stayed dry. Big 'O' would have been proud. If he only could get those anchors right. Christmas vacation Second Class year, Lar found Cindy. A nurse to care for his injuries, any one of which would have put us mere mortals in intensive care. Her tender loving care convinced Lar that weekends would be better spent at home. Larry will remain in our memories forever and we wish him good luck wherever the Navy leads him.

**WILLIAM F. DAVIS**
Ft. Wayne, IN "Bill"

In June '78 this naive young man left a secure haven in a relatively unknown place called Ft. Wayne, Indiana and wandered into Crabtown expecting to tackle academics single handedly and when done with that don the uniform of the men in green. Oh well, at least he will still be a Marine!! Marine air is getting one of the most determined and dedicated individuals that I have ever known. I'm glad he's going air because he would never make it as a ground pounder with all the bugs that live in the woods. I think Bill should become a medic instead of a Marine with all of his medicines and drugs. He had something for every disease known to man. Seriously though I wish Bill all the luck in the world no matter where he is or what he is doing. I hope our paths continue to cross many times throughout our future.

### RICHARD Z. DELOACH

Naples, FL "Roach"

"Me Tough Marine U-Rah!" This Great Rebel, Redneck, Woman Abuser came to this Institution from the Deep South (that's Florida for those who don't care). This Southerner was destined to be one of Rickover's own. Alas his allergic reactions to Haze Grey could only be cured by the Marine Green.

While at USNA, Rich had several preoccupations or should I say perversions. Sweating, Electrical Engineering, Skydiving, All-nighters and Women. I'll never forget that moment of temporary insanity at Airborne, Kim with the black box and recharger and the unbelievable guess what I did this summer. A true Southern Belle captured his heart — the blue and gold football must have worked.

Rich has been childish and obstinate but a true and loyal friend. We have had good and bad times which I will never forget. Good luck P.H. and see you soon in the Basic Stat. Semper FI all the way.

### RICHARD A. DELONG

Winter Haven, FL "Rich"

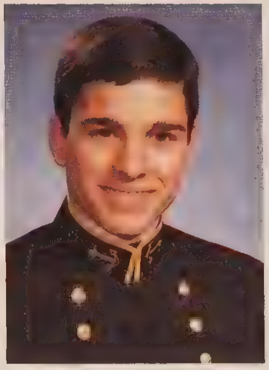
Our frustrated guard came to us from where was it? I think it was some seminary in Wyoming. Anyway, from the start it seemed Schlong's main goal was self-destruction. A red-neck from the start, Rich managed to haunt the T-tables long after the 1st knee injury ended his Outland Trophy career. Not to be denied, rehab consisted of weekly trips to the bridge and a weekend of the slopes and steak walks in Pa. "For Christ's sake it's worth a try isn't it?" Youngster year Rich became the first navigator of the car club — "now which exit is gate 8?" A lover of fine arts, Rich never missed a performance at Mahan, including his own Exorcist imitation which truly shocked the spectators. Only temporarily set back by the loss of his second knee, he was soon to defy raging blizzards to satisfy his awesome munchies and flying south for a kwicki. None close to him will ever forget his amiable personality and tender gestures which left lasting marks on us all. Rich's future includes going under and hunting birds, bores, and locals with the Monza. Good luck baldy — S.D., L.D., C.S., S.B.

### DAVID BRUCE DITTMER

North Plainfield, NJ "Dave"

Dave came from the little known borough of North Plainfield, New Jersey. Many have wondered about Dave since he was rarely seen out of the rack during study hour. Dave was extremely picky about who he dated, and as a consequence, only went out with two girls, one of which he acquired on the rebound from an unnamed classmate. Being a Bull major (history), Dave had few problems keeping a 4.0 after Plebe year (he was finally allowed to study in the rack with music playing). He was a big help as a goalie in Company soccer, especially in the Brigade championships during Plebe year.

Youngster year Dave was a fearsome force on the lightweight football team (0-8). Pep rallies, rack time, reffing women's basketball, and last minute term papers were his favorite events at good 'ole USNA. As a classmate, I'll never forget the countless times Dave gave me E.I. in Physics, Boats, Leadership, etc. over the last few years. Thanks Dave. We all wish Dave good luck and heavy inversion layers as he gets underway on nuclear power.



### JOHN GALLO, III

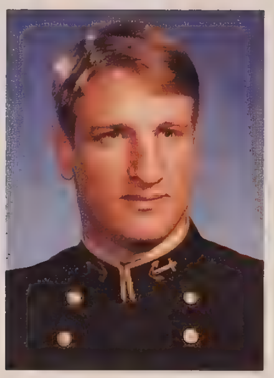
Medfor, MA "Jay"

Jay entered the academy as an unsuspecting civilian. Within hours he managed to have every 1st class know him well and pay particular attention to his unique personality. After proving what outstanding sailing talent he had in the Plebe regatta, Jay decided to sail dinghies as a varsity sport. Success followed him on the water, for Jay became a two time letter winner.

Then it happened. Jay decided to trade his Burmuda foul weather gear in for three stripes and a Napolean hat. He now had a Company vice a dinghy. What a challenge. Jay had to learn how to march and talk simultaneously. Left turn, right turn, eyes right, they just don't do that in a dinghy!

1/c year also brought a little sport to Jay's otherwise average life. How could someone with so much power drive such a common car? The Omni simply had to go. Time for the sporty, fast, topless look. Look out Hood, Goucher, and Notre Dame, a new man has been unleashed in 26th Co.

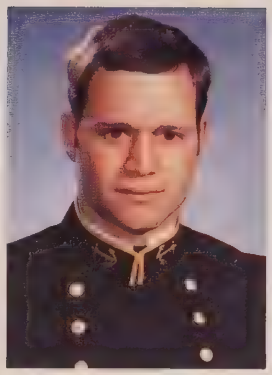
Best of luck to you and may your future glow brightly in the depths of the ceans. — D.J.B.



### MARK CHARLES JACKSON

Crystal River, FL

Mark came to Boat U. from tropical Crystal River Florida; but since his parents thought moving was shiek, Mark now resides in arid Arabia. Deciding the way to get girls was by wooing rather than grappling, Mark switched from his high school sport of wrestling to basey vocals in the glee club. Though Mark is a Systems Engineer frequently on the Supt's list, he "just couldn't understand those girls." He still managed to give up his plants long enough to date untold quantities of beautiful girls. Mark's unusually large olfactory organ did not hinder him as Mark was an all-star Batt. footballer and 400 runner. Mark's little brother Kirk kept him quick on his feet, saving Mark from another meeting with the mat as in Plebe boxing. Mark's real speed came in chess losses and his TR-6. Luckily for us earthy creatures, Mark will take his lousy puns to the sky in jets at an altitude equal to his mental heights.



### DANNY E. KOWALSKI

Sandertown, PA "Moto"

Danny "Moto" Kowalski came to the Boat School from Sandertown, PA, and spent Plebe summer laughing hysterically at his roommate. Danny spent Plebe year introducing my delicate constitution to the evils (and joys) of alcohol. Youngster year were "under the bridge," doing the "grumbo," finding out what "neuralkme's" were, breaking the Pinto, and traveling up the steep narrow stairways of Washington, D.C. Yes, from the "big party" William and Mary to "relieving his problems" on the courthouse window, Mito did it all. Feeling even more adventurous 2/c year, Danny became half-owner and proprietor of the G-1 bar and grill, specializing in special occasions such as 500 night, Tuesday night, etc. Many a night Danny could be found standing on his desk singing "Rosalita" into a whisk-broom, accompanied, of course, by "The Boss." Through it all Danny has survived with a "clean" nose, a lot of respect, and a littly gravy.

Gentle skies and noisy subs as a chopper-jock, my friend, and in 20 years I'll be there with a six-pack in my hand — J.S.

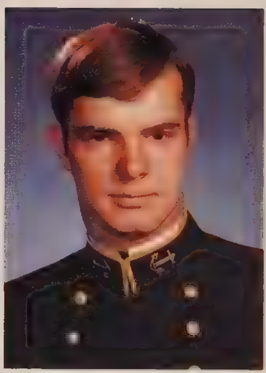
### JOSEPH SCOTT McCLAIN

Omaha, NB "Joe-Boy"

Joe McClain came to USNA from all parts of the world, a cosmopolitan man indeed. Living with Joe was a unique experience. There was the hidden treasure of "dead stuff," the terrified alarm clock, the silent but deadly ougah-ougah's, and the karate matches in the mirror. Being the confident lady-killer he is, many a "dear-heart" has been caught in Joe's spell, except, alas: Fran. Now that Joe is a frogman, though, he has become a real "swinger," juggling his women, and other things as well.

This summer Joe took part in the great "Z" adventure, crossing the continent on rock and roll, munchies, and fantasies. (Where is the redhead?) We weathered suicidal rabbits, nearly exploded batteries, and Pennsylvania drivers, and for what? To get back to USNA.

First Class year found Joe giving his all and yelling his little head off as president of the Karate Club. Joe has always been a great friend: willing to listen to any problem, or just mellow out in Arnold's with coffee and dreams.



### THOMAS EDWIN McGRAW

Alexandria, VA
"Quickdraw"

Tom "Quickdraw" McGraw earned his nickname from his uncanny bull shooting ability. The only triple major in the class of '82, Tom has been involved in a surprising number of activities despite his 25 credit-hour semesters. His interests include water polo, girls, long distance running, girls, punk rock, girls and chess. It may seem surprising that Tom's academics have not turned him into a super-geek. His athletic endeavors have included Marine Corps marathons, club water polo, karate, company fieldball and dancing the "time warp."

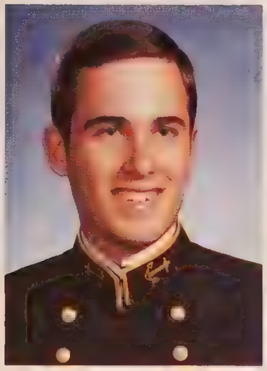
Perhaps the most amazing thing about Tom is his ability to drastically change personalities on weekends. His mild-mannered poli-sci personality is discarded with his geek glasses as Tom takes off into the night. The number of good-looking females that have graced Tom's two-seater is not at all geek-like.

Impressed by glowing reports of the Nuclear Navy, Tom has decided to join forces with Admiral Rickover and become a true Huke-Puke. Good luck Tom, we of 26 hope the Nukes can keep up with you.

Don came to the Naval Academy from Omaha via Miami. Seems like a long way to go to become a Plebe, but became a Plebe he did. This young, dashing Air Force reject soon expressed his dislike of boats, but decided to stay anyway. He chose the easy way out by becoming an Oceanography major and bagging out, taking courses like Engine Math, Steam, and Fluid Physics. His quest was to wear those Navy wings of gold, at all costs! But alas, the fickle finger of fate struck late second class year, and we can now see him (but he can't see you!) tapping his cane along his path through life. The only other thing Don wants to do (next to fly) is sleep. If you ever have trouble finding him, look in his rack, he'll probably be there. Don has always had a way with the ladies since his arrival at Uncle Sam's Home for Wayward Boys and Girls, even going so far as to get engaged once. But, he soon saw the light and decided to become one of the two charter members of the Shy-Handsome-Bachelors-Waiting-To-Be-Discovered Club. Seriously though, Don is a great guy and a wonderful friend. In the last three years of living together, we've become more than roommates, we've become brothers. Good luck Don, I hope to see you again in those friendly skies . . . G.M.C.

Bellevue, NB "Don"

**DONALD L. PARROTT, JR.**



No one can say John had an easy Plebe year. One of his roommates was a Pharmacist and the other always got sick after he drank. Dana was always thousands of miles away and if it was up to John he would have seen her more than twice a year. Everyone respected John's candor especially his roommates. John was always able to clear the room of obnoxious pests with a single snide remark. Crew and studies were John's two devotions while at USNA and his extra effort paid off. John always ate well at school sometimes too well, it's hard to keep lime sherbet and biscuits down. John eventually earned three stripes and began work on a trident project, unfortunately he had to move in with a living computer but the extra liberty was more than enough compensation. John's many close friends at USNA will always remember him and wish him well, wherever he may be down under the ocean. By the way, anybody want to buy a used Lancia?

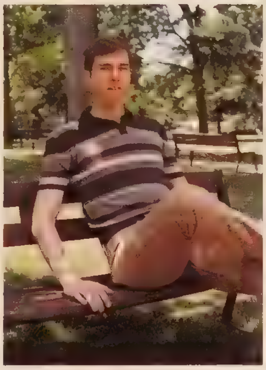
Petersburg, VA

**JOHN M. RICHARDSON**

Sands came to us from somewhere in Southern Cal. as the only living resident of the state without a tan. Since he wasn't legal in the Golden State, Sands was inexperienced in the ways of the world. Being the eager young man that he was it wasn't long before John learned to enjoy the decadent fruits of Life. John began to live for the weekend and it wasn't long before you could say, "he did it all"; the bridge, the coat, Pete's, William and Mary, the staircases of DC, 500 night, the Court House, The Stones, The "Floor," coke lady, the bar tender, Budweiser, pennyless, T.J., Uncle Smirnoff, Bock beer and Mexicain, Grumbo, darts, booze bags, Army, 10% club, rap sheet, G-1 Bar, and Gourmet cooking. Yes, the list could be endless. The long mellow dude made it through with the luck of the sands as his guardian. Well here's one for you 'ole buddy, see you at the bridge in 20, the first round on me. — D.K.

Rancho Cucamonga, CA "Sands"

**JOHN DAVID SANDERS**



Chris "I love you, what's your name again?" Schulz was a simple Iowa farmboy before heading east to the boat house. Plebe summer he found relief in a tin of Skoal and parent's weekend in a sinkful of Michelob. (That chow call didn't go too well did it?) Chris quickly adjusted to Navy life and maintained one if not more ladies in every port. 3/c cruise he headed for the orient but hurried back to USNA and his first taste of Hood college. Backgammon, cribbage, and TR-6 roadtrips occupied the majority of Chris' time Youngster year. 2/c summer rolled around and a jammed gun was the only thing between Chris and ultimate victory over Scott. 2/c year was typical for Chris, with one major exception, he still studied late and raged on Plebes, but he also settled down and renewed his preoccupation with Alice. Chris' love of destruction makes him ready to conquer all during the first interbalactic war. Mack speed and many migs to Chris, good luck from H.W., S.B., S.D., R.D.

Burlinton, IA "Chris"

**CHRISTOPHER JON SCHULZ**

To this high school hooligan turned Naval Academy Midshipman, one question was often asked — "Mr. Segura, why are you smiling?"

You can always turn to Chris when you need some help — be it schoolwork, money, advice or just someone to talk to. But be careful, he may provide you with exactly what you need — verbal abuse and good natured insult. If you had to describe Chris in one phrase, 'out of ordinary' would be most appropriate. Chris is unusual in several ways. Unusual in the degree of thought and consideration he devotes to others, unusual in the number of close friends he has accumulated in four short years, and very unusual in his personality and sense of humor.

Undoubtedly, Chris will carry many memories with him upon graduation. Chris as a Plebe was an unforgettable joke in itself. Chris' trip to Europe will I'm sure be well remembered. Finally, the crime of the century (the Unmade Bed Caper) will not be soon forgotten.

Fare Seas, Good Luck and Keep Smiling.

Los Angeles, CA "Chris"

**CHRISTOPHER SEGURA**

There was never a dull moment with Dan around especially after a few beers. "Take a hike buddy" was Slow's favorite advice. He told it to everyone, four stripers during Plebe summer and various local merchants. Restriction was just a minor inconvenience. Life with Slow and company could be dangerous at times but someone had to keep him from missing quarters. Slow wasn't exactly a light sleeper. Crew kept Dan pretty busy most of the time, then a computer kidnapped him! Slow, a motorcycle with wings? . . . Dan was always available for advice and help especially as Conduct Offi-er where his absentmindness was appreciated by many of us. Slow never failed to amaze us at Little Creek, F.R.C. and in Mahon during those blurry plays. Everyone will miss Slow and we all wish him the best of luck at Pensacola and thereafter. We just hope he doesn't sleep through flight school.

Newport News, VA "Slow"

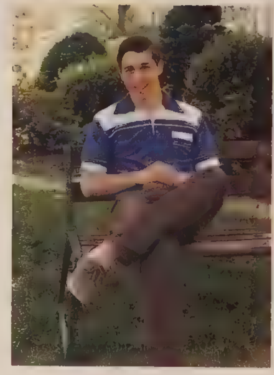
**DANIEL F. SLOWIKOWSKI**

**MARK DAVID SNYDER**

Canandaigua, NY "Snides"

This native New Yorker arrived at USNA with a pillow under one arm and a soccer ball in the other. Never one to stick around the company area, Mark soon found a home playing baritone bugle in the Drum and Bugle Corps. Tiring of this endeavor, Snides kicked, tackled, and chopped his way onto the Navy soccer team. Three soccer seasons, 2 varsity letters and stars, all helped to perfect Mark's study habits (at least 1 hour a night). His rack, always warm, had many believing him terminally S.I.R.

Being the trendsetter he is, the purchase of a flashy white Firebird 2/c summer spurred his one and only attempt (unsuccessful) at the land speed record of Rt. 2, Ritchie Highway exit. Mark's escalating grade point soon attracted Hyme's watching eye, but to his Nuke letter marked, "RETURN TO SENDER," and burst the bubble. An Airedale at heart, Mark will soon be soaring fighers against the best anyone can put in the air. The time has been short, the memories dear, but a friendship everlasting it will be. Good luck and many fair winds and clear skies be yours. M go Blue.

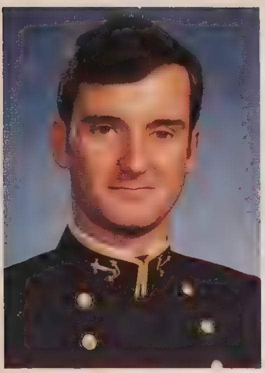


**RONALD UNGARO**

Grand Island, NY "Ron"

Ron came to Annapolis that fateful summer day with his sights set on being a surface skimmer. But a West Pac cruise and a YP trip convinced Ron (and his stomach) that CEC would be more to his liking *now* that he was colorblind. That "squat" with a fetish for organization, lists and folders (Did you ever find your Misc. folder?) proved more than a match for Ocean Engineering as evidenced by his near 4.0's each semester. But then anyone who draws a flowchart on how to write out a check and uses it is bound to succeed.

Ron is the only person in our class to pay cash for his car and class ring yet save pieces of scratch paper for homework problems. Or send out his laundry week after week with sheets and six pair of undershorts, nothing more — frugal Mr. Ungaro, extremely frugal. From his smelly shoes to his always perfect haircut Ron is a great person and friend. Good luck and easy sailing.



### CHRISTOPHER J. WHALLEY

Brewster, NY "Chris"

Chris came to USNA after a year of intensive preparation at Notre Dame, where he did some heavy undergraduate work in aberrant behavior. Needless to say, he was slightly overjoyed by cap'n jack's decision to let '82 imbibe. As his roommate Plebe year, I never saw him awake during study hour (REM crucial to study?) or present on weekends (sailing "movement orders"?). His narcolepsy continued through many a wardroom TV session and class. When Chris isn't sleeping, he's talking. His mouth has proved quite useful in dealing with the ladies (once he slipped the fetters of engagement). Now a retired sailor, Chris has stepped up work on both his major and minor (English and decadence). Escaping all ties but visa bills, Whalley is on the road with his sin bin (compact style!!) while rumors of Nuke power fly, he figures he'll stay surface line. (He don't like it where the sun don't shine!) His most valuable assets: friends. His most valuable lesson: "It just doesn't matter!" When one can get a straight answer out of him, he places all credit for what he is today on two people. We'll remember this, Mr. and Mrs. Whalley, no matter how long it takes. "Thanks for all of it, Mom and Dad." — Now that we're done, who's up for a bagel?

### HENRY CLAYTON WYKOFF

Belleville, IL "Hank"

Hank "Rolling Stones" Wykoff came east from Illinois to see if there really were such things as mountains and oceans. Hank remained sane Plebe summer by catching rock and roll from Firstie rooms. Plebe year was much of the same, but with a few roadtrips and Saturdays at the "under the bridge" bar. Tequila, a Commander, and U.A. occupied most of Hank's time 3/c year. Upon reentering life again, (as we know it), Hank found untold treasures among the east coast's co-ed dorms. Jugs must have been something special, hi Dad! Second class year Henry decided to get serious (about something other than fun) and became a stellar professional and academic performer (even though he had a middle part). Second class year was not without its roadtrips, however, the highlight being a week long part in Ft. Lauderdale. As a Firstie, a 280-Z and Renee held most of Hank's attention. Although he did manage to have some outrageous times with both (ice blue jeans and a jar of vaseline). Mach speed and many migs to Hank, good luck from C.S., S.B., J.S.

Keith started out his stay at USNA with a tough Plebe year suffering under G.Z. and Stroke for squad leaders. A slight damper was put on his free n' easy nature Youngster year at the Illinois game where he was reprimanded for indulgence, an encore performance from the previous year's tropical pink long incident. A few weekends and one Black "N" later, he was back to his old self, with the only side effect being a slightly lower company rank (32 places lower). He was master of the Army week prank, the best of which include filling a room with newspaper, "borrowing" the Plebe's shower handles and a couple still to be announced.

Second Class year Keith traded his New Jersey residence for one in Rockville (Nearer My God to Thee). As one of the leaders in spirit in the Brigade (Pep Band President), Keith's absence will be felt by all who have been to a pep rally or a football game. Good luck in whatever you do.

Rockville, MD "The Derelict"

### KEITH DOUGLAS AYRES

Joe hails from Tucson where he left aspirations of becoming head doorman at the Eldorado Theatre. He started out his Naval career on the right foot by occasionally borrowing G.Z.'s Blazer and cruising through his first year. No one saw much of John during Third and Second Class year because his wife moved up from Arizona. During this time he took up jogging and ran during all hours of the day, and night. Joe was reinstated as one of the boys during First Class summer, when his marriage fizzled. His most used expression was, "I wish I never left Tucson." John was a gentle person, which was evident from the sports he participated in, such as Judo and antenna whipping. He was also well liked by the entire company. One of his favorite pastimes was running the O-Course backwards in a flack jacket.

John's major was Naval Architecture and since he enjoyed designing ships so much, he planned on joining the Marine Corps after graduation, which should be sometime in 1982.

Tucson, AZ "Joe"

### JOHN ADAM WARD BELL

He comes from the South. He's called Birdman, alias James Keith Bird, (Sorry, Byrd). With confusion in his left hand and drivel in his right, he assaults the US NAVAL ACADEMY. Profs — Confused. Classmates — Confused. Roommates — Confused. Company Officers — Confused. Primary mission: accomplished. He begins reading the Sunday comics to classmates on Sunday mornings, "and then Snoopy says . . ." "Shut up, Jim." "So Linus says . . ." "Shut up, Jim." "Then Lucy says . . ." "JIM — SHUT UP!" and so it goes.

But how can we smite him — he who would bring wrath and ruin upon our happy world. Subject major: Mech. E. Grades: Mediocre. It's not working. Grades: Bad. It's still not working. Grades: Awful. Nothing Works! What can we do? Save us somebody! We must use the final weapon! Subject: Earth female. Subject name: Seray Smith . . .

But seriously, Jim, to us here at USNA, you were what they call in theatrical terms, "The fifth business." That is, a character of time onstage, seldom noticed, but without whom the play falls apart.

Suffolk, VA "Birdman"

**JAMES KEITH BYRD**

Mark "Un"Lucke Criswell or more commonly known as "Criz" always loved life at USNA. He felt lonely away from the Florida sun so he parked his van in the yard Plebe year for easy access. Criz developed many meaningful relationships while at the Academy, just ask Pam or Ollie. He still refuses to publish his recipe for "Pitkin Pudding." After losing car privileges until he makes Lt., Criz decided to become a model Mid. It didn't last long however, since he spent his second week of spring vacation in Boston recovering from his attempt to obey regulations. Criz started out as a NARC but decided drugs weren't for him and switched to Oceanography, a more appropriate subject for a beach bum.

After a battle at married life, Mark switched to the wild and crazy life of a bachelor and every week he had a different bathing beauty on the back of his windsurfer. Mark finally gave in to peer pressure in his First Class year and went punk to fulfill his varsity soccer image.

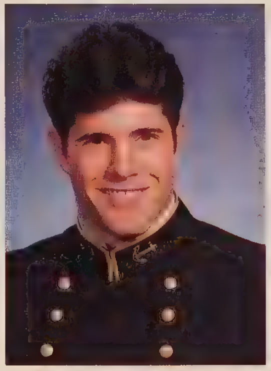
Miami, FL "Criz"

**MARK LUCKE CRISWELL**

Terry was a personal friend of the "Boss" and could sing most of Bruce's songs better than him. But that's only because he practiced sooo . . . much. He was a model Plebe and was very popular from the beginning with the girls in uniform. Among Meathead's many attributes was his skill on the baseball field, wrestling mat, football field, etc., etc., etc. Just ask him. But the man knew how to enjoy life, and people, which was what he really cared about. And talk about patience (some call it other things). You gotta give him credit for lasting three years with Fitz and What's-His-Name. It's hard to say bad things about Terry. Well, maybe not that hard . . . But he is one of a kind and his kind made it fun. Later . . .

Matawan (Jersey Shore), NJ "Terry"

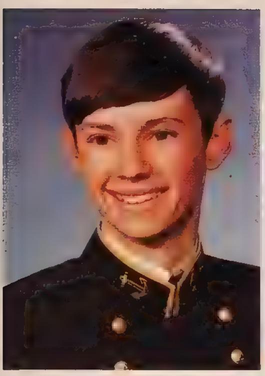
**TERRENCE J. DEITZ**



Big Fitz rode out of the hills of Ohio — He was ripsnorting MAD (his parents made him go to the Academy), he had a Pabst in one hand and some Red Man in his larger than average Irish mouth. Mr. Fitzgerald was a problem child throughout Plebe summer and there was deep concern whether or not this FOOTBALL PLAYER was officer material. Once T-Tables started this concern disappeared. After a 2.0 Plebe year, Fitz departed on an early cruise. It was a top secret mission, therefore, Fitz could not fill out his cruise book. Youngster year began and Fitz and Lew could be found at many a restriction muster (nobody could understand why — these two never did anything worthy of demerits). Fitz's black "N" award rapidly improved his company standing. His stellar room (same one for 3 years) and more demerits continued to raise Fitz's company standing and this was one case where recognition was received for reasons other than good grades. First Class cruise found Fitz in Hawaii for 6 weeks of R and R with the Marines and the Marine Corps is where this good ole boy is headed . . . See you there, later . . .

Canton, OH "Fitz"

**DAVID MARK FITZGERALD**



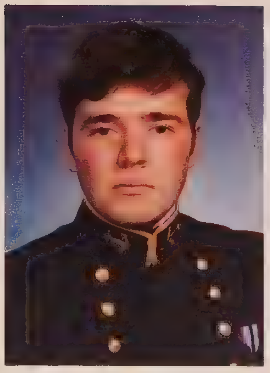
**PETER ANTHONY GAMBLE**
Concord, NH "Gumby"

Gamby wheeled and dealed his way into the Naval Academy after spending a year at prep school in Maine. Pete always got the great buys — a dime's worth for a nickel, the good lids, good boat and great tire eating trailer. Spock was beamed into the Varsity Cross Country and Track program with a distant runner's body. His symmetrical plate-like shape is sure to earn him a berth on the 1984 Biafron Olympic Team.

Gamby is famous for being in bed by nine, up running at six and holding a 3.0 WPR. Groverhead's southern accent made its mark on the Shenandoah Valley Fair and the hearts of the Navy X-C Team.

Pete runs with his heart and is a real asset to Navy sports. His jokes, body, or pointy ears are enough to make a manic depressive laugh.

Gamby's 20/20 vision sends him to Pensacola. Wherever he flies we'll remember the "New Hampshire Country Boy" who brightened up all our lives. Spock, best of luck on the Enterprise.



**NORMAN BRUCE GRAHAM**
Danville, KY "Buck"

Buck, "a hillrat from Kentucky" won every award his high school, and State had to offer. Naturally, Plebe year was a let down and Buck decided he would rather be a forest ranger. Cruising in G.Z.'s Blazer with Jaws is as close as he ever came though. Buck quickly learned the virtues of Westpac women and returned from cruise with more than just stories.

Buck bought a motorcycle Second Class summer but a bike eating telephone pole et' it. Buck bought a truck for safe transportation and it became quite a partying machine. The topper addition allowed him to rack up some banana stickers during Plebe detail. Buck had many extra-curricular activities some of which included — lighting himself on fire, shooting innocent people with crabapples, water balloons and bottlerockets and rigging exploding chairs. Buck was very creative and never allowed his studies to interfere with his drawing and painting.

Buck found out he was color blind and was disappointed that he couldn't fly. He took it in stride and began preparing for the supply line by being Wardroom President and Mid In Charge Of Tailgaters. P.S. I'll buy your turntable and speakers!

**MICHAEL ALAN GUENTHER**
Wichita, KS "Guenth"

Mike has been an athletic genius throughout his tour here at Boat School. He specialized in Gymnastics all four years and was the 'spastic Captain his last year. He attained this title by performing such feats as scaling fences with beer laden coolers at Maryland Lacrosse games and doing backflips fully clothed while on dates.

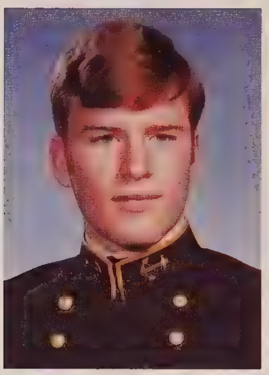
Mike has become quite a world traveller while serving time here. He once took a road trip all the way to England to visit his girlfriend that he met in "Dogpen." That's the same girl who misplaced her earrings and other items of apparel among a pile of his Aero books. It was then decided to change majors to General. This change was just what he was looking for. He could finally devote full time to 12 oz. weightlifting and take in some culture (Zeppelin). Having been his roommate since I-day, I am truly sorry that we can't park "Space Station Oscar-Minor" at P-cola. After all, he owns half the stereo.

**CLIFFORD LAWRENCE HAGAN**
Philadelphia, PA "Hags"

Cliff strode into Bancroft Hall with a football, two good knees, and a well used copy of Meatloaf, leaving to those who ever saw him a lasting impression, even if it was left in his rack. Plebe summer found Number 64 actually being a Mid, but T-Tables soon changed that routine into an act. Only his roommate knew what company he was in, and they could be found in the weight room.

Youngster year found Cliff's mail forwarded to the Thrift, where he spent a few hours going over his bills. How a Management major can get into debt remains a mystery, but what are roommates for? And he had many roommates, if you count the many recruits who enjoyed his real roommate's rack. With a new trick knee, Hags entered Junior year pursuing academic excellence in the wardroom, struggling with assignments from his NAAA approved Profs.

May it never be said that this jolly guy didn't stand his duty, but the question remains where? Cliff leaves USNA with many towels, socks, a football, and one? knee. AMF Bucko, you'll do good wherever you go.



**KENNETH JOSEPH HARVEY**
Dundalk, MD "Harv"

Harv, is that a first name or last? A by-product of a BAWLMORE (Baltimore) suburb called DUNDALK who never really left home to come to the Academy. Plebe year, while the rest of us roamed the town, Harv travelled the short distance home. As Harv moved into Youngster year this love struck hometown boy got engaged to the girl(?) down the street. But woe, the romance was not to last; by segundo year Harv had collected his wits (although recollecting his property from her took longer) and decided marriage wasn't his style.

Free of his only vice going into First Class year other vices began to emerge — smoking, yelling, flaming and being Company Commander. No one can say command went to Harv's head, no sir, it was always that way.

His Plebe summer squad leader said Harv had no personality. Well just ask anyone now and they'll tell you, Harv's got personality. It only took him four years and lots of "friendly" coaching to get it.

Harv's come a long way since first leaving Dundalk on 6 July 1978 and there is nothing stopping him from going on a great deal farther.

**DONNA HAZZARD**
Paris, KY
"Disco Donna Summer Hazzard"

I mean to tell you, she's done it all: varsity athlete, religious pioneer, academic wiz, Marine recruit, and fashion queen. Plebe year was really rollin' with all three of us on the hoop Squad, but then Donna's interests diversified toward the Jet Set. Now she plays tennis all summer, and ski-bums all winter (What a life!).

She was also the first person I ever met who felt it necessary to go to church twice a week (even now), and one of those times is 0615 Wednesday mornings. It's obviously paying off.

Of course Ms. Hazzard is among the distinguished charter members of the founding mothers of the Quantico based organization of "G.I.'s."

No dissertation about Disco Donna would be complete without mention of her sleek, silver, Honda Accord, named "EVY," with the only Kentucky license plate in the world with a rainbow transfer.

Truly a woman for all seasons is Ms. Hazzard, now that she has completed her modest wardrobe with a hooded, down-filled, full-length, coat and a pair of western boots.

My Ocean-gofer friend aspires to go geophysics in May — Good luck, Dous — See ya in Hawaii!

Steven E. Johnson, also called Steve Martin by his roommate because it has a nice ring to it, arrived at the Academy on a "jog" all the way from always-winter Wyzata, Minnesota. He liked running so much that nothing would stop him, i.e. taps, formations, classes, and meetings. However, his Firsties during Plebe summer didn't quite understand his running necessities, especially when he said, "But running makes my head crystal clear, sir." Maybe that's why from then on S.E.S. was well known by his Firsties. He went through Plebe year with Eharhardt on his back and a better professional knowledge of who the starting line-up was for the Dallas Cowboys. During Youngster year Steven was running out of math so he switched from Aero to General Abstracts.

When his First Class Plebe summer arrived Steve found out what makes a flame and how screens can get so dirty. It was OK, though; he was being preoccupied by a short that he ran into. In any case Steve has been a generally mellow, all-out nice guy — your All-American Mid. I mean, who doesn't go to a restaurant, pub, house, or just about anywhere and ask for a glass of water, or a fish sandwich or peanut butter with his pancakes at 2 in the morning. He's a guy who has to consume just the right foods because it can have a drastic effect on his running or his efficiency in studying.

Steve will be going Surface Line when he leaves Canoe U. Advice: Don't "run" aground. Good Luck, pal.

Wyzata, MN "Steve"
**STEVEN ERIC JOHNSON**

Mike "Talkative" Johnston is from the home of the Army-Navy football clashes — Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. How a person could come from such a wild city and live an entire Plebe year with "Beekeeps" and still be so quiet that one had to check if he was breathing to see if he was still alive is beyond me. Living with Mike for three years gives me the right to say he is the most caring man I have ever had the pleasure to be associated with. Just to show how caring he really is, he shuffles his feet on the floor with socks on instead of his "frams" while I tried to sleep. Now that's what I call taking a strain!

Mike is also one of the hardest workers I have ever known. His grades never showed the effort he put into his studying — probably because with his memory he studied for the wrong class. In all seriousness, Mike is one of the finest men around and I am sure he will always be a success in all his endeavors. Good luck Mike and may God always be with you.

Brian

Philadelphia, PA
"Talkative"
**MICHAEL JOHN JOHNSTON**

Senior year finds Randy
counting days and watching the
wind —
the musical winds of
Mariah, and
the Severn breezes filling
the jib
of a 420.
With a love for strawberries and
stuffed bears,
Mimi and Cap'n J, NADS,
32, and English
(plus a special interest in
Chem) —
With a dimpled smile and a
flower in her hair,
Randy will continue to quietly
pursue her dreams:
"hold fast to your dreams,
for dreams
come true."

Trumbull, CT "Randy"

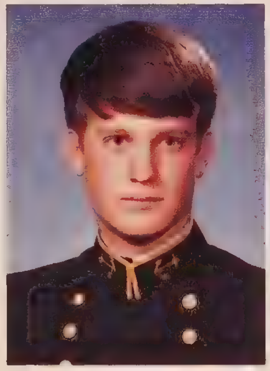
**VIRGINIA RANDOLPH KURTZ**

La-Row-Shell! There he goes scurrying out of the room to Barry, again. Roach won't be the kind of guy we're likely to forget (oh well). What can be said in defense of a politically liberal, socially conservative poet, who by some mean twist of fate finds himself among the managers of violence? How about — "When does the next plane leave for Canada?" There is something magic in his method, who else could be granted personal T.V. privileges as a Youngster? And who else has been able to shake 2 out of 4 roommates? (Jim doesn't count.) By the way — have you seen the latest in ladies' razors — Roach has developed a three month shadow — on his legs (explain that one!)

All in all, this lil' fella has done all right. Proving himself to be the bravest among us, 'cuz he always stuck with what he believed in (even after Chapaquidick) some more reluctantly than others. We respect you for all you are and all that you are destined to be. (That's what we feel in our hearts!) Good luck in Washington.

Syracuse, NY "Roach"

**DENNIS M. LA ROUCHELLE**

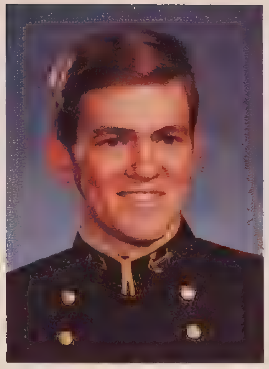


**JODY K. LEISCH**

Oconto Falls, WI "Grody"

Jody, one of the original partiers, hails from America's Dairyland, home of the Green Bay Packers and the 75¢ mixed drink. Her move from Oconto Falls to USNA was a shock to her system as she found that she could only party 6 days a week and keep her 4.0. A true jock, Jody participated in volleyball, basketball and track throughout her 4 years here. In keeping with this jock image, she switched her major from Mechanical Engineering to a more reasonable major, "Phy. Sci," with a minor in rock 'n roll bars.

Graduation day will find Jody sailing out Gate 1 in her silver "Z." Jody's ready for the fleet, but is the fleet ready for her?!

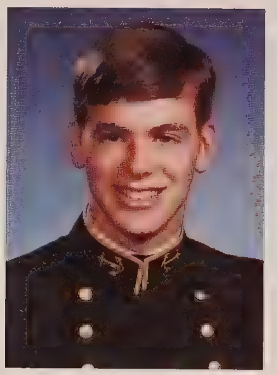


**FRANCIS J. M. LOWERY**

Rockville, MD "Frank"

Frank descended into Annapolis Plebe summer and immediately strove to improve the quality of life. One of his first displays of this desire was when Frank helped destroy M. Pickles' room (along with everything inside). He sailed through Plebe year on the brink of corruption (Buck and Mike), but then came out okay as Company Commander and Midshipman In Charge Of Moral Discrepancies (a title he has held since) Youngster year. Second Class year brought fulfillment for Frank — five stripes and President Of The Mess (although it's said Andy took credit for both).

Frank was demoted to Battalion Commander as a Firstie, and as punishment he locked horns with the Rocket — it's still unclear as to who won that Titanic struggle. To Frank's credit, though, he was one of the few Zonies to escape dating John's sister (if that's what you really believe in your heart). Frank was always particularly fond of extra-curricular activities, especially Kris, Trish, Kelly, Shiela and Jenny (if only Ray had come here). Frank, here's a big hug from the one who loves you best.

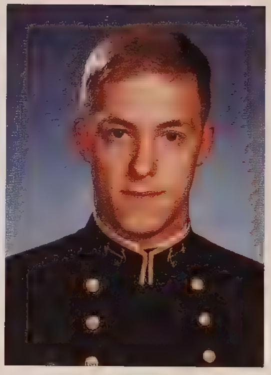


**JEFFREY L. MAHON**

Chicago, IL "Jeff"

Jeff arrived in Annapolis with a mellow personality, low profile and a slightly warped sense of humor. Through four years he managed to hold on to it all but the sense of humor which got worse. Jeff craved the adventurous life. Sailing and scuba diving were enough Plebe year but he soon graduated to hang gliding and sport parachuting. Jeff's activities were curtailed when he earned a varsity letter in conduct for practicing explosives LOL in the Battalion Commander's room. This helped him extend his reign as "King of the Cellar" in the company.

Jeff took his act to the stage Second Class year in "My Three Mouseketeers" and First Class year in "Wild Oats." In the former he outdid himself by dying twice each performance. Jeff was a good friend and the few of us that noticed him wish him well.



**LARRY BRUCE McKENNY**

Houston, TX "Mac"

Mac was a yes man from way back and destined for stripes from the start. His Plebe year was an exciting experience, but you would have never known it to look at him. Mac had the honor of being the first to escort Berg's sister to a USNA formal. His tour in the twilight zone Youngster year introduced him to the strange habits of Dr. Weird. His relationship with his next roommate, The Keeper, started as a happy marriage but ended as a tragic divorce.

Mac was a strong believer in competitive events, ranging from company soccer to bridge with the girls, and his collection of reading matter led to the opening of the 27th Company branch of Nimitz Library.

Q. Where's the clothes?

A. Wadded behind the books.

His dream of stripes was realized when he fearlessly commanded India Company and led the boys in black. Mac came to us from a family of grunt and there's plenty of mud in his future, but hopefully no more water.

**LAWERENCE L. MOKAN**

Cheektowaga, NY "Mok"

Mōk's first name is the most closely guarded secret there is. For those of us who have known him for four or five years his name is Larry, and some people even call him this, but maybe only Sally.

Larry is from "Chip"towaga, where everyone is a Bill's fan (he has three Bills' hats and wants more). Though it usually rains and the Bills lose when he goes to a game.

At the beginning of Segundo year everyone thought they'd seen the last of Mōk, since Sally moved down. But the first three weekends she was here, Lar didn't even see her because he had to restrict (he still says it was mine and Burls' fault). He loved cleaning the floor for some reason, heck, I can remember one Saturday night he cleaned a path from his bed to the sink.

All-in-all, Larry is a great person to be around and I hope he has a fantastic life in years to come, which I know he will.

P.S. And I'm sure the following wish the same: Hugh, Fu, Eagle, Nose 1, Nose 2, Fitz, Burls, Meathead, Richird, Bulkhead, Moodman, Mudmouth, The Father, etc.

**BARBARA NESTER**

Severna Park, MD "Barb"

Barbara Sue comes all the way from Severna Park, MD, via a year of partying at NAPS (the stories those napsters tell!). To say this lady is an athlete is an understatement: She had two letter sweaters before the end of Plebe year! Using her God-given talents (among them is a height of 6'2") she played varsity basketball and volleyball each year, serving as co-captain of the volleyball team as a Firstie.

Barb started out as a Mathematics major, but switched to Physical Science after discovering the numbers game was not for her. Academics did not come as easy as volleyball, but armed with her briefcase and "geekettes" along with her letter sweater, she made it through with gravy to spare.

After four years of living with Barb, she is still the same self-assured, warm-hearted person she was when we first met. For her the sky is the limit as she pursues the career of a Naval Flight Officer.

Au revoir, mon amie. Bonne chance!

### WILLIAM DOUGLAS PEDLEY

Auburn, NY "Peds"

When Joe left Auburn, his parents must have known how he'd turn out. They moved and didn't tell him. By graduation Joe had: bad knees, bad eyes, a bad wrist, a bad spine, a short leg, no front teeth, rug burns, and no sparkle, also beer goggles were added to the family crest.

Peds got off to a good start Plebe year by coating his blotter with rates. Although he swore he was flunking out at every marking period, almost every liberty night Peds could be heard saying, "I've got to stay in and study tonight, well okay let's go."

Dogface set many standards for the company: Window smashing, gold watch acquisition, being slow on jokes, standing consecutive CDO's, understanding psychology books, not going to rugby games, delusions of fighting grandeur in New London and Hood, not to mention A+ in hand grenades.

All kidding aside, Bill was a great pumpkin and friend. Good luck in the Nuke Fleet, or Surface Fleet or Marine Corps, or Supply Corps (Bill, scratch out those that don't apply).

### FRANK PATTERSON PURSEL

Bloomsburg, PA
"Ernie B. Keeper"

Ernie B. Keeps, who had a wart, pinged down from the land of nuclear accidents to begin the four-year preliminary training for nuclear power. He was the only member of '82 to get stripes Plebe summer, and when he did you could see it in his face. On Youngster sub cruise he really got into the reactor, when the crew preferred to have him wandering around the boat. Actually, his main interest was in the academic realm. He got so involved with his homework that, once he got the reaction going, he tended to forget about other things — like formations, or leadership class.

First Class year he became a fork man (but don't let that get around). His favorite elective was Zen and the Calculation of E Fields. When the factor was high Keeper would ping into the room with some 'fee and Newtons, and crank Joel or 'Smith, and so shall we remember him. He will be great underwater, and safe there, too, if he melts down. Remember the omnipresent PbF. Jeez-o-'Mickey the flux is denzzz . . .

### DON RINGEL

Centralia, WA "Murry"

Don found his way to the Boat School via Centralia, Washington. Don got his appointment to USNA after his victory at the national "Murry The Cop" look alike contest. Through this victory Ringman won an ice cream parlor better known as Arnold's on "Happy Days." Of course Don also won the leading role as Arnold. It was obvious to all who ever had the opportunity to dine with Don that he must have pounded several milk shakes at his parlor because he could scame a half gallon of milk before Brigade seats were given.

Don realized he wouldn't be able to consume this copious quantity of milk without some form of exercise, his bike. Being an Aero major Don felt his bike had wings to Evil Karingel attempted a flight over the Eastport bridge. Well he crashed eating the metal grating at the halfway point. "That's Incredible" wanted the rights to a second attempt.

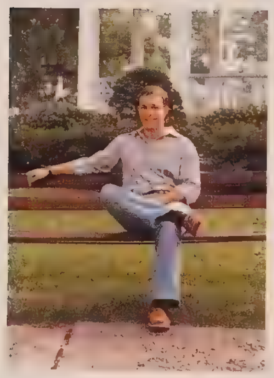
Don was a hard worker sticking out that Aero major, but he never lacked any sleep. Ringman could fall asleep anywhere: Class, at a concert, or even on the head.

Don, you gave us all some great laughs. Good luck in the Fleet.

### ADALBERTO RUIZ, III

San Antonio, TX "Al"

A native of San Antonio, Texas, Al left the southern heat to the arms of Mother B., never to leave her grip. A former JROTC, he spread his talent during Plebe summer with spit 'n shine lessons. However, the prior military experience had affected him in other ways. He was the only one who escaped company drill by going out for the drill team. After a brief bout with Aero, he caught the Systems bug and has been plagued with it ever since. A man of the night, Al always had the study hour midwatch, complete with his omnipresent bugger headphones, mug of caffeine, and his mascot Owlie to give him the gouge. Don't bother stopping by after sixth period unless you have shock paddles to wake him. After one particularly abusive all-nighter, Ru crawled through the day with just enough will to get himself to his rack, where he passed out complete with reefer, gloves, books, and calculator still firmly gripped. He displayed his creativity with his various contortionist sleeping positions and profound posters of insight. (Did you ever catch anyone staring into the point, Al?) He did have some excellent jokes, too. Just ask Steve Martin! AQUAROCK 1, 2, 3, 4, PLEBE HARASSMENT DETAIL 1, his dedication and ever optimistic disposition will make him a fine addition, wherever he goes.



### GERARD ALLEN SOUSER, JR.

Pittsburgh, PA "Chip"

Chip cruised into Annapolis from the Steel City with an amazing aptitude for being a Plebe. In fact he enjoyed wearing white works so much during Plebe summer that he soon adopted it as his standard uniform. Youngster year was very important in Chip's development. He joined Berg in earning his rackborne wings but almost became a civilian. Luckily Chip decided that being a priest wasn't for him. Second Class year started off well with the "night of the rippled shirts" where Chip learned that too many push-ups can be hazardous to your health. This year also witnessed the ECA explosion which earned Chip the most ECA's in the company award. It also led to the famous quote: "But we're in 5 ECA's together." Late in the year Chip demonstrated his incredible ability to speak at officers which effectively barred him from any striper billets and guaranteed him 10 weeks of leave First Class summer. Everyone is sure that Chip will be an outstanding family man because of his fondness for young children.

### MICHAEL JAMES STAHL

Annapolis, MD "Mike"

I guess after 3 years, what sticks out the most in my mind is how "slick" Mike is. Mike has a knack for timeliness and being lucky. From waterskiing on Fridays to late night escapades, Mike has taken advantage of 3 striper libs, driving as a Plebe, motorcycling, Friday night parties in Bancroft, and even a telephone in his room. Mike had more photo finishes right before taps than anyone I can think of, and all this without restricting a day. Mike goes for the gusto in everything he does. As if rugby wasn't enough, Mike added a motorcycle to his mother's list of worries. He now wants to fly jets at the speed of sound. (Keep cool Mrs. S.)

Seriously though, in addition to his boldness, Mike is friendly to everyone and will go out of his way to help you whenever he can. It's been a great 3 years; the best of luck to you Michael.

### RAYMOND J. VANDEN BERGHE, JR.

Sergeantsville, NJ "John"

John hobbled into the Naval Academy from the Garbage State with his sister fast on his heels, begging him to get her a date for *any* formal dance. In return, she promised to set him up with one of her "little friends." John agreed and that is how he came to have his first date, and his second date, and his third date, etc., etc. . . . John progressively moved up in the world until he was dubbed COMHOODRON 27 during his First Class year.

Youngster year gave John his first taste of recon patroling when he scouted and mapped out the Ho Chi Minh Trail. John went so far as to leaving "The monster from the steam tunnels was here," signs on the USMC officers' doors in Nimitz during one of these raids.

John will always go through life grinning as long as he has Flatt and Scruggs cranked up on the stereo, his Uncle Jack close by, and a Genesee Cream Ale sign to bow down to each night.

### JOHN S. VAN HOUTEN

Kettering, OH "Stace"

The easiest way to describe Stace is to say he is good ole' country folk — or hick. He tries to deny this, but often proves this true as he eases back with a chew in his cheek, a Bud in his hand while he listens to a little Waylon and Willie on the music box.

In his 4 years at USNA.Stace has led an adventurous life. He even went so far as to date a "little girl" he found in Dahlgren one night. Luckily for Stace that didn't last long. Stace even bartended once at a Johns Hopkins homecoming party after a Lax game, he served so many drinks even he couldn't handle it.

Stace has many hobbies ranging from wishing for a truck to growing a gut every Christmas and summer. Stace wants a truck so bad that when he grows up and ends his Navy career he's going to put his education to work and become a truck driver.

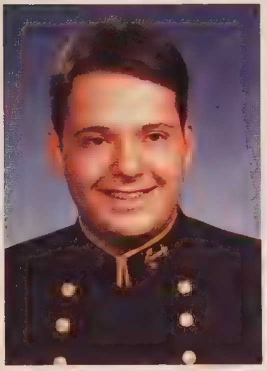
Stace is the type of guy who will do anything for you. It's been a real pleasure knowing Stace and rooming with him. Best of luck buddy — hope you get your truck someday.

Kent first made an impression on us Plebe summer when we learned that his name was, "Mmmm Varnum, sir." Later Kent, with his wild antics, alien doll, Darth Vader helmet, and other assorted bizarre costumes, firmly established himself as company entertainment officer. I'll always remember Kent's 15 min. rendition of "The Exorcist" and so will ROACH. George D's talent was not completely wasted on the company, however, as he was a hardworking member of Masqueraders and later it's own Edward II. Kent always made it known that he didn't like being at the Naval Academy, especially on a 22-ft. platform in a certain natatorium. He did it, though!

Seriously, we were glad to have you with us Kent and you made living here a little bit more humorous. Good luck on the Seven Seas and don't lose your great sense of humor.

Ames, OH "Dr. Wyerd"

**KENT C. McVAY VARNUM**



Brian is a native of Rossville, Georgia bur spent his high school days in Annapolis. A graduate of NAPS and a star football player in his Annapolis high school days, his football plans were terminated by a foot injury and — a runt of a first semester Plebe year Squad leader. Youngster year was spent mostly in the 27th Company wardroom, Bethesda (from a Batt. football injury) and with a new girlfriend named Sue. Liking R and B soul music, he holds the Guinness record for listening to "Rapper's Delight" a hundred consecutive times. He also has the world's record for borrowing headphones, tapes, cigarettes and money. Although he never would make a Trident scholar, the Marines are getting one of a few good men. However, where is he when everybody is looking for him?

Rossville, GA "Brian"

**CHARLES BRIAN VAUGHN**

When Ralph stumbled upon USNA back in June, 1978, from the booming metropolis of Keeling, VA, he brought with him a great attitude and accent that made people stop and listen . . . and listen . . . and listen. Leaving the tobacco fields behind, with Olivia Newton John at his side, and with Systems Engineering looming ahead, Ralph set out to conquer USNA and "Hal," the hybrid computer.

He tripped, flipped, stumbled, and bumbled his way to straight A's Plebe year, before he met Hal; quickly discovering that weekends weren't made for Michelob. Undaunted, and keeping his eye on his idol, General Lee, the "refined southern gentleman" continued to lose disastrously at racquetball, and take road trips to UVA and JMU whenever possible. Leaving USNA became one of his favorite pastimes, but unfortunately, to do it more than once, he had to keep coming back.

During second class year, Systems had had enough of Ralph, and Ralph had had enough of Systems. Determination, sleepless nights, months on the computer, and a little "coaxing" from his advisor kept him going in Systems. Where Systems is going, we don't know, but we all know where it can go. And wherever Ralph may go, be it air or subs, you can be sure he'll do jus' fine. Just give him a dip, an Olivia album, and lots of space . . . where he can't hurt himself. See ya'll Ralphie.

Keeling, VA

**RALPH N. ALDERSON**

Gregg Bensinger came to us from the small town of Rochester, NY via the prestigious school of N.A.P.S. There he learned what the Navy was really like, drinking as often as possible. Right away he became great friends with an elite group — Jonesy, Cas . . ., and carried them plus some new recruits — Tyrone, Joe, Frenchy, Jake, and Volps, through four years of fun at the Academy. The first to try out the conduct system, Gregg came back black. One who always liked to dress preppie, Gregg could usually be seen wearing blue jeans, a flannel shirt, and working boots. He wore these flashy outfits to such fine establishments as Clarke's, Rudi's, and the Willow Tree.

Seriously, Gregg is one hell of a friend. He is always there when you need him. Always ready with a one liner, his sense of humor has helped many a person through the tough times of the Academy. After graduation, Gregg's presence will be sorely missed by all those who know him. Good luck in the future although I know you won't need it.

Rochester, NY "Benny"

**GREGG ALLEN BENSINGER**

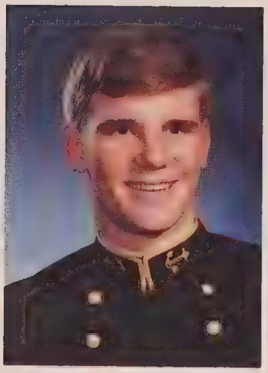
Perry had second thoughts after his first few weeks at the Academy. In high school (back in where else but Jersey) he had letters in three sports, a great family life, and a hometown girlfriend. He traded it all for football, Andy Pillado, and a shaved head. That's enough to drive most people crazy, but not Perry. Instead he did the driving, his car that is. An an outlet Perry took weekends as a Plebe and parked his car in the yard. Who else could do it?

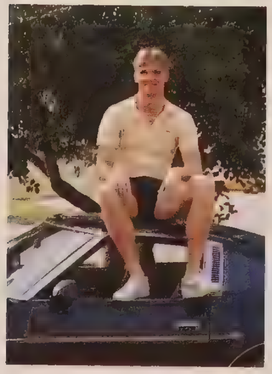
In the past four years Perry's hard work at school (??) has only been surpassed by his hard work at play. In contrast to most Mids, Perry's love life has never been lacking. His girls in chronological order include: Debbie, Libbi, Katrina, Libbi, Barb, Libbi, Jeannie, Libbi, Celia, Libbi and Glynis-s-s-s (as in snake).

Perry leaves behind a lot of fond memories, and a brother who will cease to get anything done without big brothers pushing him along. Perry leaves us, but will never let us forget one thing, "Mids are Mids, and they're a great bunch of guys." Later!

Pitman, NJ "Bing"

**WILLIAM PERRY BINGHAM**

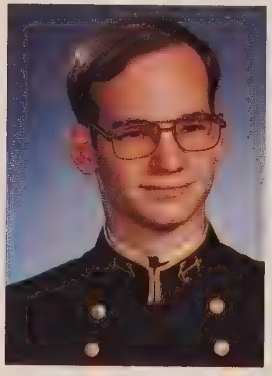




Wayne brought determination and a dry sense of humor to Navy. His determination to do the right thing always serves him well. Not being one who prefers to perspire, Wayne joined the YP squadron in Youngster year. Through hard work and dedication he achieved his goal — Command-At-Bay on a Greyhound of the Severn. He fell in love with the smell of diesel fuel and decided to go submarines (no one told him that most of them are nuclear). As a top-notch Systems Engineering major with a sky high QPR, Wayne will surely succeed.

Babson Park, FL "Wayner"

**WAYNE BLANDING**



**KEVIN ALLEN BOREEN**

Oak Harbor, WA "Kabo"

A long time ago, in a state far, far away, all the known dark forces in the universe came together to form the Kabo. Growing up on the isle of Dr. Boreen, Kevin's longing to be a Navy lifer soon brought him to the House of Pain. Always willing to help out, unless of course you were wasting his valuable time, Kevin became the ultimate tutor. His life wasn't all academic, although his drinking habits as well as his bizarre test for drunkenness were often misunderstood. And at Army 1978 we all found out how well he can hold his liquor. The women in Kev's life were many and not too far between. He was as fickle with them as with service selection. And who could forget his special mail friend. By the end of junior year, the high priest of Grake was ready to take on Nato with only one diversion to Sweden in search of the perfect Vanilla Ice Cream. Kabo soon learned, however, that they don't put cherries on Swedish Ice Cream. Living on 6-4 with Kabo has been hazardous since he's the only person to entice his own dog to jump off a cliff. But then, he comes from a long line of animal killers. All in all, Kabo will be remembered as a great friend who could tolerate anything his roommates threw at him — except through a fan. A superb Naval officer and dedicated patriot, Kabo needs no good luck wish; only that in the future he may find happiness, success, and a cure for his sinuses.

**KENNETH A. CARKHUFF**

Highland Park, NJ "Cark"

Cark came from the famous state of New Jersey to become a member of the varsity baseball team first and the Brigade second. As time was to prove Kenny never made either. He spent many a memorable night dragging in Dahlgren as a Plebe, but as time went on he was able to go through numerous women and cars. One fine Annapolis night after a company dining-in, Kenny was feeling under the weather (and other things) but was persuaded to venture into Fran's to get some fresh air. There she was, Karlene. Within four months the wedding plans were set. Commissioning week Ens. and Mrs. Carkhoff will be packing their bags to head for Pensacola with Navy Air's wings of gold in his sight. Fair winds and following seas.

**CHRIS CECHAK**

Levittown, PA "Beak"

Just one look and there is little doubt how Chris got the name Beak. If he were punched in the face, there is a 90% chance he would be hit in the nose. The first day of Plebe summer, Chris knew he had it made when he found out his roommate was a Corporal in the Marine Corps. Beak made a deal with Cwickie: "If you help me through Plebe summer, I'll help you with school." Chris was good at making deals: To the Thirty-Sixth Company Commander, "We'll bet our hair with you in a tug of war." Well, Cwickie almost flunked out, and during the months of September and October 1978 the 28th Co. Plebes were affectionately named "cone heads."

During the next few years Chris went wild. His foot in mouth disease, and his ability to get lost in closets when drunk were only topped by the hickey he gave Kise.

Elane, you were a godsend to all of us, thanks.

**MARK JOHN CWICK**

Gripely, IL "Cwickie"

Cwickie has spent most of his life proving he's not too small for anything. At 5-5 the only small about Cwickie is his grades. What can you say about a guy who thinks he's tall and then gets nosebleeds. After having a successful plebe year, Mark met the sunshine of his life youngster summer and suddenly his life changed. His monthly checks to the phone company put their kids through college. Many weekends were spent running through airports like O.J. so he could see his O.A.O. At this time Mark's voice also changed into something that resembled someone gargling razor blades. This was due to him stroking the crew team and talking on the phones all night.

Originally an Aero major, Mark switched to General when the only aerodynamics he understood was his aero book being thrown against the wall. Cwickie's academy life has consisted of more than his share of "almosts." No matter what Cwickie did, he always came up short. He will always be remembered for sleeping through alarms, getting sick and having cramps and just being a cwicklett.

Jim Daly — an incessant babbler, Phil Ewing look alike, and fencer who claimed to be a Poli-Sci major with an inkling of being a pseudo-engineer. He has a controlled and confident air about himself. (But why does he go around punching walls? Maybe because of a girl?) He boasts of Poli-Sci, trying to show how good it is by being in the rack all day. What most people don't see is his late night studying until 4 or 5 in the morning.

Speaking of late nights what about the time he had a date to a formal, took a walk along the seawall, forgot about the time (riight!), decided that he was late for taps, took her to the car anyway, then realized that the pap was 5 demos for every 5 minutes, and ran back from Hospital Point in Mess Dress. But wait, doesn't Jim hate running, you know, a form of masochism?

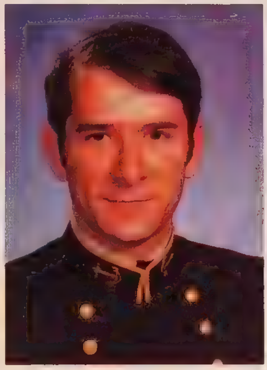
Maybe, but he loves pep rallies. It all started Plebe year after being bound and gagged, (a brief respite from his babbling), tied in a chair, shaving creamed, and thrown in the shower by the Firsties. From then on he tried to get the most fun out of this place, like being the Keeper of the Flame for the Gratus or keeping Plebes at the table until they could tell him a good joke that he hadn't heard yet.

He enjoys sports like playing racquetball to crowds of thousands or the speed and excitement of downhill skiing. But, will he ever get to the slopes the way he drives his Saab Sonett? It just doesn't matter because since Jim is a nice guy, you'll probably just find him in the rack.

Nice guy? Maybe, but as a roommate he's been a good friend and I thank him for that.

Bethesda, MD "Jim"

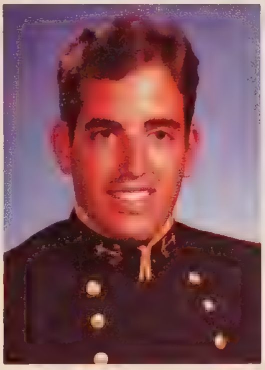
**JAMES E. DALY**



From Jax Beach in the Sunshine State, Billy showed up for plebe summer in his '78 Trans-Am asking "Where's the yacht club?" He liked boat racing, and sleep. Billy figured that if he slept 12 hours a day, he'd only have to spend two years at the Academy, but the gifted navigator/tactician still managed to crawl down to that world renowned black racing sloop known as *Patriot* (alias *Riot*) to tack and jibe with Ted, Gary, and the boys. Escapes to home included good times with the Beaver Magnet in Daytona and the *"hat"* in Palm Coast for Easter '80. Old Bill made it back with one second to spare. "If you didn't have to run to make it, you didn't stay long enough," he always said. Here's another hour of power to the Sierra Hotel Stick from the beach. Stay thin and keep grabbing those bugs and ears.

Jacksonville Beach, FL "Billy"

**WILLIAM OGDEN DERR, JR.**



Vince, not too long after his arrival at USNA was awarded the title "Bead" by his classmates. He then went on to spend the next three years of his career trying to live up to this honor. When Vince wasn't "sweating the load," he was letting out aggressions in karate, or having his soul cleansed at Christian seminars. Despite many attempts at corruption, Vince has remained safe in the confines of Nimitz Library. It seems that Vince's only vice since arriving at the Academy has been his total lack of vice. At one point First Class year, Vince came close to breaking, but fate brought him back to his one true love, academics.

After Airborne Training, Backseat Qualifications, and four years of Aerospace Engineering, Vince is looking forward to a career as a jet jock in the Navy, that is if Rickover's bonuses are unable to hypnotize him into a nuclear community.

"The Bead"

**VINCE DROUILLARD**

Phil came to Annapolis from the Land of Breakfast Cereal. With his hearty appetite for the Academy, "Wing" excelled at everything that he pursued. In the academic scene, he had a habit of stringing 4.0's together, making others think that Math must be a cake major. During his spare time he enjoyed crushing his adversaries by smacking a little green ball against the walls of a cubicle. Phil got his "N" in squash and even got close to qualifying for another of the black variety during first class year. When Phil looked toward the sky and heard the call to jump out of perfectly good airplanes, he also ended up at the top of his class. Phil was also active in the local OCF group, enjoying many of their activities. We all wish Phil the best of luck in his future and hope that the theory, "What goes down must come up" holds true for him during his adventures in the deep.

Battle Creek, MI "Wing"

**PHILIP ALAN EWING**

Bwian is a weally gweat guy who twavelled to the Academy fwom his Port Jefferson, NY home. With true skill and craft he maneuvered himself into our hearts. Over Plebe summer, Brian learned what a true killer he was and joined the pistol team. Nationally ranked 2/c year, Brian still hopes for an All-American pistol title to go with his titles of world's greatest football player and water skier. Besides having an accurate shot, Brian is also very quick . . . as his stellar grades have shown, as well. He contributed to the QPR of many an oceanographer friend through hours of tutoring. Brian was always one to go out of his way to help another fellow. His sense of humor kept him going through many a bad time, and helped pull us others through also.

We all missed him 1/c year when he was enticed to Battoolian Staff by the promise of becoming a wardroom food taster. This love for food and intensive periods of wait training (his favorite exercise being fetal "wack") gave Brian the image of the fattest 170-lb. man alive. But we'll all remember Brian for his big heart, not his Laurie handles. As a nuclear mercenary or school administrator and football coach, Brian will make it big out in the real world. We wish him the vewy best of wuck.

Port Jefferson, NY

**BRIAN D. FELL**

For Randy Gideon, consciousness was merely an altered state of mind. If nothing else, Randy certainly did develop an intimate relationship with his rack. But small wonder, coming from the backwoods of North Carolina, sleeping was probably the best way to pass the time. When Randy did make his way clear of his room one would probably find him on his way to steerage or roaming the halls in search of a lucrative card game.

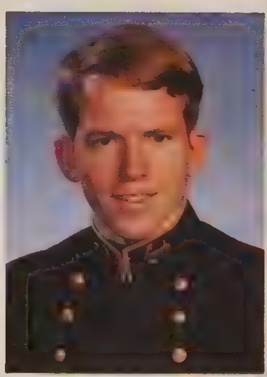
Despite the rigors of Aerospace Engineering, Randy would always get the highest price for his used books because he hardly cracked them open all semester. It was lucky for the rest of us that the Academic Dean never found out how little 'Gids' studied or he'd think we didn't have enough to do.

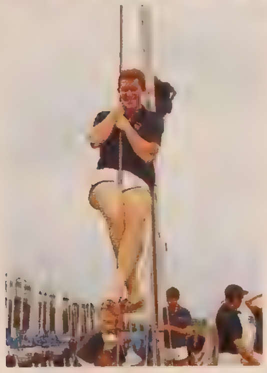
After a long week of rest Randy was game for just about anything. Weekends often found him "havin' some fun" pounding a few brews, getting thrown out of bars or just cruising in his 280Z.

As for the future, Randy looks like a prime nuke power candidate. He's intelligent, he needs the money, and when he's asleep it's always silent and deep.

Old Fort, NC "Randy"

**WILLIAM R. GIDEON**

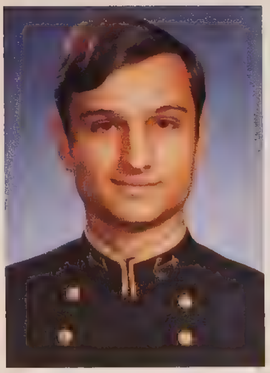




**DAVID CHARLES GNEISER**
Fond du Lac, WI

Dave comes to us from a place called Fond du Lac, wherever that is. He started out being called Phredd which later changed to Geezner, and later on to many more "friendlier" nicknames. Dave proved to be a top-notch sailor, from being a helmsman on yawls to the navigator of Classs A's. He has now taken up the ultra art of windsurfing. His command voice really propelled him to stardom, too; although there aren't too many spots for weasels in show biz.

Seriously, David Charles Gneiser is a hard-working and sleeping oceanographer and sailor, and always tries to make things better in the world. Sometimes he goes off on a tangent or clams up for awhile; but when he cheers up he starts pinging off the walls and his hair turns even redder. The best things Dave was known for around 28 always came in big quantities: his million dollar stereo system; chow packages from his Mom; a two-year's supply of white works chits; and an 8 × 10 of the prettiest blond in the North.



**MARK DALTON HARPER**
Bullard, TX "Mork"

Mark came to Crabtown from Yokosuka, Japan (and a half dozen other places before it — no wonder we aren't sure where he's from), looking for the ideal party environment. It seems he's enjoyed his time here, especially now with his Z28 to get him out and (maybe) back. Mark has always believed in the first part of the famous Coast Guard saying, "You *have to* go out . . ."

Mark has tried more intramural and varsity sports than Carter has little pills, and done well in all of them. Football is obviously his favorite, and being the expert he is, provides the best commentary for Monday Night Football possible (when Howard gets tiring, the sound gets turned down, and Mark takes over).

Mark is *still* an engineer, and has his sights set on nuclear power, in which he should do well with his desire. To make it easier for ADM Rickover, Mark isn't planning on a June marriage (or July, August, . . . — or will you surprise us?).

**TIMOTHY DAVID HARRINGTON**
Belvedere, SC "MA"

Tim comes to us from deepest darkest South Carolina (the True South). From day one, Tim exhibited his leadership qualities as he has always known nothing but "squared awayness." He helped every single one of us through one hard time or another. He has been like a mother to us all (this is why he's better known as "MA").

Once MA was able to convince us that his southern accent was really English (sort of), he began to move up in the world; but, alas, he got stabbed in the leg during a drill team exhibition and was quick to move on to other endeavors, such as becoming a six striper (4 stripes as a cannoneer, and 2 stripes as a company sub). Speaking of guns, MA loves to hunt (and fish) at any free moment. Girls fall in behind his outdoor ECA's (but a sweet southern girl named Martha is in *close* contention for the #1 spot).

MA will go far out there in the fleet (and out of the fleet) because there are more than eighty-one ways to become a success. There are at least 82, and MA has a great future ahead of him!

**PAUL MILFERD JOHNSON**
Bellingham, WA "PJ"

PJ came to Navy a disciple of the "whole-man" concept and has worked at being diverse. Finding that he was not so good at taking tests — even the eye test, he had to take it over to pass — PJ concentrated on VTNA, women, WRNA, and women. He has done well with the fairer sex and has kept a wide selection of gorgeous women anxiously awaiting his call. To keep from getting into a rut PJ normally changes gals as often as most people change socks, but right now he's sticking with just one. He knows a good thing when he sees it, or at least she does.

With service selection night approaching PJ is undecided, but he has a mild green hue. Marine Option cruise taught him that the men in Marine Hair were the greatest company in the world, and flying will be a big part of his future. No matter which way he jumps, PJ will find good friends and good times.

**ROBERT EUGENE KISER**

Altoona, PA "Kise"

Kise came pouncing out of the Altoona mountains with a football tucked in his left arm and his right hand extended to all. He intended to anchor the entire Navy defensive line and befriend all his classmates, but no one could ever figure out how he hoped to do it because he was always asleep. However, it didn't take long to realize that Bob had achieved half of his goals because we were all captivated by his country personality.

Bob discarded his other goal during Youngster year. He decided that since he was only awake on weekends, he should spend them doing something he enjoyed: roadtripping it to Penn State. Eventually, he decided times were better back in Maryland and it didn't take him long to prove it. Bob has graced us with countless good times and left his mark on many a rack! Bob has a bright Navy future. No matter whether he is at the con of a boomer or a destroyer there is nothing but clear sailing ahead.

**ANDREW D. LOGSDON**

Livermore, CA "Logs"

Logs is from a place called Livermore, in some teeny-weeny state on the West Coast called California. He had been playing professional music since he was sixteen, so when Plebe summer D and B started, he started as #1. He still is #1, since he can outplay any two other horn players. His talent qualified him for work with the New York Philharmonic, yet he was only a platoon leader in D and B; which shows how much they know about music.

Andrew Damian Frances Logsdon wasn't really the Reamer and Steamer type; in fact he never even braced a Plebe up! You know U.S.N.A. messed him up when he came here talking about Corvettes and drove off in a Nova. Maybe it was his foxy fiancee that changed his interests from a car to a diamond, although Jill could change any man's mind to marriage with only a wink. Another thing — Chic-n-Ruth's would be out of business except for Log's weekly excursions for cheesecake. Tecumseh was sort of Log's idol, since four out of his first six semesters here he got a 2.00 for final grades. Anchor Man Contender?

Seriously, Andy is the nicest kind of guy you would ever want to meet, and all of us will be hard pressed to find a friend even half as loyal as he was for four years . . . one hell of a big man!

Having spent most of his life near a "Navy" town, Duane decided to move to another "Navy" town for his education. Thus he came to the hallowed halls of mother "B."

Duane was able to excel in all aspects of the program here while still maintaining a low profile — sometimes to his advantage, sometimes not. He finally did get the recognition he earned when he was chosen to lead the Color Battalion for the second set First Class year. It wasn't all fun and games for Duane, though. He spent many a sleepless night fighting the demons of the dungeons of Michaelson EE Labs, not always successfully. In the end, though, he was able to end up on top and he finished among the very top of our class.

We all wish Duane and #1 fan back in sunny southern California the best that life has to offer in his upcoming career in the submarine Navy.

Chula Vista, CA

**DUANE HENRY MARTIN**

Paul's two nicknames are very appropriate: "Sweat" dealing with his excessive concern for detail, "Ed Head" a reference to his large cranium. Youngster year we would worry when he would study in a trance-like state. That problem went away as soon as he switched from EE to Phy Sci.

As Honor Secretary this year he "sweats a load" for the whole Brigade, which keeps him from telling me to clean the room. He does make time, however, to run an occasional perimeter or to lose miserably at racquetball.

He'll do anything for you as long as you don't borrow anything (he bought a manual typewriter and an ugly car just so no one would want to borrow them!) He is easy to spot — just look for the person in the large hat, with a strange gliding walk, leaving a trail of sweat.

Living with him has been an experience. Our Company will lose a great deal when he graduates.

Whitesboro, NY "Sweat"

**PAUL D' MORRISETTE**

From right outside Newport, in a town called Barrington, Rhode Island, came Bryan W. Moylan, better known to us all as The Fatman (among other things). Bill showed up at this fine institution with more alligators on his clothes than the Florida Keys have in their swamps, and an inkling to play soccer. He left his soccer ball on the field, right next to his right knee. He was also known for any other ailment that could inflict man. Bill was one to be found in the whites no matter what time of year, except weekends. His first two years were spent in the illustrious Mech E Department until he saw the light and got out while the getting was good and his weekends were still available.

Notorious for one year roommates, he finally found one he couldn't run out, not for lack of trying. Most of his free time the first few years was occupied, but he later decided to spread his wealth around. He ventured out with the derelicts that frequented the room during the week, and soon found out the other way of life.

Bill was one of the few who could handle the escapades of all of us. One for enjoying himself, Bill will leave behind many a good friend. One for getting the most out of life, Bill will meet many new friends, but few I doubt will compare to the crowd he was associated with here. Best of luck until we run into each other again.

Barrington, RI "Fatman"

**BRYAN WILLIAM MOYLAN**

During his stay at the Academy, Dave has managed to maintain a low profile by some unknown method. He is one of those few people who do not mind marching (too much) and playing company sports, but he does have a few outstanding qualities. He spends equal amounts of time with his two loves in life — Lynn and his computerized synthesizer (at times you can't tell which one is more important to him). He is also involved with the Glee Club and Catholic Choir — so much so that he was elected to be producer of this year's Glee Club musical.

Whenever the rack doesn't call, Dave studies Systems Engineering. Unfortunately he knows too much Systems for his own good and can't seem to always ace the exams. But his practical knowledge will stand him in good stead in the future as an Adm. Rickover acolyte in the submarine force and out in the "real world," where he is sure to succeed.

Marlton, NJ

**DAVID THOMAS MURRAY**

**DENNIS JOSEPH O'MEARA**

Andover, MA "Denny"

BRRRAPP! (Squirm). "Old Faithful" unfailingly sounded the hour of 0630, the beginning of each of Dennis' roommates' Navy days at USNA. A smoldering zombie until after his favorite evolution, Quarters, Dennis usually blossomed as the day wore on. An outspoken advocate of liberty, reason, and comfortable living, this fiery Irish-Italian tackled Marine Engineering while remaining active with the Corps of Engineers, managing Club 28, officiating over Gratu ceremonies, and spreading revolutionary sentiment among the academically frustrated and restless. Den's heavy schedule wore on him occasionally and led to dillusions of imperial grandeur and loss of a sense of physical dimension. Despite these idiosyncracies and with only one carefully guarded skeleton in his closet, Dennis was respected as a knowledgeable engineer and a lover of tools. Den was also highly regarded as a truly good friend, totally reliable and always willing to come to the aid of one of the boys — if he could afford it.

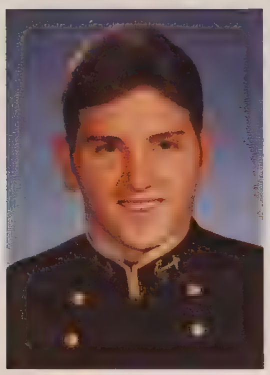
His good humor, common sense, strong character, and drive will serve him well in the Navy and beyond. We all wish him the very best in life.

**MICHAEL LUTHER QUILLAN**

St. Petersburg, FL "Quilbo"

Quilbo, being a pure bred Floridian from St. Petersburg, came to USNA with his sights set on being an Aerospace Engineer, P-3 pilot, and dirtball. Quilbo could always be found either on the phone to Kathy, in the rack or out at Pete's. Quilbo never had any problems balancing his check book; a quick stop of 10 min. at Bob Ward's and everything was in fine shape. Though never a varsity letterman per se, he did manage to rack up a black "N" and a star to boot. Never an ace at academics, Quilbo was definitely a stellar performer in the weekend department. If he wasn't abusing girls over at Dahlgren he could usually be found abusing somebody somewhere.

A company change First Class year meant you couldn't finish out your time with Rowder and Frank. However, it was selfish of them to have roomed with you for so long; others needed to benefit from your experience. Don't change Quilbo; I don't think your liver could handle the withdrawal. Good luck in the fleet and remember — work hard, play hard, stay hard and get a good job.



**TOD F. REINERT**
Westlake Village, CA
"Elf"

Tod came to the USNA from the nationally acclaimed armpit of Cleveland, Ohio. Not one to suffer embarrassment for long, he talked his folks into moving to California during his Plebe year.

I still can't understand how someone can spend more time playing his guitar than studying and still maintain a 3.5 QPR in Aerospace Engineering. (The only saving thought is that he still can't play the guitar that well!) Only kidding, Tod.

Tod's goal in life: to go down in history. Who knows, maybe he'll one day break the world's record for non-stop sleep or consumption of Wendy's triples.

Concerning service selection, Tod will probably end up in a nuclear sub. Any possibility of a June Week wedding? You've got to be kidding!

**ROBIN LADD RUSSELL**
Albuquerque, NM "Red"

Red came to Canoe U. a very quiet, soft spoken individual from the New Mexico Military Institute. For two years he aspired to be a Marine Engineer, maintaining a low profile, quietly dribbling his basketball down the hall. This was before the Brock, women and jokes Second Class summer. Suddenly Robin was telling jokes all the time. His antics became legendary, from skinny dipping in McDonough Hall to deep diving in the diving sphere in Plebe Park. With this, Robin's grades also took a deep dive. So what if his profs couldn't take a joke, the AC Boards could and invited him back. After finally taking studies seriously (so he could take a weekend) Robin spent most of his First Class year in his ZX, his Zimma, or at his desk telling jokes at 3:00 A.M.

Just remember Robin, take it any way you want it (that's the way you need it).

**MIKE TEATE**
Atlanta, GA "Teeter"

Ever since Teeter arrived at USNA he has been a *Log* writer's dream. The fact that he only actually made the pages of our illustrious periodical once is due mainly to the kindness of those who witnessed his many indiscretions. Not one to keep anything under my hat for long . . . hey Mike, remember the time you walked into a Coast Guard station on Nantucket Island, Mass. in your underwear, demanding to be treated like a Naval Officer.

Another interesting facet of Mike's stay here has been his on again, off again relationship with his girl friend/fiancee. We learned fast not to ask Mike how his love life was, because he couldn't remember all of the names.

Regardless of his personal escapades, Mike has been a stellar Midshipman from the start. But what happened? However, despite his steadily declining CQPR and Aptitude grade, he has managed to keep a fairly good sense of humor. Just remember Mike, we're not laughing at you, we're laughing with you.

The future brings a nuclear submarine for Mike. Do I hear June bells? You tell me, Mike!

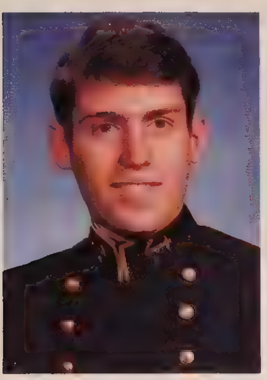
**ANTHONY WILLIAMS**
District Heights, MD
"Tony"

Anthony Williams was one of those few commuter students at USNA, since he lived in District Heights, Md. He was one of those guys that was always there with a smile to help out his friends, especially to help them eat a chow package. Tony's chief pastime was chasing women, or as he put it, being sought after as the Black Cassanova. He was so popular among the ladies for many reasons: his studly body, his dancing ability, his haircut, his superior athletic prowess, and especially his big . . . heart. Tony's service selection was to be an NFO, but since there aren't too many women at 50,000 ft., that decision bombed out.

He was well known for being a hard hitter and quick stepper, as both the 150 pounders and track team (along with the people on the dance floor) will attest to.

Even though Tony was a jock, he still remains a marine at heart, due to his stellar uniform and haircut. It was almost always expected that Tony be "color man" at formal inspections.

Anthony will be sorely missed at Navy, for wherever he went and whatever he participated in he made strong friendships that will last forever. Women of the world — beware!

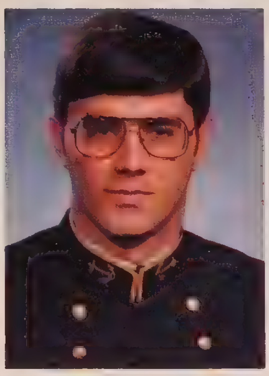


**MICHAEL J. WILLIAMS**
Monrovia, CA "Mike"

Mike left his surfboard and long hair in sunny California in July, 1978, to obtain the respectable title of Midshipman. Luckily, Mike never lost his easygoing attitude with his other California traits. During Plebe year, he sweated with the rest of his classmates through our trials and tribulations. But during Youngster year, and especially Second and First Class years, his true personality showed through. Mike was always too busy for the trivial tasks, like homework. Between calling his girlfriend, organizing parties, and running Company Operations, he was busy enough.

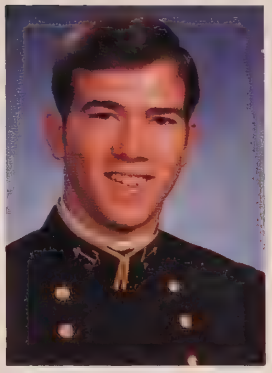
Mike was also known for the dating service he provided the 28th Company. Through his inside connections at Severna Park High School, he has provided a wide variety of dates (and he guaranteed that they are at least as old as his girl friend Mary — 16!)

Do we hear June Week bells for Mike? Well, maybe June Week 1992. Whether Mike goes Seals or Supply Corps, we all wish him the very best of luck.



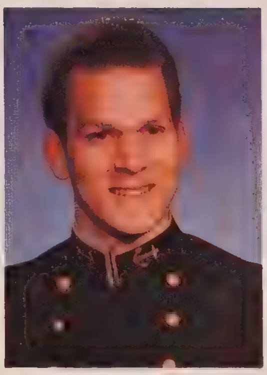
**DONALD MICHAEL ABRASHOFF**
Altoona, PA "Nathan"

The big guy came fromthe vast metropolis of Altoona, Pa., the land Arby's didn't forget. He turned down a scholarship to William and Mary because the Boat School served steak on Sunday morning. His many talents include being a master at self exposure, a fine connoisseur of "dippers" and bagels, and his ability to sleep twelve hours a day. His major contribution to the Brigade was his formulated four-year diet plan. We went through a lot together . . . about eighty pounds. His first words to me were "How do I make my bed and when do I eat?" It was an experience rooming with Cheeksy First year. My only responsibility was to wave a red flag outside the room every morning. Mike is headed out to sea to drive ships. We can only hope the Navy has enough support ships to follow his travels. "And you can quote me on that." Much later Nathan. Love Chester and Nancy.



**RAYMOND BOYD BAKER**
Johnson City, TX "Bakes"

Big Ray left West Taco, Texas and his loving dog, MacArthur to come to his new home, Mother B. "Spunky" was the model Plebe being ranked only above Mav and Neuterburger. Who would have guessed he would be C.C. 1/c year. Youngster year Boyd was known to have a good time at concerts by turning his ten dollar ticket into a ninety dollar weekend. Not one to drink alone, "Daddy Rabbits" found good company in his friend Paps up at Army: "Does your Mother really know how you are?" And who can forget Spunky on the snowy slopes. Many people would like to, especially the old man who lost his skis in the woods. At the end of 2/c year, Ray finally bought his vehicle. Much talk of RX-7's, Z-28's, and Corvette's produced one little red neck Texan truck. Boyd is P-cola bound where he is sure to finally settle down with one special A.T. Good luck and best wishes. Say hey Ray! Got your boots on? And never forget your buddy and Meridian, Miss.



**KEVIN ALLEN BAUGH**
West Lake Village, CA
"Baff"

To Kevin, coming from the laid back life of Southern California to the fast paced land of wild women and wine, was quite a culture shock. Anyone who knew Baff always found him a little "bizarre." After a trying Plebe year, Baff was getting into the swing of things with the help of a few close friends. He often could be found at the "Happy Buzzard" with T.T., Chambs and Elo. He became a regular dog-pen stud. During Younster year, Kevin found his true love — Karate. Besides a few Baltimore gals, Baff had many long distance romances, all of which lived at least a thousand miles away. Now that's bizarre! Kevin now is the proud owner of a brown belt, three gold stripes and a sporty RX-7. Kevin is a modern day Ninja; after completing scuba school and airborne, he dreams of becoming a member of the elite seal team. Good luck Baff and remember "divers do it deeper."

### LEROY CHESTER BISHOP

Concord, NH “Chester”

Bish came to the institute from the cold climate of New Hampshire (which is why he had a second coat on). He’s the only Plebe in history who could afford to lose 50 pounds although he should have lost 80. While most of us fantasized about our girls back home, Chester dreamed about cheese surprises and bagels with cream cheese. He was equally famous for his Bobby Sands starvation diet and his all nighters to which he responded, “but I’m an engineer” (general — no credit). You are the only one who had it tough, Chester. When he was not playing grab-butt with Denny Dirtball, he and his Bilge-buddy, Marcie-pooh, were putting dead crabs in Messy’s and Macho’s racks. He was equally famous for his “Leroys” (ask Lt. Shoe) which no one else could quite duplicate. If his driving ability after a beer-ball game with his co-pilot Ray is any indication, his days as a grunt pilot will make the airways even less safe. Nancy, Roy, I’ll love you forever, Nathan.

### DAVID MICHAEL BURNES

Hanahan, SC “Burnesy”

After preparing himself for a year at prep school, Dave came to USNA to fulfill a lifelong dream . . . play baseball for coach Duff. Dave soon decided there was more to Navy sports than shagging foul balls and being called by his new name, “G.D.Burnsey”! He then followed his “nose” to the intramural fields where you could always count on Dave being a good sport, whether it be basketball, bootball, or a “friendly” game of backgammon with Chester. Sierra Mike always took losing in stride. If Dave doesn’t take anything away from here, he’ll at least remember how to count backwards from a hundred after a wild night of “tang” and dip. When Dave wasn’t out with his immature friends, he could be found being the role model for maturity with that special girl from South Carolina. Dave was also kind to his friends at school. He often brought buddies home with him where they could always be guaranteed of a cot or a piece of floor while he slept comfortably in his bed. Best Wishes Dave, if you’re in Meridian, Mississippi, you’ll know who to think of.

### KATHRYN LYNNE BUSTLE

Alexandria, VA “Katie B.”

After a Plebe year as an apprentice Firstie, KB’s real life began when she put on her third class boards. With the confidence only Youngster stripes can bring, (so WHAT if he’s the CNO?), Kathy even devised her own unique uniforms for returning from liberty (summer whites CASUAL?) (I didn’t think anyone would notice). But she paid her dues, restricted a little, waxed a few airplanes and kissed her stripes good-bye (no, really, I’d rather stay in-company).

Poli sci major, History major, fencer, windsurfer, partier — this girl could never make up her mind. But she knows where she’s headed and the future looks bright; what she never dared to dream could be hers, a set of gold wings.

### MARSELL CERDAN BUSTOS

Kokomis, FL “Poo-poo”

Marsell came to us from Hargrave Prep School in Virginia. He spent Plebe summer bilging his “bud for life,” Chester, so they both ended up wearing crabs for a couple of days. On weekends M.L. would head for the “buzzard” with Big George. Youngster year “Corn Pudding” bilged his classmates with weekend watches. Marsell almost made Company Commander but Captain KK found his toaster that “Big D” left out. Youngster year was spent staying up all hours of the night to discuss world politics with his two roomies, Doc and Big D. Second Class year “Poo-poo” met Tina and they did everything together, including being thrown out of the undertaker’s wife’s party. It was easy for Marsell to see Tina on the weekends because he arranged unlimited weekends for himself.

Marsell is headed for P-cola in his “rented from the shop” car. He’ll probably marry his mother, Goose. Hey whatever happened to Oedipus?

A song on his lips, a lady on his mind
quite obvious to all in day or nighttime.
A hard working guy who kept his side clean,
being a CAO isn't as easy as it seems.
With a sly smile and a chuckle on his face . . .
He's been known to put ol' Baff in his place.
He knew all the words to the songs that he sung . . .
After a while he even sounded like old Neil Young.
A flashy new sword if you'll be on my staff . . .
A Chamberlain joke always rigged for a laugh.
Call before noon Chamberlain, call before 3.
She's waiting at Dahlgren. It must be Marie.
Of this how you know he can't get his fill.
Reruns of reruns . . . It must be Benny Hill.
We've been here four years although it feels like ten.
To put it mildly, "What a long strange trip it's been."
Good luck and best wishes my friend and my pal.
Take care of your lady . . . she's a great little gal.

Milton, MA "Chambs"

**GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN, JR.**

Eko's exploits are destined to be Naval Academy history. Eko told us that the name "Ekovich" meant "lover of many beautiful women" in Serbian. After close observation we could see that Eric was just that, a lover of many women. Beautiful? Well . . .

Eric was recruited to USNA to play Lacrosse, but Eko found that his true talents lay in midnight jaunts across the frozen tundra and losing vital parts of his uniform to Dahlgren beauties.

Eric came to USNA with firm goals and a true interest in his service selection . . . Supply Corps. Don't ask us how he did it. Eko's probably the first person to go Supply Corps that can run a sub six minute mile. Eko, an active member of the PEOA (Twenty-Ninth Company Chapter) finally achieved his lifelong ambition of owning a van! On weekends Eko can be found on the roads in the "Sin Bin" looking for those wild American women . . . and knowing him, he'll find them. Good luck Eric. Birdman, Cock and Webbs would be proud of you. Go supply — never die.

Hawthorne, MD "Eko"

**ERIC ANTHONY EKOVICH**

John cruised into USNA believing everything he had read in the USNA catalog. As it turned out from I-day on it was everything but what he had expected. John's Plebe summer squad leader first realized he had a problem when three weeks into Plebe summer, John who still thought he had gone to UNC-CH remarked, "Sir we've been through a lot so far, when do we start having fun?" Surprise, surprise!

Plebe and Youngster year on 150's meat squad quenched the varsity athlete thirst in the fatman while the UVA game with the troops that turned into cammies and the skirmishes in DC helped satisfy the party spirit.

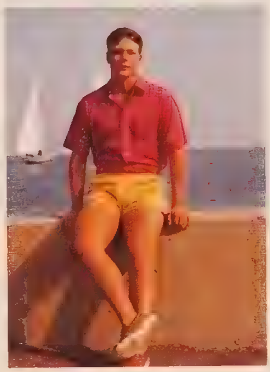
For Slo-Mo, second class year brought the full horror of academics and the good ole days of varsity main (0) restriction. Fortran, Hal, Cables, Bobo, and the maniac made 2/c year a year to be forgotten.

Tire Gut declares First Class year will be different. So far he's kept his word. As for service selection the question is, can anyone this laid-back be a Navy pilot?

Good luck to one of the few remaining bachelors, Be-bop.

Raleigh, NC "Tire Gut"

**JOHN FIELDS HARDISON**



Tim came to Canoe U. from the Razorback State. His hometown of Wynne is a sort of "Alice in Wonderland," a community where mailtrucks don't go backwards, the Yamato still sails the L'anguille River, and the rats are as big as cats. Tim's major contribution to the Brigade was his Pi efficiency factor. This factor is equal to the daily number of hours spent in the rack plus the number of hours in the windroom plus the number of hours on the phone all divided by twenty-four. During academic year Tim's Pi efficiency factor was always one. Tim altered many regulations while at USNA. His most infamous was leaving the infirmary with a damaged ankle to be with his girlfriend on Wednesday afternoon. You could always count on a good story from Tim, whether it be true or made up, usually the latter of the two. We are sure of one thing however; he'll be flying Navy air, marrying a wonderful young girl by the name of Suzanne, and years from now he still won't "give a ____."

Wynne, AR "Caveman"

**TIMOTHY HOLLAND**

Hoodwink left Mumacito, dear old Dad, and that institution of higher learning, Boyyys State to excel in racking, eating, and rowing at USNA. Never at a loss for words, Hoodie always managed to stick his foot in his mouth. The Class of '82 will never forget the Plebe summer medical brief when he stood up and stated, "Sir, I haven't done number 2 in over a week. What should I do?" The results have been obvious. He made medical history by reversing the flow so that now it runs from his mouth. Wingnut's obvious lack of tact has carried over into the classroom. Most Mids are asked to stand up when nodding off, but only the rackhound would have the audacity to request to lie down as he did in accounting class. Army, 2/c year left the "Love God" fond memories of Philadelphia and the hose baggage he left in the gutter. The responsibility of 1/c year weighed heavily on Jungle Cat's mind as he conducted his CDO business with the Captain's daughter instead of with the company. Good luck in P-cola, Chummm.

Richmond, VA "Jungle Cat"

**BRIAN RONALD HOOD**

John Hornick — "Cool Fred" as the men of the RADFORD knew him — was never one to let eating or personal hygiene get in the way of grades. John was heard to say one night Plebe year, "Could you bring me a piece of bread and a package of jelly, I got a lot of work to do." At 128 pounds of twisted steel, John needed to bead all he could. Youngster year found the Disco-Raper indulging in beer, disco music, Dahlgren women (boy, did he indulge!), and most especially, studying. At Army, John threw a small party and went out of commission; we still haven't told him everything he did . . . Getting back to school, because of his stellar performance the "Striper Dog" was just that. His desire for stripes was only surpassed by his drive to obtain a 4.0. First Class cruise took him to the Western Pacific and John decided his life's call would be — you guessed it — Nuke. Being one of Rickover's finest is one job John won't have any trouble with. Good luck and go Boomers!

Philadelphia, PA "Fred"

**JOHN FRED HORNICK**

**PETER AARON HUNTER**

Nashua, NH "Hune"

Pete came gliding off the rinks of New Hampshire to play hockey for Navy. That didn't work out so well, but that didn't keep Hune from skating through academics. He was a whiz with the books and was known as the "gouge folder" to his classmates, many of which wouldn't have survived classes like boats and wires without him. Hune also brought his own style of music (?), punk rock, to USNA. Gabba gabba Hey Hune puppy! It took Hune until 1/c summer to realize why Bakes, Burnesy, and Paps were always broke; that special, steady girl. Pete spent more time down near Quantico than most TBS marines. Hey Pete, remember that costly triangle trip when you tried to pick up that semi hitch-hiking 60 mph?! Through thick and thin Pete has been a true friend. Good luck in P-cola and grad. school.

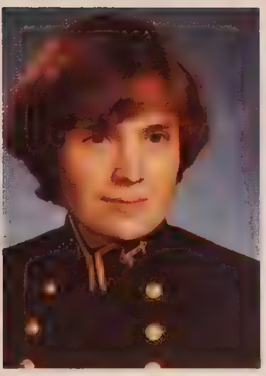
**KENNETH DAVID JOHNSON**

Linwood, NJ "Ken"

Ken came to the Brigade from exit 36 off the Garden State Parkway. Proud of his heritage, he bored us all with his stories of the bars and beaches of the Jersey shore. Youngster Year all that changed when Mom and Dad Johnson moved to Woodbridge, Virginia, only an hour's drive from the Academy.

Ken took full advantage of the situation when he bought a 66 Austin-Healey 3000 Roadster. Georgetown, Old Towne and Mary Washington College became the new subjects of sea stories.

The M.E. department failed to add Ken to their list of victims, so he remains a naval architect to this day. As far as service selection goes, a seven week First Class cruise on a submarine opened his eyes to blue sky and fresh air. Ken will put all his ship design training to good use as an NFO or Marine.



### MARY HOLLAND JOHNSON

Colonial Heights, VA "Holly"

— Question: Does a preacher's kid and Army brat have a chance to make it as an EE at Navy?

— Answer: If Holly is anything to go by, the answer must be yes.

Holly came to Annapolis with ambition, enthusiasm, and intelligence. After experiencing both ends of the grade spectrum (stars AND square-roots) she could readily identify with anyone's troubles, and, more importantly, was always willing to lend an ear. Other things also kept her busy: musical talent and unrelentihg perseverance made her an excellent choice for Women's Glee Club President. Music not being her only talent, she found her fluency in French could take her to Paris. She had little use for Frenchmen, however: a perfectly good Ensign was already awaiting her graduation. After four years of learning to SHAPE waves (the EE kind) Holly's ready for the challenge only the waves of the Seven Seas could offer. We know you can do it, Hol. — Fair winds and following seas.

### EDWARD LAWRENCE KULES

Westfield, MA "Elks"

The "Elk" originated from the wilds of western Massachusetts, in a town called Westfield to be exact. (No, it's not near Boston!) After a short Navy Lax career he settled down to the grueling business of intramural sports. A "nark" by major, Ed was one of the lucky few who survived as an engineer. Academics would have been "cake" if it wasn't for the M.E. and E.E. departments. Plebe and Youngster years went well but along with our seven year hitch came Second Class year with "cables" and "fluids," not to mention T.V. in the wardroom and Wednesday afternoons at the "campus." And what 29'er hasn't felt the endearing touch of the beloved "Bobo." First Class year brought a little more breathing room. Now, Ed is looking forward to his very own "wings of gold."

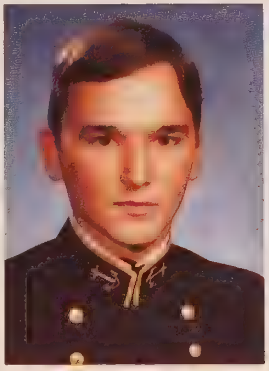
Be Boppin Mo Fo Bill Lang came to USNA from the tropical paradise of Gilligan's Island. No, actually Bill came from Christiansted St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands. Land of sun, fun, brown sugar, and cheap rum. Plebe summer Bill immediately began to make friends in high places whether it be at regimental come-arounds or the stratosphere. Yes, it soon became apparent to all that Bill had overwhelming talents when it came to drifting. Bill gained many more friends during his career as a Batt boxer because "he never kissed a fist he didn't like." By the time First class year rolled around the quiet, polite islander had evolved into the "foul rasta man," due partly to the previous spring break and the Tango Lounge. With his "vette" and Friday night libs, Bill searched the district for his one and only desire, a "local hose" to occupy some of his time. (We all hope he finds one as tight as his wallet).

1) Service selection?
Nuke = $$$$$.$$

Hasta la vista Malungo, and roomie of 4 years. Good luck. (T.G.)

Christiansted, St. Croix Virgin Islands "Be Bop"

### WILLIAM STEVEN LANG



L.C. came to the Institute ready to play basketball 5 hours a day, chase girls 6 hours a day, and study for 30 minutes a day. He was rudely awakened to find that not only was a 1.4 QPR just not going to cut it, but also there was a little lady back in Lykens, Pa. that felt there was no need to chase girls all day long either. Reluctantly, Jan gave into these pressures and mended his ways. Jan continued to play varsity basketball though. This enabled him to give his roommates a play by play, stat by stat description of every Navy basketball game. J.P. is the latest Midshipman to own a pair of "Mae West" lips. Jan is also known for his jumping prowess. In fact, Jan's only serious basketball injury occurred when he got his shoulder caught in the rim.

Bound for Pensacola, Jan says he'll play hoops, chase Val, and study "at least an hour a day." Good luck and Godspeed Jan.

Lykens, PA "L.C.T"

### JAN PETER MYERS

Paul didn't have far to go to get to USNA; his "home address" was quarters 49, Rodgers Road. This made his Plebe year pretty tough, spending Sunday afternoons at home. But soon Paul changed his residence to "Asteroid 49," and none have seen him since. Paul taught us all the meaning of the word "validation," and he could often be seen late at night chortling over some math equation which was better than the prof's. Having exhausted the resources of the USNA math department, Paul decided to tackle the University of Maryland Grad School, while he resided at Hotel Bancroft.

Second class year was a gib one for the "Tank Commander," as he went to Quantico (and earned his name); and threw away forever his social life (something about a kat). True to his title, graduation will find Paul commanding tanks — ballast tanks. Fly 'em low, fly 'em slow, Paul; we'd wish you fair winds and following seas, but they don't have those under water.

Virginia Beach, VA
"Tank Commander"
**PAUL DAVID OWEN**

The Greek came to the USNA soccer camp ready to take extended Plebe weekends and to teach his buddies how to play midnight soccer on Hospital Point. When "Reginald Rulebook" was not sleeping in class or combing his hair, he was involved in a multi tag team psych-out on his roommate. Youngster year George dropped his "EE" major and picked up backgammon. The Greek was always good buddies with J. Daniels and has been known to make substantial contributions to A.C. and Ma Bell. At the end of Youngster year Paps suffered an identity crisis and rushed off to the civilian world to find himself. Halfway through Protramid George was found back at USNA in the rack. As 2/c C.C., George found himself working closely with Bobo and studying hard for once except for Dogs and Cats where he was just a Mongoloid. At Ring Dance, George and Chester and their dates tried to stay at Hotel Bancroft but couldn't find a vacancy. By 1/c year George FINALLY got his car and was on the road every weekend. After graduation the Greek plans on going C.E.C. Best of luck and Godspeed to you George.

Drexel Hill, PA "Pap"
**GEORGE PAPAIOANOU**

The Ratman hails, naturally, from the state of fruits and nuts. Anyone who ever tried to find Joel during the day knows he would be either working out in MacDonough (or watching a certain gymnastics coach, as the case may be) or in the rack! But at night the Pingmaster could be found studying, usually the easy way, from his gouge files (which were quite extensive). Joel's grades were not a true measure of his brilliance — who else had such a way with "whiskey"? Who else could spend more than forty-five minutes savoring one helping of Ham Francisco? Who else could construct a Habitrail from a soda can and some coffee stirrers? Who else could somehow wind up with a permanent three-striper psoition (and three-striper libs)? Joel is currently in love with a silver lady who is fun to drive with her top off, but who keeps him in hock. Joel plans to go Marines, hopefully in some facet of communications, and any of us would be proud to serve with him.

Santa Barbara, CA
"Ratman"
**JOEL FREDERICK RATTER**

Chip was born and raised in the dairy state with a drumstick in each hand. When he first came to Canoe U. (Jebber says, "Hi! Remember me?"), he joined the beaters and blowers to show the drum line a few tricks ("It's not a band, it's a corps"). You could always tell how hard he was studying by how fast he was tapping his stocks on the desktop. As a Chem major, he disappeared Youngster year into the depths of Michelson Hall twice a week, only to emerge at the end of a 7-N day with some bu6bling concoction or other that he'd gulp down or melt pennies in.

When he wasn't pouring money into camera gear, he was driving, cleaning, or worshipping his Datsun "twenty-eight ounce." The only faster ride the Aardvark will ever care about is the back seat of a Tomeat when he finally wears those wings ("not pilot wings — real wings") of gold.

Thiensville, WI "Chip"
**CHARLES S. SIETZ**

### RANDALL S. BRITT

Othello, WA "Randy"

From the day that Randy arrived at Annapolis, he had a flair for the dramatic. He first made himself known by completing the W-course during Plebe summer, faster than anyone else in the company. Academic year was no different. Although the transition was less than melodious, Randy proved his worth by raising his first semester QPR almost a full point after finals. Shortly after, the stars on his lapels spoke for themselves. Randy always had many friends, as any Resources major worth his weight in gouge, will wholeheartedly attest. Though chased by Coach Peery for nearly two years he turned his efforts and loyalties to rugby where he ultimately earned the varsity "N." When he wasn't bustin' heads on the field Randy could always be found having a good time. Borrowing the company commander's car as a Youngster, to make a pizza run, may have been pushing it a bit too far, but all's well that ends well. If there's one thing Randy learned, it was how to turn a simple evening of TV watching into an event to remember for his Delaware honey.

Although Randy's tastes went from Trans Am to 280ZX, his good nature will never change, Whether he's splashing MIG's or sinking subs, he'll be an asset to the Naval Service

### DENNIS JAMES SINNETT

Annapolis, MD

"Teen Idol"

With the help of a well placed money bribe, Teen Idol arrived at the Severn Boat School. Naturally, as a native Annapolitan, Teen Idol could walk from his parents' doorstep to the halls of 29th Company. Secret meetings with Suzie at Hospital Point and grab-butting with his friend Leroy were on his daily agenda. It is not surprising that his first roommate left us with a mental disorder. Subsequent roommates have fared no better.

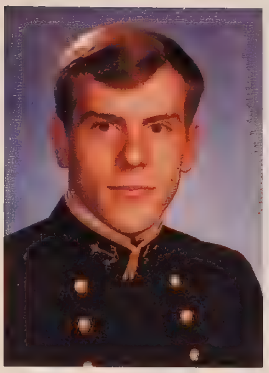
As a varsity football player, white works was the only uniform Dennis ever became acquainted with. Various evasive maneuvers, which would have impressed Halsey, Nimitz and Mitscher, enabled Teen Idol to never touch a rifle, let alone experience a parade and certainly not a haircut inspection. His lasting contribution to the Brigade includes a tip on how to earn a varsity letter from the Naval Academy football team and simultaneously gain an Aero degree.

To you — from all of us — good luck, Dennis — we miss you.

### NELSON W. C. WINBUSH, II

Kissimmee, FL "Bush"

Wyman left the sunshine state to come to USNA just in time for the worst winter in 10 years. Wyman just "couldn't hand" with that white stuff too much. Nonetheless, Bush never stopped flashing those pearly whites, probably because he never stopped laughing from his Plebe summer debut in the instruction pool, where he became the official bottom cleaner. Shortly after that Bush was inducted into the MacDonough Hall Ebony Social Club ala Higgins. Wyman was big on class unity Plebe year, like the time he left Burnesy holding the bag at the Main gate: Want some Mateus Bush? Youngster and 2/c year ran smoothly for Wyman while little Joe Cool danced away. 1/c year brought some surprises. Wyman had a wild 1/c summer meeting a native New England girl on NAPS detail. Hey Bush, "Guess who's coming to dinner?" After summer Wyman came back to Bancroft to find his old roommate had taken a permanent leave of absence and an ELK had taken his place. After graduation Bush is definitely P-cola bound. Good luck and Blue Skies forever.



### STEPHEN ALLEN BURRIS

North Canton, OH

"Steve"

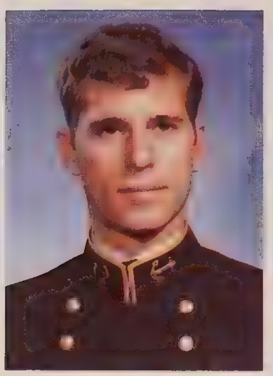
Steve, a true engineer. Who else would buy an extra one hundred dollars worth of engineering books for courses he's not even taking. But that's O.K. because Steve isn't what one would call a practical mid. You can't hold that against him though, because no one else in the company had command of 1200 female recruits during the summer. Ah yes, females. Steve just couldn't decide which one to keep . . . so he just kept them all. But then that's O.K. too, because Mids are Mids. You should find Steve flying the skies over the Med, the IO, Libya, who knows in his hot new Tomcat. Watch out Pensacola, you've got a serious Buckeye coming real soon.

### ROBERT K. CHEONG

Savannah, GA

"The last of the Great Oriental Mech E's"

Teing started his career at the "Trade School on the Severn" in the back closet of his room. He developed great finesse for sports articles (hey, how big was that bass?). Plebe year found Rob waking up early for airborne but now he hopes to turn his jump wings into water wings. As a Youngster Rob sharpened his bargaining skills wherever he went — ("Can I get a couple bucks knocked off dinner if I don't order . . ."). Of course hardly a day went by when he didn't get a letter from "Pookie" which he would proudly display on his desk until he read it. But then again no disco would be complete without Pookie and Mr. Disco himself, they really do make a great pair. After dinner he could always be found in the rack with a dirty t-shirt over his face, but he always woke up in time for study hour, or should we say Gouge Hunting. Seriously, speed up the photography will you? We all wish the best for Rob, Godspeed to one of Hymie's boys.



### THERON LEE COHEN
Roswell, GA "Bullethead"

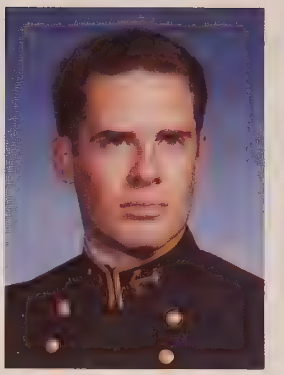
One bright July day in 1978, Lee came aboard the Naval Academy, hailing from Roswell, Ga. Lee quickly made a name for himself by his constant use of his two favorite sayings: "If you don't like it, leave," and "Nobody asked you to come here."

After Lee's conversion to the god of Professionalism (led by Captain Tool), Lee set about cleaning up the backshaft gangs by watching Cellblock H and running to the library on the nights before formals.

To say Lee was outspoken is like calling Jesse Helms a conservative. Lee left no doubt where he stood in the political spectrum. Considered to be more Right than Attila the Hun, Lee was the perfect choice for the BHRC. Just keep calling them like you see them, Lee!

Who could have more nicknames? Bullethead, Jack Wrangler, Don Martin, the Cro-Magnon Man . . . the list goes on. Lee, WHY don't you wear sunglasses?

Lee will be one of the best officers in the fleet, because he was definitely one of the best midshipmen. Good luck and God Bless!



### STEVEN BRIAN CORLEY
Morganton, NC "Corky"

Steve marched into Annapolis from the sprawling metropolis of Morganton. From the start he was a truly dedicated Plebe. Armed with a pair of black navy horn rims and a can of Brasso he set out to make quite a name for himself.

The following years proved to be a learning experience for Steve. Although officially no longer a Plebe, he suffered periodic fits of regression, spending hours shining his shoes and field stripping his M-1. It was during his performance as MCBO that he learned the meaning of "drop the load," the rest is legend. Although we must admit he did have a good supporting cast in Dean and the good 'ole boys on Batt staff.

Academics were never a problem for Steve, a history major who can write term papers with the best of them. But is has been rumored that his calculator is still operating on the initial factory charge because of a phobia he has about numbers.

After graduation Steve plans to trade his WUBA for a pair of coveralls and a TLD. But whatever he ends up doing we know he'll succeed. A hard worker and good friend we wish him all the luck in the future.

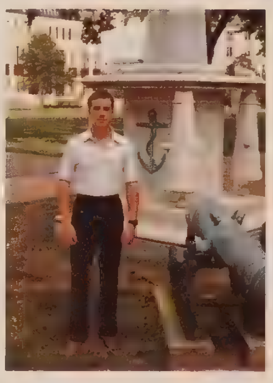
Big Dave started his colorful career at NAPS after completing an interesting tour in the Philippines with his parents. Affectionately nicknamed ". . . Larry," Dave always managed to keep everyone around him happy and cheerful with his delightful sense of humor and ever so deep loyalty toward the "boys" in Dirty Thirty. (Which, by the way, they just ate up.)

Realizing the special value in owning his own set of wheels, Dave invested a considerable sum of money into a fancy looking foreign sports car. With a roomy interior, custom designed fully reclining front seats, and a flashy gold exterior, Dave was the image of the Midshipman dream. And so it was Larry and his Honda Civic toured every female campus east of the Mississippi — and on just one tank of gas!

Good luck to you in the corps Larry. Whether it be in the wild blue yonder or in the muddy pits with heaven knows what, Dirty Thirty bids you a hearty farewell.

McLean, VA "Big Larry"

### DAVID KIRK DEJARNETTE



Probably the only Midshipman to be demoted, Steve entered the Annapolis Boat and Barge Company after a brief tour at Villanova NROTC. Steve quickly distinguished himself as a star Midshipman, but that ended when he became one of the Plebe plumbers.

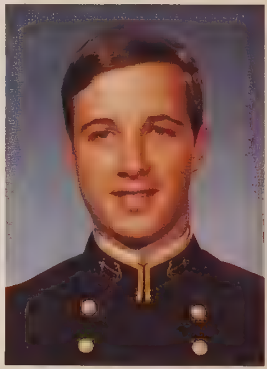
Steve has been a conscientious student, conscientious in the sense that he always made sure he had the gouge. With Cap as his main source Steve easily kept ahead of the Marine Engineering Department.

Steve remained a geek, except for the road trip in the Green Eagle, until second semester Second Class year when two ladies entered his life. Steve often utilized Maggie, his '79 280-ZX, to take trips to Delaware to see his other lady, a classy Philly woman.

No one in thirty will soon forget Steve. Whether it be for the Army parties his parents had, his dog, Frisky, that outranked him, his USAFA brother, his derelict Plebe summer squad, his decision to be one of Hymie's kids, or his true dedication and professionalism to the Navy. Good luck, and may you always drive the Blue Buick.

King of Prussia, PA "Steve"

### STEPHEN BERNARD DIETZ, III



No one will ever forget the little Shmoo. He is far too unique a person. Not one for keeping a low profile, he often heard, "So you're Epstein, I've heard a lot about you." Not wishing to bag out of Plebe year, he was a continuous visitor to Liz and Kathy. To make things worse, he managed to spill milk on the company officer at lunch one day. Little Red Riding Epstein did have a Plebe year.

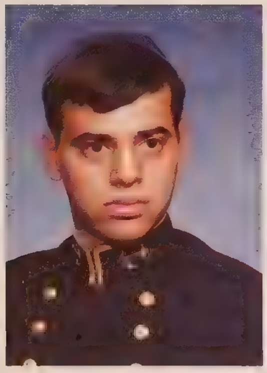
Youngster year brought about the Shmoo trademarks: the blue sneakers, the mug, and the pirates hat. Only Sam would tell the Dant "life goes on, Sir."

Sam truly took Second Class year to heart. An extra touch of professionalism led Sam to be a flamer extraordinaire. Yet Shmoo managed to spread sunshine everywhere. The people in Medical are still laughing from when he got the pencap stuck in his ear.

Service selection? Only Sam would have a bronze medallion of Hymie sitting on his desk. But I still hear "surface line is mighty fine." Good luck Sam!

God's Country
(Cherry Hill, NJ)
"Shmoo"

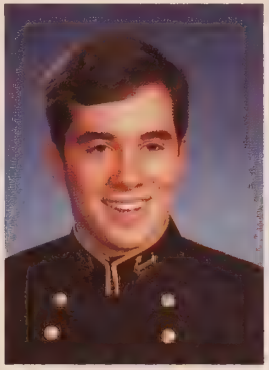
**SAMUAL EPSTEIN**

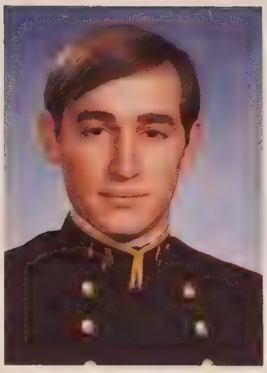


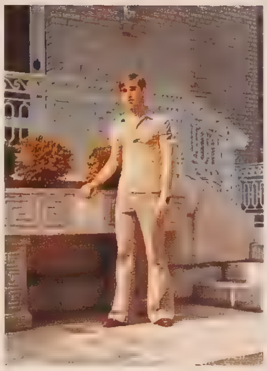
When John arrived from Atlanta, he brought with him his cunning style. However on one occasion he forgot his wits and left his T-shirt at the thrift. Thanks John for the demos, we had a good time. I could never understand where John went while I studied all night? My answer appeared in Animal House when I saw John alias PINTO scoring on the 50. It was during junior year that Pinto became part of the U.S. ski team. Looking a little shaky in the room he quickly progressed on the slopes as the mad bomber. As a three striper the Brigade Honor coordinator was definitely in style. Keeping a low profile during the day, Grandpa stalked the night protecting the "bad" reputation of 4268. It was during these times that John mastered the art of handling the rod. What can I say to the man who has it all? Just keep those tips up and that warm smile shining . . . and remember John, I've got your back too. Go for it! Zim.

Atlanta, GA "Pinto"

**JOHN ALLEN FERRER**







**JAMES ALAN FIRANZI**

San Bruno, CA
"The Franz"

Jim traded the mellow California lifestyle for the Navy Blue in July of 1978. In his four years at USNA Jim never lost that admirable California trait nor the beautiful young lady he left behind on the west coast. Jim skated through a tough Plebe year in which he managed to survive the antics of the infamous "Wedge." He emerged from Youngster cruise to face the challenges of the USNA Electrical Engineering Department with which he grappled successfully for the next three years. He overcame such minor obstacles as mastering Chinese to understand Professor Lim's Transatlantic Cables course and he even learned never to ask such meaningless questions as "how or why" in the Mad Scientist's Perversions class. Jim will always be remembered by his classmates for his willingness to help others and his good-natured attitude. Jim was always willing to assist a friend with anything from the sharing of chow packages to the installation of car tape decks. We will all miss Jim greatly, especially Little Bobby, the Bach Shaft Gang, and the Japanese Boy Wonder; however, we know that he will always move on to bigger and better things because Navy pilots do it better!

**MARK W. FISHER**

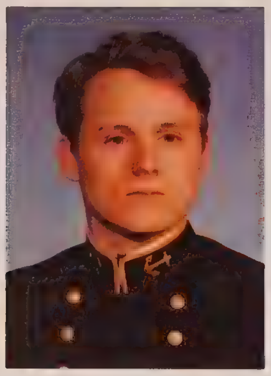
San Francisco, CA "Fish"

The Renaissance Man. Truly a man for all seasons, Mark came to USNA from the Golden Gate of San Francisco — but don't let that fool you; he's a woman's man through and through.

Whether in the classroom (Rocket who?) or marching his company onto the field, Mark is the quintessential "class act," even the adverse effects of "Moiph" and "Joisey" couldn't tarnish the "golden boy."

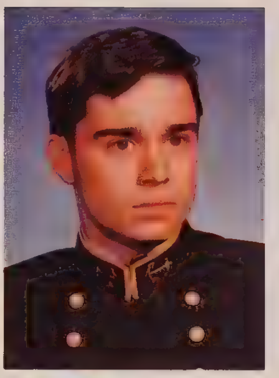
As a Plebe Mark lived in relative anonymity (what's a plumber?) before bursting onto the scene Youngster year. And then it was just a matter of time before the scene was his. Co. Cor. 1/c year, and Pres. of the OCF Mark displayed the kind of leadership that you can only read about in the USNA catalogue.

Being anxious for nothing, but through prayer and supplication Mark's faith in the Lord is a constant source of strength to those around him. And when he leaves USNA for the murky deep there can be no doubt that he will be as respected there as he is here. With Godspeed and Grace, Good Luck Brother.



**PATRICK JOSEPH FRIEL, III**
Lincoln, MA "Pat"

Pat beamed aboard USNA from very respectful Boston, Mass. Quickly realizing he was a child of the intellectual capital of the world, the Beast decided that EE was the only way he could distinguish himself, especially after he found he didn't have the knack for plumbing. Pat also decided he could straddle both worlds here at USNA. After a grueling day of diodes and transistors he would bound over to MacDonough to be a stud. Unfortunately, after an afternoon of vaulting, Pat often forgot to get off the ceiling. Pat also had the slight problem of forgetting the difference between arms and legs after a few medicinal brews. His affection for the stars was so keen that he gave up one summer's leave to study them further. His last two years here, the Beast became a cosmopolitan gentleman, dishing money out to get women down to USNA at the snap of his fingers. Now that Pat has decided he is not sorry, we wish him the best of luck. With your guiding good sense you'll make a damn good Naval officer.



**JAMES WESLEY HAMMOND**
Zeno, NV "Wes"

Hailing from a city that proves crime pays, Wes flew in from Reno that hot July afternoon with more war stories to tell than the sop. As Plebe year progressed, it became quite obvious that Wes knew more about U.S. Military History than the combined USNA history department. He spent half the night with studies and the other half doing research for dear old Dad's latest bestseller. As the history curriculum consumed him, Wes became the object of terse remarks from the engineering side of the house. Don't worry, all that insignificant, irrelevant forgotten trivia will be of value someday?!?!

As enthralled as he was to be a Mid, Wes always had some wild desire to change his name to Joe, go prep and enroll at Dartmouth.

Wes' accomplishments speak for themselves though; he's a sharp guy. The USMC can't do much better. Good luck. God bless.

**JEFFREY McBURNEY HUGHES**
Annadale, VA "Jeff"

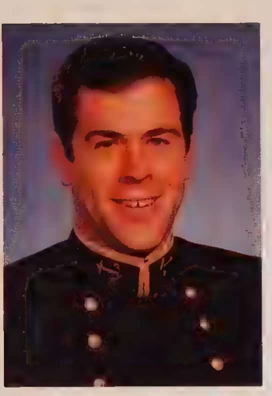
Usually it is very difficult to find the words to describe the ideal Midshipman. However when everyone thought Jeff was the perfect role model Youngster year, he managed to change that image by testing the breaking point of our water fountains as compared to the durability of a Plebe's spirit-related forehead — the fountain took seven stitches! But Jeff didn't quit there, after rebuilding his reputation through long hours in a crew shell and unbelievable academics, he was "on the road again" towards undermining the system all over. Sources have it Jeff led the biggest Army week recon of all 2/c year (amidst the war on spirit!) dressed as a SEAL in jungle warfare! Since then Jeff has been saving his strength for his biggest showstopper yet. Jeff is going to establish the "Blue Dolphins," a Navy exhibition team of six high-performance attack subs demonstrating tight underwater manuevering drills found in the fleet! As you dive beneath the sunset, look out HGR, and Jeff (Amy, too). Best of luck!!

**WILLIAM BRYAN KLANSEK**
Willingboro, NJ "Billy"

From the bushlands of South Jersey, came the blur of bubbling brew, Bill soon sacrificed wine, women and song in pursuit of "Radioactive Rick." Bill's quest for the undersea experience is only surpassed by his killer instincts at the greater Annapolis establishments. With his Rand McNally eyes, came everything from the Tami twins of Florida and Baltimore to the ample beauty of Ellicott City. Bill's visit here at Boat World, U.S.A. would not have been complete without his encounter with puppy love. Miss Beagle danced and romanced her way into Bill's heart, and both of them into class A's.

Bill always had a head start on the tan and 1/c summer was no exception. From Florida to California, Bill triumphed in all categories of beach head. But in California his wick burned out. It must have had something to do with those California women which Bill had never encountered. While still a free man, someday a deserving young lass will land this prize catch.

"From one bad to another, you're the baddest, take care . . ."
Chuck



### KEVIN M. MURPHY

Fairfax, VA "Murph"

"The Murph" rode the back of an alligator from Fairfax, Va. (I don't think that's on the turnpike!?) before donning his white works. Once inside Bancroft, Kevin (so that's his first name!) proved that he "knew a little bit about everything" — especially about the "altar of slumber." It was also at this time that "Murph" discovered the theory of "Superior Coincidental Brain Coordination."

Kevin's main concern was studying (the inside of his eyelids), he took time to build a veritable field ball/basketball dynasty. As W Cor. Kevin won the respect and friendship of the entire company.

Kevin also took advantage of his close proximity to home, and when we met Theresa we knew why. A beautiful complement to one of the nicest guys around, Theresa's kind words (and timely chow packages) kept Murph's roomies at USNA forever indebted. In short, Murph is living proof that "cool" really exists.

When Kevin leaves USNA for the super-critical world we'll be praying that things keep going his way — he deserves it. With Godspeed and Grace, good luck Brother.

### BERNT L. OYDNA

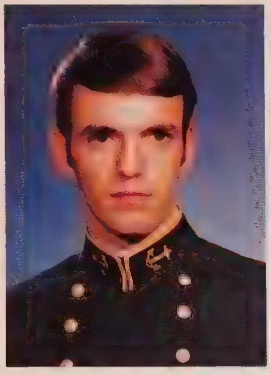
Albuquerque, NM "Oints"

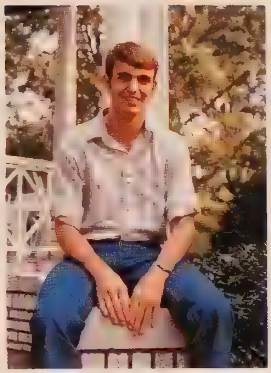
Bernt arrived at Canoe U. with his boots on and a six-shooter strapped to his side. He maintained a low profile during summer camp, possibly knowing that Mids would flock to him for their autographed copy of American Rifleman later in his career. He was All-American only . . . 1, 2, 3 . . . oh well, I lost count. There's no doubt that his bronzed .45 will lie in state next to the stuffed goat in Halsey.

The Ops, Boss, as he later came to be recognized, broke his share of hearts, too. Between hitch-hiking in Connecticut and meeting Whosepig in Maine, he kept his stamp supply low. Maybe his mother should have sent him stamps instead of wierd things. His chow packages really kept us laughing.

Although few know it, he was also the primary reason for the necessity of installing new ceilings in Mother B. On many a cold winter night, we awoke to pieces of ceiling tile falling because of unexplained cosmic nose vibrations.

We all wish Bernt the greatest luck in the world because he really deserves it. From all us Rednecks, Good Luck and God Bless.

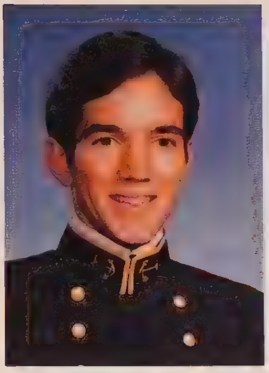


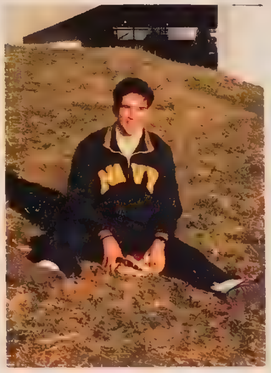


### STEVEN ALEXANDER PARKS

Old Fort, NC "Parksoong"

Steve came to USNA from the small town of Old Fort nestled in the backwoods of North Carolina. What actually happened was that Steve had gone coon huntin', got lost, and trailed the coon straight into Halsey Field house on that sunny day in July. Steve lost the coon, but found Navy. After Plebe year, he acquired a firm handle on USNA and developed his motto of "I don't care." This is not to say Steve didn't care about anything. Academics were cake for this poor country boy. Who to hear him talk, would think he just walked off the set of "Deliverance." The boy could master anything with a number in it. Steve just didn't care about the little things: brush-offs, making racks, or shaving. He was always willing to help anyone with a problem and this endeared him to us all. Steve's service selection is best summed up in his words "subs equal bucks for you." We'll miss this nuclear good 'ol boy, but the Navy will get a fine officer when he leaves us.





### CHRISTOPHER JOHN PAUL

Westfield, NJ "Christo"

After spending a year at NAPS Chris ran his way into the Naval Academy. One would be hard pressed to find a crazier, easy going guy. Chris has set many records in his four year stay at Navy for an array of events: running, eating, dancing, and more panics per exam than anyone at the Academy. Chris' perseverance with running has earned him the respect due a great athlete, and rightfully so, achieving nine Varsity N's.

When Chris leaves us he leaves many who were fortunate to be his friend. Chris was known for leading about 30 friends to wild crab and beer experiences at the Riverside Inn, making him a favorite of Jimmy.

A Navy "junior" Chris always goes home with a haircut, pressed clothes, and an empty stomach. Anyone who can eat 3½ pounds of spaghetti in two minutes is incredible in anyone's book.

Upon graduation Chris will head for Pensacola to fly. Wherever he goes, our thoughts go along in his cockpit wishing the best to a great guy. Good luck Johnny.

**ROY MATTHEW RADCLIFFE**
Oakland, NJ "Skip"

Cruisin' to USNA from Exit 18, Roy quickly discovered that the Navy was the life for him. Coming out of the closet, Roy amazed all by his striking performance as "duty knee." Neither rain, nor sleep, nor concussions at night could dampen his spirits. Despite this, Roy expertly camouflaged himself in bulkhead green. Lucky thing you had a "good neighbor policy" at meals and SIP, hah Roy!? Youngster year ushered in a dedicated systems wenie unearthing the true beauty of Maury Hall. Seeing everyone needs substitutes, Roy commenced a passionate affair with DTSS. As a Segundo, Roy quietly took the financial soundness of the Log under his wing. Too bad advertising fell as much as his CQPR. After a 1/c Marine cruise, color blind Roy realized his many options — and seeing Green wasn't one. Next to "Where's the gouge," Roy most often hears, "What's your secret?" Hawaii will never tell. All in all, despite being 30's agitator, Roy will always be a friend to us.

**CHARLES LOUIS RATTE**
Stillwater, MN "Chuck"

When Chuck arrived in Annapolis from Minnesota, the first thing that the "Iceman" noticed was the lack of snow. In his search for a winter wonderland he found a new love, sandy beaches. Whether it was "red beach" or the real thing, on any warm spring day you could always find Chuck sleeping in the sun. After the sun went down it was easy to follow him out in town, where he was never one to turn down a free drink. In fact that's how he did all of his drinking, even with the ladies. As second class year came along Chuck used his new found liberties to become one of the best at multiple dating. His only blemish was a "Dear John" from a high school girl. He quickly recovered from that experience to again pursue his interests, when one night at the library he found the girl he was looking for, Margie. Since that day we never saw him anymore, but we knew he was having a good time. And once that fateful day after graduation comes, we know he'll have what he wants (and deserves).

Good luck to the both of you. Bill.

**RONALD F. REIMER**
Carmel, IN "Reemer"

When Ronaldo landed at USNA, everyone knew he was definitely a different breed. Bringing his Reimerian wit and sarcasm all the way from Carmel, Ind., Ron kept his classmates amused with his zany antics.

Mr. Reemer's first tour of duty was spent listening to tale of Olongupo (repeatedly), dealing with The Beast, and idolizing Little Bobby. WW II reflashed Youngster year as Ron took on the JBW and won. As a second class, Ron turned professional and actually started using Brasso, although the Cheeze Nip campaign continued. He even opted to give up leave to spend the summer with a bunch of sweaty Plebes. As a Firstie, Ron spent his time chasing (but seldom catching) the opposite gender, flying, sweating his weenie systems classes, listening to fueneehall music, and complaining about the Washington Post (Scamps is the only publication he hated more).

Ron will be a super officer whether he flies planes, subs or just his Z car. His special brand of humor made his classmates a lot richer and will cheer people wherever he goes.

**MATTHEW T. SCASSERO**
Mechanicsburg, PA
"The Steam King"

Coming direct to USNA from Mechanicsburg, Pa. (Yes there is such a place), Mr. G.Q. arrived with his guitar in one hand and a wardrobe in the other. Right away Matt got his priorities straight and proceeded to row Plebe crew . . . until he realized his "developing" body might dictate buying new uniforms. Youngster year saw Matt literally getting the most "skate" watch ever offered at the Academy (That Dahlgren Ice is cold!!!). Second Class year pitted Scass and "Big Larry" as roommates making the hostage crisis seem like a holiday picnic. One of Talley's heroes (a glee clubber no less), Scass could be found doing leaps and splits for such classics as "Damn Yankees" and "Fiddler." Of course Matt's first love is the guitar and many a night he could be found in the local head playing to a captive audience.

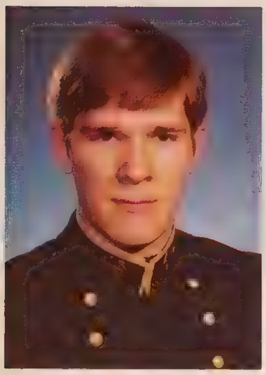
Although an oceanography major (nobody's perfect) Scass XX will be remembered for his quiet, good natured character and in that spirit his classmates leave him with this: "SHE'S A GRAND OLD FLAG . . ."

Pete found his way out of the back woods of Tennessee and stumbled into the Academy on I Day. He quickly developed those qualities that set him apart from ordinary Mids — incredible intensity and drive (that mile sure was fast and there was blood all over the place), keen senses (he could smell a well-hidden 20 lb. chow package and consume it all without detection in five minutes) and unfailing loyalty (he hit the 'brary every night and brought a pillow and food along too). But Pete wasn't perfect. Academics came tough for him and he was always telling us about his failed tests and impossible classes. Seems like he was always unsat. We even started to believe him till he got him 4.05. Can't fool us anymore Pete, sorry.

It looks like Pete is going to be a bubblehead, and everyone is sure that he'll get along with uranium and neutrons just fine. But whatever he does, Pete will excel, for he is truly intense.

Mt. Juliet, TN "Shoobert"

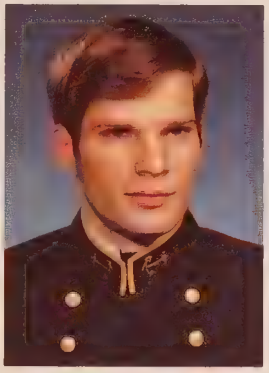
**PETER A. SCHULERT**



Arriving at Gate 8 to prove that everyone from Long Island wasn't a Catholic lax player, Rich impressed us with his numerous talents. As a sustaining member of the intense squad, there were some unsubstantiated rumors of a Plebe year. However, this "too quiet" person that "rarely smiled" was a "fantastik" roommate. Youngster year became an important step in Rich's career. Fighting the Battle for the Gouge, he tactically pursued a major meeting his demanding standards. His reputation with the women, from any school, was firmly entrenched. Mount Saint Ellen will always have a special meaning for Rich. And who will ever forget Ocean City Week? As a Segundo, *LOG*ging more reps than any lifter, others realized Rich's qualities. His car, which shared Rich's dramatic flare, managed pregnant mechanical pauses. Finally, as 1/c year commenced, we found Rich still active in Protestant choir and company activities. Never one to with hold views, Rich shall be remembered as a loyal classmate, dedicated worker, and true friend. Any service branch would greatly benefit from Rich's many attributes.

Brentwood, NY "Scappa"

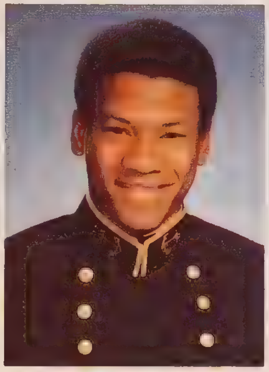
**RICHARD LOUIS STOFFA**



Wayne came to us from Arvada, Colorado, much to the disappointment of Dottie Hamill. Alas, Wayne wasn't destined to be a skater, but a Navy pilot. He began his education at USNA by learning not to taunt his roomie, on the football team. His next serious challenge was the Wedge, but nothing really upset Wayne because he has that personal essence of COOL! Wayne became another USNA all-sport jock, hitting track, basketball, and officiating in his career. As an upperclass, Wayne learned unique study habits. Since taps isn't at 11:00 now, you begin studying then, right? This quickly led to a junior IMF membership. Though an avid admirer of Captain America, we all know even Cap looks up to you Wayne. His tastes extended to fine women, pizza, and the Batmobile. Remember that 15-pie run as 'sters? Good luck with the ladies, but don't keep them waiting as long as you kept us. And remember — he who park by docks drive off in haze grey car. Take care and God bless ya!

Arvada, CO

**WAYNE AUREALOUS TERRELL**



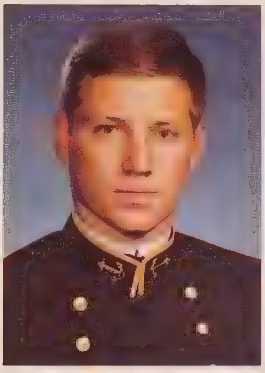
Why someone from Des Moines, Iowa would be interested in the Naval Academy was beyond all of us but E.T. showed up on July 6th, 1978 to serve his sentence along with the rest of us. He finished Plebe summer in fine form under the guiding (and loving) eyes of Midn Ens Wittenschlager and proceeded to amaze everyone with his ability to find different reasons for getting various portions of his head shaved.

This midwest boy would do almost anything to get his feet wet, whether it be at polo practice or in choosing to be an Oceanography major. We all thought that he may be slightly insane but E.T. left no doubt as he gave up leave one joyous summer to go play in the surf at Coronado at BUDS. As the starboard Batt Sub Plebe summer 1981 it only took a day or two for the Plebes to determine E.T.'s state of mind.

Having learned the true meaning of an "eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," by surviving four years at Boat School, E.T. decided to turn in his skin for some SEAL fur and a perpetual salt water bath. Be warned any who shall meet E.T. in the surf! Good luck Buddy, glad you're on our side!

Des Moines, IA "E.T."

**EVIN HOWARD THOMPSON**



Big "V" cruised into USNA bringing all that is New Jersey with him. Under the guiding hand of Clark Gable and with the mellow influence of the West, Johnny soon established himself as a stellar performer and a fine plumber. Moving on to his true mission in life, the whippany kid set out to prove that all roads lead to Asbury Park. He and the "Boss" proceeded to rewrite study hours: 0000-0000. Die evil wires die! Seeing academics as no real challenge, the hot-blooded Italian began his search for the "right" girl. Colorado, Gibraltar, Porter Road? Proving the job of air traffic controller is no picnic, Johnny managed a complex schedule of arriving flights. Fortunately, no one's feelings were hurt save one young lass, offended that John would not eat her pie in one bite.

After command of kilo company, what next? The New Jersey would be no surprise. Lord knows John's a new man. Anything is possible now, in Him Our prayers are with you Brother. Good luck and God's speed.

Whippany Park, NJ "Johnny V."

**JOHN PETER VENA**

Jeff came to USNA from a hot little town called Mesa in Arizona. Ole "Stretch" worked hard at everything. He especially delighted in making the "boys" of Dirty Thirty "ever so happy" with well directed compliments and an excellent sense of humor. Jeff's next true love was his Camaro for which he had all but a birth certificate. His weekend exploits saw him in "tight" slacks cruising disco lounges and various reputiated local colleges. When Jeff wasn't bolting from USNA, he was either laboring over his repeated subjects or Dahlgren Hall. Jeff's other true loves were the Blue "Angles," white wine, and flying. Finally, Jeff's ultimate dream of being a fighter pilot and possible astronaut draw closer each day. Jeff will make one hell of a pilot and dependable wingman wherever he ends up. Well Jeff, it's been a good four years and we "boys" of Dirty Thirty bid you farewell and the best of luck. Later Ace.

Mesa, AZ "Stretch"

**GEOFFREY BOURBON VIOGT**

**PETER M. WARKER**

Reading, PA "Pete"

Pete comes to USNA via Reading, Pennsylvania. A football player in high school, Pete was recruited for George Welsch's team. "Big Blue" got three years out of Pete before he had take to his Trident Scholar Program via the academic board. Fortunately Pete made it through the biggest witch hunt of our class.

Pete was always a good friend to have around, especially because of his size. He always got what he wanted, usually in the gentlest ways. An important job was keeping the halls quiet while his skinny roommate, a varsity cross-country runner, tried to get some sleep before races.

Pete's love of country music, Red Man, cowboy boots, tarskies, and the '63 Val took backseat in Sept. '81 to Nancy, a real beauty from Harrisburg, Pa. Nancy stole Pete's heart so quickly that even his roommate was jealous. Upon graduation Pete heads for the mud of Quantico. Our thoughts go with Pete as he pounds ground. Good luck, good friend, always.

**MARK E. WRALSTAD**

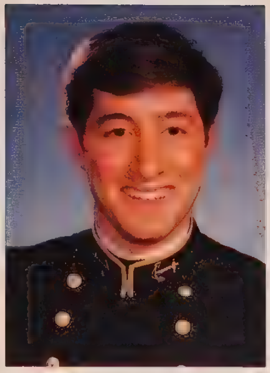
Sierra Vista, AZ "What's wrong with your fingers Wralstad"

Mark, the Norwegian Cowboy arrived at USNA on a sunny July day thinking he was about to enter the wild world of ASU. He started Plebe year saying, "Yaa, first come, first serve, sleep in the 'cell'." Mark proved himself well as he led his "intense" classmates through sheetposters and chowcalls as Co. Cdr. Well, after Herndon, Mark saw the end of his diode and hooked himself in series with complex variables. It was during Youngster year when "Stad" started to defy the system or Dougy, by saying "tango delores de cabeza!" As far as sports, his name says all. "Wralstud," the dippin' weekend hacker and softball player, sent many a ball into the drink. 1/c year brought the cowhide stompin', Levis fittin', Sierra "Vista" Grande to town, with the 'ol chief himself driving. By looking at his wagon, you would swear that he and alcoa had something going.

Mark will hit the fleet in May with both fists "flying" (NFO of course). The three vices will certainly be at his mercy, along with success and goodwill. We'll always remember, "I'm a math major!" Farewell and Godspeed to a great and true friend.

**PAUL RALPH YORIO**
Indian Harbor Beach, FL
"Little Bobby"

Paul came to USNA with one goal in mind — academics. Saturday nights would find him studying tirelessly, giving comfort to those who passed by that the pinnacle of 4.0 was being assailed by at least one member of the Brigade. The majority of Paul's weekends were spent this way, with a short break to run a quick 10 or 15 miles. Yet no one who has been partying with Paul could say that he was all work and no play. His spontaneous dance steps would carry him across any dance floor in style, the make and model of the dance floor notwithstanding! (reeeer, Little Bobby!) Paul loved running even more than football games, marching, and wardroom food. His steady diet of cookies, pretzels, and "nips" earned him the nickname Little Bobby Sands. Our Little Bobby has a great sense of humor, his sarcasm claiming sole responsibility for the downfall of the infamous Back Shaft Gang. Paul will make a fine Marine Corp officer, and everyone in 30 knows that he will succeed in everything he tries.



**ROBERT HERBERT ZIMMERMANN**
Long Island, NY "Zim"

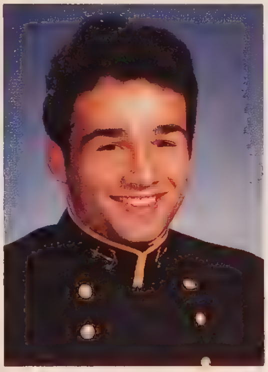
Who was that guy with the shaved head, funny accent, and distinctive profile standing next to me on the evening of 6 July 1978? As I soon found out, it was the one and only Long Island bad boy — Zimmer himself. Bob was sent to us to show all how life was really to be lived. After his enjoyable first summer at Camp Tecumseh, Ac year was Zim's first real chance to excel, and well . . . let's just say he spent his share of time here for summer school. Where he did excel was Lacrosse, and as a Youngster earned that coveted N of gold. Perhaps his best touch was with those fabulous creatures known as babes. While he had a fine lady on the Island, he seldom spent his weekends here alone. First Class year no room was safe from Zim and the Rod just ask Bullethead and Renaldo. In the future, look to the sky or the slopes to find Bob enjoying life. Remember Zim, I'll always have your back, Pinto.

When Billy strolled into Annapolis he didn't ask the traditional lacrosse star's question, "Where's the Corvette line?" He already had a Vette — in the Commandant's parking space. Thus "suitcase Andy" kicked off what was to be a very colorful sabbatical at Navy. A local yokel, he decided to become the only midshipman with off-campus housing.

After a relatively uneventful plebe year, Billy found his downfall — Jake. Together with Satch, the "Three Stooges" raged through the traditionally wild youngster year. The question on Fridays was not, "Are we sneaking out tonight?"; it was "Where are we going?" Then Billy, the double major (gynecology and pornography), decided he wanted the whitest teeth in the Brigade. Once again he applied for off-campus housing and Commander Cody approved it. What a gal!! But junior year the whip came down when the wife decided to dictate policy. Rule One: NO BEER FOR BILLY! Thus Billy had a very mellow Army-Navy game as he quietly sipped ginger ale.

And so as the juniors become seniors, and two seniors remain juniors, the cows still come and the cows still go, but the "bull" at Navy is ever-present.

Perry Hall, MD "Billy"
**WILLIAM ANDERSON**



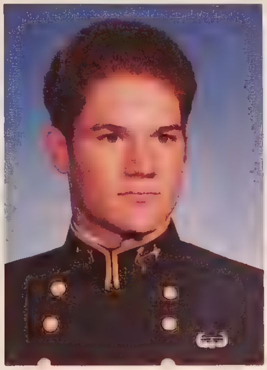
Neil, Neilbud, Bud: A handsome redhead with a distinguished face like Abe Lincoln and a springy step. Recon raids were his excitement during plebe summer way back in '78. Remember those good ol' days. Being SOW allowed him to bag it but he made up for it as a 3/c. Neil counted on watch duty even when listed as a super.

Youngster year brought women of all ages, shapes and sizes into Bud's life. His first love, the Dutch treat — will he ever get her off his mind?

Air assault school during 2/c summer allowed Neil (and his buds back in the hall) to become well acquainted with repelling and jumping out of helos. How about those road trips to N.J. and Atlantic City, in the Green Tank. Happy Hour on those hot (and cold) Wednesday afternoons. "Another cold one!" "Ay Yah." getting fired (or is it fried) up for Army!

As a firsty on detail Neil gave a Plebette her first "taste" of the manual of arms — and extended his 2/c livelihood for another semester. Lady Luck is sure to ride with Neil as he joins the Naval Air community, and it's about time. Remember Neil — This Bud's for you!

Tequesta, FL
**NEIL R. BOURASSA**

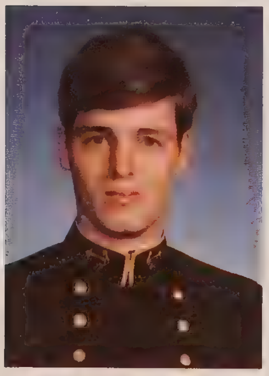


Dave arrived at Severn U. fresh from high school in Chula Vista, California, where, as we all learned Plebe summer, they did not have to memorize. Though he had trouble hiding his affection for his favorite Firstie Plebe summer, David survived and made it to AC year, and he never looked back. He earned the distinction of rooming with Griff for two years, taking more and more physics courses was his idea of fun, but what can you expect from a man who takes apart TI-55's in his spare time? A 90-day sub cruise First Class summer (and the bonu$e$) convinced Dave he wanted to be in Rickover's Navy, even if he had to promise 30 hours a week 2nd semester.

Dave will be remembered for Sherard-Tramids, service selection night, and horsing around with Mary. No matter what, Dave can be counted on as a friend and a source of gouge.

Chula Vista, CA "Dave"

**DAVID W. BROSH**



Mark who? Yes that sailor who always had the bilge pump running. Weekends at school? Never, even as a plebe. Mark was a different Midships plagued by mega-bohicas throughout his years here. His biggest max-bummer was his loss of pride, who often visited him in his room and at Stouffers. Mark managed to take advantage of most of the first class privileges, his unlimited weekends as a Plebe and his car in the yard as a Second Class. Mark tried to stay away from Annapolis as much as possible, but his duties as the All-American captain of the NADS party team kept him here a few weekends. Mark was notorious for keeping his liquor down (and cookies). He managed to wake up his roommates early one morning with his side kick, Ralph. Mark also made use of his room by inviting visiting laser dudes to spend the night in it, not telling his roommates. Mark loved his name and picked his name because it had the same initials (MEC). Jibe Ho; Shift Your Leads!

Rochester, NY "Pro-Keds"

**MARK ELLIOTT CONVERSE**

Sometimes it seemed that the only things in life that were really important to Bill were Melissa James and Pink Floyd. It was no secret where and with whom he spent his weekends . . . Bowie, Maryland . . . Sweet Melissa . . . Kiss me now, Sweetie . . . Ribbit . . . Toyotas . . . Rainbows . . . Dahlgren . . . October 27 . . . "Sara" . . . Little critter . . . ILY . . . luckiest darn Mid in the Brigade.

Of course, when not with his little Terp, it was all Pink Floyd and rock music . . . "The Wall" concert at Nassau Coliseum . . . an unauthorized absence? . . . a million Pink Floyd T-shirts . . . Zappa on Mother's Day . . . Rush . . . Rundgren . . . Turn it down!

Bill's closest friend was his roommate, Nolan . . . Hungarian vs. Filipino . . . Browns vs. Chargers . . . Combo-Man . . . Catcher's mitt . . . "We all look alike" . . . Kalapana . . . Black's Beach . . . "Nolan, do you know that goy?"

But while Bill had so much going for him in Annapolis, he still missed Albany, Georgia . . . following in Dad's footsteps . . . Mom's chocolate chip cookies . . . Courtney at Georgia Tech . . . Ken, Mayor Terry, Jody, Allen, Stuart, Bruce, and Tonya . . . money . . . the good old South.

Good luck forever, Bill. We know Melissa will take great care of you.

Albany, GA "Zeke"

**WILLIAM RICHARD FAZEKAS**

Jake, "The Snake" and often "The Worm," cruised to USNA from Long Island. He did well coming from that underprivileged area of the U.S. and didn't waste any time starting on his illustrious career of conduct boards. Jake managed five "black N's" in three years, must be a record. His youngster year was cake, he and "Satch" became kings of Dahlgren and Captain Martha would tell you "we love you." The Three Stooges did well, they never seemed to be around for study time. Second class year Jake decided he had had enough of the "Fat Man" so he took up track, but the Annapolis Police had other ideas so Jake gave it up. First Class year started slow for Jake. Boo-Boo decided in his infinite wisdom that Jake should remain a Second Class a little longer; so Friday nights were spent at Babe's shooting pool. Jakestien went into business this year, he spent much of his time raping friends. No one could ever match Jake's sense of humor or his wit, "Satch" came close but not quite. Now we'll just sit back and see if Jake can close out his career with an even half-dozen.

Long Island, NY "Jake"

**MICHAEL JACOBSEN**

**DAVID A. JAHRSDOEFER**

Massapequa Park, NY
"Jahrs"

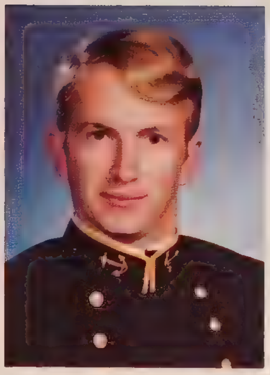
Claims Massapequa Park as his home. Wanted to be a New York cop. Decided it was too dangerous. Joined the military. New York prepared Dave well for the service; "friendly" neighbors taught him street fighting and hand-to-hand combat the hard way.

*Plebe:* Practiced insanity as the best approach to the year (hence "Perve"). Notorious for late-night study of rates in the dark — roommate now going NFO (penny and orange fights, igniting gasses at night, parachuting).

*Youngster:* Decided to take it easy (narc wasn't all it was cracked up to be anyway). Joined the adventurers ("Reeder's Raiders) and did "Playboy Halsey Climb" and "The Great Tunnel Trek."

*Segundo:* Just what they said it would be. As Dave so deftly put it, "I hate this @!*#&@ place!!" (8-1 Rocket Club, corpsman to roomie, discovering girls — finally!)

*Firstie:* Finally on top. Dreams in sight! To get as far away from the institutions of higher learning as possible, to remain single as long as possible, and to sit back-seat in an F-14 punching off 6 beautiful Phoenix missiles with 6 perfect fire control solutions at 6 of the ugliest camel jockies you ever saw. What a bud . . .



**SHELLEY A. JONES**

San Diego, CA "Shelly"

Desiring to challenge himself and find a job, Shelley became a Hollywood Marine. After two years in the Corps he decided to take the easy life and become an officer via the Academy. After Plebe year Shelley was shocked by the academics of electrical engineering, "electricuted" might be a better word. Deciding that gouging had more effect than studying, Shelley majored in reading "Destroyer" novels, varsity rack, wardroom life, and carousing Dahlgren Hall. Besides the commission , the Academy has also given Shelley a great deal of patience, as exhibited by his vigilant window watching from sixth wing. Even so Navy definitely has its disadvantages, as evidenced by the mud stains from a certain expedition on Ho Chi Minh Trail. But Shelly can triumphantly return to his beloved Corps, although they will require some modification of remaining Navy habits, especially amidships. Good Luck and Congratulations!

**LEONARD R. KOJM, JR.**

Arlington, VA "Sam"

The CALICO KID! Sam, as he is known by all his friends, hails from the nearby city of Arlington, Virginia, where on weekends and leave he spends his time managing the Kojm Hotel and Limosine Service. The services were great and you couldn't beat the price! How about that Rommel and his late night visits!

Back in the hall Sam's sense of humor kept him from getting bored. His favorite pastime was sniffing the "Rampp Lamp" and watching "Swimma Woman." Sam, like all other Mids, lived for weekends. When he wasn't shooting the cannon at football games he was raising hell in D.C. and Georgetown with his friends. (I still say you can't get four for twenty dollars.) Playing hide-and-go-seek at Winston's with your class ring was a real blast. Next time lets play tag.

As we all go our separate ways and pursue our new careers we will never forget the good times we all had together. Good luck to you in whatever you do and may your Saab never break down!

**WILLIAM B. LAINGEN**

Bethesda, MD "Bill"

Magloo the Maltese refugee spells like an Afghan. Worsersburg Academy Preppie grad . . . thought Naval Academy taught belly dancing — it doesn't; good thing — (he's got hairy legs anyway). Plebe year super-pro Gunge-monkey . . . sailor boy . . . amateur rocket target. All the good times: Griff's tooth, penny-food-garbage fights, computer fights, the bomb . . . OH FIST! So inventive: bazookas, anti-hand devices, 2:00 AM Arizona phone calls. AH LEAH! What a function! Missed so much . . . Army-Navy, home games, marching, ¼ 1st semester 1/c year, dirty jokes, OH MOOSE! And recon raids: The field house, the tunnels (weekie weekie), Batt Study, OH AUSCHWITZ! So many homes . . .NNMC 7W, Arizona, Asia, Bethesda, Santee Basin. You really love your airplanes, wife, airplanes, sailboat, airplanes, bombs, airplanes. Not a bad roomie for somebody who hates baseball. Remember Paul's pig noises? Carty's Punk? W.O.W.'s booby trap, your stinky feet, the F-4 drop test (it failed)? OH GRIFF! Missile attacks on seventh wing. You left so much unfinished here — namely the wardroom. Don't forget laundry on, uh . . .? Walking fact file, knows everybody's name. Well, Later — much. WUFF!

### SCOTT F. LEFTWICH
Annandale, VA "Lefty"

Where do I start to describe such a guy?
Why the list of good qualities would pile a mile high!
But as a good friend, so loyal and so true,
I'll start with some dirt that few people knew.
The Bunnie on Halsey caught someone's eye,
And just as much fun was our trip to the Rye.
Dangling in mid air, painting a "rat,"
While wondering what Reeder had next in his hat.
Hitching to Florida and back in five days,
Abusing our roommate and catching max rays.
Getting stripes was O.K., but winning girls was fun too:
There was Darlene, Julie, Trish, Amy, Caryn, and Boo.
Spring Break in Daytona was an annual event
With three Firebirds, a Corvette, and two Cats we all went.
The times that we've shared and the places we've been;
You taught me a lot, my roommate, my friend.

### DANIEL P. MACK
Drexel Hill, PA "Dan"

Drexel Hill's finest — was Mrs. McRae ever disappointed! Dan was an old man before he reported to USNA. Having his reg. haircut before I-day, the bald eagle remained relatively quiet Plebe year. But during Plebe summer you could always count on Dan to read *his* newspaper article. Way to bilge your squad! But youngster year there was a rebirth. After blow-me-off Nancy rejected Dan's offer (breaking social engagements was her specialty), Dan joined the famous Sierra Foxtrotters. As an original member Dan's exploits were numerous. Basic Nancy became his first conquest; then Ann M.; blow-me-off Nancy once more; then Michelin man; followed by Red Terror; Jaime joined the ranks; Hello-how-are-you-let's-go Maura; and Annatte.

Always thinking of others, he organized most of the tailgaters during 1/c and 2/c years. (Is that why you were elected co. alcohol rep?) The famous Mack Army-Navy Round-ups were the social event of the year (Mack Hotel was a great place to crash). The tuna boat was another of his great contributions to the deliquency of his friends (just ask Griff). Quarters and Zoom-Schwartz-Figliano were Dan's sports . . . Good luck Dan!

Jim underwent a major transformation during his college years. He entered a quiet guy from Minnesota with extensive stockboy experience. By Senior Year, he had more girls than he could inventory!

Jim knew the military though (after a year of fat pay checks in Newport). He jumped on the opportunity of getting a 2 man room Plebe year (by running poor Keilly out!).

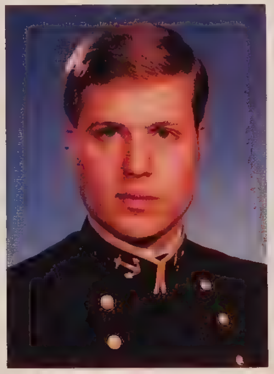
Jim met other challenging situations with similar drive. He saw no reason to spend a summer chipping paint, so he booze cruised to Ireland instead!

But, listen, Jim's life really was in danger once. How about that road trip through snow-bound Chicago with Corby?

Jim toyed with blue pigs for a while, but decided that a yawl was not his friend. And, furthermore, who wants to be an architect when a scientist is better respected!

Jim is definitely quite the playboy now! When he isn't cruising with babes in his sporty little car — he's taking them for a wild ride on his Hobie Cat!

Austin, MN "Hooskerdoo"
### JAMES P. MALONEY



My roommate, the old man. Back at the station. When I was twenty. Fire engines and ambulances. Steph, the York Peppermint Patty. Dr. Merck, resident 31st Company general practitioner. Professor Merch, resident 31st Company EE tutor. Two weeks of starvation for lightweights every year. Handball. La Bomba. The Merck cave. Surgeons on Halloween. Turnouts. Smith and Wesson. 1st Class cruise — Mexican food. Two road trips to York. Admiral Merch. The "Klunk" reunion and corn soup. EE gouge, and being harassed by hungry EE majors. Chow (Rice Krispies) from Steph. Pete, Reject, Kevin, Scott, John, Denise. Julie, the sister. Missing home. Speeding to York. EMT. Blowing up medical gloves Army party, Tim and Mindy. Flying and hoping to pass. Soon to be tied down for good. A friend and confidant, and always there. Waking up to Mr. Coffee and Howard. Someone to be missed.

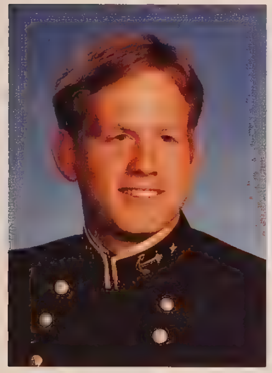
York, PA "Plug"
### RICHARD MERCK

Deebo hit the Academy straight out of Seabreeze High located not one hundred yards from the surf and bikini clad babes of Daytona Beach, Florida. Talk about a rough transition! But it didn't take long for Dee to bag his Birdwells for some blues and a chance to show Navy what he was made of. Hard Charger or Go-Getter don't adequately describe Dee as a Plebe; but his sacrifices paid off and by Herndon he had built a reputation as a leader, a classmate, and a helluva friend.

By Youngster year it was obvious to 'Bo that there was more to life than spiffies and spit shines, so he revamped his routine to include a little more rack and a lot more RAGING. Annual spring break DAYTONATRAMID's to his house became the ultimate in road trips, but there was never a shortage of good times with this guy. By First Class year he had it all: a sports car, a beautiful fiancee, command of a yacht, and the Plebe Summer Regiment. Whether it was stripes, sailing, studying, or slammin' MOLSON's, 'Bo was always on top. From the looks of things Navy Air better standby for a lot more of the same!

Daytona Beach, FL "Deebo"

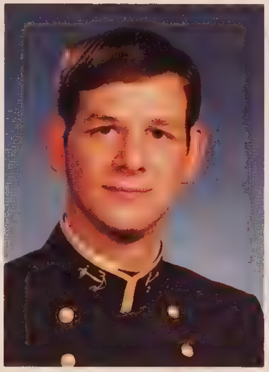
**DEE L. MEWBOURNE**



Mike came to USNA from Boston by way of the Real Navy with a short stop at NAPS to build his character. While here Mike was a member of the varsity rack squad. In the few moments that Mike was out of the rack, he played around on YP's (who can ever forget Wilmington). Eventually he conned them into making him Commodore so that he could become a commuter, driving here in the morning and back to his fiancee's at night. There may be a big surprise coming service selection night when Mike goes Corps. Either way, Mike will take a lot of friends with him who wish him luck (and many good hours of rack).

Boston, MA "Mike"

**MICHAEL J. NORTON**

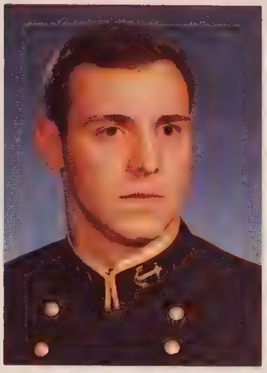


**THOMAS GERARD PASTERNAK**

Scotia, NY "Tom"

The pride of Scrotia, Nak brought a big heart and even bigger teeth to Navy. Despite rooming with a guy who hated the steam cycle so much he left to wear pink suits, Tom had a 4.0 Plebe year. The stars have never left his lapels. Other Plebe year successes were a victory in the Peg Deluca look-alike contest and a fistful of Heather at Timmy's. Max jams! Crazy muskrat love. Initially one of Clothier's boys, Tom soon turned to company sports where his efforts were more appreciated. Tom spent Segundo year juggling Michelle, Sherri and Katie after an unsuccessful attempt at Corky over Actramid. Babysitting brother Joe (more teeth), the whiney roomie and Pottey training were other diversions. Plebe Detail (I'll mail 'em to ya') brought a reacquaintance with an old friend. You take her sister, I want her (but I don't have her *yet* man).

Tom will take his Marine Engineering degree down where the pride runs, where he will undoubtedly be as successful and popular as he was here. JPR.



**ROGER CARROLL PATTERSON**

Belmont, NC "Pat"

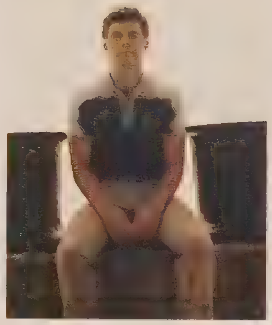
Roger Patterson — Belmont, NC to Annapolis is a long ways. Tamara misses you. A strike-trained man. Mom, Pop, and Randy up for Parent's Weekend with tenderloin biscuits and red velvet pound cake. Leeann's letters — highlighted. J.V. meat squad (you've met some of the best people in sports). Marine Engineering (why?). Ms. B. Letters from Granny — with stamps. Mediterranean Yacht rental. Rugby B-side. Daryl Chen and The Incredible Hulk. Your chivalric acceptance of the only slab award in Naval Academy history. Carmen — Hi Ho! Rugby A-side. Second Class Co. Cdr. — damned if you do/don't. Big Brother. Injuries. Florida — DeDe. Philadelphia — Maureen. Charlotte — Marie. Rose. Rugby V-pres. Blue Moon? California — Michelle. Tamara misses you. Believe it Dodger — life's a rack and you'll always play A-side.

**DANIEL P. PROULX**
Annapolis, MD "Dan"

Hey, did you happen to see the most beautiful girl in the world? Proulx did. Even though he validated gouge, it didn't stop him from showing Chrissy the chapel during summer. The entire Plebe Regiment braced up because of you Mr. Proulx! Parties were Danny's favorite pastime. If he wasn't getting sick (Coleen's and Mike's B-day), he kept up with the rest of us.

Youngster year Dan spent a great deal of time in Dahlgren. Where else can someone buy cheap beer and test their manual dexterity at the same time, right girls! Army-Navy football games were Dan's second favorite activity. With the annual Beer Bowls and Mary's apartment — Please, Dan, get out of my bed! — Dan enjoyed total moral freedom.

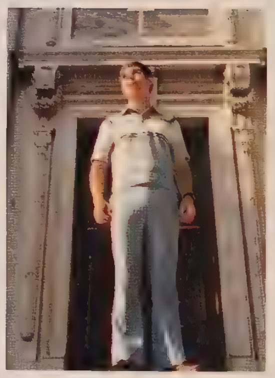
Ah, yes! But who can forget the romantic sightseeing trips at night with his loved one. Excuse me, can I see your driver's license? Yes sir, Oops! I think I dropped it in the back seat. Now that Dan's loved one is gone her successor may be only one or two companies away. Good luck!



**JOSEPH PATRICK RAINEY**
Sunnyvale, CA "Joe"

Mrs. Rainey decided that two miniatures and two class crests weren't enough, so Joe made the long trip east, leaving Medfly country and his beloved San Francisco Giants. Also left behind were his dreams of being BMOC at Stanford. After putting his Plebe summer problems "behind" him, Joe spent many hours drilling for Navy golf across the river in the fall. Spring leave saw '82 breaking out their stereos, and 31 soon learned that Hendrix does indeed live. Look out for eruptions. Many women have caught Joe's eye, but none for good. And he has yet to resist big brown eyes, especially at tailgators. Plebe summer '85 saw Joe performing in the true Begley tradition Omnes beeri, and beware of fire. Joe showed his high standards and a sense of honor. Who can forget 2/c year, and Joe's sudden interest in reading and literature? You can't always tell a book by its cover.

Seal-like ambitions have given way sensibly to Navy Air. As Joe drives his Camaro out the gate and waves goodbye to the woman sisters, 31st Co. will be losing its basketball hopes and the Navy gaining another Rainey with the right stuff.



**PAUL MICHAEL SHAW**
North Canton, OH

Paul came to the Academy as a quiet, young Christian from the Midwest, but he's leaving the Academy as a loud, young Christian from the Midwest. In his four years here, Paul became an outgoing, sports-loving Mid who got involved in everything from Scuba to Parachuting, Boxing to VTNA, and even made it to the Mahan stage as a Masquerader.

Paul was also heavily into academics. More often though, his academics were heavily on top of him, but he's still hanging in there as an Ocean Engineer. (He's survived 1.0 Boatman and missed the Rocket.)

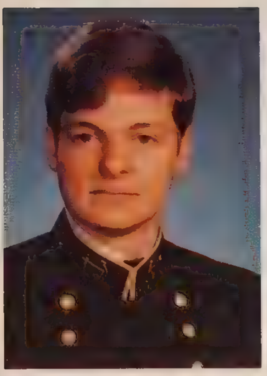
Of course, Paul's got a lot of character — how many Mids fry themselves without prompting. That'll serve him well in the Corps along with a large supply of Cammie sticks.

Well, if we both get what we want, I'm planning on seeing Paul in the Corps. So we all wish Paul the best with God's blessing.

**DANIEL BUCKMAN SMELLOW**
Philadelphia, PA "Dan"

Since no organization is complete without one, Dan fit in perfectly as the 31st Company "Bleeding Heart" liberal. Armed with a sharp tongue and a mathematician's logic, he was never intimidated by the "system." Oh, Dan had his share of run-ins, beginning as far back as Plebe summer when that famous cry was heard, "SMELLOW!!"

Being a friend to the oppressed, Dan was a stranger to no one. More than once he was called on to take someone's watch or duty. Besides his mellowness, Dan was known for his strange eating (or lack of eating) habits. It's a wonder he survived on lettuce, yogurt, and mushrooms. Maybe Loni can get him to eat more. She may even persuade Dan into a formal religion (better luck than Wayne and I had). That just goes along with his freespiritedness . . . Dan, now that you've graduated you don't have to keep your two-wheeler a secret. Too bad you couldn't park in the yard First Class year. Take care.



### TIMOTHY WAYNE STRANSKE

Willits, CA "Tim"

T.S., Stransk, Stran Man, always a friend, everybody's friend. Plebe summer: The Striker, The Brosh-On. Plebe year: God's Thanksgiving Party, twenty minute slams, the lady in front of the chapel, the belch, inspection, the bus ride, the dance?, the ride back, are you guys fighting?, Daytona, four Saturday classes.

Youngster year: starving himself, Pizza Hut, rough weekends, lifting, X-mas and thirty pounds, fun weekends, Daytona again, Frank Zappa, screws, the axe, if the minimum wasn't good enough then there wouldn't be a minimum, June Week.

Second Class year: The Bimmer, and old lady in town, Dam Neck, S.S. and Blumer, New York, York and Mindy, Terror Squad, Christmas and a visit from Texas, Witchie Poo, Mountain Dew, the scoreboard, two half gallons, heading to Baltimore one Friday night, "Where the hell am I?!," tourin' in '81, forty-five of them, a record, June Week, Ring Dance, who else?

Firstie year: Ocean City, Willits, Texas again, ten thousand miles, Georgetown, "The Third," it's not over yet!, later days, thanks for the warning!

### THOMAS LEON TOWLER, JR.

Patoka, IL "$T^2$"

Tomcat — Razor Piggies — Supply Corps — But it just followed me home — Kerry — P. Chem. — Shotgun — Boozer — Snoopy — mellow . . . — quarter a draft! — KERRY — it's an automobile — Tunes — Osmosis — Road trip . . . Randy Mac — Flying High — Neville — classes? — Komeni's song — Kitten . . . Prreow — Phone bill — Mark-wrestling — First squaw plebe-ho! — If you can't impress 'em, B.S. 'em — My friend Hiram — Blow it off — KERRY! — Lab Time! — I think I am a mushroom — Tennessee bottle — Daniels brothers — Kerry "Lynn" — The last great act of defiance — Phone bill . . . Oh Nooooo — perfectly good airplane? — Beep, Beep Yuras! — KERRY!!! — But I only work here! — Famous Twin Naval Aviators.

### NOLAN DUMANON VILLARIN

San Diego, CA "Homoto"

This mellow, laid back Filipino traveled all the way from San Diego just to be a Mid. He had a roommate, Bill . . . with the catcher's mitt lips . . . Pink Floyd worshipper . . . Sweetie Melissa . . . Big Al . . . Dear Miss Brown, Hi! How 'bout them Chargers? . . . Fish lips . . . Hi Frank! . . . together they formed the Combo Man. Can't forget: Muster boards . . . Camille . . . Quantico . . . Knock off the B.S.! . . . Skiing . . . Mitscher and the lamp . . . Mudhuts . . . Jammer . . . How do you like the rice? . . . Restriction musters . . . Cyclops-Woman.

Probably the highlight of his Midshipman career was doing First Set Plebe Detail, where he emerged as the most feared Firstie. He and his roomie Joe were the terror of the regiment. Detail memories: Brigade Shirt Juggling Champion . . . Don't spaz out on me! . . . Rennie, Porthead, & Balerin . . . The 2200 CMOD Jam Session . . . Executioner, Bastille Day . . . Mad chair and mailbox thrower . . . Walking the plank . . . The Royal Wedding . . . The Haze? . . . Sing! From the halls of . . . The Splits . . . "What's tdiss [sic]?" What's the purpose of this? . . . Thanks Nolan, Dan and Joe for the unforgettable summer. They'll never live it down.

### WAYNE ORVILLE WALKER

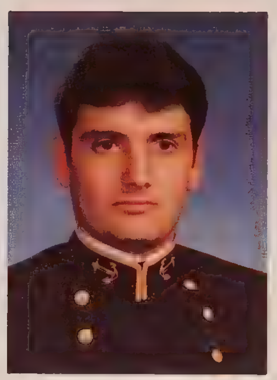
Crystal River, FL "WOW"

Wayne Walker from Crystal River, Fla. Left the river you so love for God and Country — brought Mark with you. (Half of Crystal River goes here!) Sailing — your first lost love. Nancy — your second. Pat sailed in. Academics — not like wrestling with those manatees? The 2.00 syndrome (if it wasn't good enough . . .) Ms. B. on Sundays. The sirkis' every month of Sundays. Ocean Engineering (you may be here forever!). Nightly overdose on Mountain Dew. Snow? — winter '78, '79, '80. Sunbird — nonstop trips home. Israel, Italy, Spain, Japan, Philippines, Subic?, two oceans and three seas. From waterfights to advanced pyrotechnics. A ring for you, a ring for Pat, and The Ring Dance. Three stripes — key word is *delegate*. It's ironic, my friend, that you should answer the question of Sophocles — Can a man control his own destiny? Amazingly you do — one step at a time. Good luck!

**JOHN JAY WARDACH**
Medford, NJ "Johnny"

It seems that John spent most of his years here "P.W." Plebe year it was his H.S. sweetheart and a girl with a nice personality. Youngster year it was Rose, Julie, Phyllis (who was not as sweet as Candy), Debbie from Delaware, Daddy's girl, and even Rose's sister. Then came Tami and John found out that terry-cloth shorts excited him. The title of Doctor John (earned operating on Florida's beaches) was removed.

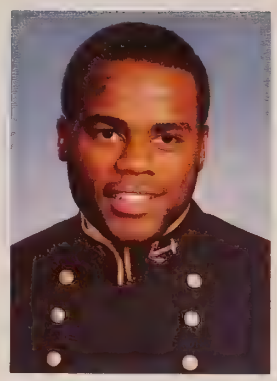
Max-Tams occupied most of John's Second Class year. He made weekly trips to Silver Spring on his bike, but the bus turned out to be more practical. John really needed a car, but his C & P payments were too large. The year also found John leaving the Dynamic Duo (and all their stripes) and rooming with a pair of Black N winners. John almost earned one himself when he discovered there were no "emergency weekends." John, however, could relax. He frequently attended happy-hour. He has a car now, no more riding shotgun in the "green machine."



**GERALD E. WHITNEY**
Excelsior Springs, MO "Geno"

Geno, hailing from Guatamata City, didn't let on he understood English until Parent's Weekend, but that did not stop him from swaying local females to his Spanish charm. He wouldn't limit himself to one girl of even one country early on, as we saw Zoey (England), Chris (from Nymphomania), and his Egyptian Admirer ("Goodnight, Geno"). Nationally, there were hunts for Sue, the "Zipper-Ripper," Heavenly Kathy, and some friendly tavern specials. Amy appears to have halted his "Sierra-Foxtrot" career, as her hold is tighter than his braces.

Geno enjoyed him Army weekends, including beer bowls, march-ons, and knocking down "Midshipman Inn" signs at 3 a.m. Anything with Libby, Libby on its label, label was not safe. He chose Poly Sci as a major, mainly for Spanish Club's activities (international balls were big). Company sports, soccer and fieldball, were almost as important as tailgaters. Geno the Foreign National will be leaving us in May to reserve my place in civilian line, working for Exxon or somebody. Whatever happens, Guido will be remembered as a good dude, a friend to us Middies — Dudes (and Dudesses). Good luck, Geno.



**MARK EUGENE BANKS**
Boonton, NJ "Maurice"

While the rest of the world is pacified with the acceptance of mediocrity and half hearted effort, one star has continued to shine brilliantly and brightly. Mark Eugene Banks, alias Maurice, has nurtured, has demanded, and has maintained excellence. His disciplined, proud, stubborn nature is equalled only by that of one person, his father.

The Academy has benefitted much from Mark's efforts. He lettered three straight years in both indoor and outdoor track team. His long, smooth race-horse-like stride was poetry in motion and provided him with hot, blazing speed.

His greatest achievements were established in the Black Studies Club where he served as President. His efforts towards the advancement of minority affairs and equality for all humanity will be dearly felt by those to follow. He only has the future and a distinguished career left to conquer. Smooth sailing and serene seas for a future Surface Liner.

**KELLY BRUCE BARAGAR**
Middleville, MI "K.B.B."

Kelly came to USNA from the rustic backwoods of Michigan bright eyed and ready to make as many friends as possible starting with our first set Plebe summer squad leader. Kelly possesses the remarkable ability to fall asleep anywhere from Forrestal lectures to brightly lit railroad stations.

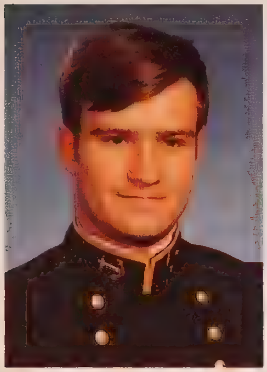
Academics posed no problem for Kelly which left him with plenty of time to string three or four ladies along simultaneously. After a brief introduction to the Administrative Conduct System, Kelly lost a great deal of his rebellious spirit. Kelly is a candid individual with a level head who will provide the aviation community with an outstanding officer for years to come.

Arriving from Littleton, Colorado and as Jimmy Buffet said "A Son of a Sailor," Mike began his Plebe year. Who could forget Mike's laundry lady impression during Plebe summer, which held up the entire company from attending an event, or Mike's famous cheer — "What you see is what you get, you ain't seen nothing yet, we're fired up!"

Mike came to USNA small of stature but large in determination. Mike wrestled during his Plebe year, but outgrew the team. Therefore Mike turned his interests elsewhere, namely scuba diving, hang gliding and Judo — his forté. With all of these activities to partake in, who could argue with Mike's decision to switch from an M.E. to a G.E. Now, with extra time on his hands, Mike found out the joys of the opposite sex. Needless to say, the car loan made things more convenient. Traveling is a big part of Mike's life, having touched down in Europe and Hawaii. However, a 1/c cruise to Westpac helped Mike conclude that Surface Line was indeed mighty fine! On Graduation Day, the Fleet better be ready for one talented Ensign, having one large heart.

Littleton, CO "M.J."

**MICHAEL J. CLARK**



Tom came from America's dairyland to Crabtown with high expectations. After Plebe summer, he showed why he deserved to be at the Academy by starting out at the top of the class. Thinking of Mary kept him going through Plebe year. However, that quickly ended with the "Dear John" Familygram he received from her on Youngster cruise. Even though "Black Magic" and other EE courses proved to be a struggle, Tom stayed near the top. He was also a conscientious worker and therefore a candidate for the Sweat Squad, although he never claimed formal membership.

As an athlete, Tom was an asset to the Batt squash and cross country teams. While at the Academy, he got to enjoy running so much that he talked himself into a marathon Youngster year. Tom decided early in his career that submarines were the way for him to cruise. He will always, whether above or below the water, support the teams of Milwaukee, even if they are not the best in the land. Tom is a great friend and we hope that he remembers to come up from the depths to visit in the future.

Menomonee Falls, WI "Crookman"

**THOMAS PAUL CROOK**

The "Doctor" shuffled into USNA from Buffalo. While chopping was suspended our Plebe year, Doc still ran through it on the track and cross-country teams. Doc ran so fast that most never even saw him and he was appropriately named "The Mysterious Man" by one of his squad leaders. Most of Doc's energy came from the copious quantities of beer he poured down with the rest of us. We often wondered how such a small body could hold so much, but Doc would just call it habitual "carbohydrate loading." Coinciding with the aforementioned ability was Doc's expertise at such various and sundry activities as road tripping, woman chasing (for profit, as well as pleasure), and curb jumping in his car. Having airborne qualified his car one weekend, Doc headed to Washington for "MALL QUALS," however the fiesta ended up as just another monument (four flats?!!). So much for the Company safe driving officer. After graduation, Doc, see ya down under (we hope)!

Buffalo, NY "Doc"

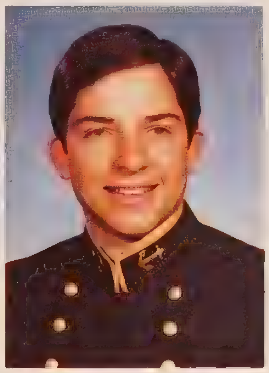
**BRIAN WILLIAM DAUGHERTY**

Out of the west Texas town of El Paso came another of Texas' prize steers. There's never been another pair of ears quite like him. But then, everything grows big in the United States of Texas. Even as a lowly Plebe (excuse me, Dave swears by his Tony Llamas that *he* was *never* such a creature), he distinguished himself in Academia. He always had a knack for "guzintas," so at the urging of his caring roommate, Dave joined the Navy Corps of Engineers. So we invested in Texas Instruments, pulp and paper, and whoever makes those mechanical pencils that don't work, and pretended to be engineers at this institution of higher yearning [sic]. Well after losing weight, hair, tempers, sleep, and consuming many cans of jalapeno peppers at 2:00 a.m., we survived the storm. You know, before Dave couldn't even spell "engineer" and now he *are* one.

Although he doesn't exactly possess a command of the English language, Dave once managed to compose a quite "Towerful" letter. Dear old D.A.D. is always willing to stand up for his beliefs. Thus, he became one of "those guys" on 4-1. Dave is a fierce competitor, yet a loyal friend. These qualities will carry him to the top. From his hat down to his boots, this cowboy is the finest our country can produce. Good luck, Dave. Our thoughts and prayers are with you always.

El Paso, TX "Wingnut"

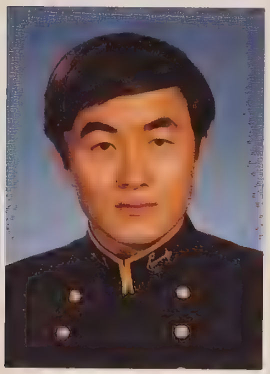
**DAVID A. DUNAWAY**



I am. I think. I will. My hands . . . My spirits . . . My sky . . . My forests . . .
This earth of mine . . . I wished to know the meaning of things. I am the meaning.
I wished to find a warrant for being.
I need no warrant for being.
I need no warrant for being and no word of sanction upon by being.
I am the warrant and sanction . . .
Neither am I the means to any end others may wish to accomplish . . .
I owe nothing to my brothers,
Nor do I gather debts from them.
I ask none to live for me
nor do I live for any others.

Converse, TX "Ho"

**HO-SONG DUPONT**



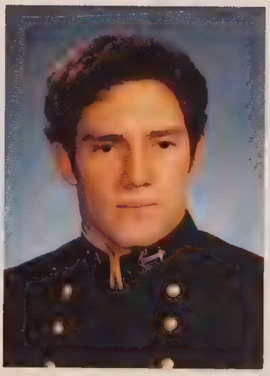
The California Kid learned early in life that gray walls on the Hudson and fun do not coincide. So, after a brief pit stop at Colorado, where he learned the facts of college life, Foles skateboarded down into Crabtown. As a defensive back for the Big Blue, Foles was a genius on the football field as well as in the classroom, where he fought off Prof after Prof in the "Mech E" Department.

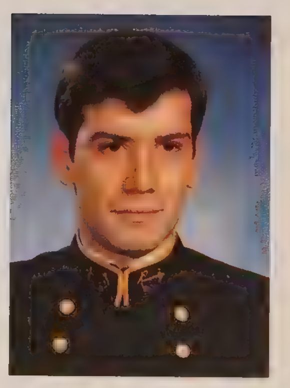
"ID's" love 'em and leave 'em attitude led to some of the most "amazing" and "classic" stories. As one of John's Boys, Foles spent a lot of his time at 733 N. Riverside Dr. The "O.P. King" loved the free feeling, giving Fruit of the Loom and the 8th Wing barbershop about the same amount of business. We know that Mrs. "ID" will have to be from California and she'll enjoy a stiff breeze in the face.

John's cheerfulness, chaw and complementary laugh made him the perfectly posed Macho Man at all times. We know that as Foles soars through the skies in high style, he'll always keep up the traditions of aviators, California and the Colonel.

Laguna Niguel, CA "Tree Rat"

**JOHN V. FOLEY III**





**JAMES HENRY FOWLES, III**

Columbia, SC "Jimbo"

James Henry Fowles, III, was one of 32's good ol' southern boys. Jim was destined to succeed and 1st Class year found him as 32nd C.C. (even the Marines couldn't stop that, though one tried).

This is not to say that Jim was as straight as an arrow. Many of his weekends were spent restricting with the rest of 32's Bad Boys. J.D. and Jim B. always did get us in more trouble than expected.

Jim introduced to many of us the true pleasures of the South: Myrtle Beach, Crazy Zack's, Little Oscar's, and all those southern belles! Yes, Jim was never at a loss when it came to love; but being one who never liked getting too involved, he spent as much time avoiding certain women as he did chasing others (Love 'em and leave 'em).

Jim's favorite "fowl" may be a gamecock. But his favorite animal is definitely an alligator. It took until 2nd Class year, until the Real James Fowles stood up in a blue blazer, khakis and penny loafers.

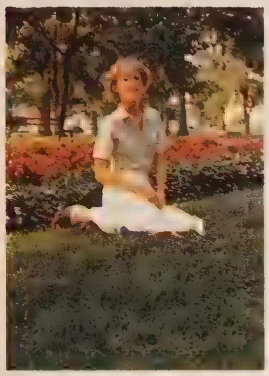
Being a true Southerner, graduation will have James off to a sub in Charleston. That way when the South finishes regrouping Jim will be on the right side. As always James will find success in his career and a smile on his face.

**PATRICK L. GREENE**

West Islip, NY "Greeno"

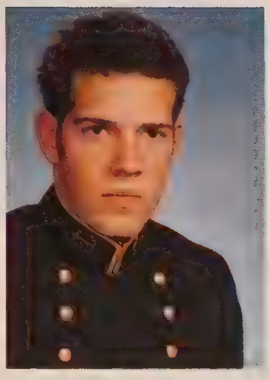
"Greeno" strolled into the Academy from West Islip, Nu Yawk. The Big Fox soon became a standout as a defenseman on the varsity lacrosse team. Lettering all four years, his idol Vince Lombardi would have been proud. His looks are deceiving though, as he has excelled not only athletically but scholastically as a double major in Resources and Management. The "Puppy Dog" has been known to melt many a babe's heart with those "husky eyes."

Greeno has always had a distinct air about him, especially after practice. A car enthusiast, he has the only custom "Z" built by Ford. Pat's low profile throughout Plebe year came to an end, as the mild mannered Clark Kent came out of the closet at Maryland. We know well that Pat's backseat experience will prepare him well for an illustrious career as an N.F.O.



**KATHERINE LOUISE GREGORY**
St. Louis, MO
"Kathy Lou"

In the event of nuclear holocaust or terminal depression you can still find your day enlightened by the spunky life-loving little girl bouncing through the corridors of 8-0. Kathy Gregory, a petite blue eyed blonde came to Annapolis from St. Louis prepared for the challenges ahead. Plebe summer and Plebe year were very good to her, and deservedly so, considering that push ups, sit ups, and demanding academics were just routine. She started her dignified sports career on the Women's Crew Team. After refuting unending attempts to make her a coxswain and struggling to compete with the monstrous women crew jocks, this cute little girl pursued the sport of distance running. She was an "overnight" success in both cross country and track. She will be providing the foundation and leadership of the Women's Indoor Track Team this year. Through her undying effort and righteous performance, she has earned the respect and admiration of her classmates without losing her femininity. Whatever she chooses in the various service selections available to her, she will be a welcome addition.



**ROBERT B. GRIMM**
Alexandria, VA
"Monster"

Not one to be different, Bob did what his father did,
Just like his brother before him, he became a Mid.
His ways were always common, his music fit the time,
His clothes were usually "earthy," when he finally made up his mind.
Bob soon became a superstar in intramural sports
On the fields of lax and football as well as the tennis courts.
His leadership was astounding, his encouragement unsurpassed.
"It'll never work, we're doomed!" kept us going 'til our last.
As a person he was quiet, few words did his lips speak,
But "The Monster" got his nickname from the girls as they would shriek.
As an Oceanography major, his least worry was a grade.
It's been liberty he worries now since in Dahlgren he did get sprayed.
As Bob goes into Navy Air
"Best of luck" you'll need it up there.

Stephen Kenny, a native of Utah, made a name for himself early in the game when he was caught doing "birdcalls" out his window. From such a predicament, he had nowhere to go but up. He came to us as the All-American kid with red hair and freckles. But after spending all his free time in Halsey Fieldhouse, consuming mass quantities of vitamins, floating through the air in Georgia, and enjoying the underwater scenery near Coronado, this ordinary genius transformed into Jacque Kenné, the "Pup."

Never one to let weekends get in the way of academics, Boy Wonder maintained an outstanding GPA in Systems Engineering. (Utah's only high school must be pretty good.) However, with the help of his roommates, (Wingnut and Red Rover), Steve began to realize that late nights of partying were almost as enjoyable as late nights of designing feedback loops. Thus First Class year found him a weekend commuter to local funspots.

Whether he will end up on the Silver Strand or the beaches of P-Cola is still undecided. But whatever Jacques does after graduation we are sure he will do it well and be there in the crunch.

Ogden, UT "Jacques"
**PHILIP STEPHEN KENNY**

Being a Navy Junior, Bill travelled the world over, with NAPS being his last stop before the Boat School. I still remember the first time I saw him on 6 July — hitting that zebra. While it was the first time, it definitely wasn't the last . . . Being the old pro at Navy life, Bill got me through Plebe summer and Fred'ick with 2-hour comedy sessions after taps. Always a joker and jack-of-all-trades, the Great Hunter provided us with a good start on a fur coat Youngster year.

Bill also turned his talents loose on the Log and WMID. After losing his OAO Youngster year, the ladies of the area joined the above list. Remember working on your muffler with P-Cole? Too bad he didn't attack academics with as much passion, as Bill gave up being a Narc to join the rest of us GE's. Still wanting to be near boats, though, he became professional and joined the YP Squadron.

Being a laid back guy with a great sense of humor, Bill will do well wherever he goes. Best 'A Luck!

Alexandria, VA "Bill"
**WILLIAM JOSEPH KLORIG**

Greg rode into USNA Boat School all the way from Las Cruces, New Mexico. Taking up western and other apparel, a chew between the cheek and gum, he quickly became the Company cowboy. All those long necks helped a lot too. Greg's main hobby and first love was bowling, next to wrecking cars. When he couldn't do either he spent his spare time playing handball with the Major. Second Class Squad Leader, eh?

Greg's best achievement was getting through swimming class alive. We all wish you the best of luck Greg, you may need it flying those planes without wings.

Las Cruces, NM "Greg"

**GREGORY M. LANDIS**

Rock came to USNA from somewhere in the land of 10,000 lakes. He started his Mid career off well breezing through Plebe year. The next year Rock started making his presence known to select individuals like "Ma Christensen" and the USNA Fire Dept. Can you blame him for wanting the Army bonfire in T-court? Trying to keep up his style of doing the unexpected, Rock went to see Tracy for his first haircut 2/c year. This gave Rock sole possession of the Ugliest Man in the Brigade title. Rock tried a variety of athletic endeavors ranging from cheerleading, where he realized his 180 lb. frame couldn't support his partner's mass, to sailing (as a BN-3) 1/c year. When he's not abusing his roommate, he's probably at his desk attacking his Marine Engineering major.

He's one of our finest and providing he can keep from poking out either of his Marty Feldman eyes, Rock will surely be one of Navy Air's finest.

Tracy, MN "Rock"

**PAUL AMBROSE LAROCQUE**

Leaving Lake Michigan's cozy coast behind for the Severn's scenic shore, Rog arrived at Canoe U. for a rewarding four years. A charter member of the Pride and Professionalism Program, he managed to uphold the highest standards. As a Systems major, he never let a little work stand in the way of truly enjoying life. Rog combined his love of hard work with a love for God and for the outdoors. As an active navigator, he led several Bible studies. His musical tastes reflected life's finer moments. Even though a bad shoulder kept him from intramurals he found time to teach aqua-rocks to swim. He will make a proud addition to the Surface community.

South Haven, MI "Rog"

**ROGER ALLAN MATTHEWS**

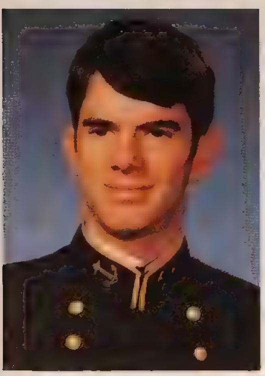
Ed caused a major uproar when he left the farmlands of Mulvane to come to Navy. His going east to USNA was the biggest thing to hit Kansas since Dorothy and the tornado. Ed quickly became noted for doing absolutely nothing, being the type that always waited until the last possible minute (stopwatch in hand). He never caught on that studying was a good way to help your grades, but he slid by all the way to Wires II, when he took the "No" out of "No Failing Maling." From there is was on to summer school, where he survived the hostage crisis and a J.D. birthday. While adjusting to big city life, Ed received a lasting etiquette lesson when he learned that you don't serve pink champagne with white dresses.

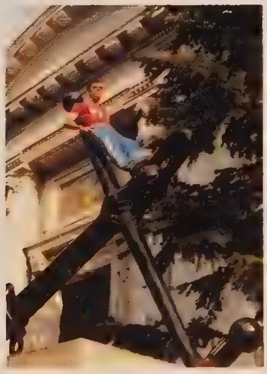
When not in the wardroom or at steerage, he could usually be seen wandering late at night, mug or spitcan in hand. Upon graduation, Ed will trade Poli-Sci for Semper Fi and a chance to fly.

Illegitimum non carborundum Ed, from the Git-Go.

Mulvane, KS "Big Ed"

**EDWARD ROY McDANIEL**





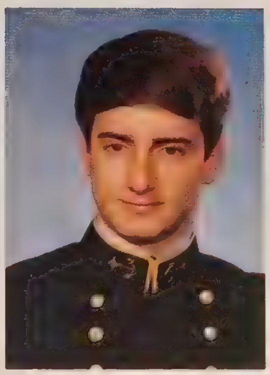
**MARK RICHARD POOLE**
Springfield, VA
"Pooleman"

Navy brat Mark "Sparky" Poole will long be remembered by those of us who came as the man standing SMALLEST but widest in the Brigade. Mark has true enthusiasm in every endeavor he undertakes — sports, academics, and professional matters. Spending many weekends at a nearby college, he was often heard to say "Which way to Charlottesville??" Rumor has it that Sparky is going haze grey and underway. Fair winds and following seas to you friend and we'll see you on C6-50.

**STEVEN PAUL MICHAELSON**
Rockford, IL "Steve"

Steve came to USNA from the flatlands of Illinois. A fiery individual with a unique style of walking, he worked hard at first and managed to survive Plebe year without too much trouble. Youngster year turned out to be the year of change for Steve. In addition to his new hairstyle, he found happiness by denouncing the evils of Marine Engineering and changing his major to Ops Analysis. With the increased freedom of Second Class year, he found the time for such varied activities as M*A*S*H Club, restriction, Tau Pi Sigma and his favorite ECA — a newly acquired '70 Dodge convertible. Steve also enjoyed aggravating profs and officers, continuously repairing his car, chasing women and looking for reasons not to study, while still managing to sleep at least twelve hours a day.

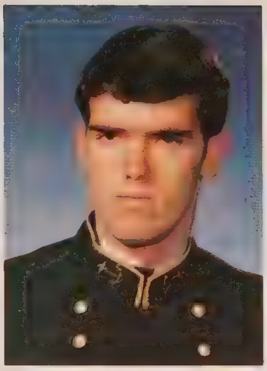
The Fleet is really in need of men like Steve Michaelson (not Steve — men like Steve). He should be happy and successful in whatever he does in the Navy, just so long as it is flying jets.



**CHRIS M. McGUIRE**
Arvada, CO "Chris"

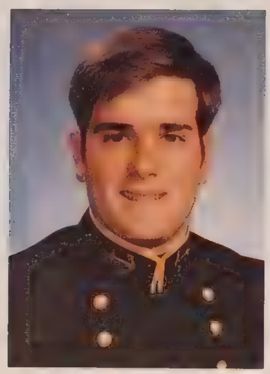
Chris rolled into Canoe U. from the beautiful shores of the Rocky Mountains clutching his "geek case" (replete with 2 calculators) in one hand, and his scuba tank in the other. He was super-organized — he even typed the song titles of his tapes on the labels. This organization helped him conquer the Systems Engineering (?) major and become the resident computer jock. The Scuba Club will never forget their president as he enrolled the entire company in the club while computerizing it.

After living with the Giants Plebe year, he joined us little people in the back shaft, where we quickly became the Company night owls. Getting to know Chris over many brews and games of Galaxian, I know he'll excel in Hymie's secret service. Fair winds and following convergence zones.



**TIMOTHY J. McDONNELL**
Parsippany, NY
"Big Mac"

Big Mac dribbled in from the playgrounds of Parsippany, New Jersey, destined to become the star hitman for the Navy B-Ball team. Always in search of the gouge, Tim managed the Systems majors throughout the Brigade before realizing his true potential as a Resource Management major. Mac's reckless abandon as a party-out-of-bounds took him from the Mud Club to Rolling Stones concerts. Fifteen minutes behind the rest of the world, Mac's sleeping habits were noted by profs and coaches alike. His choice of clothes and cars was notorious throughout the Brigade. A trend setter in his own right "Mudhead" led the 32 punkers into the 80's. After $100 in application fees, Tim found it hard to leave his friends behind. So using his height advantage frequently to scale the wall, he has continually strived to broaden his social horizons and reform the uncollege environment of Navy. Best of luck in the future, we know that you'll hit that career one way or another.



**PAUL JUDE RICCIUTI**
West Chester, PA "Chute"

Chutes came to us a native Italian straight off the streets of Philly. Gino was always the man to turn to when an unauthorized absence needed "Proper Supervision." Leading the pack in 32, the Conduct System has been good to Chute. Too good. He kept up a fast and furious pace, scuffling with Brigade Commanders and Officers alike. Continuously performing his tap dance routine on the big green table, Chutes soon came to be on a first name basis with the entire administration. His life would not have been complete without the worldly sport of lacrosse, in which Gino lettered as an attackman Youngster year. From there he moved up to the big-time of club lacrosse, hot-sticking it for *Rioroans.* On weekends Chutes could always be found melting hearts and chasing women in his Triumph Stag. As one of the most appreciated "outlaws" to pass through the Academy, the legend of Paul Ricciuti shall never die.

Special thanks to a certain "J," without whom this would not have been possible.

**ERIC LAWRENCE SJOBLOM**
Lombard, IL "Big E."

Eric showed up on Induction Day having to wait for his nose to arrive. The only reason I can get away with this is that his massive frame belies his gentle nature. Along with jokes about his nose, Eric has accumulated some strange nicknames during his stay at the Academy due to the fact that nobody can pronounce his name. As a Plebe, Eric went to only half of the Thursday noon inspections since he was excused for missing the others due to him being best man 99% of the time. Youngster year glided by, but during Second Class year, Eric's time was finely divided between sports and Mechanical Engineering. When Eric wasn't sailing off into the sunset, he could usually be found teaching scuba diving. Now as a Firstie, he has picked up some wheels, and will be off flying, skiing, hunting and fishing. For Eric, the second city is number one, Green is good, but Blue is better, and fly Navy!

Coming to the Academy as the first ture "Smack," Mike quickly overcame this label by attaining the exquisite title of "Mr. Pep." One of the best divers in Navy history, he led the swim team as captain his senior year. A standout Aero major, Smacker was also an honor graduate of Lt. Dion's Special Seminars. A crutch specialist, except at tailgaters, he frequently enjoyed extended weekends. Mike dinstinguished himself as an investment specialist in expensive books and declining stocks. As a suave and debonair lady killer, his never-die girlfriends always managed to show up at the wrong place and time, together! The boys will never forget Homecoming Youngster year.

Thanks to Steve V., Mike became one of John's Boys, where he easily carried on the strong traditions of 32 at 733 N. Riverside.

Having already lost two commands at sea and one on land (we missed you on detail), Smacker's future lies with his heart's true desire, Navy Air. Having been born with "the right stuff," Mike is not only assured of being a brilliant pilot but is destined to be a key figure in the future of aviation.

Newark, DE "Smacker"
**MICHAEL B. SMACK**

Rusty is a slow talking southern gentleman who would rather sit on a porch and watch the June bugs fly than listen to 10 decibels of Bruce Springsteen in any bar in America. While putting in his time, Rusty became a member of several highly reputable societies. Two of the most outstanding were the "Let's See How Long Our Hair Will Grow This Semester Club" and "The Trio of Converted Mechanical Engineers" of which he was founder and charter member. Between the Rockets and Wildmen who made him more learned, Rusty found another love that meant just as much as those silly old grades. Football. Contrary to the popular belief of one "Spaztic" coach, Rusty became an integral factor of the 1981 Navy defense. Although his redheaded temper often flared after late nights of study, he was always there for a friend in need. Between him and his dictionary roommate who seldom did the right work but often got the right answers, things weren't so bad after all. After just four short years of rushed meals, late nights, and 2000 pads of green engineering paper, another of America's finest graduates from the Boat School.

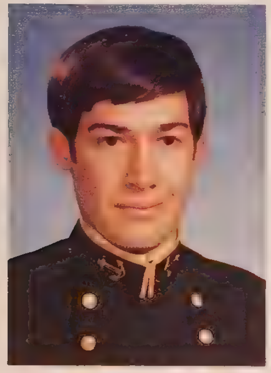
Warner Robins, GA "Rusty"
**RUSSELL H. SMITH**

Ed hails from the great state of Joisey (exit 11), which explains his momentary lapses, warped imagination, and strange sense of humor. Between music, a guitar acquired during Youngster year, numerous card games, M*A*S*H Club, and any other possible excuse, Ed might have studied twice. Ed was active however; he stayed up until the wee hours of the morning almost every night without doing anything constructive. Ed never got into any conduct trouble (except while with me), and normally maintained a low profile. Ed's only major problem was getting the barbers to cut his hair correctly, (one ear is higher than the other).

He was never an advocate of the "Navy" way. He preferred to do things either right or wrong. Ed was also a founding member of the Tau Pi Sigma Club and veteran of the Company soccer team, sacrificing his kidney in the line of duty. While at NFP training, I hope that he improves his navigation skills better than they were in Georgetown. I don't want to get lost when he is in the backseat of MY F-14.

Iselin, NJ "Ed"

**EDWARD WILLIAM VIERING**



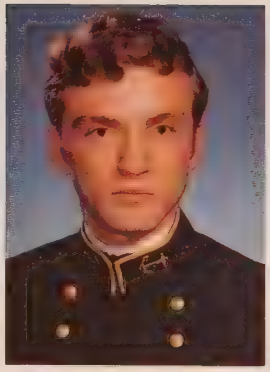
Casey Kim, a Navy Junior, was ready for the Academy, but was the Academy ready for Casey? How much pep did '79 allow you to do Case? Your Firsties just did not want you to hurt yourself. The light shined early for Casey; and she followed it to the Hubbard Hall, the crew house. Casey's love for crew reflected in the time and effort she dedicated towards the team.

When not on the water, you might find Casey in the air — with or without a working parachute, or maybe even two parachutes! How did that rumor go: She fell through the air with grace and without 'chute, and survived! Casey's quick thinking was due to comprehensive jump training. How was that second tower jump Case?

First Class summer saw Casey off to Hawaii to see what the Marine Corps was all about. Casey found her true calling — or should we say the Marine Corps found Casey. When you put on your green uniform Casey don't read the inside of your ring; you might get confused.

San Diego, CA "Case"

**CASEY KIM WILSON**

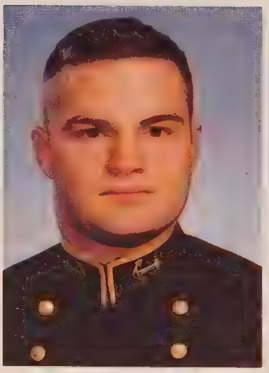


**MARK TRACY AMMONS**

Weaverville, NC "Reb"

A Tarheel born and bred, Reb took the scenic route to USNA via N.C. State. During Plebe summer, we found that Air was the only way to go. Sometimes we had doubts of whether he was at the right Academy because of the stars and bars in his room. Academic year introduced him to the M.E. Dept. and he's never been the same since. Wild Bill's labs took up most of Rebel's time but First Class year brought a change of heart. Equipped with a 4-door sports car he disappeared on weekends.

Reb adored the Plebes and spent countless hours "helping" them with their rates. One thing he never could get used to was the WUBA uniform and why it's here. We'll always remember that guy with the southern drawl who took honors English at State. We know he'll retire someday as a gentleman tobacco farmer in those hills and we wish him the best of luck until then.

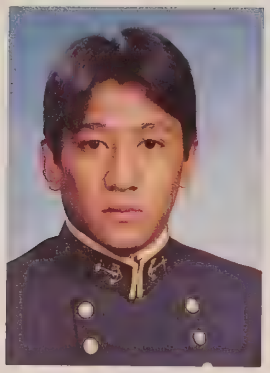


**MICHAEL DALE BARTH**

San Antonio, TX
"Bumper"

As you can tell from this picture Bumper enjoys short hair, therefore the Marine Corps was made for him. Being the hard nose Marine that Bump is the only noise to come from him in the halls Plebe year were all supportive of his dedication to the corps, consequently we almost spent the next month marching extra duty for DDO. Bumper even went so far as to stand at P-rade rest for one and a half hours at 0200 one night during a hurricane, while everybody else sat down. His reasoning was that it's only proper for a Marine to stand, not sit!

Despite his non-existent hair and resemblence to the Marine Corps mascot, Bumper has something that seems to attract the opposite sex. Even though he is a Marine thru and thru, his leadership qualities in the Brigade were commendable. With a desire to do everything Marine Corps style, Bumper and the Corps will go a long way together. OOH-RAH and best of luck!!!



### RICARTE A. BERNAL
San Diego, CA "Rick"

Joining us from the sun drenched, beach loving, laid back community of San Diego, Rick was a step ahead of everyone because of his one year stint at NMMI (the prep school of Staubach and the "Old Man"!). Being a prep wrestler, Rick decided to retire after his Plebe year. Athletically inclined, he then took up boxing where he became a terror in Battalion and Brigade competition. A full-fledged member of the B.S.T.O. (Back Shaft Treaty Organization) Rick was involved in many insurgent activities. His senior year was spent in the Penthouse suites. Life was easy in "The Hole" with Franky, Jordy, and Ronald. Dividing his time between sports, his brand new Audi 4000, the "Phone," and the WOMEN, it was difficult for him to find much time for Political Science. Rick, however, was a clutch performer and never seemed to have trouble in any respect. From all of us to you: Good Luck, Fair Winds, and Smooth Sailing. We'll miss you Good Buddy!

Don't be
dismayed at good-byes.
A farewell is necessary before
you can meet
again.
And meeting
again, after moments or
lifetimes, is certain for
those who are
friends.

### BRYAN BURNAM BRITTAIN
Arlington, VA "Bry"

Bryan came to the Un-college with an overnight bag in one hand and a special request chit, for a weekend back at Arlington, in the other. His social adeptness and cool timing soon made Bry special to '79 (Soooo Brit-Tane, Plebe year is CAKE, is it?). Bryan had flair as well as guts. Plebes don't usually tell the Batt Cdr. to shut up. And who else would spent PROTRAMID at Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon? Not one to let EE interfere with study hour, Bry could be found pinging (Hi Droid!) the halls or dishing out E.I. to those who would take it off him. "J.J." and "Toe" wouldn't; and a semester of their "daily dose of Mellow" bore fruit. Bryan always wanted Nuke power, but the power of sunshine may have born an Airdale. Whatever the choice, may you always ride above or beneath the waves and never upon them. Take care of yourself "J.J." may need help recalling those nights in Louisiana . . . or was it Vermont? . . . Well I KNOW it wasn't Utah . . .

### PETER TERRENCE R. BROOKES
Buffalo, NY
"Playful Pete"

Here's to Pete whose name has been changed to protect the innocent . . .

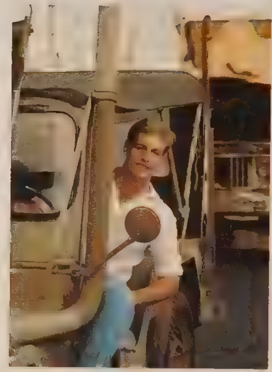
On July 6, 1978, Orchard Park's resident stud became a Plebe. Plebe Pete was never known to stick his neck out. It would have helped if he had one.

Pete chose to become an Econ major and promptly began revising Keynesian theory. His job this set has been Conduct Officer. 33 needed someone with experience.

Between curls and Gordon Lightfoot music, Pete found time for the good life. Clad in green golfing pants, an apricot Izod shirt, penny loafers and no socks, playful Pete was a one-beer smash in Georgetown. In the meantime, while not advancing his career as a recording artist, Pete devoted himself to perfecting some curious sleeping positions.

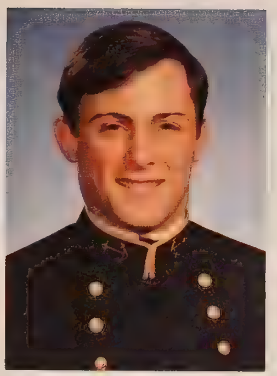
Pete was never without a girl. There was Suzy, FiFi, Amy Kathy, Kerry, Abbey, Dodie and a little girl in a black dress who will remain nameless. (We don't want to get our boy locked up.) It was a slow weekend.

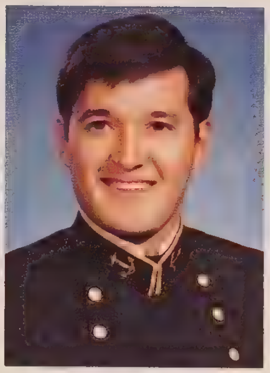
Four years at Navy have brought Pete and the boys close together. As a member of the wrecking crew and half owner of the gym and wrestling emporium, Pete is the definition of the work "scary." Take care Bud, God's speed and the luck of the Irish to ya MBSSAAWG.



### KEVIN ROBERT CLOVER
Lima, OH "Caveman"

The Caveman cruised into Annapolis from the Beantown and immediately went to work improving bulletin board appearances and post-parade spirit related activities. Disillusioned with the results of his Plebe projects, Kevin retreated into the safety of dereliction and the English major. Kevin channelled his frustrations with Navy into the violent activities of Judo, Company fieldball, and weekend liberty. Youngster year brought on the engineering onslaught and 200 dollar weekends. Second Class year followed with the EE plague and the infamous room wars. It would be safe to assume that Kevin will weather the rest of his term at Navy and fulfill his dreams of being the Marine Corps first Poet Laureate.





**ERIC M. DAHL**
Seattle, WA "EM"

"EM" came to us from the salty city of Seattle. Being a port city "EM" was well into the Navy tradition of having a girl in every port. During Plebe year he developed problems with bringing three ladies to one formal. After wading through that bit of excitement, Eric sailed even stronger into the tradition of dating the young ladies in several surrounding towns. EM's worldly exploits lead him all over this country with the D & B.

Youngster year went rather uneventful, however Second Class year brought some excitement. EM thinking he was the only one that could handle "The Rose" roomed with him. He later found out that even he couldn't handle rooming with "The Rose." First Class year came and he seemed to change in many ways. Now "EM" has only one girl, in the port of Baltimore, Terrie. After two dates he was told he would be marrying soon, "EM" didn't believe it. Well, now "EM" is engaged and planning a September wedding. So long to another fine Navy tradition. Eric was a devout advocate of "Mighty Fine Surface Line" throughout his time here. Unfortunately, Eric will only see the back of his pilot's head and the rear of the carrier as he crashes as a NFO.

**GEORGE VINCENT DINARDO**
Upper St. Clair, PA "Dirt"

Coming to us from the Steel City, George quickly established a name as an ideal Plebe. Sports became his strength, and three years of hard work paid off as First Class year found George captain of the 150's. He became a well known figure in the streets of Georgetown and Washington, especially when the "little lady" arrived there. George was also famous for going out more often than the First Class. George's ambition in life (to run a gym) will have to wait 'til after a career as a ground-pounder, Intelligence Officer, Seal, NFO ... well, whatever he chooses will bring him success and happiness. We wish him luck!

**JOHN CHARLES FERNANDES**
Rahway, NJ "Nando"

Another product of the Garden State, John hails from Rahway, New Jersey. Not bad going from a state penitentiary to sunny Camp Annapolis, huh John. John survived Plebe summer with only one cut and three stitches, and then kept a low profile all through Plebe year. In fact, the only mistake John made was picking Chemistry as a major and becoming one of Johnstone's Little Boys.

Youngster year brought the Blazemobile to Annapolis, and the rest of John's paychecks went into repairs for the beast. Second Class year saw John making the trek up to U of D to see his little Blue Hen. First Class year finds John sleeping during study hour and studying during sleeping hour and still making the weekly trip up north. When asked of his service selection, John says, "I'd like to go Nuke, but Surface Line is also mighty fine." Good luck to you and your Hen, Johnny.

**FRANK MICHAEL GREN**
Dallas, TX

The Texan without an accent sprinted into the Academy from Big "D" (that's Dallas for all you Yankees). The former track star quickly entered Navy sports (150 lb. football) and found it to his liking. Starting a strong side defensive end Frank lettered his first year here and has never looked back. 150's were always good to him (4 letters and all the Bennies ...) even if he had a weight problem (he actually weighed 1854). Second semester Youngster year found Frank returning in his hot blue Camaro although he changed from blue to black his Second Class year (as in 280-ZX). Entering the fast lane and never changing lanes he sped into his First Class year.

As a Firstie, being president of the Management/OPS Analysis Society, he obtained a phone in the "Penthouse Suite." The "Hole Gang" spent much of their time increasing the value of "Ma Bell's" stock. But between calls to his Harvard girl Frank was always a great leader, roommate, and friend. A true member of "The Hole." Best of luck to you and Jean ... Happy sailing and fair winds.

**JOYCE L. HARRISON**
Albequerque, NM "Joyce"

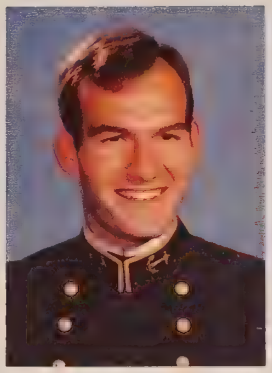
Joyce, born and raised in the "Land of Enchantment" at the base of the Sandia Mountains, is a lover of nature and the outdoors. She enjoys hiking, snowskiing, and tramrides. Here at USNA Joyce concentrates on running and a certain offensive guard. Running is an interest which she developed thanks to "Ra" at NAPS in Newport. During first class year, Joyce decided to concentrate on her track skills (what happened to Chemistry?) and is running all three seasons.

The gumption and pride which she has always shown is sure to make her an asset to the Fleet or Marine Corps? for at least five years and to the man of her heart, #71 Frank McCallister, for a lifetime.

**MARA BETH HEATHERINGTON**
Cherry Hill, NJ "Mara"

Mara came to us here in 33 via NAPS, and spent the first year surviving the "men" of '79. She gave up cheerleading for cross-country, and through a lot of hard work, made it to captain of the team. In between races (and a class here and there) she managed to hit a few parties — Sheedys', Maryland, and various Annapolis locations. The only problem Mara had during her tenure at USNA was all the hearts she broke, but now she has settled down with a great "ex-jock."

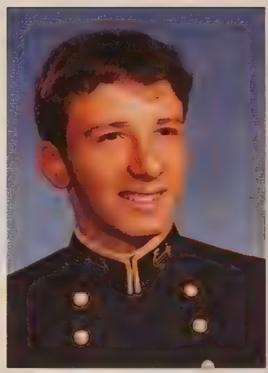
Mara was always where he needed her, and was a good friend to all. We will miss her next year and wish her good luck in Athens.



**BILL KENDALL JAMES HEBERT**
Lafayette, LA "Bill"

Bill came to us from Southwestern Louisiana, the land of the Cajuns. His French name (AY-BEAR) was rarely pronounced correctly. In fact, very few words were pronounced "correctly" from the Cajun point of view. Bill had high standards, not only for himself, but for others as well. With roommates like Mick, Larry, Tom and Mark (average QPR = 3.75), our Math major had few problems academically. Academy Regs were not a cause of concern to Bill. Whenever they interferred with his plans, he would simply ignore them.

Every Fall and Winter, we could count on Bill to be traveling with the Glee Club to New England, Hawaii, Texas, or some other vacationland. Bill started flirting with the idea of becoming a Nuke after Protramid. But in our hearts, we know he belongs in the air. We wish him luck and know that he'll find happiness.



**RONALD HORTON**
New Suffolk, NY "Horts"

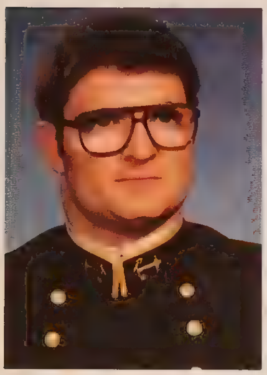
Ron a.k.a. Horts arrived at USNA from an island far off in the North. He came here to live with a megastriper football player. A sailor and a ball player, what a combo. From skills learned on the island he soon acquired the senses of a true Laser Dude. When not on the ocean blue he was seen supporting the Annapolis PBA in his blue 'vette or impressing the girls with his big tires and loud noises. Being a "Speed Doctor-Bandara Bro" he was a true NAD in every sense of the word. From Plebe year at Spa View to 1st Class year at 9 Acorn, Horty never missed a one. Wherever Horts goes there will always be fast "Chicks," fast cars, and a Laser. Best of luck, may you never be mega BVFE and always, Horty, laser on.

Hailing from Hackensack (what exit?) New Jersey, Jordy graced the grounds of Canoe U. only to play football. Plebe year was a piece of cake for this kid — what firstie could move a wall?! Spending most of his summers in sunny (?) Annapolis, pen in hand, Tim was awarded three stripes. Senior year #56 was given the title of co-captain and led the team to seven wins and a Liberty Bowl contest. (We won't mention the losses.) Though Jordy will be residing somewhat longer at the Boat School than his classmates, once he leaves, he'll have Georgia on his mind. Best of luck — going to miss ya. Thanks for my quarter-of-a-century party.

XXXOX, Tedda Beara.

Hackensack, NJ "Jordy"

**TIMOTHY JOSEPH JORDAN**

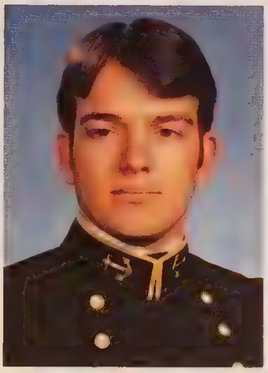


Kelly hails from the fertile town of Salinas and has never let anyone forget it. We knew from I-day that we had a real Californian on our hands. The Beach Boys were his idols and Ocean Pacific was his trademark. In the classroom, Kelly had a brief fling with Systems Engineering but soon found his true calling — Economics. ("It's the closest thing they've got to Business Administration.")

In sports, he led Company basketball, football and softball teams to their best records in years. Kelly wanted to lead the Company too, and earned a stint on 8-0 for his efforts. The son of a career Marine, Kelly has decided to retire from the Corps after 21 years of service. His choice at service selection is the $64,000,000 question, but whatever he does we know he'll go far.

Salinas, CA "Kel"

**KELLY PATRICK KEENAN**



Passive indifference became Mark's basic stand as he drifted down from North Jackson (where?) Ohio for Plebe summer. This philosophy carried him through a shaky summer and has slowly manifested itself throughout Mark's four year pilgrimage at Navy. With the motto "Oh Well" and a room appearance that can only be described as modern art, Koz made a legend of himself in both academic and marathoning circles. Marks may have a hard time maintaining his physical stamina aboard one of Admiral Rickover's cruisers, but Mark has often shown that, when it comes to running, military evolutions take a back seat (Point Whiskey). However, the top spot in Mark's table of priorities was a limited, but intense, social life. Mark was the friend of everyone and anyone, and his intelligence and ambition will take him far in life.

North Jackson, OH "Koz"

**MARK ALAN KOZIEL**

Tom came to Navy via Ohio State and though he knew all about college life. Things turned out to be a little different here but, being a strict interpreter of Academy regs, Tom sailed through these four years with a maximum of ease. Academics weren't much of a problem and he managed to survive as the only Aero major in the Company. Study hour was usually spent in the rack. In fact, when he couldn't be found in his rack, he couldn't be found. Tom was a permanent resident of the back shaft. From there he dodged Company officers and kept Salty Sam informed of the misadventures of 33. Mose of his free time was spent doing light shows for the Masquaraders or the Glee Club. In sports, Tom will always remember the Mean Machine of the Brigade Championship Fieldball Team. After three years, Tom decided civilian colleges were better and went back — to the University of Maryland, for postgraduate work. Tom's future lies in the skies over Pensacola. Medical department willing, he'll be there.

Akron, OH "Tom"

**THOMAS LOUIS MASCOLD**

"Why am I doing this?" was the message conveyed on the face of Midn. Maurer 4/C on that fateful day of 6 July 1978. This question remains etched in his mind to this day. Undoubtedly, Admiral Rickover will succeed only in deepening this confusion as Mic joins forces with the Bubbleheads. Mic reluctantly dragged himself down from upstate New York and quickly made a name for himself as the only Mid who could take more credit hours than he stayed awake and still blow the profs away.

In order to broaden his horizons, contribute to mankind and meet chicks, Mic spent his senior year getting his Masters at Johns Hopkins. Mic was involved in countless useless organizations and inevitably found himself president of each. His many talents and amiability will make him either an Admiral or Public Enemy No. 1 by the time he reaches 30.

Liverpool, NY "Mic"

**MICHAEL BARRY MAURER**

Big Mo came to us from the swamps of Louisiana. Wanting to be an Airedale and an E.E. upon arrival, Merc set about being a stellar Midship. But the E.E. Dept. and quick games of backgammon made Phi Sci look great. A life member of the back shaft treaty organization, quickly became the Fieldmarshal of this elite Corps. Being a true athletic stud, Idi spent his weekends throwing the 35 lb. spheroid for Navy track and earned many letters.

After giving up the blue skies for geek classes Big Mo set about impressing the local women of his true desire to be a singer in Hollywood. A Datsun Z-car helped in these dealings and success was a result. Not wanting to be outdone, Idi tried to convert us to disco but grew to love the rock we played for him. Always a friend in need, we will remember the many laughs he provided and wish the Fieldmarshal the best of luck.

Alexandria, LA "Idi"

**MICHAEL MORRIS**

**LARRY NORDVIG**

Rockford, IL "Fig"

Nordo the Insignificant, 2nd Regimental Verman. When not abusing his desk, Larry could be found out on the Severn seas manuevering with those large hounds of the Bay and driving YP's. Plebe summer presented Larry with unique opportunities when the post office opened a service branch in his room. Inspired by his newly acquired skills in reading, Larry became a history "not a bull" major. Not content with studying history, Verman began making some . . . A project cut short by his inability to remember details of the previous evening. (I did WHAT this weekend?)

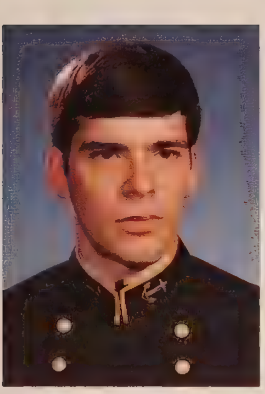
His love for Gary, Indiana, lead sharp sense of humor, and other devious behavior earned him a place in the unwholesome trinity of godfathers. Larry's hobbies include hay rolling and Regimental Staff, where it is his job to insure that spontaneous pep rallies go as scheduled. As the amazing Nordo says, you can't win, you can't break even, and you can't get out of the game (even with J.J. approved sonar). Happy stage coach trails, see you on the beach at P-cola.

**JEFFREY CLYDE OHL**

Huntington, WV "Jeffers"

The Mountain State sent Jeff to USNA only four short years ago, and already he has instilled the qualities here that characterize the "wild and wonderful" place he calls home. Wholesome living, high morals, and a strict adherance to the Puritan work ethic made Jeff what he is today! Almost. Although he wasn't much on all-nighters at Nimitz during the week, he sure made up for it on Friday and Saturday at McGarvey's. We should all pick up his study habits.

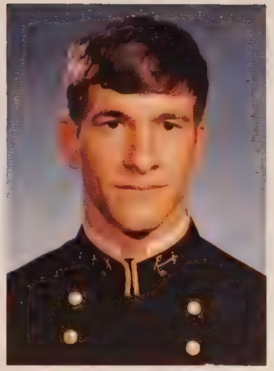
Well after graduation Jeff will be flying in two ways, one in an F-4, the other with a Robin. We know he'll have the stick of the F-4, how 'bout the other? Above all, we'll always remember, "A good pump is number one priority."



**DOUGLAS ELMORE OTTE**

Primghar, IA "Otter"

A native of Primghar, Iowa. The only Primghar in the world. The Otter, a regular Pied Piper, could make any rat come. Doug Otts is the only man born with his own "woolly-pully," who almost lost it to burning methane. When not collecting lint in his navel, the Otter could be found cruising a local college campus in search of "Hood Ornaments." Last final, buggin-in with a Lt., watch, Christmas parties, no sangria, and orgasmic rounded out Youngster year. Second Class year, for the bull, meant "The Mean Machine" which brought fieldball, championship, and world fame to the 33rd Herd. First Class cruise finds our boy on the USS Nitro, a really hot ship, a little too hot for an ammo ship. After enjoying his extensive summer leave the Otter returned for his Second Plebe summer. So now it's Otter the Firstie with a five o'clock shadow that starts sometime just before quarters. Our man Douglas will soon be off to a glowing half-life of "angling-and-dangling" for our Nuclear Admiral. We wish the Fudd a lifetime of fair winds and following temperature inversions. A class act all the way.



**JAY PHILON**

"Gator"

Jay, alias "Gator," came to USNA from the Bayou Country of Louisiana with everything but his shoulders. Gator is known for his warm personality, loyalty and an incredible appetite for education. This appetite for knowledge and challenge is matched only by his love of food. In fact, while driving through the countryside cows have been known to shudder from his hungry stare.

Jay's service selection, Marine Corps, suits him well as much of his childhood consisted of hand to hand combat with his brother, bottle rocket wars, and dodging knives from a loving father who would say, "I only hit him once."

Jay has come a long way in the world of fashion. Prior to First Class year he wore the color brown so often we thought he was a monk.

Gator has been a participant of Sempre Fi, Glee Club, and Masqueraders. His acting, unequalled, Jay terrorized the audience of the Three Musketeers with his portrayal of the executioner of Lille; we were out of makeup.

His easygoing manner and friendliness have made Jay a favorite among his peers and a valuable asset to the whole Company. Without a doubt, Jay will succeed in all his endeavors large or small but will never be too important to forget his friends. Good luck Cupid.

She said good-bye to the best bunch of tobacco chewers on the Rio Grande and their Saturday night pizza parties to head East. She had signed up to be a Crabtown Middie.

Once in uniform, "Posty" became the apple in everyone's eye and the best go setter on the volleyball team. The V-ballers call her Captain, and appropriately so. To some she is the sister to confide in; to others she is the competitor who pushes the team to victory; but to all she is the friend you can count on. Her confidence, cheerfulness, and helpfulness have gotten many through a tough Navy day.

Watch out S.W.O.S. or T.B.S.? her spirit can not be broken.

Albuquerque, NM "Posty"

**LINDA G. POSTENRIEDER**

Whether miles away or just the distance of a Regiment, Alma always kept her friends and families on schedule. This most admirable quality she has even keeps her from the temptations of guacamole and margueritas if she doesn't have everything done for the day. However, this didn't come naturally. She realized from the days of Plebe Chemistry, when the prof habitually asked, "Ladies, did you screw up again?" that something had to be done. She suffered through a long summer of YP's as well as over the sides of YP's. She escaped out of Quantico one weekend not through the mud and over the obstacles but by her thumbs. She did some running, swimming and playing tennis and made it through NL 400 her last summer without one screw up, enough to make any nerd chemistry prof happy. Alma, good luck to you and Cory and we'll go get bored one day after we pick up our plums from breakfast and crackers from the Commissary.

Houston, TX

**ALMA BERTHA RODRIQUEZ**

Roscoe must have caught the wrong subway in the Bronx back in July '78. We still feel he must have meant to go up the Hudson instead of here. He has a true sports mentality. He can often be found flexing his muscles in front of the mirror and talking about how well he played at the game we just lost. Despite his athletic abilities Mike is well liked in the Company. Comparable to his athletic abilities are his mechanical abilities. Roscoe came to USNA with an airplane mechanics license, unfortunately he is unable to successfully change the oil in his car. That's OK Mike . . . the shop will put a new transmission in for you; at your expense! Bancroft Hall will long remember his heavy breathing and rocking form. We all wish him the best of luck, wherever he goes.

New York, NY "Disco"

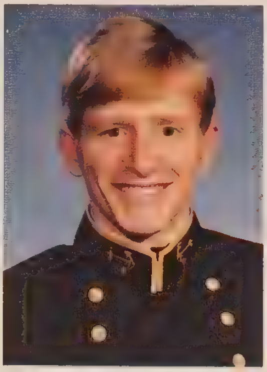
**MICHAEL T. ROSKIND**

The only man alive whose name is bigger than he is. Tom is one of those Fleet (not to be confused with fast) types you hear so much about. A real live E.T. who had fun failing Wires with the rest of us, Plebe year Tom was easy to find, just look under the blanket behind his desk. This continuing need for sleep naturally led into an Economics major. It was here Scoochy grasped a concept he could model his own personal finances after — deficit spending.

As Class President 2nd Class year, Tom became the only man in the history of the Academy to rejoin a parade in progress. Winner of the 1982 Pete Brookes lookalike contest, Scooch is well on the way to building the body beautiful, which adds to his years as a varsity fencer and his acting abilities as Aramis in "The Three Muskateers." Life after USNA? He has no qualms about Surface ships, as long as they can do mach two at ten thousand feet. Which way's the beach? Florida.

Brewster, NY "Scooch"

**THOMAS FRANCIS MICHAEL SCUCCIMARRA**

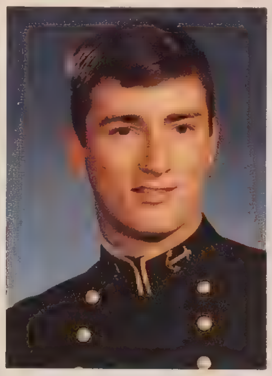


Mike came to Mother B. from New Jersey, exit 7-A of course. The Shortman seemed to have been cut out for Navy life from birth. There is rumor to the effect that his mother was a Navy goat, his diapers had a tuck and he toddled along with a Navy regulation blue blanket. Plebe year Mike had three fears: Someone stealing his laundry bag, Plebe breakfast formations and growing a neck.

Youngster year Shorty found the rack and has yet to be weaned. Mike is one of the Academy's most dapper dressers. He can be seen sashaying through Annapolis any weekend in a pair of moving on jeans, topsiders and a v-neck Navy t-shirt. Shortman's knees were not his most valuable asset while here at Navy. The Doc told him he'd put him in a cast up to his neck if he didn't cut down on those extended El sessions. Mike's major was Poly-Sci, and keeping in the traditions of the major his professor garbed hipwaders when reading Mike's papers. Good luck in Aviation and watch out for helicopter brains and girls with 1 eyebrow.

Manasquan, NJ "Shorty"

**MICHAEL JOSEPH SHORT**

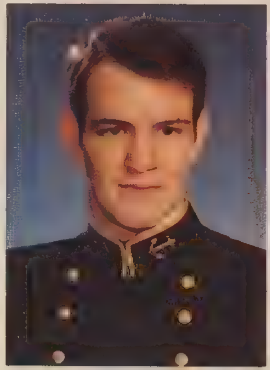


Jeff came to us from North Bend with crooked teeth and an abused nose. Since that time, both these things have been fixed, but it didn't seem to help much when he got to Hood. JJ's major is Systems Engineering, but his Christmas projects make it seem like he's a frustrated EE. But he is the best Systems major in the Company. Smitty has always been a great outdoorsman. He loves to fish and even hikes occasionally, like down Louisiana highways. Louisiana seems to do strange things to Jeff. He kisses horses, makes phone calls in the strangest situations and when his good times fall through he returns the favor in full, just ask the Old Man. JJ spends his weekends in more peaceful pursuits, like studying so he can keep his weekends. Typical Smith thought patterns. None

Jeff is now hoping that a nuclear plane will be developed in the next few months. He'll do great credit to either he selects. Good luck and have fun in Utah.

Seattle, WA "JJ"

**JEFFREY JAY SMITH**

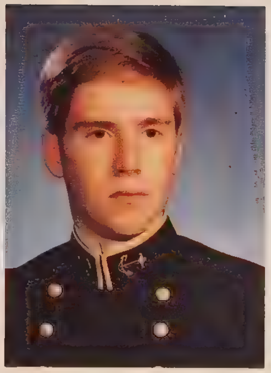


**ANDREW McELIN SMYTHE**
Huntingdon Valley, PA
"Droid"

Drew came to us from Huntingdon Valley, Penn., after a brief stopover at NAPS-city. Droid took the change to Plebe summer like a real trooper, the only problems being the pay-cut (sorry Andy, this is the "real Navy" now) and the Brut Man. He managed to establish himself as Half Witt, 1/2 of the infamous Witt Brothers during Plebe year.

Finding a home in the History Department, Droid spent many a night in the library avoiding the ping-masters, but soon found that membership in the Tau Pi Sigma fraternity and all-night frisbee on the astroturf were more fulfilling. Drew was not very mechanically minded, but he finally made his debut in mechanics First Class year as a co-conspirator in the Great Phone Silencing Caper. (Ding-aling, Pearman!)

It became evident that Droid had a thing for YP cruises and the cruisettes aboard those mighty war vessels when he opted for a Firstie YP cruise. In any event, Andy was born to fly for Pan-Am, with the sky as his limit. Good luck, Buddy!!



**KURT DOUGLAS SONDERMAN**
Clinton, IA "D.B."

The summer of '78 took Kurt away from his peaceful home in Clinton, Iowa and threw him into the Real Navy (well, maybe not that real). A member of the Tau Pi Sigma fraternity, D.B. had many talents, including telephone repair, demolition and rocketry, master story teller, and one-time locksmith (Pearman made sure it was a short career). We'll always remember Kurt's residence with "Neil Young" Schrider. After four years, Werl and Droid still couldn't convince Kurt not to sell his hair for a life away from anything that floats. But, the green will take a slow second to a beautiful girl from Jersey (what exit?) named Jeannine, who stole his heart Plebe year. Despite his "Save the Whales" campaigns, his flourescent Hawaiian party shirt, and his John Lennon glasses, we'll always remember Kurt as a good old Iowa farm boy. We wish Kurt and Jeannine the best of luck wherever they go.

**ERIC DAVID WERLING**
Missoula, MT
"Earl the Werl"

Eric David Werling, known only as Earl the Werl, hails from the bustling metropolis of Missoula, Montana. Eric is the proud inventor of the "Werl All-Nighter," where the books were cold and the rack was warm. Earl can also claim fame to the original $300 phone bill, and is the only Midn. to ever receive Christmas greetings from Ma Bell.

Earl is also known the world over for his large library of the greats and near greats of recording history. All-night B.S. sessions are his specialty. It never pained Werl to spend a weekend in the hall, because he always managed to find something to amuse himself with (check out his blotter sometime). Werl has discovered the pleasures of Hood College late in his USNA career, but is now making up for lost time. Werl has successfully managed to escape from the Pearman, but is now in the clutches of the Brutman. Good luck flying in that back seat, Werl-Buddy. Tau Pi Sigma!

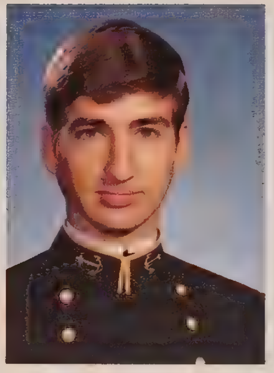
**TIMOTHY GERARD WILD**
Plymouth, WI "Cabby"

Cabby found Plebe year to be a revelation. His good nature, Wisconsin accent, and desire to be a forest ranger were a unique entity at Navy. Sometimes his good nature was too good however and Cabby sought sanctuary from the system in the shelter of the baseball diamond. The wild triangle consisted of his transit from his rack to Rickover to rounding third for four years. The M.E. major kept Cabby busy for the rest of the time except for those weekends. Cabby never could get used to the Maryland heat and always wished the igloo could be just a little breezier to the dismay of his roommate.

Wild-man's happy go lucky attitude helped us all get thru the Uncollege and we thank him for the laughs he provided. We wish him the best of luck whether he rides the waves or glides over them.

**JUAN CARLOS ARMAS**
Douglasville, GA "Juan"

I came; I saw; I graduated.



**CHRISTOPHER DAVID BORCIK**
Pensacola, FL "Chris"

Chris entered the Academy the second youngest member of the club in his class. Upon resignation of the much-loved Kris May, Chris became the youngest member of thirty-four in his class. His young virile body was most likely the cause of his need to be with young girls. One never saw Chris with the same girl from weekend to weekend. Chris became known as the King of Dahlgren by the end of Second Class year; he was always so successful at picking up a hog for the night (he was also an enthusiastic drinker at times, too).

Studies and Chris were never used in the same sentence. If you wanted to find Chris, all you had to do was look in the Company wardroom. His excuse was that he didn't want to study too hard so as not to ruin his 20/20 vision needed for Navy Air. With a CQPR of 3.00, he got his Air billet.

Tim traveled to Annapolis from St. Stephens, North Carolina. We've never been able to convince him that this was not the University of North Carolina at Annapolis; but then again he treated it as such whenever possible. Tim found time to add main office restrictions to his weekend schedule once. He proved that one could become a mechanical engineer without sacrificing weekends, sanity or sleep. Brew spent more time at the dinner table than the library.

Though Tim faced many obstacles during his four years here he still helped many of us through our own. Friends like Tim Brewer are few and he is someone who can always be counted on.

I owe special thanks to my father and friends both at home and at school, but most notably I owe thanks to my mother who has been with me for the past four years.

Hickory, NC
**TIMOTHY B. BREWER**

A longtime dream was fulfilled when Chris came to USNA in the summer of '78. He quickly established himself as a hard-charger under the tutelage of the infamous Shocks and was often heard extolling the virtues of Doc's favorite pastime . . . CRRRRABS & STOUT. Not one to sit back and let things happen, Chris delved into the unknown and got involved in activities which sometimes had rather costly outcomes.

By the time Second Class year rolled around, however, Chris was found devoting a large portion of his time and energy to a young lass from nearby Davidsonville. If one were to look for him on a Saturday or Sunday, Mother B. would be the last place to look. Neither rain, snow, nor term paper could keep him from completing his weekly duty of seeing "the wife." After thinking briefly of joining "the Few and the Proud," Chris came to his senses and decided to become a Surface jock. His outgoing personality and outspoken opinions will always be remembered. (Please Chrysler, don't fold!)

Northville, MI "Chris"
**CHRISTOPHER ALBERT CARBOTT**

Cass dribbled into Bancroft from nearby Gaithersburg, bounced through Plebe summer with a few bumps and lots of chow packages from Mama Cass. Plebe year was . . . Plebe year. Basketball came and Colleen accumulated scoring and assist records almost as fast as she collected fans and news articles. Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid combined as a winning duet and as co-captains Firstie year. 1000 points, 1000 dimes, and 1000 good memories of a great player.

Aqua-rockness kept Colleen wet behind the ears on Saturday mornings, but Cass conquered that too. Not known for her diligent study habits she somehow survived Goodman, prof-B., and Wires. First Class cruise was ROUGH, all 18 days of it, and all that summer leave really wore Cass down. Good memories of weekends, home, red cheeks, dive!!, the red box, fragrant covers, and water pitchers. Lots of luck Colleen — keep smiling your way through and thanks for the pleasure of meeting you. W.M.L.A.R.

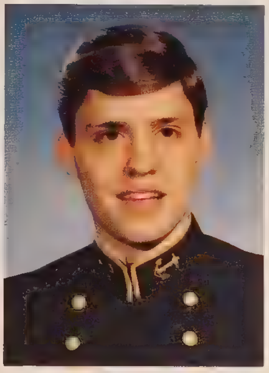
Gaithersburg, MD "Cass"

**COLLEEN ELIZABETH CASSIDY**

Mark is the Company's southern boy hailing from the Volunteer State of Tennessee. An environmentalist, Mark readily volunteered his services to worthy causes such as "Save the Whales," christening himself as our own Capt. Ahab. Known by many as "Gumba," Mark spent much of his afternoons aloft . . . fencing. Mark managed to narrowly escape the Gestapo in his direct drive, servo locked, graffic equalized rolling disco. The axeboard transformed the Gumb into a member of the Phi. Sci., QPR hi gang from an EE geek sweat, but not even this or size of "The Pile" (don't open that closet) would deter Mark from his nose-stalgic quest for Navy Air. The sky is the limit for someone as talented as Mark and he will surely prove to be one of the Navy's finest. Thanks for all the great times buddy.

Jackson, TN "Gumba"

**MARK THOMAS CHLARSON**



**KRISTIN ALISON COLLINS**

Honolulu, HI "Red"

Kristin came to us from the sunny state of Hawaii. Some said it was obvious from the way she acted coconuts at times, but most knew that she as an island girl from the sunshine in her smile. Kristin was a very conscientious girl as seen by her devotion to swimming. She would practice countless hours each day, come back early from weekends, even give up Christmas and spring breaks to improve. Some think she did this for the Women's Swim Team, which many times she led to victory. Others say it was all just training for 'Nationals' where she perennially walked away with various butterfly and relay titles each year. Few knew that Kristin was just staying in shape for the First Class "forty-miler," which she passed (with an A even), and thus considers her swimming career at Navy a success.

Kristin's love for music, travel and parties made her a natural for the Pep Band where over the four years she played everything from flute (when it was working) to director. Kristin was quite an artful person, as was obvious by the floral displays at the Ring Dance, and her door around Christmas. Aside from her many ECA's, Kristin also participated in the Second Class exchange program, but her love for USNA kept Kristin here, so she just moved over to 11th Co. for first semester, and then back to 34 for the duration. Service selection? Yes. After spending the last four years around Kristin, we can be sure that she will brighten her colleagues' lives as she has ours, wherever she chooses to go.

**RICHARD F. FORBES, JR.**

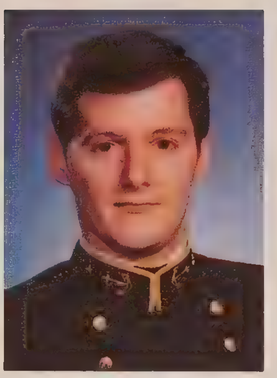
Oxon Hill, MD

Don't call him Rich, Rick, or Dick. Just call him FID, yes that's right FID! He got this name early Plebe year, well, how about induction day. A "78" grad. had the same last name and was so professional he became a Marine, in fact, they called him FID for "First in Defense." Now Rick's not the most professional person at USNA, so being the carefree Mid he is, we called him FID for "F ed-up Individual!" I hope this gets printed! For FID Plebe year was a long uphill battle against academics, the regulations, and coach Duff. By Third Class year FID was in love and not with coach Duff. FID quit baseball and devoted his time to Company sports and dating Jean. She took up most of his free time, in fact, some people swore they were married. I guess they've been lucky. Second Class year was a breeze for FID. Who said Second Class academics were hard? They must not have told FID. First Class year finally arrived and FID is a Platoon Commander soon to be engaged. Guess who she is? Academics no longer worry FID, but money does. Well it's Friday and time to book into hyperspace. Go Navy Air!

**PETER DOUGLASS GATES**
Chestertown, MD "Pete"

Pete came to the Naval Academy from the Eastern Shore of Maryland and brought with him all the crabs, oysters, and fish we could handle. After starting out well on the lacrosse field, he quickly realized that he belonged on a sailboat. Getting out on the water was a part of him and he refused to be without it. If he did one good thing during his stay here it was probably his Goucher connection. His blotter was never without excitement, and who can forget his Second Class June Week — five different dates in five consecutive days.

He was a quiet guy, and he too had his share of the bad and the good. His friends at home gave him a hastle about going to a country club for college, but he just thanked them for their tax dollars. Maybe it wasn't as fun as he would have liked, and he's probably glad it's over, but he knows as well as I that as much as he hated it here, he loved it.

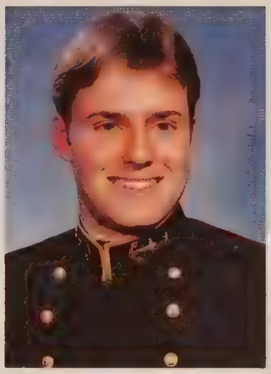


**LEWIS GILPIN**
Columbia, SC "Lew"

Lew came charging out of Columbia, South Carolina carryin' his bible and singin' Dixie. After sweatin' a load as an engineer, he mellowed out and found his real calling in Navy Oceanography, which he hopes to pursue further upon his escape from "Canoe U."

Sweet smilin' and always full of spirit, Lew was trying to run for mayor of Annapolis with all his community relations projects, and probably would have made it except that he split for Colorado Springs to mingle at USAFA for a semester. With all his parachuting and gliding, the boys at Air Force wondered if Lew was really a sailor. USAFA will never be the same.

We'll all remember Lew's super contributions to our Company and our lives. We love you, Lew. Keep on truckin'!



**RICHARD JUDE HINE**
Miller Place, NY

The passage of four years here at USNA has been made possible and pleasurable by Mom and Dad with their constant love, guidance and support; the infamous "boys," who shall be left unnamed; and, of course, my girl Kay who took it all in stride and made my future a bright one. My memories are many and good. Thanks to all. I leave with only one note of sadness, that one who should be, is not, graduating with his class of 1982. (J.L.R.)

**MICHAEL WILLIAM HOPPE**
Long Beach, CA "Hop"

My first impressions of Mike were out of the corner of my eye during a steamy Company come around in the summer of '78. I wondered why this kid from Weisbaden couldn't get any chins when braced up — even while having his head screamed into the back of his neck by Doc Shocks. I guess that high school geeking removed any excess epidermis from his neck area. Youngster cruise was a pleasant experience in the Hop-man's homestate of California — the beaches, mirrored sunglasses, and the birth of the BOA! Youngster Army-Navy game found the Hopster perusing a petite Pinkerton person, but that was only one of many in his little black book. By the close of Second Class year the Hop-man found himself firmly entrenched in the top one hundred of our class — his USNA goal. He cruised into First Class year with a red Datsun, a Batt.-man outfit, the last suntan he'll have for awhile, and bubbles in his future. You've been a great friend, Mike. Best of luck.

### JEREMIAH XAVIER McENERNEY

Mac came to USNA knowing very little and left knowing less. At this rate, he will be devoid of all knowledge by age thirty and have achieved Nirvana.

Seriously, though, Mac's four years were hardly a loss. He learned to throw a frisbee really well and to listen to other music besides the Grateful Dead. He made some very special friends who confirmed his suspicion that he was sort of odd. Mac was nonplussed by Naval Academy life at first but managed to maintain his insanity by staring out his bedroom window, reading strange books and "laughing it all away." (Special thanks to TJD.)

Mac would like to thank all his friends (even us?) for making USNA not only bearable but even enjoyable. Special thanks to his family for being there when he needed them most.

Mac was always up, even when we were down, his special energy rubbed off on us all. Many times Mac's words of wisdom could help make the worst of problems seem trivial. His friendship is one that will always be remembered.

Later, Mac.

### JEANNE MARIE MISCH

Sheboygan, WI "Jeanne"

Jeanne came to the Academy from the Winterwonderland State of Wisconsin. A native of Cedarburg, Jeanne entered Annapolis soon after high school graduation and immediately became one of the hard chargers of Club 34. Plebe year saw Jeanne decide to sacrifice a social life in order to visit Rickover Hall's mechanical engineering laboratories on a frequent basis. Jeanne lettered in varsity swimming during Youngster year, her specialty was the 500 yd. freestyle. During Firstie year, she was blessed with the billet of Company Adjutant, which gave Jeanne the "admin." experience of a lifetime. Jeanne has sights on the Surface community after graduation.

### PAUL O'NEAL MONGER

Southern California
"Mongo"

Mongo. In high school he decided to seek out adventure and excitement, but changed his mind and came to USNA. He was brought into the world by Dr. Shocks and by the end of Plebe summer was part of an elite group of bags. Plebe year left no scars (that show) on Paul but successfully stunted his social life. Youngster year he discovered there was more to the world than Annapolis and uniforms but serenading with Neilly and Tone were not his bag. Second Class year brought many new dreams but not much more money so he managed to study a little (2/c academics are so easy!). The "mobile daquiri parties" began, with Army being the blow out. Second semester brought "a stupid little foreign car," a big debt, and plastic money. His sanity was questioned when he volunteered for Plebe detail instead of taking leave. "Attention to detail" '85! First Class year made (most) everything legal and weekends were spent anywhere but here. Mongo, good luck in the back seat, Go Aero, and "let's rock and roll."

### CLARENCE TODD MORGAN

Cumberland, MD
"Love God"

Our boy, Todd, was graciously delivered unto us by way of the Tailgate Mom, Delores, and the Wizened Old Sage, Clarence. Though some say he was born of these mortal beings, legend has it that he simply arrived one day in a Corvette, with a PPG hat atop his head and a six of Stroh's beneath his arm. His natural tendancy toward the "liberal" arts was quickly surmised as he was soon bestowed "The Love God" as the "Hood Concubine" would surely attest. Even crippling injuries could not keep Todd down. With extraordinary effort he practiced his craft, and perservered in his rack exercises with such intensity that others simply worshipped his endurance. Physical acumen, though, was not one of the necessary traits of such a sensual thoroughbred, and thus he managed to evade PE for nigh his entire visit. Among his stomping grounds were the University of Maryland where he became a virtual resident at Sigma Nu during their various gatherings and annual Dionysian rites. With this professional training under his belt, he now continues his search for Nirvana 'neath the briny deep; for it is said, "submariners do it deeper."

# 34

**ARTHANEOUS ANGELO ODOM**
Citizen of the World
"Art"

Art came to the Naval Academy from faraway Wildflecken, Germany. With a little help from friends he made it through Plebe summer and then had a blast during Plebe year with a little help from Pickles and Whitney, the Dynamic Duo. Art, a good high school athlete, helped 34th Company sports during his four years here. His main enjoyment at USNA was the NAFAC Conference which he worked diligently on for three years. Art fit well into his "bull" major, Political Science and grew on all our nerves with his liberalism. When he wasn't trying to change everyone's politics, Art was often planning parties, tailgaters a specialty. After tying out a wide variety of roommates, Art finally ended up with the two greatest buddies in the world, Kev and Tone. Art wishes love and peace to the TKO Trio and long life to all.

P.S. Don't miss the latest release from the "No-Tones."

TIGER
FOOTBALL

**JEFF OLDHAM**
Cuyahoga Falls, OH
"Doc"

A member of "The Boys," Doc (AKA Mug) started out First Class year by restricting for 2 weeks and being a 2nd Class for a month. That, in short, describes his tour here at Annapolis. Perennially the victim of circumstance, Doc somehow managed to have a few good times. Rudy's & Chickies have been known to be a source of his "unconsciousness" but he's best remembered for his exploits at Boyles of Sound Beach. Throughout our confinement, Jeff has always been a source of laughs and he'll forever be one of "The Boys." We wish him the best in the Corps. Supply Corp that is.

**BACILIO FLORES PALOMO**
Gering, NB "Bac"

Yeah . . . sir!

**GREGORY CARROLL PAPAJOHN**
Camp Springs, MD

First, the thank yous: My parents, for their undying support. My Mom for being there always. My friends, for making me happy. The American people, for paying for my fantastic education. And all others, too numerous to mention, who have touched my life and helped me over the last four years.

It has been quite an experience. I was always proud to be here, and I will be especially proud to be a graduate. I look optimistically to the future, fondly on the past, and in the present . . .

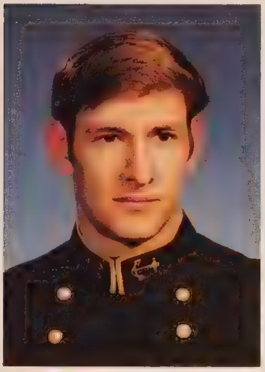
P.S. I miss you Jon.

Kevin is the Club's country boy from Oregon. Going by the aliases of Hawk and The Love Doctor, Mount Proctor is two hundred and some fluctuating pounds of big and brawn, love and stump-jumpen. A connoisseur of Klondike Jacks and "under the counter" orange juice, Kevin is an honorable member of the mobile daiquiri party and a partner of the TKO Trio. As for exercise, Kev stroked for Navy and was a gallant stand-in for the Flying Wallindas. His financial budgeting goes unmatched, exceeding the line of credit on every loan and credit card, yet never bouncing a single check. (Who's Mrs. Harris?)

As for the social aspect, Kevin was the social director aboard the Love Boat. But watch out gals if he asks you *not* to wash his car . . . Hail to the redheads and thank goodness for nurses. Kevin's post graduate goal is to live the easy life and raise a family of 9, eight beefy boys and a petite blonde coxswain. Thanks Kevin for a great year and being the super friend you are.

Dallas, OR "Kev"

**KEVIN JOHN PROCTOR**



After a couple of years at the civilian college routine, Razz got crazy, left his band and headed for the stormy shores of Newport. Quasi-successfully sliding through NAPS, he headed to Annapolis to 'spread a little funk.'

Even though his academic achievements (or lack thereof) were unique, he decided that he'd rather build refrigerators than ships and thus our general engineer.

Rock and rollin' helped Razz keep his sanity and lose his class standing. But who cares with all of those helicopters just waiting to be flown out in the Real Navy.

The future holds helo's (Maybe), music and loads of fun for Razz! Good luck, Buddy!

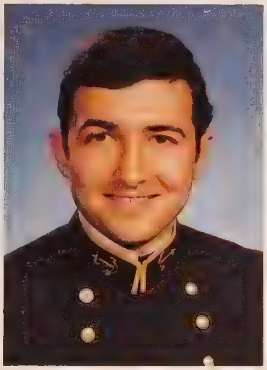
Bethesda, MD "Razz"

**JOHN ANDREW RASMUSSEN**

To leave home and enter a military environment is a hard enough adjustment to make, but when you add coming to a different country and receiving a college degree in your second language it becomes quite an accomplishment. In the Summer of 1978 Miguel arrived in Annapolis. Having been to college and working for the Canal in Panama, he came to USNA armed with a working knowledge of English and the desire to get an education. His first semester found Miguel practicing English for his squad leader on numerous occasions. As life in the Club settled down to a routine, Miguel distinguished himself as an artist. Whether it be sheet posters, bulletin boards, the Company t-shirt or Tecumseh, he shared his talents with the rest of us. His great contribution to the class was the design of our class crest. When the rest of us go to serve in the Fleet, Miguel will return to Panama to work for the Canal. To "The Beaner," "Shrimp Boat," "Corn Ships," to our friend, thanks. Que la marea y los vientostte acompanen y esten atu favor.

Panama City, Panama

**MIGUEL F. RODRIGUEZ**



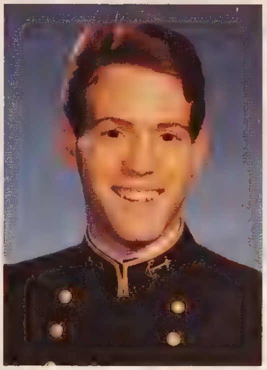
A hardcore prep from New England, Steve was initially drawn to Navy by the "khaki and docksider" appeal of Annapolis. Plebe and Youngster years slightly miffed him though, especially when the 'Dant (despite Mindy) wouldn't let him sip his G & T's out on the 8th Wing courts after a tough match — not to mention curtailing "almost all" of his ski weekends. Undeterred, Steve simply decided to kill some of his newfound free time as a Systems Major; packing away the wide wales and sitting tight until the Bennies of Second and First Class year made life a bit more tolerable.

It took a totally "Club" environment (Goucher, "80" Armies, roadtrips to real schools, MASH, VA. Beach, getting home, tailgaters, and some "unique" outlooks on life) to keep Steve from losing touch with the real world. He emerged though (happy ending), intact — having maintained at least 40% of his sanity ("Attitude Adjustment City") — and ready to move on to new and bigger horizons.

Steve, fair winds and following seas (underwater?) — and take care.

Melvin Village, NH
"Steve"

**STEVEN JOSEPH RUSS**



Steve came to us from the Napa Valley in California. He reported with a baseball glove in one hand and calculator in the other. The calculator ran down Youngster year, and it was First Class year before he got it working again.

Steve strictly believed that sleep was best gained in the classroom and lost on the weekends.

For Steve, it was always an uphill battle, but he has proven even the toughest of challenges are obtainable through dedication. His friendship is one none of us can replace.

Steve owes much to the support of his family, and the help of his friends.

Napa, CA "Steve"

**STEVEN H. SCHULTE**

To the Club, we never did great in colors, but we did know how to party. To the people who played music with me, it made the place bearable. To the memories, good and bad, that I take with me: To the Inter-Service Academy Drum and Bugle Corps Champions, we finally did it; to my roommates, all six; to the upper class who taught me, especially Andy; to the profs who tried to teach me; to the Ac-board for a second chance; to the fun; to Riordan's, Fran's, Pete's, Skipper's Pub, Charlie's Little Campus, Harry Brown's, After Deck, Flying Circus; to the girls at Goucher, to Alpha Chi Omega, to Janice, Joelle, Anna, Patty, Sandy, Pam, JoAnne, Kristin, to the power transformer on Hospital Point, to the Crypt, to behind Rickets; to Jensen Healy, to Karl's Foreign Car Repairs. To the friendships we've made, the good times we've had, the hard times we've worked our way through, it was a life-long dream, and it was worth it.

Honolulu, HI "G.R."

**GLEN RICHARD SEARS, II**

**CLEMENT MICHAEL SEGURA**

Houma, LA "Sarge"

When the "Ragin' Cajun" came to Annapolis neither he nor the Academy quite knew what to expect. In the past few years Clem has become one of those people who will always do what he feels is right. Whether it be working with Plebes, his classmates, or the Glee Club, he has consistently shown that he cares. Clem has gained much notoriety over the years as being a killer. Tell us, how many ways is it that you can kill someone?

Clem can usually be found in one of two places: in the rack, or at the computer. It has been said that Clem has something going with the computer, which may or may not be true, but he does know his stuff. I know Sarge will do a good job wherever he may go. We know Clem is ready for the Fleet, but is the Fleet ready for Clem? Clem, we'll see you out there, it's been fun.

**KEN SILVERS**

Boudler, CO "Load"

Mr. Silvers, alias the Load, hails from Boulder, although it is rumored that he emerged from a void somewhere in Maryland. This peculiar mix of East and West gave us the Sexload who enjoys Wesson oil parties and plays the lead guitar for the infamous No-Tones. The Load found himself drawn to Cumberland, a town in the wilds of Western Maryland, where he could be found hunting communists at all hours among their bars, dormitories, and under cars. Ken enjoys cars enormously; be it denting them, running across them, or diving in them. His car, the Loadster, was related to Herbie the Lovebug in that it had a very distinct personality and ran when it wished. Ken never hesitated to test a vehicle upon demand by placing them into 360 and 180 degree maneuvers similar to the F-18 he wants to fly. These feats earned him the honor of 34th Company safe driving representative.

Some of the Load's more notorious feats occurred among such establishments as Goucher College and the University of Maryland (Sigma Nu in particular); but Ken was always at his best during the Army-Navy confrontations since he felt everybody's party was his party too.

**ANTHONY SCOTT THOMAS WILKINS**
Northglenn, CO "Tone"

Tony is known by his closest friends as the USNA gigilo for various and sundry unmentionable reasons. He was a jock when he arrived here in Crabtown, but after several years of gymspastics he decided it wasn't worth the risk of melting in the rain. The "Wedge" developed a reputation as a lady killer after only one visit to Goucher, but we know he's a family man at heart. Tone spends his free time hanging around Fran Obrians (she's a what?) and The Library (the other one). A member of the famous TKO Trio, the Italian razor destroyer can slam a bottle of Cella Lambrusco even faster than he can slurp down a Klondike Jack. His future plans include diamonds, health clubs, and a TRG to cruise through blizzards. Thanks for making these last few years the greatest ever Tony.

**EDWARD TODD ALLEN**
Minneapolis, MN
"Toddo"

"What kind of people come from Minneapolis anyway?" wonder tablemates as Toddo smooths a glob of Skippy across his roastbeef sandwich. Well, northern folks couldn't be all bad if this guy's any kind of representative. He's a Minnesota turtle-eater with boots and beard, an Aero major who flies higher than most, and a loving grandson, as endless Gladys Regnier letters and chow packages attest.

Far into the elvin hours, a faint light and a mixed aroma of pipe smoke and wardroom coffee would eminate from Toddo's room. It seems that some of the best (and worst) times were those early-morning journeys into the land of academia.

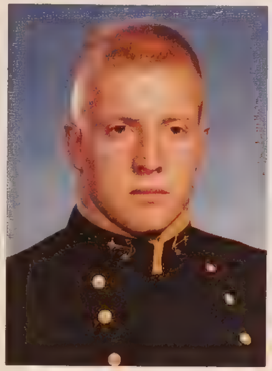
Todd spent a considerable amount of time with his Little Brother (also Todd). I guess love of children was the reason, and, if so, he's moving in the right direction. A brassy friend and gentle love is soon to be his Mrs., and before this book collects dust, their kids will be around to crayon these pages.

God bless, fair winds, and following seas, E.T. Go Navy.

After Matt made it through Plebe summer without sweating to death, he hit the coast button. Since he never had any work to do and he couldn't sleep more than sixteen hours a day, Matt picked up some strange habits. Sometime during Plebe year he decided it was fun to use his head to knock holes in the walls of Mother B. While he never got in trouble for his head-banging, some people didn't appreciate how Matt opened locked doors or how he took out his frustrations (Honest Mom, I broke my hand playing rugby).

All that practice in the hall must have helped on the rugby field. Although he had to register his head as a dangerous weapon, Matt still managed to become an All-American rugby player. Matt mellowed a bit near the end of Second Class year when he fell in love with one of the Three Stooges. If "Mo" can keep him under control, Matt should be all set for Quantico and Ooh-Rah heaven.

Olney, MD "Matt"
**MATTHEW M. AYLWARD**



Barry Baptiste — Jackson, N.J. to Bayonne and *finally* Annapolis; you can appreciate Jackson now. Hid from the football and track coaches in the boxing ring — Olympics material and you quit? Met Sheila and Systems about the same time; dropped both for wild women and big business. Latta and Barta left. Kirby's still here (how?). Back in the ring. Two Israelis in Paris. Highs and lows that circle around and touch; people and experience always one. Barry, some people will never understand that playing life by feel is a great talent and not a weakness . . . it is the talent of the 20th century entrepreneur.

Bayonne, NJ
**BARRY BAPTISTE**

Steve Barr came from Drexel Hill, PA (not Upper Darby) with dreams of fast cars, fast planes, and fast women but graduated with a Volkswagen, a career in slow moving underwater vehicles, and Monica. Steve was always complaining about conditions here at USNA, so Second Class year he decided to take a vacation out at the Colorado Springs Country Club.

Steve was an avid sports fan and if any team from Philadelphia was on TV, he could be found in the wardroom. Then again even if there wasn't a Philadelphia game on he could still be found in the wardroom. If by some small chance he wasn't there, you could be assured of finding him in the rack. Steve didn't exactly have a reputation as a heavy studier as most of his classwork was done only four times a semester.

If he can only stay awake during formation, our outspoken Batt. striper will make a great outspoken sub-driver. Good luck Steve.

Drexel Hill, PA "Steve"

**STEPHEN T. BARR**

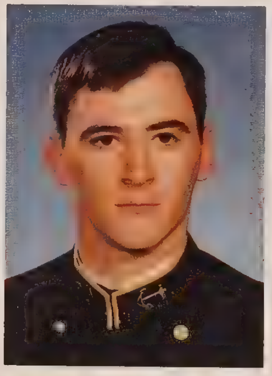
Tom left Ohio knowing he would love life at USNA. He was wrong. Once here, he thought he'd like being a Mechanical Engineering major — wrong again. Now he is glad to have them both behind him and is looking forward to the Marine Corps. He knows he'll like that?

Other than giving four stripes back to the striper organization (with a gold coin), having a higher class rank, at times, than his Company rank, and not buying a class ring, his accomplishments are few. By no means a varsity athlete, Tom spent his time in intramurals or out of season rifle — always "getting" into shape, but never there. He wanted a varsity letter for goose hunting, but NAAA would not approve. That didn't stop him from hunting them.

The Academy taught Tom what was truly important to him. While here, he discovered just how precious God, Jackie and his family really are to him. He takes their love and the best wishes of his friends to the Fleet Marine Force, and into life.

Kettering, OH "Tom"

**THOMAS E. BRANNEN**



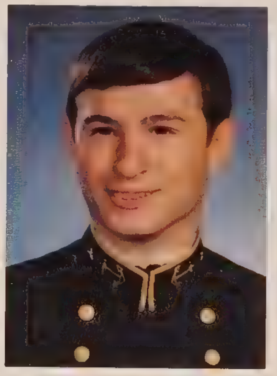
Ted comes to us from Taunton, Massachusetts, a small city where they keep warm on those cold winter nights by drinking plenty of beer. Just ask Ted about how warm the beer has kept him on some of those cold nights during ski trips. Ted has done very well here at the Academy. Despite the bad start he got off to because nobody was able to understand him. We have all since learned to interpret his accent, though, and we have been regretting it ever since.

In academics, Ted has managed to outdo most of us, despite the beatings he takes while playing rugby. I guess he must have some brains under that thick skull of his after all. Speaking of rugby, Ted has been an important member of that team during his stay here at the Academy. Now if he will only remember not to carry his rugby abilities onto the basketball court.

In the future, Ted plans to put his education in Aerospace Engineering to good use by becoming a pilot. We all wish Ted the best of luck in the Fleet and in life.

Taunton, MA "Soup"

**EDWARD JAMES CAMPBELL**



Ed Dille is the Florida fisherman in the 35th Company, yet most will tell you that he lives on Green Street in Annapolis. Ed loves the outdoors, his bourbon, and his lady, Tami.

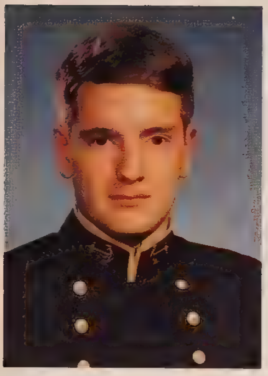
Having been Ed's roommate for the past year has been an experience in itself. Ed relaxes by throwing darts at centerfolds, zapping moths with homemade flame throwers, and swinging from shower rods. His habit of curling up and sleeping naked with his headphones on earned him the title of the "electric fetus," although he's also known for his extensive library, which substitutes for clothing in his lockers.

I've spent many happy hours with Ed at Pete's Place, the Smoke Shop, or just talking over a good pipe and a glass of bourbon. Having known him for the past 3½ years, I can truly say that Ed Dille has never intentionally hurt anyone.

Ed plans on joining the Surface Navy upon graduation, and his ultimate goal is command at sea. Take care, and good luck buddy.

Titusville, FL "Big Ed"

**HAROLD EDWARD DILLE**



**JOSEPH L. DONOVAN, JR.**
Hopkinton, MA "Joey"

Joseph "Joey" Donovan, our young boy genius from Mass-ass-a-tow-shects strolled into Navy looking for the best bars and women. Joey was soon smitten by his little chemistry set, yet continually bitched about the time it takes — in between his boozing binges.

Reforming, ha, from his quantum quantities, Joe-boy fell in love with a local blonde who ended up taking more time than P-Chem. Strewing about the room various unmentionables, Joey continually confused inspecting officers on "unauthorized uniform items." With no light allowed in his room before noon, Joe would cover his body with blankets and pillows, scream for quiet, then blast Rush or Ozzie at 20 decibels over the threshold of pain.

Ceaselessly pounding on anything that didn't move with his drumsticks, Joe would continually lament about his hard courses, then he would ace 'em all ... Jerk. Latching on to a three pronged research project, Joey can always be found in the lab, (probably talking to Towson) unless there's a free beer somewhere — some habits never die.

Our wandering doctor can now be found in P-cola — not on base, but at Rosie's!! Fly high, fly fast, Joey.

**ROBERT BLAKE EVANS**
Garden Grove, CA "Bob"

It's a miracle Bob even considered a school east of the Mississippi, much less graduating from one! Being an outdoor person, he used his green thumb to bring the outdoors inside with his various cacti, trees and bushes. However, he is not from "down on the farm" and doesn't make sausage as most east coast people believed, especially telephone operators. Bob got 100's on half of his Cables exams, yet his desire to turn knobs and push buttons led him to become a Systems major. A cynic to the end, Bob could always find something to complain about and prevent himself from getting any stripes. One of the leaders in rack, Bob was never known to sleep in the same position twice, and could defy all laws of nature and still claim that he was comfortable. A diehard Linda Ronstadt groupie and Californian, Bob plans on staying with the Medflies in California and never risking his neck on Maryland roads again with his race colt. He plans on a five year career in subs before returning to his buttons and knobs.

Good luck Bob!

**STEVEN PAUL FEHR**
Cincinnati, OH

After being convinced to enroll at USNA in a high school calculus course by his future Academy roommate, Steven has taken the Academy by storm.

Plebe year witnessed Steven doubling his first semester's OPR (1.25) second semester, traveling to the first ever Holiday Bowl football game, and flying home to attend a prom with his 16 year old sweetheart.

Youngster year Steven placekicked for the Big Blue and he decided to date someone out of the pimple stage.

Persuaded not to quit during Second Class summer, Steven received a bonus, a yellow "lemon" TR6 complete with a Firsty sticker. After making Playboy's All-American Team Steven "invested" in a RX-7. It's simply amazing what an athlete can buy on $140.00 a month.

First Class year finds Steven dedicating himself to graduating, football, the Fehr clan, su novia Nancy, cierra la puerta, and getting out of debt.

May 35 never forget Cincinnati's Blood and the DWB.

**DAVID ALBERT GALIYAS**
Pittsburgh, PA "Gator"

Dave is truly a unique individual. I mean who else would compare his arms to sewer pipes. He always claimed that he had some "pipes." I guess coming from Pittsburgh makes a guy think that way. He also has a different way of describing girls. He loves girls with bodacious "tah-tahs." Dave is truly a "shot in the arm," because there is never a dull moment with Dave. He adds life to the room with his humor??!!? He is a great individual; everybody needs a roommate like Dave, and if you don't believe him, ask him.

Perhaps one of the things that will be remembered most about Dave is his swimming ability. You know you are in trouble when you get to be known as "Aqua Rock," but Dave deserves some credit. He has miraculously completed all of the swimming tests required of him. Coach Duff was very impressed with Dave's progress in swimming. Old Duffer told Dave after class one day that he felt Dave had improved tremendously because he worked hard at it, but the classic line was, "Hell Dave, you'll be a recreational swimmer before it is all over." Seriously, Dave is a super guy and is going to be missed very much by his classmates.

Dave will be kept busy by flying in the sky as a Navy N.F.O. Good luck and give 'em hell.

**PAUL ALAN GROSKLAGS**
Dekalb, IL "Sklags"

Paul rolled in from Dekalb on I-day and immediately began to amaze the Platoon with his intelligence, good looks and his ability to rack. Finding Plebe summer a little too arduous he got himself sent to the hospital for some uninterrupted rack. Unfortunately, he slept through Parents Weekend.

Waking up in time for Plebe year, he breezed through; except for the Army party and a few run ins with Toddfish, it passed uneventfully.

Paul joined the beast room for Youngster year and set a shining example for the rest of us. A diligent academic stud, he spared no effort in the pursuit of knowledge, so long as he could hit the rack before 2400.

An athletic marvel as well, he has excelled in intramurals and at the various P.E. tests.

Paul has taught me a lot of things. His easy going nature and calm manner kept me out of touble on several occasions.

He will do well at whatever the Navy sends his way. Good luck at P-cola and in your F-14.

**RANDALL LEE HAUKE**
Mill Valley, CA "Hawk"

"The Incredible Hawk" came to USNA via Mill Valley, California (". . . that's my home . . ."). He had a few problems Plebe summer, but he quickly learned that "take her down" does not mean taking Melcher down via a pledged floor.

Randy survived Plebe year okay, but he decided he was doing things the hard way. Commencing Youngster year he became a "boy," which roughly translated means "see me" vice "you're down."

Hawk became a real fiamer Second Class year. The Plebes hated him so much that they knocked him out at U.V.A. and dragged him through the streets. However, not to be outdone by Plebes, Randy put himself out at Air Force. (It must have been the altitude.)

Randy has been outstanding in Company sports since Youngster year. He has continued to be the star of b-ball, the slammer of the heavies, and the speedster of slow-pitch.

Hawk will be well-remembered for the "Hauke Methods" of study and problem solving. (He always had the right ANSWER.)

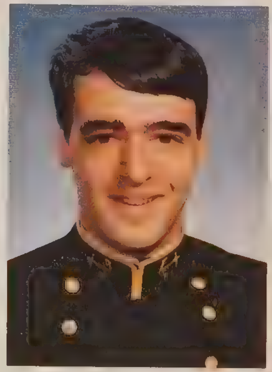
Off to Florida together again. Good luck always, and see you in P-cola.

Mittah Hee found himself standing in Halsey on I-Day wondering where the hulu dancers were. Stepping out of his grass skirt, washing the sand out from between his toes, and tearfully taking off his lei, Derek donned whiteworks and a new way of life. Despite all his attempts to master the English language and American culture, he never completely did. Occasionally he reverted back to his aboriginee state, and could be found wearing that wild-eyed Hawaiian look and uttering fragments of Pidgin, dodging orange peels and chasing fly balls. But appearances don't tell the whole story. Although seeming to be at loose ends, Derek knew exactly what direction he was going. Having crucified his old nature with Christ and celebrating in the grace and power of God, he stepped out boldly. "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 3:14) With his eyes on the cross and love in his heart, Derek seeks to share with all, God's promises found in Christ, his son.

Honolulu, HI "Hee-breath"
**DEREK DOUGLAS HEE**

Pete got off to a shaky start at USNA after exploding his Squad Leader's rack during Plebe summer. The attention he generated stayed with him for most of Plebe year to the tune of mega-demos (including some for incorrect sneakers). Despite these problems Pete managed to excel in seamanship, including a swim in the Bay while boarding the YP's. When Pete felt he was right he could often be quite demanding. On more than one occasion, this intimidating manner scared seniors into their desk drawers. Pete's academic career got off to a slow start with 1.0 Boatman. Fortunately, things generally improved from there. His Aerospace major came out of his love for flying and made for frequent all nighters. The monotony of these late hours, however, was often disrupted by torching moths with "pledge" and shaving cream and water fights. A "Lifer" from Day 1, we wish Pete the best and know he will do fine wherever he goes.

Tacoma, WA "Pete"
**PETER LOWELL HOFFMAN**



Pan the Goat came to USNA with his widow's beak under one arm and his fuzz-box under the other, trying to hide his already well-strecthed neck with an extrawide guitar strap. Ready to sink his teeth into an Engineering triple major, it didn't take long for ECA's to get the best of him. So, he forced himself to gag down GE. Between Glee Club, WRNV, more Glee Club, steerage runs, guitar strumming, and chit-chat, Bill usually found himself opening his books after most sane people were already fast asleep.

But the last four years will leave Bill with more than the average benefits of the "Academy" experience. He reached a milestone here when he was confronted with the challenge offered to all men by God: To accept the claims of Jesus Christ and submit yourself to Him with a repentant, loving, and hungry heart, seeking the peace, joy, and eternal life which Christ offers. He accepted this challenge.

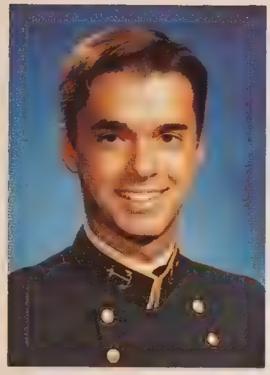
Ft. Meade, MD "Pan"

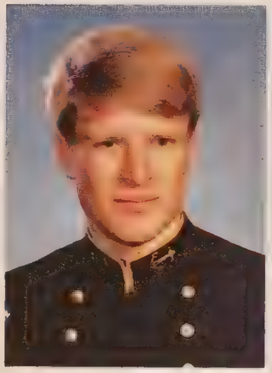
**WILLIAM HENRY JEFFRIES, III**

Mark is A.K.A. M.D., Doctor, 8th Wing, but is known and loved by all as Yollie Yonson from Wisconsin. His two favorite mottos are "well rested, well tested" and "I'd rather be lucky than good," which explain why he was always in the rack by twelve and how he managed to come up with the "gouge" profs semester after semester. Mark played Company basketball, football and softball all four years, thus earning him a spot as one of "Grubbsy's Boys." His true sporting interests, however, seemed to lie with Penn State and Wisconsin, rather than with the Navy Blue. Although he hails from the frozen tundra of the North, Yollie invented "white works arctic" (sweat gear, white works, and two blankets) for sleeping during the cold Annapolis winters. Yonson's musical abilities and tastes were somewhat limited. His tin ear led him to have favorites such as "The Cars," "Devo," and "The Motels." One of the Company mechanics, M.D. will be going to Surface Line. We all wish him fair seas and following winds.

Germantown, WI "Yollie"

**MARK DAVID JOHNSON**





**WADE MICHAEL JOHNSON**

Any Bay, USA
"If the shoe fits . . ."

Wade parachuted into the Academu from NAPS full of indecisions and a boat load of insanity. Our faithful Brown's fan, Wade spent the first two years changing his major by choice. Sooner or later, he went General. Realizing that God gave man arms for ashtrays, he spent copious hours drinking Singapore Slings and eating glasses. Working hard to secure an Afghanistan-Tramid I cruise, Wade contented himself by jumping out of perfectly good aircraft and buildings, flutter kicking his way through Scuba School, and throwing knives at his roommates for practice.

Wade continued his ever lustful attempts by frequenting the bar scene and complaining about obesity ("God am I fat!"). With a strenuous workout schedule of "perimeters" and multiple cases at the Major's, Wade will make an amazingly gungys if not overly disturbed Marine Officer . . . if such a thing is possible, or will he heed the beckon of the Kampfschwimmer.

**JOSEPH ROBERT KREBES**

Hometown — None "Joe"

Joe came to USNA from . . ., well, no one has ever been able to get that straight, not even Joe himself. Having no place to call "home," Joe made the most of the Sponsor Program by making himself a permanent fixture at the Carter's house. Coming to USNA was like joining a big country club for Joe. Golf on Youngster afternoons and weekends, plus racquetball on rainy days helped to ease the tensions of life as a Mid. Also, on any given weekend when the weather was nice, J.R. would hang the "gone fishin' " sign on his door. However, his outings on the Chesapeake and the Atlantic usually did not turn out to be as successful as he had hoped. Oh well, there's always next weekend, right Joe? J.R.'s academic career here started off with Aerospace Engineering, but being broad minded and not wishing to get into too narrow a field, he soon moved up to General Engineering. (At least that is the reason he gave me.) We all wish Joe the best as he hopes to go and fly Navy.

**RANDY CRAIG LUNDQUIST**
Holden, MA "Quist"

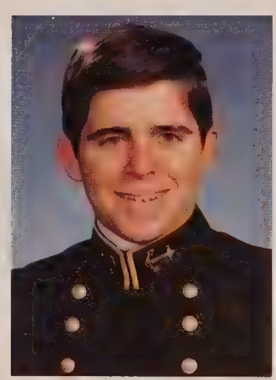
Quist eased his way into USNA from a small town in Red Sox country. An avid sports fan, one could often find him straining his AM radio to pick up a certain Boston station carrying the Celt's games. S.T.F.B. if they lost though. Heavy objects could be seen flying across the room and some doors still haven't recovered. Quist wasn't limited to just listening to b-ball. He spent four years playing Company hoop — two of which were Brigade Champs (maybe even three as of this writing). Quist's stellar performance, though, was on the Company slow-pitch team, with at least (think positive!) one Brigade Championship there also. Randy was one of those "early to bed, early to rise" non-conformists. You can do that when you breeze through an easy major like EE. He always seemed to be "lucky" on those EE exams he supposedly flunked. Quist looks forward to a five year career in submarines. Good luck.

**MARK THOMAS LUSK**
New Orleans, LA "M.T."

How can anyone describe Mark Lusk? He's an intense scholar whose fate it was to become an electrical engineer and subsequently become one of "Rickover's Boys." M.T. is an extremely well-expressed individual, whose words and written expression can either soothe your mind, or chop you off at the knees. But then he's also a free-spirited Irish Wanderer from New Orleans, whose faded blue jeans, leather hat, and 3-day-old beard will lead you to believe that he's just jumped off a freight car.

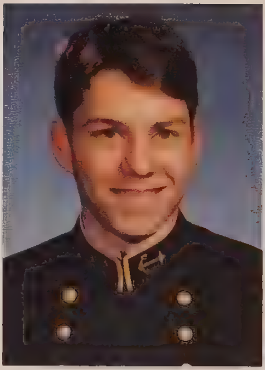
Although his study habits soon earned him the reputation of a "geek" in the 35th Company, his love of rigorous exercise and the outdoors says otherwise. I've spent many free-spirited hours with Mark running, camping, hunting, and driving through the mountains.

Although M.T. possesses a great deal of talent as an engineer, he does equally well at playing lawyer, poet, truck driver, and of course, officer. We're sure gonna miss ya. Take care buddy.



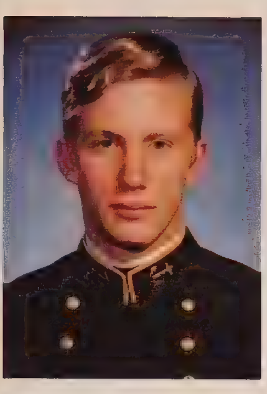
**MICHAEL JON MAHONEY**
Mission Viejo, CA
"Woodchip"

Mike first came to us from upstate New York before showing he was a true Californian. First known to us as Mahogany, he quickly developed into Woodchip. After spending two and a half years bagging it as a sailor (we know the truth) and finally making it as a skipper, he finally came around. Systems and a desire to do well, along with playing Company sports, brought him back into the fold. Systems took its toll on this boy as he spent many a night burning the midnight oil, only to find it almost impossible to pull himself out of the rack during the day. (Hope that alarm gets him up for graduation.) As a member of the Pop Concert Committee, he found himself another job to add to the workload with few bennies. An Airdale or Surface Liner when first arriving here, he's seen the light to head toward Nuke Power. Woody's surely not likely to see much of his beloved sailing and skiing for years to come. Best of luck to this big sandblower.



**GREGORY THOMAS MAY**
Zepher Cove, NV "Greg"

Greg, our EE from Zepher Cove (where?) Nevada, came to Crabtown with an innocent face and dice in his pocket. Having spent his boyhood years in the casinos at Lake Tahoe, he decided to gamble on that magical engineering ability. Relatively cloistered by his major, Greg nevertheless got his hands on one too many bottles of "Black Jack" and decided pain was fun, hence, he's going Corps. Nearly converted to reality (Phy Sci, QPR Hi), Greg decided to stick it out, and hasn't stopped bitching yet. When his new pastime became racing around in his 4-wheeled F-14, Greg could be found either studying black magic or challenging Mario Andretti to a road race. Someday, Greg will undoubtedly outlaw electricity when he becomes ruler of his own country. Greg will be sorely missed if we can ever find him to tell him that. Good luck in your "Green" career, Greg.



**MATTHEW M. McCLOSKEY**
Knoxville, TN "Matt"

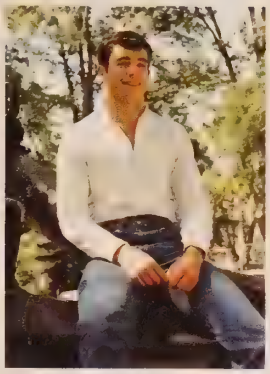
Most people learned a new vocabulary when they came to Navy. Not content with words like "gouge" and "mega" however, Matt invented his own. Champion M*A*S*H viewer, Matt created the word "bozoid" describing a state somewhere between narcolepsy and deep coma. This also happened to be Matt's most common state. Part of the reason was his waking at 0530 for those lovely, early morning workouts in the Banana River! They must have had good side effects, though, for Matt became varsity swimming team (Mens Division) captain his 1/c year. This was quite an accomplishment, since Matt only took up swimming because he liked wearing "bikini briefs." Is that the "right stuff" those aviator types are supposed to have?

Actually, Matt's swimming meant a lot to him. He was the only customer in Crabtown bars who asked for chlorine in his cocktails (which he got plenty of each weekend), and of course was never the one to turn down party nor tailgaters!

Our flying "Mashie" best remember that you can't get Channel 5 on your radar scope!

**JOHN JOSEPH McHALE**
Turnersville, NJ "Jack"

Jack showed up at USNA on July 6, '78. God only knows how his Mom got him out of bed in order to report on time. During Plebe summer the only thing Jack hated more than getting out of the rack was getting out of the rack to go to PEP. When academic year started Jack never lost any sleep over his grades, but then Jack never lost any sleep over anything. Jack was constantly complaining that he had failed every test that he took. One must realize that anything less than a 95 is failing. Jack has two interests in addition to the rack, trains and fishing. Jack's model train circling the Christmas tree has become a Company tradition. It is a good thing that fishing is second to the rack since Jack has yet to catch a "chomper bluefish." A 3.8 Mech. Neck, the only problem Jack faces as one of Hymie's boys is that he won't be able to go home every weekend. We all wish Jack the best of luck and pleasant dreams wherever he may go.



**MICHAEL PATRICK McNELLIS**
Linwood, NJ "Mac"

If ultimate frisbee had been an intercollegiate sport, Mac would have had four N's (gold ones that is). Needless to say, his talents with the little disc made it difficult for anyone to challenge .82. A tough competitor in intramurals, Mac kept the Company soccer and fieldball teams in contention for four years as well.

Mac decided on Systems as his full time academic endeavor, figuring between him and his roommate they could lick the major. Unfortunately, many a night found Mac wondering how he could get the eight more graphs he needed when the computer went down two hours ago.

Christmas brought out the best in everyone and Mac was no exception. As reminisce Ops boss Second Class year and Captain the last time around, he succeeded in making those final weeks before X-mas more bearable for all.

Whether Jimmy's Caribbean rock and roll is piped into Mac's cockpit or into his underwater stateroom is anyone's guess. You've been a great friend for four long years Mac, and like J.B. says, "We'll both survive!"

**EUGENE RITTER**
Kings Park,NY "Gino"

Gino, our little man from Longuyland, came to Canoe U. conspiculously missing a lacrosse stick and a middle initial. Our backward rack-boy spent most of his day either shaving his 9 am shadow or listening to Donna Summer and Bootzy's Rubber Band.

Starting out gungy for Systems, our faithful man held to his heritage and conserved his resources by racking and majoring in Phy-Sci. Never allowing anything much to get under his skin, Gino's ethnic temper flared only once as our friendly midget took out his 6'5" overweight roommate to the surprise, and applause of us all.

Only losing the race to "M*A*S*H-out" to one other, Ritt's will undoubtedly follow the traditional path and sail the blue sea on a large floating target. Our famous sandblower will undoubtedly get his Phd in being a nice guy, but never underestimate Gino. In 5 to 10 years, he will probably be able to buy and well us all — heaven help us then.

### PHILIP LEONARD SALINAS

Pueblo, CO "Flip"

Flip came to USNA never having seen the East. Guess you could say he turned down the offer to attend the bus driver's school just up I-25, because he wanted a real challenge. Leaving those three little brothers behind who idolized him to the end, was no easy task indeed. However, Phil just kept looking ahead; that is where his future and the unknown lie. Believe me, Flip has a yearning for the unknown. Just look at some of the bricks he was stuck with, or rather set up with by his buddies. "The Kid," as he likes to be referred to, is a pretty gutsy character. Take for instance the time he and his brother ran head on into a Continental Trailways bus while riding in a Honda Civic. Flip jumped right out of the remains and into the bus to make sure all sixty passengers were safe. This is one unpredictable guy.

Flip still had the most famous "hot trick" in Annapolis history and he never played on the hockey team. When it comes to baseball, the little guy can compete with any of them. Counting on Flip to turn two, with the bases loaded and one out in the ninth, is like putting money in the bank. You might say he is proud to be a native Coloradoan and you can always find him in search of that 165 inches of base and doing what he does best; having fun. The corps is getting a real stick of dynamite when this guy walks into Camp Barrett. Good luck Flip.

### TROY MICHAEL SHOEMAKER

St. Petersburg, FL "Shoe"

Some may call it luck, but the fact that Shoe received only 10 demerits can be considered nothing less than unbelievable. This is not to say that he deserved them, or that the honorary black-N award was justified, or that the phone call that the Maryland State Police never made should ever be mentioned. In fact, with his 3-striper libs, some of that stuff might now be considered "reg."

Turtle came to us from St. Pete after highlighting as high school quarterback, water skier extraordinaire, and hard charging 12-ounce curl competitor. However, he lost 20 pounds, checked in a Hotel Bancroft, and has demonstrated his leadership abilities, especially as Company Commander, ever since.

Mike plans on heading back to sunny Florida, although whether he is Orlando bound or P'cola bound, no one is sure. Whatever he chooses, we all wish Mike well as he has been an inspirational leader and true friend. As long as he can afford his rising insurance premiums, Mike will be well wherever he goes.

### JON MYRON SIMONS

Cincinnati, OH

When JM came to the Academy he came with a zest unseen before by this close observer. However, as the hair grew back, so did the normal self that I once knew. He left his high school sweetheart as she headed for Hoosier U. and he for Canoe U.

Plebe year saw JM win an N-Staf, and besides basketball he started his famed third wing connection.

Youngster Year was a banner year. JM excelled in grades, professionalism, and partying on B-ball road trips with Holmes, CDR B.J., and VC.

Persuaded to stay at the Academy by Capt. and Mrs. V, JM met AM and became JAM. Their only offspring was a LeBaron.

Second and First Class year has been a blur for JM. Basketball has changed from the mouse to the lagoon. In that first frame, JM has earned two more N-Stars and was elected captain.

Postgraduate plans are three years in Hawaii, graduate school, and maybe a lifelong committment to someone special.

Goodbye to Kathy and Robert, Mrs. V., the boys and good luck to my friends, special or otherwise, you know which you are.

### STEVEN FRED TARACEVICZ

Milton, MA "Fred"

Fred comes to us as the well mannered, scholarly, suavo, gentleman that you might expect from a true Bostonian. You may find this guy snowing an Admiral, minding his homemade brew, racing State Troopers, raising bean sprouts in the shower, devising mouse traps in which only mice of the highest I.Q. would get caught, or just simply sleeping in a tent in the deep back woods of the Naval Station following a formal dance. Who would have ever imagined Freddie would be wearing "the 5" during his First Class year? Steve is one of the most well rounded individuals in recent Academy history. While making road trips to local colleges, Steve always came prepared with calculator and advanced calculus, in case the frat parties didn't start 'til late. Despite working hard to finish near the top, in which he frequently does in whatever he attempts, Steve is always there to help and encourage a friend who is struggling in his work. He is everything your Mother wished you were. Those rosy cheeks and that Niven ® soft skin, have a way of attracting women.

If only you could get Fred to wear some clothes when he sleeps and to stop talking in German in his sleep, you would have a livable roommate. Quantico could be in for culture shock when this man from Massachusetts draws his mameluke. Good luck Steven.

Chris descended on the shores of the Chesapeake full of anticipation and ready to put his academic brilliance to work, only to be stunned by Plebe summer. Only stunned, Chris bounced back to challenge his genius mind by choosing the Oceanography major and deciding never to crack a book. And then there was Cucas, but that's another story . . .

During Youngster summer Chris tasted tropical paradise in Hawaii (raw fish, seaweed, etc.) and the raw beauty of the Rockies. On cruise in the Med he was once again attracted to water, this time the Sea of Galilee. Seeing this, and examining other areas of his life, Chris turned to Jesus Christ and asked him into his life. Over the last two years Chris has deepened his walk with Christ, as he studies the Bible, and shares his life. May God's blessing be upon him "and I am sure that he who began a good work in you will bring it to completion at the day of Jesus Christ." (Phil. 1:6)

Canaan, CT "Wangfall"

**CHRISTOPHER R. WANSTALL**

When thinking of Kurt, most poeple imagine a quiet reserved naval architect from Michigan, land of sheep, football and snow. But lurking beneath this aura of maturity was a completely different type of person. A few unfortunate people witnessed a part of this "other Kurt" when they walked in on him while he was listening to his collection of drug music. However the real metamorphosis began out on the sports fields. This quiet farm boy suddenly becomes a Company All-Star athlete, yelling, screaming, and completely outplaying almost everyone around him. This Jekyl and Hyde transformation becomes complete when he is put on a ski slope or behind the wheel of his Z-28. When you look at the gleam in his eyes at times like this, you can tell that he's no longer human but the product of too many hours in Rickover and the rack.

Despite the handicap, Kurt plans on pinging around beneath the waves for five years running emergency crash dives in his sub to see if it's built right. All of us wish him good luck and good shipbuilding.

Corunna, MI

**KURT WARREN WELTY**

John shuffled up to the Academy from Virginia Beach and quickly became one of "Marie's Boys." John always kept himself pretty busy during study hour but studying was a last resort only. He would either be building mouse traps, hanging out of four story windows, playing chicken with darts, or practicing for Brigade boxing on his roommates. We usually did help him with his boxing since he would play with his knives if we didn't. Outside of Bancroft John lived an exciting life also. We thought he was the craziest guy on four wheels until he got two wheels and tried to use the seat of his pants for a brake. John didn't party all the time but when he did, look out. We all remember his suave style with the ladies, his even tan on Banana Beach, and his volcano and shower imitations. But John has been showered on himself, in fact Scooter saved him from freezing to death at Hood.

It's been said that "Midshipman Anongos is Dangerous" but things would not have been the same around here without him.

Virginia Beach, VA "Buddha"

**JOHN FREDERICK ANONGOS**

"They don't have the b's to fry me!"

Cliff breezed into USNA wearing OP's and flop's. His famous line, "Food is food" was required rates for the class of '85. During the week Cliff came to be known as "Kid Lazy" but on weekends after doing a few 12 oz. curls he would take on the world as "Kid Crazy"! From chasing women around pools to late night dips in the Capital fountain, Cliff was always having a good time. With his usual vigor, Cliff assumed duties as 36th Co. partymaster — no one could scrounge food as well as Cliff. "ATs" tell Mom thanks for giving us all Mexican meal. Uncle Cliffy gets good chow packages. He also dances great to "Blue Suede Shoes," but only when he's out swooping on a gynecologist. The morning after "Blue Suede" was the only time anyone saw him skip a meal. Cliff was king of the one night stands (one night was all a girl could stand). His starting lineup included BEERSLUT, Divorcees at Dunkin Donut. Yes Cliff, as T.P. says, "Even the Losers get lucky sometimes."

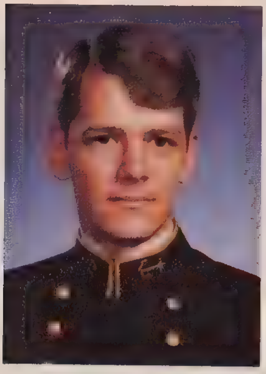
Ventura, CA "C.C."

**CLIFFORD CLARK ATMORE**

As one "becomes a man," he is supposed to lose his amiable boyishness. He is supposed to face the grim facts of life with a grimacing heart. He is supposed to hide his emotions behind a Doric granite facade. Not so for Dwayne Baptist. Thankfully, he never learned these misconceptions from life's lessons. Who, during a Plebe summer STFB, could mirthfully smile at one of the rampant Firsties? Only Dwayne. Who, after a chewing-out by his irate roommate, could write a formal apology in Celtic script, no less? Only Dwayne. Who, while desperately needing to save-up financially for his upcoming wedding, would (out of brotherly love) give a hefty, unconditional loan to a classmate? Only Dwayne. Dwayne is no angelic host. He has his faults, as we all do, and they have gotten him into some pretty interesting predicaments (see photo).

Dwayne, while trusting Jesus the Nazarene, has blessed all who know him. Godspeed as you enter "The Corps." (NOTE: The photo is of Dwayne and his Sponsor's son, Jack Revell.)

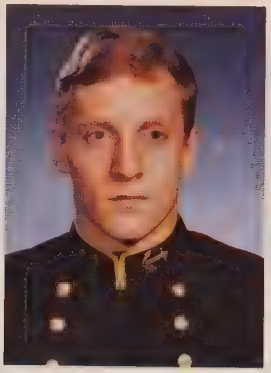
Freemont, CA
**DWAYNE PAUL BAPTIST**

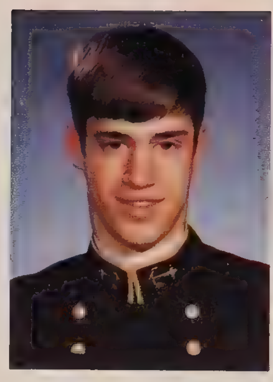


We first found Flounder washed ashore on the Severn in July of '78. He has adapted well to his new environment despite the lack of Narragansett beer. Although he breezed through academics with a bag-it Physics major, he did concentrate on body building through weightlifting — it was a matter of survival with Buddha and Egg as roommates. Flounder's greatest success was being 36th Co.'s black market soap dealer.

"I still love you Kim!" Burr, it was cold in Connecticut. For him, the Sandy Point triangle and the Bearded Lady were not enough. It took an Anne Arundel cheerleader to teach him what the word blue meant. Always a cautious man, Barney insured that he wouldn't be bored with his Ring Dance date . . . he invited two girls . . . who both came! Even Rex the magnificent couldn't handle that one. After witnessing many graphic helo crashes, Bill should be well prepared to face the rigors of Pensacola and his own death machine. Bill was one of Marie's boys, who will never be dumb enough to jump out of a good airplane again.

Cranston, RI "Barney"
**WILLIAM SYDNEY BARNES, JR.**





**TODD HAMILTON BROWN**
Burlington, IA "Todd"

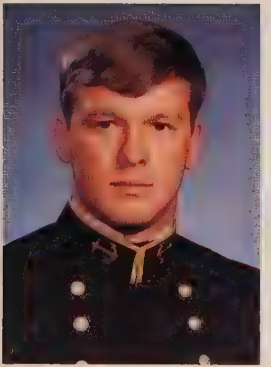
This simpleton, quiet farm boy experienced a lot of life since he took his first airplane flight in July '78 from his home in Iowa to Canoe U. He was so thrilled with the miracle of flight, that he became an aero major and during his Youngster summer went to airborne school to experience it first hand. His 4 years were certainly more exciting than sloppin' hogs and watching the corn fields grow but he still remained a dirt board virgin.

Since he had a "real" major, Todd spent many a (almost every) weekend in the hall studying. He was no threat to any of the area girls or his bank account. He did, however, keep quiet about his long-distance romance with a girl from Duck U. He could be seen being forced to put his control systems book down to take long-distance phone calls in the Co. officers office. Between studying and being on the phone, Todd managed to get his letter for crew. His roommate of three years taught him the finer things in life like swearing and being crude. Todd had his eyes set on becoming a pilot but they couldn't quite focus good enough . . . oh well, NFO is the next best thing.

**ALAN J. CAMAISA**
Bonita, CA "Cool Al"

"Cool" Al stepped out of NAPS and into the fire of Plebe summer with his San Diego home hopelessly far away. As the dice would have it he got a screaming ball of fury for a squad leader and promptly became the ______screen. But after breezing through the Plebe routine he took on the image of an ideal upperclass. Always . ready to hit the town with the guys but still mellow enough to avoid the iron hand of the Admin. Conduct System, most of the time. No women were too unapproachable for Al but usually those he met lived a good five dollar phone call away.

Al often wondered what it would be like to major in psych at U.S.C. and get distracted by all those Southern Cal. women. But he tends to believe that the country deserves a few sacrifices from everyone, including himself. Al is the type who will run his part of the Navy for the benefit of all.



### JAMES CHRISTOPHER CARROLL

Lynnfield, MA "Egg"

Another one of "Marie's boys," Jimmy rolled into Annapolis in his '62 Dodge Lancer from Lynnfield, Massachusetts. Good thing it was all downhill. Wherever Jimmy went, the party soon followed. Whether singing and dancing to the sounds of Glenn Miller and his favorite, "Mack the Knife" or imitating the Duke, Jimmy was always the center of attraction. His one man show in Connecticut almost raised the dead . . . almost. Upon return from a weekend, everyone could be found in Jimmy's room eating woopie pies and spreading dirt. From his playing of the "Sounds of War" to exotic desk top dancing and wrestling and boxing matches with his roommates, Jimmy could always be counted on to break up the monotony of study hour.

When not partying, Jimmy was relaxing whether under the desk or in his bed; 18 hour sleep periods weren't uncommon. In this respect, Jimmy was always a Plebe — lights were always out by 11:00. Wherever Jimmy went he left a part of himself behind. Whether it be his pants on Banana Beach, the Lancer in New Jersey, ice cream on your face — "No Mrs. Mooma, I don't think Debbie wants a sundae right now" — or a handful of Wayne, Miller and "Mack the Knife" fans, Jimmy left an impression on everyone that won't soon be forgotten.

### CAROLYN ANN CORTEZ

Mercerville, NJ "Lyn"

Little Lyn came incognito. No one knew Cortez until halfway through Plebe year — about the time she shed 25 pounds of round. "Little" is now the right word for our 5'1" mini-framed midget beauty (her words).

She started slowly — the mile that is — but now her 6:04 beats some of the best, and on any day you can see her coming or going on a 5-8 mile run — for fun! Her grades were slow too, but with her introduction of "Lyn-ese" (those — ie's and — poo's) her Poly Sci Department seems to be in her palm.

The boys "love" little Lyn tho' she's really reserved by Danny — her crew-jock O.A.O. from way back. He lettered but she was not to be "foiled" — she lettered too, which should be two by March '82.

She makes a great roomie by loyally and FORCEFULLY supporting her friends and ideas. We'll miss her silly little smile and "Hi" in the halls as she pursues her quest to be the best.

Kurt arrived with guitar in hand and his head full of Led Zeppelin. Pushing himself to become a truly incredible guitar player as well as a devoted rugby fullback, he found little time for the academic and professional aspect of life at the Academy. Finding himself in dire straits by finals he astounded all by aceing his exams and receiving his first of a long line of 2.00 grades and entering the race for anchorman at graduation. Entering Third Class year Kurt showed new talents which put him in great demand, helping the Academy's overloaded shops by providing better services and magazines. Soon realizing that he was not receiving proper food, he managed to get himself adopted by a Mexican ambassador's family so as to be able to stock up on peppers, burritos and the like, allowing him to make several eye-watering displays of another of his unique talents.

Now closing on graduation, he is still very much in the running for anchorman and his guitar can be heard daily assisting 8th Wing in its afternoon workouts. He has also found a new food he loves, grits and eggs, though from where I'll never guess. So Kurt, good luck "man" and don't ever forget the "boat."

Yucaipa, CA

### KURT MERRELL EHLERS

Mike came to us from Alexandria, Virginia by way of Bahrain, where he had spent two wonderful sun-drenched years. Choosing a school was not hard. Being the grandson of a Navy grad and the son of a woop there wasn't much choice. Plebe year came and went with John Wayne, late chits, orange throwing contests, late night battles with splooz. Youngster year brought a move to 8-3, another year of crew workouts (I still don't understand that sport) and long conversations with Mr. Iggy. Second Class year saw the coming of the "Georgian Infestation" and the year long battle that came with it. First Class year brought Plebe detail (Mr. Donut!) and Pit Stop Row. Still a dedicated crew jock, Mike found time for social functions like Hood dances and Bianc's party (need I say more). A Poly Sci major, he was always willing to help a Plebe with an English paper.

What service selection will bring no one knows. The Admiral didn't invite him to his party and those spec's rule out a front seat. A grunt? Be real! That leaves NFO and Surface. Where does the answer lie? Check out his computer password and you have it! SLMF.

Alexandria, VA "Dr. O"

### MICHAEL PATRICK ENRIGHT

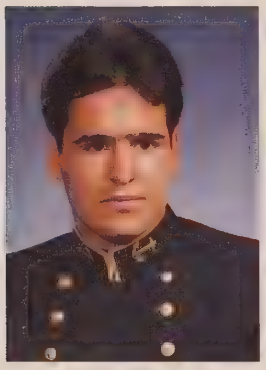
Jim tried to make it through his four years playing more than he worked. He succeeded because he didn't have a "real" major like his roommate. (His labs consisted of playing in the bathtub.) If Jim hadn't come to the Academy, he would have been a public speaker: He used the language like no one else could. He was always trying to make the hall more livable either by running his backshaft bar and grill or by putting astroturf in his room. Jim had a special attraction to water but he "ain't no liquid man." He liked to take his chair into the shower and he was a charter member of the fountain club

I wouldn't say "Fritch" liked beer but if Schlitz made Milwaukee famous, Fritch made Schlitz famous. When Fritch and beer got together you might see a "Boss" concert or he might set up a yard mail love affair. Jim wants to go Nuke but Rickover will have to enlarge the hatches. Jim made sure everyone had fun and it's too bad he won't be flying with us.

FRITSCH WAS ONE OF MARIE'S BOYS

Milwaukee, WI "Fritch"

**JAMES JOSEPH FRITSCHE**

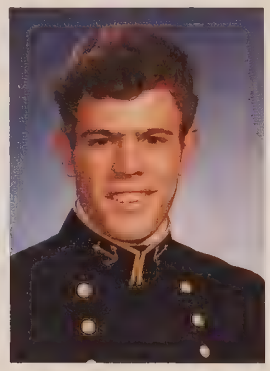


"W.D." was truly the mellow guy in the Company. The only things that got him riled up were cars, cameras, chicks and Chivas Regal. If someone would have promised him a Chivas on the rocks before every diving meet, he would have lettered in no time. It's too bad for Dave that you can't do Thermo with a ratchet and timing light. His little red TR-7 and little red boat were his pride and joy. The only thing that ran better than his machines was his libido when a cute blonde passed by. He swore the first thing he looked for was a pretty face. I have my doubts.

Dave was the only Plebe with a nice looking 24 year old for a sponsor. When she moved he moved too. This time to 733 N. Riverside Dr. He busted his tail for those wings of gold and that's what probably got the eyesight. Flying is flying Dave. They say it will all pay off in the end. My biggest regret is that I didn't stay his roommate and get one of his Mom's peach pies, or a weekend at John's. "C"

Wilmington, DE "W.D."

**WILLIAM DAVID FUSON**



Good ol' Pinger, what can be said good about Scot that he hasn't said about himself already. Scot couldn't be called fickle but . . . a car horn that plays 76 tunes? . . . looking for potential dates by calling up names in the old Anne Arundel High School yearbook? . . . falling in love more times than he changes his underwear ("but this time it's the real thing!")? Our short classmate had a fetish for small things like his small Toyota, his small stereo, his small camera, and his small girlfriends. Being from California, Scot could play frisbee with the best of them and eat sunflower seeds to put any squirrel to shame.

This "bull" major's favorite pastime Second Class year was coming back from Celestial Nav. tests a half hour before anyone else and then making sure everyone knew that he did. His two roommates who had "real" majors robbed him of many hours of beauty sleep pulling all-nighters. It wasn't until Second Class year at the Grill that Scot discovered demon alcohol

You could say the Pinger his mark in 36th Co. He put footprints on the ceilings of many rooms by doing hand stands on desks. Scot will make an excellent addition to the fleet after graduation (If you don't believe me just ask him)

Cupertino, CA "Pinger"

**SCOT MICHAEL HARRIS**

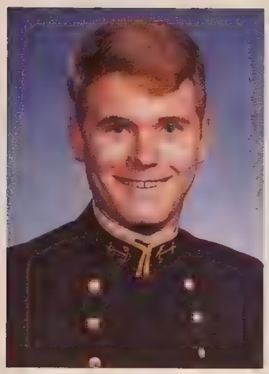
Ever since Plebe summer Ron has always been known as "Action" Jackson to us, a slightly misleading name considering that he a) hates beer, b) hates preppie clothes, and c) hates rock music in general. Never a slave to fashion, his western duds and country music have always been and still remain his favorite fare.

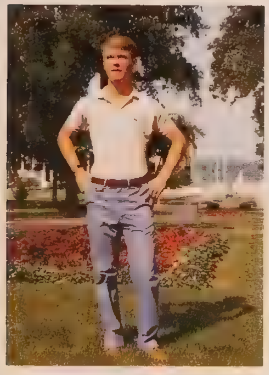
Ron spends many of his weekends up in the Wargamers' Club, which he now rules as self-proclaimed "Generalissimo." Here he can be found shaking the earth with the charge of his Roman legion, or blowing it up with an atom bomb. Everyone has to have a hobby, I guess.

Good luck Ron; either you or the world is going to need it.

Widefield, CO "Action"

**RONALD W. JACKSON**





**CRAIG K. LEONARD**

Naples, FL "Craig"

As a firm believer that life apart from God is stupid, Craig has had a real change of attitude while at the Naval Academy. After grinding through academics for two years, he began to differentiate between those things that are seemingly urgent and those that actually matter. What a change. From, "Be quiet, I'm trying to study." 'To, "Maybe I'll get up early and start my homework." Well, the only reason that Craig ever got up early was to meet a friend for breakfast. Craig feels that in the final outcome, people are the only important things on earth.

For someone who could never understand why anyone would want to get married during June week, Craig's become a little more understanding. Bye-bye Eternal Bachelor.

P.S. Any you guys want more salad?

**RANDALL LEE MAYER**

Bakersfield, CA "Bullwinkle"

The ancient one arrived from a dust bowl called Bakersfield. He is a past and future Nuke. He is a slave to fashion from his hat and zoot suit to his Hawaiian shirt. When Randy was dressed to kill he liked to party but sometimes he got a little confused about how to party, he liked to fill beer pitchers instead of emptying them. Randy was quite a dancer. When he started dancing people cleared the floor (out of fear for their lives). Randy's favorite time dancing was with a certain Plebette in D.C.

Bullwinkle liked to put on a show at Army. One year he tried to wrestle unconscious and another year he had a high school marching band stay in his room. 2/c summer Randy's life changed. He started a trained animal act, only he was on the wrong end of the leash. He got a ring but didn't know where to wear it. Randy's only complaint about this arrangement was that after dancing he needed a Chiropractor.

Randy was not your typical Mid as he was the only one who received Social Security pension benefits. Randy will be missed by those of us flying but should have a good time in the deep.

**KEVIN TIMOTHY McCARTHY**

Cincinnati, OH "Mac"

"Mac" rolled into 36 from Cincinnati, OH, waving those Moeller H.S. championship rings. The validation of Plebe summer wasn't easy, but Kevin made up for it with double duty on 1st set detail.

After a year or so of pajamas, J.V. ball, the "Georgian Infestation," and a serious romantic whoof, he quit 'em all. It was time to move to 8-3 and become an underwear thief. 2/c year brought a return of the "Infestation," road trips with 81, and world class academic woes!

Nobody accused him of being graceful . . . a broken ankle and an attempt at self amputation.

Service selection: Pilot? Sorry, reads with a telescope. NFO? No way, he still can't navigate D.C.! Grunt? Who knows he sleeps in cammies? Surface line? Must be. He swung 2 spruance cruises, one of which spent June week anchored in Annapolis. Those Dahlgren cuties loved that blue and gold aiguillette. His claim to fame: "I planned that ring dance dinner menu you know."

**RALPH GILBERT MERG**

Sunnyvale, CA "Lou"

Ralph lived up to his stereotype image of a typical kraut, being methodical, fastidious, and well organized as any good kraut should be. His favorite pastimes included consuming mass quantities of "gummi" bears specially imported from Germany, playing the accordion, and fondly caring for his VW bug, Adolf.

Ralph, by his own admission, was "not your average seaman." Among the talents he claimed was the ability to talk to snails which he reportedly did while enjoying nature close-up for several hours at the University of Maryland. In another incident, "Dr. Beebop" made his initial appearance as Ralph lived up only too well to the company motto of "Eat a little cheese, drink a little Sangria." The definite high point of Ralph's career at Boat U. was his Youngster cruise to the Philippines. His fondest memories of the place are closely associated with bread mold and "smiling." If nothing else, Ralph will always be remembered for his infamous "close encounter of the third kind" Plebe year after the Hall and Oats concert. At the time of this writing he was anxiously awaiting a scheduled anniversary reunion.

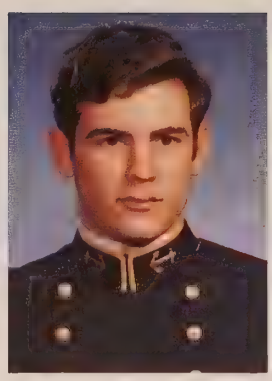
### KENNETH OLSON

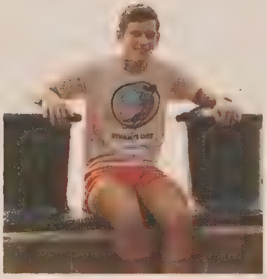
Bayshore, NY "Ols"

Ken showed his musical talent Plebe summer on the "Harmsaphone." His experiment with methane combustion was a hair sizzler. Grades were a concern but not a problem for Kong. If you were a Prof. and a 230 lb. Midshipgorilla told you your test was unfair, what would you do? Exactly!

In his spare time Ols used to drop 50 lb. chow packages into the bottomless pit he lived with. Speaking of packages ... what was that your Mom saw in your con locker drawer on Open House Day? Baltimore . . . maybe I better not talk about it.

Youngster cruise Ols brought new meaning to the term Ugly American, running through the streets of Venice wearing a fishnet tanktop and shouting "Dova de casa a something or other." First night back home he turned the family car into a pretzel and sought employment as a bouncer in a swingers bar. Nice, except that everybody swung the wrong way. Disco Olson liked his fancy clothes. They had to kill entire herds of polyesters for some of his outfits. Good luck Ols and kiss a mick!





### CLEMENT MICHAEL PETTERS

Dade City, FL "Pet"

Good old Mike arrived from sunny Florida with suntan lotion and water ski. Needless to say, the lotion and ski remained in the closet for four long years. However, Pet never missed a chance to lie down in bed (for days at a time) and dream of the warm sun and the cool surf. Had he slept two hours more per week, Mike would have been declared legally dead.

Mike was known to stay awake for 6 consecutive hours. So what if it took Adm. Rickover to do it. Alas, how can we forget Mike's journeys down to Virginia Beach. But of course, she's just a "good friend." With good friends like that, who needs a girlfriend?

Pet's unique perspective always seemed to make the really bad things seem not so really bad. He is a good guy to have around when the world looks like it's going up in smoke. That's why he should fit right in on those submarines. Of course, he was one of Marie's boys.

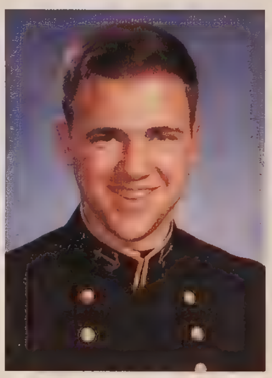
A true partaker of life is a Southern Gentleman. Such a man is Tom Ray. Tom came to USNA from Louisvile (Lŭw-vūll), Kentucky after doing part-time at Perdue, thinking DC was a cultural capital (he was a charter member of Smithsonian). Possessing a gift for singing, Tom has managed to see everything from Disney World to Waikiki on a government tab with the touring Glee Club.

A sophisticated wit has derived Tom much pleasure; for example, his pinnups: white ape, and gorilla-holding-rose, posters. Tom is also a famous gourmet creator of Tom Ray's Hot Brown Sandwitch. Women are crazy about Tom. Once he has them under his spell, they don't want to let go (remember Yassi, Tom?). Tom's one fault is her perfectionistic ways. This has led Tom to survey all the USNA barbers to find *one* satisfactory barber.

Finally, Tom is a follower of Christ, eager to share the Gospel and live its tenets. Tom is learning to be a model servant-leader, something all truly effective Naval Officers must be.

Louisville, KY "Tom"

### THOMAS ALLYN RAY



Give 'em hell son. — Beckley W.V.? Where's that? — Geez I want out of this mess. — Fred and Ats. — Cruise and Waikiki. — Shawn at O'Hare. — Spluze and Scot. — Charles and Dippin at Cape Arthur. — The night in a closet at Daytona. — Blue blue blue in my rear view. — "Nature Calls Officer." — Cookie wars over Kansas and the ski trip out West. — Kurt and Lisa C. and bean burritos. — Jammin with the GPZ on Governors Bridge. — Cool Al and Harmless. — Collect call from Bo please. — Mrs. Sig, can you come and get me? — She doesn't like to write letters. — How's Li and Cheryl? — Better start hitting those books. — John D. (It'll roost!) — Drags at Grandview. — Rooming with one Ted. — Parties at Thrift — Scirocco! — San Francisco and Laguna Seca. — Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Sig and Brandt, and to Scott and the Anderson family. — Mom and Dad, I love you.

Beckley, WV "Bo"

### JAMES E. RICHARDSON, III

"Mugs, Jr." as known by his company mates, always longed for those weekends to see his Riva girl. There was never a day gone by when C and P didn't make 15¢ . . . off his roommate. By the way, he really was having a Bible study in Mem. Hall.

If you ever wish to find Tom, just look for the nearest tennis courts, or find the guy who's laughing and smiling the most. He spreads his sunshine wherever he might be, even in the midst of his most serious moods. He attributes this love for people and life to his close relationship with the Lord. To the class of '85 he leaves a few words, "There are six sides to a pencil and 4 letters in my surname." There is also a message to look at uniforms real attentively, "Inga Left Yesterday!"

Stafford, VA "Mugs, Jr."

**THOMAS R. RYAN, IV**

Scooter brought his bionic knee and his ever present smile with him when he came to us from the Big Apple. He enjoyed Plebe summer so much that he did it three times. '85 will never forget 'Uncle Scooter.' But, then, neither will '82. He gave us the The Boss at the Christmas Party. He introduced us to the thrill of warm Weidman's. He gave out (and took) free punches in the boxing ring. And he volunteered to give Buddha free driving lessons. He now has an ankle to match his knee. But Big John is still smiling. Big Lou kept him well supplied in 'zels and he worked on the 'ritoes himself, although he had help from Pac-Man. With wisdom beyond the rest of us, the Italian Sausage didn't always have something to say. But when he said it, it was good. His most memorable: "You can make it harder, but you can't make it longer." The Corps is getting a good man. Of course he was one of Marie's boys. Keep smiling John. Thanks.

East Meadow, NY
"Scooter"

**JOHN JOSEPH SCUTERI**

**MARK EDMOND SIMS**

Cleveland, GA

Mark (pronounced Mowark) came from the Land of the Dawgs (how 'bout them dawgs) with five cans of Copenhagen (conveniently stowed in his lower lip). He spent much of the time during his earlier years rowing lightweight crew, a sport in which he lettered and eventually outgrew (so to speak). He has a natural talent to sleep almost anywhere; be it in classes, ambassador's cars or on top of a pile of laundry bags. He earned conduct All-American honors during Youngster year with the highlight of the season being the Atlanta vs. Los Angeles Monday night football game live from Room 8221 which was good for 20. About this time Mark fell into the arms of a beautiful girl. After he promised never to fall again they decided that there was to be more than celebration in May of '82. Well good luck Mark, my best "Bud." I now hand you over to Suzanne.

**KIRSTEN MAUREEN SKEEHAN**

Denver, CO

Kirsten escaped to the Naval Academy from Denver, Colorado. She spent her first year trying not to get caught . . . a difficult task (hard to hide six foot two of her). Then she spent her first summer remembering the railing of her Y.P. As athletic as Kirsten thought she was, it took her two years to convince her coaches of that. Not only lettering in volleyball but making first boat in crew her Third Class year.

Kirsten did well in academics, even tried to be a geek her whole Second Class year. She did just as well not studying as much. Kirsten will be remembered by her friends as someone who stood by them, liked to consume beverages and had her own feelings toward EVERYTHING. Kirsten — remember Coleman camp stoves, water pitchers, Gaithersburg, red Mazda's, Don, CMC, volleyball, crew, softball and schnapps. Good luck and have fun.

### WILLIAM EARLE SMITH, JR.

Ocala, FL "Butch"

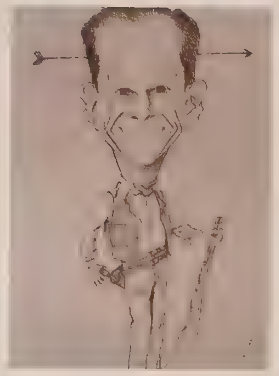
In July of '78, a prospective aerospace engineer fled his alligator infested home to the subarctic climate of Annapolis. In May of '82, a Management major came home. "Well, here we are . . ." Butch was our token redneck, always trying to sneak his Waylon and Willie between one roommate's Janis Ian and the other's Van Halen. His physical attributes were many, including a second joint between his wrist and elbow. But he will never be forgotten as the man who could smell around corners. (We offered to fix it!) Like a good southern gentleman, Butch had a discriminating taste for women — he was always careful to keep their average age near his own (16 + 28 = ?). Little girls don't but big girls do. Burr, it was warm in Connecticut.

We respected his ability to draw the line between drinking and driving, and his prompt obedience of orders . . . "Turn left here." Butch, you survived three years of living with the mighty Rex, numerous fighter crashes in your rack, the Pepto-Bismal, and a million Supertramp songs. After all this, Pensacola will be a breeze.

### CHRISTIAN EDWARD SPRINKLE

Morgantown, WV "Sprinks"

Any guy from Morgantown, in Western Virginia who has a dog named Jordan can't be all that bad. Chris has tried to imitate an actor for 4 years but we can't decide if it's Yul Brynner or Rodney Dangerfield. His "Magic Checking Account" covered many of our end of the month excursions. His expensive taste was superceded only by his optimistic outlook on life. Once breaking his hand by punching the door for a chow-call unnoticed, Chris was always in control of his emotions. Right Ralph? After a night on the town with his "twin" brother Chris was in his usual philosophic state. He fell asleep on top of the desk but found that uncomfortable and climbed into bed with his other roommate. When he wasn't fretting his appearance he was telling me about his favorite Prof. — Dr. "B." Unable to finance a cross-country motorcycle trip in '80 he instead bought a Jeep CJ-7. He claims he'll never get married or even just settle down but I know a certain nurse that would like to cure that ailment. If by chance we wind up in P-cola together just remember the back seat's still open. "W.D."



### TED CURTIS VARNER

Modesto, CA "Crazy Ted"

"What about him, he's not a Mid." That's what we thought too, Mr. Policeman. And we weren't far from wrong, seeing as how "The Phantom" spent more time out in Crofton than here. "Where's Teddy?" was the question of the day. Odds were he'd be somewhere past the limits of tire adhesion in his little blue Fiat. But when he was here he made good use of his time, by improving his limited card playing skills, and, especially, by keeping everyone he dropped in on from studying. A notorious shooter of the breeze, all homework-bogged Mids feared his presence.

Inspections were really a treat, though. "Your name's not Smith, is it?" And he just sewed that button on, too. "Varner haircut." But that was just the back of his head — It must have been all that sleep that made his hairline go. (Did he really sleep that much?) Yes, but that was many janitor's closets ago. What was that again? "We'll just call in" . . . or, "I didn't see your car Jimmy so I went back to New York" . . . and finally, "All you gotta do is get up and leave." And that's exactly what this crazyman did. (And thanks to Ann and Marie, he always had a place to go.)

### WILLIAM ARCHER WRIGHT

Charlottesville, VA "Arch"

Arch comes from a long line of Methodist ministers (I still think he was adopted) and that was only the first of many traditions he would break. If anyone was known for having a sense of humor, it was him. Everyone thought his clothes were a joke. His training at the Academy included two cruises aboard the "Loveboat" while the rest of us had real cruises. Arch's experiences with girls were somewhat different also. I would sum it up as a love/hate relationship. If he wasn't loving them, he was hating them. Our "Boy" from Virginia was always the center of attention (who brought the crackers). His solo dance performances and story telling abilities were unbeatable. We will always remember the pretest warm ups and his tale of Madame X and his little friend Rex. Arch's favorite pastime was spelunking. He loves caves of any size. The dirtier the better. He also takes a liking to animals. 'Gators are now the in-thing, but most any animal will do. We all know Bill will win the bet. Good luck Arch!

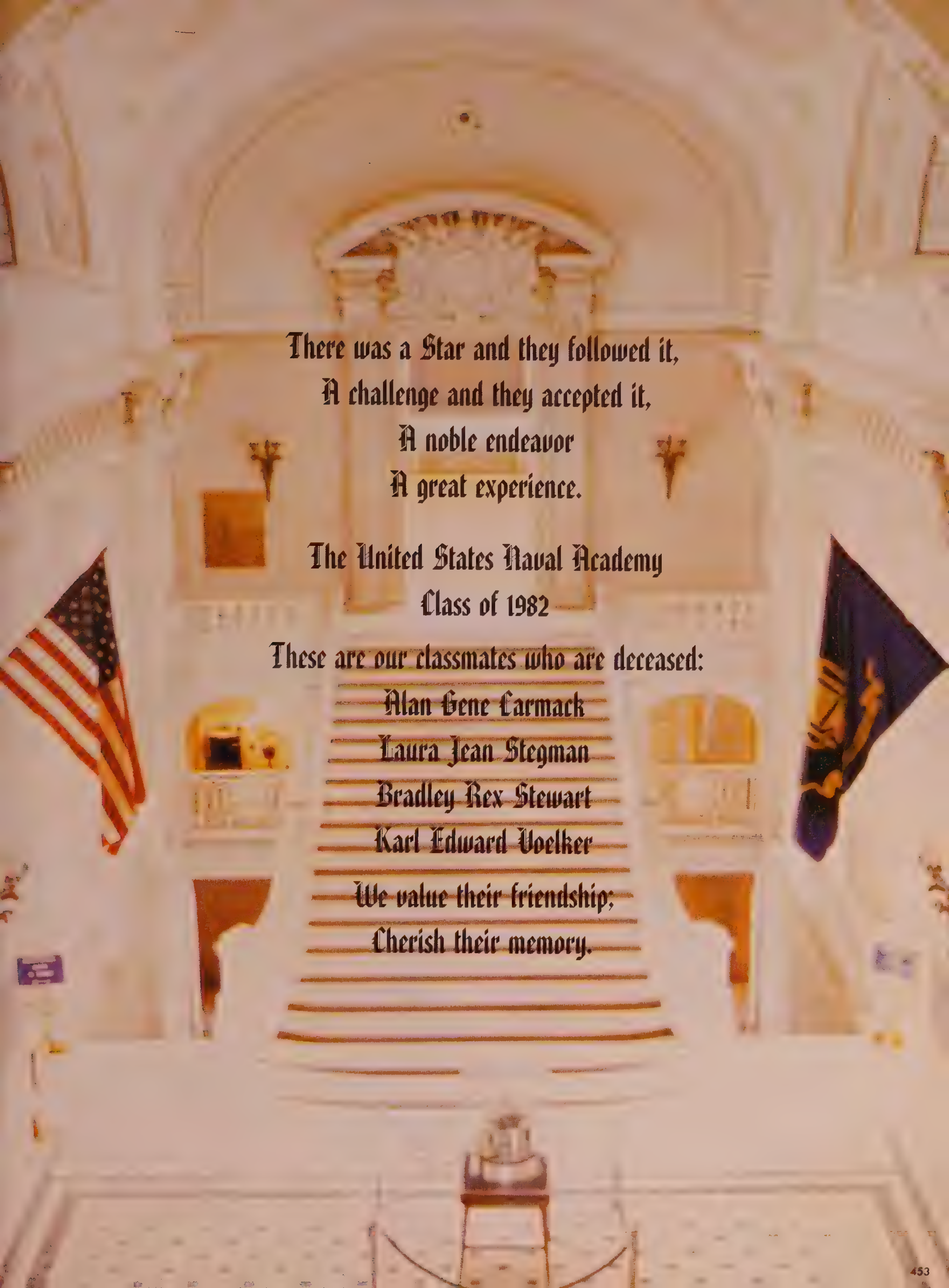
### DOROTHY JANE ZINK

South Glastonbury, CT
"Dori"

Little Dori came to us from a sheltered home in Connecticut. When we first met 'Dor' she was a mere 17 year old standing only 5'2" tall. You'd think she'd be intimidated coming to big ole' Annapolis with all those mean Firsties — not one of them a sympathetic woman. Not Dori. She made quite an impression streaking by with her curly mop head. She thought Plebe summer was just another summer camp but more fun. Dori liked PEP so much the first time around so she decided to organize another PEP program during her last year when she was company sub. "Dor' and her short sword were a sight to see in formations especially since Clifford, Mr. Stretch himself, stood behind her. No one can say that Dori did not work while at Navy. Being such an intellectual she decided to take an easy major, Physics, while participating in numerous other ECA's — But then it happened — Along came the little red car and Bob, not necessarily in that order. Need I say more except that we'll all miss 'Dor' after graduation when she runs off with her C and B.

# Those We Left Behind

Fredrick Key Abell, Jr.
Giro Eugene Adams
Philip William Albright
Marc Andrew Anderson
Scott Anthony Antonelli
Bennett Paul Applegate
Brock Richard Arono
Scott James Barta
David Michael Bartholme
Stephen Ernest Barton
Brian John Baxtor
Carrie Aliene Bean
Gregory Scott Bean
Susan Kathleen Beckett
Gregory Scot Billman
Maria Ilse Birnkammer
Scott Preston Blair
Daniel Louis Blout
Gary Bruce Blume
Eric Eugene Boger
Thomas Hall Boggs, III
George Bonsall
William Jennings Bowen
John Samuel Bowlin, II
Gregory Scott Bowman
Lesa Karleen Bradsher
Steven Arthur Brandeen
John Gary Brenner
Randal Scott Britt
John Carey Brockwell
Larence Herbert Brown, Jr
Mark Charles Brown
Kenneth Lewis Buck, Jr.
Eugene Raymond Buckowski, Jr.
Lewis James Burley
Kevin James Buxbaum
Michael John Cannella
Chris Jon Cantrell
Natalie Geralyn Carda
Andrew Brian Carey
Joseph Carlton Carey, Jr
Alan Gene Carmack
John William Carson, III
Ezekiel Valerio Cazares, Jr.
Gilbert Thomas Ceballos
Darryl Lamont Cephas
Douglas William Chandler
John Muro Cleveland
Douglas Owen Cline
William Douglas Cobb, Jr.
Stanley Lee Cochran, Jr.
Keith Van Comer
Curt Patrick Condon
Joseph Pierre Connerton
James Kenneth Connor
Alexander McNabb Cook
Douglas Brian Cooper
Andrew Brian Copeland
Michael Carl Cotter
Robert Dixon Cox, Jr.
Tabor Austin Crombie
Dale James Cunningham
Kenneth Albert Cusik
Steven Earl Davis
Victor Lewis Decastro
Kenneth Charles Defeo
Jeffrey George Degenfelder
Mark Robert Degrant
Randi Jay Delara
Christopher David Delmonte
Jeffrey James Dever
Thomas Eamonn Dinardo
Aidan Aloysius Diviny
James Christopher Does
Jamie Coleman Dodd
Jeffrey Patrick Dotson
Wilbur J. Dougherty, Jr
Christopher Allen Douglas
Paul Anthony Downey
William Joseph Dukes, II
William James Duncan
Yvonne Anne Marie Duwell
Robert Arthur Dye
Marie Elizabeth Ekiss
Charles Anthony Elizondo
Jerry Allan Evins
Jodie Linn Farmer
Edward Shinault Ferrell, Jr.
James Alton Ferrell
Jesus Jacobo Fierro, Jr.
Thomas Michael Fitzpatrick
Duane Leon Flowers
Anita Marie Flynn
George William Forster, III
Cesar Alvarez Fortuno
Robert Allison Franklin
Reynaldo Salinas Garcia
Robert James Garcia
Christopher Wayne Garner
Michael Henry Garriott
Charles Gamble Garrison
Shirley Anne Garside
Tobin Maurice Gilman
Gregory Joseph Gonsalves
Matthew Moulthrop Gordon
James Andrew Goring
David Anthony Grassetti
Dennis Leon Graves
Anna Maria Green
Richard Alan Greene
John Karl Greiner
James Edward Griffith
Michael Arthur Grimm
John Theodore Gudahl
Stevin Philip Gullette
Grant Morgan Gunderson
Stanley Guzik
Jeffery Lynn Hafer
Hal Lee Hampton
Michael Wayne Hancock
Jeffrey Scott Harding
Kurt Stanley Harms
Patrick Michael Hauck
David John Henninger
John Andrew Hluchyj
Mark Joseph Hnath
Steven Lawrence Hooper
Teresa Bernadette Huddle
Beth Hutchinson
Cheryl Ann Hutson
Christopher Anders Innvar
Shelie Renee Irwin
Ronald Paul Jackson, Jr
Floyd Richard Jaggears, Jr.
Russell William Jennings
David Ray Jobe
Richard Randall Johnson
Wyndell Clark Johnson
Charles Ray Jones
Craig Edward Joujon-Roche
John Kennedy Karegeannes
Keith Alan Kearnes
Michael Vincent Keiley
Edward Melton Kelly
Gary Lynn Kerstetter
Thomas Richard King
Douglas Grant Knox
James Michael Konyha
William Barry Krumeich
Charles Laird
Jaek Walter Lamb
Mary Elizabeth Lamble
Fredrick Nicholas Laneia, II
Robert Scott Larue
Andrew John Laskey
Gregory Jan Latta
Stephen Paul Lauzon
Stephen Robert Lazun
Michael Dennis Lemaster
Gerard Michael Lewis
Donald Edwin Lindahl, Jr.
Fermin Daniel Lopez
David Lynn Lovgren
Lawrence Benjamin Lucas
Theron Michael Maddox, Jr.
Thomas Lon Mahon, Jr.
John Elmer Malapit
Vincent J. Malone
William Joseph Mark
Blake Richard Marriner
Robert John Mau
Keith Harry Maxwell
Kristina Elizabeth May
Michael Paul McAllister
Christopher Manning McDermott
Daniel Dean McGahey
Keith Darnell McGill
Stephen Michael McNally
George Michael McNamara
Robert Menck, III
Timothey Ralph Joseph Merkel
David Jeffery Miles
Danny Lee Mims
Carol Jeanne Mitten
Debbie Lynne Moberger
Kyle Anne Moran
Earl Elliott Morgan, III
Scott Thomas Myers
John Scott Neuerburg
Paul Edward Nichols, Jr.
Timothy Dale Nichols
Erik Wayne Nielsen
Kurt William Nisi
Daniel Mcknab Obrien
Jeffrey Steven Onate
Michael Robert O'Neil
Michael Robert Otoole
Matthew Alan Overby
Frederick Joseph Pappalardo
Robert Irving Parkhurst
Rene Felicien Perrin
Vincent Joseph Pescatoro
Michael Ray Piaseik
Jacques Antony Pierre
Andrew Stuart Pillado
Joseph Gerard Planeta
Brian Paul Plourde
Cheri Ann Poremba
Joel Leslie Porter
Lonnie Dale Powell
Barry Randall Prokop
Michael Antoninus Pucciariello
Tony Luis Puentes
William George Purdy, Jr.
Anthony Gerald Queen
Robert John Rahl
Mary Jeanne Raymond
Lisa Anne Reed
James Frank Refalo
Charles Allen Remkes
Craig Michael Riggs
Daniel Carlton Riggs
Serge Rigisich
David John Robichaux
Timothy John Roddy
Francis Xavier Rodgers, III
Jon Lee Ross
Carol Jane Rowe
Michael Matthew Ruland
Benjamin Harold Ryan, III
Douglas William Ryan
Marvena Allene Sanders
Christopher John Sano
Robert Taylor Sargent, Jr.
Michael Edward Saunders
William Joseph Scanlon
Greta Linden Schaller
Gregory Lee Schellin
John Andrew Schillinger
Daniel Joseph Schmid
Anne Bray Schmidt
Leo Eugene Schrider
Alan Dale Schroeder
Gerard Rudolph Sealy
Stephen Thomas Semienick
Ruben Francisco Sepulveda
James Terrell Shaver
Michael Joseph Sheehan
Jame Michael Shumpert
Axel Michael Sigmar
Wendy Lou Sisko
Xavier Yvette Smith
David Frans Soderlund
Michael Solli
Douglas Braden Spencer
Charles Frederick Spink, Jr.
Otto Wilhelm Spitz, Jr.
Joseph Jude Sprys
Glen Charles Stagnitta
Erie Tinsley Stamps
Laura Jean Stegman
William Lee Stephens, Jr.
Robert William Strohmyer, Jr.
Carlos William Suarez
George Hamilton Suhrer
John Francis Sullivan
Wayne Alan Surdoval
Marc Grover Swartz
Michael William Sweeney
Tony Randall Taylor
James Keith Teaff
Donald Testa
Curtis Melvin Thomas, III
John Howard Thomas
Karen Michele Thompson
Sean Michael Thompson
Lawrence Alexander Tilghman
Thomas Charls Traaen
Craig Tod Trebilcock
Jay Brandon Tunstall
Robert Angus Uhlig
Gregory Brian Upton
Anthony Clement Vaca
Kelvin Lester Valentine
Gregory Michael Vance
William James Vargo
Karl Edward Voelder
Michael Anthony Volpe
Stephen Glenn Walker
Doak Harold Wallace
Charles Edward Walseman
Steven Michael War
Harry Lee Warren
Mark Alan Wenham
Randall Todd Wert
Arthur Wiley, Jr.
William Thomas Wilke
Mark Williams
Leslie Neal Williamson
Cynthia Wilson
Robert Owen Wimmer
Sonja Wisehow
Kenneth Ward Wisian
Alan Oscar Wolfe
Thomas Patrick Wood
Jordon Worth Woods
Michael Eugene Wright
Alan Vincent Wynne
William Yadusky



There was a Star and they followed it,
A challenge and they accepted it,
A noble endeavor
A great experience.

The United States Naval Academy
Class of 1982

These are our classmates who are deceased:
Alan Gene Carmack
Laura Jean Stegman
Bradley Rex Stewart
Karl Edward Voelker

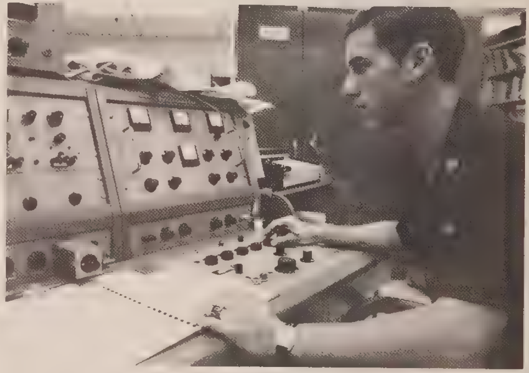
We value their friendship;
Cherish their memory.

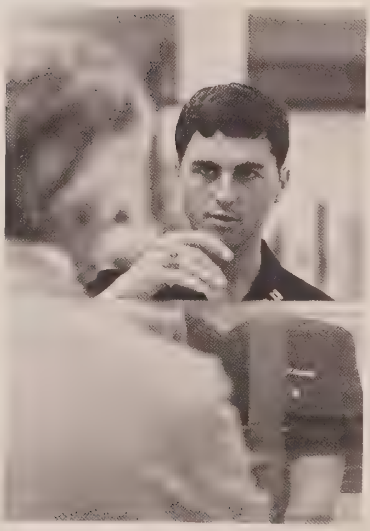
# Trident Scholars

Timothy Thomas

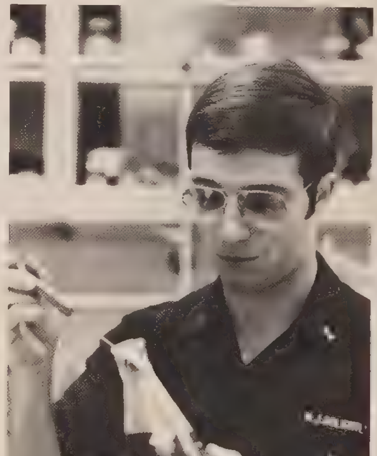
Joseph Donovan

Peter Haglich


John Richardson


Stephen Surko

Frank Pursel


Michael Golightly

# Honor Graduates

Jeffrey William Campbell
Matthew Michael Sharpe
Philip Alan Ewing
Timothy John Galpin
Kevin Allen Boreen
Sarah Beth Kovel
Scott Ferrer Leftwich
Robert Allan Sturgell
Duane Henry Martin
Timothy Scott Thomas
Stephen William Surko
David Bruce Dittmer
Daniel Eugene Leader
Pamela Jean Kocornick
Ralph Thomas Soule
Dennis Michael Larochelle
Joseph Gerard Capstaff
Joanne Cerasuolo
Doman Oscar McArthur
Elliott Matthew Kugel
Richard Edward Rayermann
Krista Ann Hagman
Kenneth Douglas Murray
Dwayne Charles Clark
Steven Fred Taracevicz
Peter Philip Haglich
Richard Jude Hine
William John Meier, Jr.
John Walter Vance
James Glen Colasito
James Rayman Righter, Jr.
John Joseph McHale III
John Michael Richardson
Michael Barry Maurer
Lewis Bailey Gilpin
Robert Blake Evans
Paul Anthony Krug
Kevin Thomas Wilhelm
Rose Mary McGrath
Barry Robert Kyllo
Stephen Thomas Barr
Laurence Jurgen Nordvig
Paul Ralph Yorio
Frank Patterson Pursel IV
Paul Alan Grosklags
Darrel Michael Morben
Bradley Harold Rowe
Robert Joseph Miles, Jr.
Paul Nathan Jaenichen
David William Samples
Michael Mark Cochrane
James Anthony Krafty
Michael Paul Crowley
Scot Michael Harris
Jeffrey Bryant Mauro
Wayne Richard Blanding
Thomas Eugene Brannen
Chris Comi
Ralph Claude Ward, Jr.
Michael Luciano
Theodore Paul Stank
Philip Stephen Kenny
Joseph Leo Donovan, Jr.
Ronald Ungaro
Christopher Robert Wanstall
Andrew Walter Palowitch
William Arthur Kennington, Jr
John Gerard Goetz
Mark Alan Koziel
Lance Timothy Brasher
Thomas Scott Kiser
Daniel Leslie Noble
Peter Allan Schulert
John Paul Somplasky
Peter Aaron Hunter
David Grady Ruff
Thomas Gerard Pasternak
Douglas Edward McElheny
Edward James Campbell
Hans Lauritz Larsen
Stephen Michael Sunseri
James Wesley Hammond III
Peter James Nickitas
Joseph Donald Welter
Douglas Shannon Tracy
Mark Charles Jackson
Thomas Paul Crook
Michael William Hoppe
Daniel Martin Lee
Douglas Bruce Nordman
Mark Gregory Jantzen
John Raymond Wassink
Paul Francis Skopowski
Richard Eric Reinke III
Thomas Langhorne Reese
Maxwell Mulholland
Troy Michael Shoemaker
Carrie Lorraine Coulter
Daniel Patrick Mack
David Culbertson
William Earle Smith, Jr
Marc Stammer
Phillip Cox Tissue, Jr.

# Graduate Education

## Burke Scholarship

**Jeffrey William Campbell**
**Joseph Gerard Capstaff**
**Richard Jude Hine**
**Duane Henry Martin**
**Darrel Michael Morben**
**Richard Edward Rayermann**
**Bradley Harold Rowe**
**David Grady Ruff**
**Matthew Michael Sharpe**
**Robert Allan Sturgell**

## Burke Equivalent (Marine Corps)

**Paul Anthony Krug**
**David William Samples**
**Paul Francis Skopowski**
**Timothy Scott Thomas**
**Gregory Steven Tyson**

## George Olmstead Foundation Scholarship

**Krista Ann Hagmann**
**Thomas Louis Mascolo**
**Rose Mary McGrath**
**Maxwell Mulholland**
**Steven Fred Taracevicz**

## Rhodes Scholarship

Timothy John Galpin

## Marshall Scholarship

Doman Oscar McArthur

## Civilian Scholarships/Fellowships

National Security affairs, Harvard University
Kevin Allen Boreen

Chemistry, Texas A&M University
Dwayne Charles Clark

Chemistry, University of Virginia
Joseph Leo Donovan, Jr.

Mathematics, University of Massachusetts
Peter Philip Haglich

Mechnical Engineering, Catholic University of America
John Joseph McHale III

Guggenheim-Aerospace Engineering, Columbia University
William John Meier, Jr.

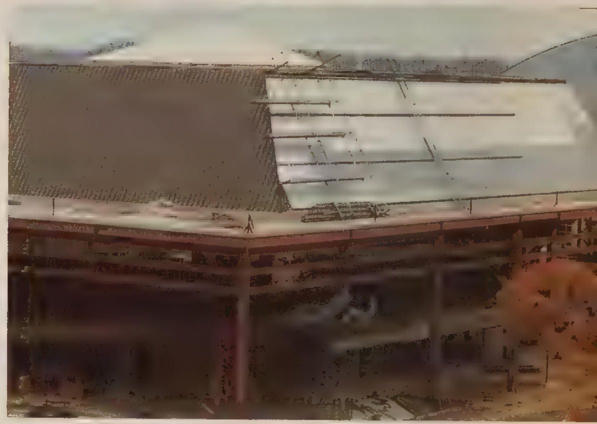
# Those Who Led Us

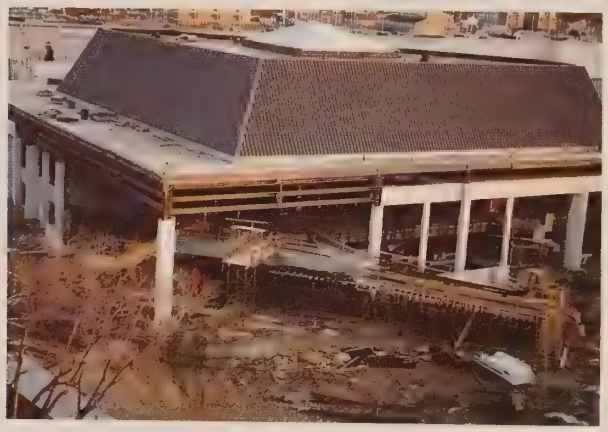
# An Old Building . . . A New Field

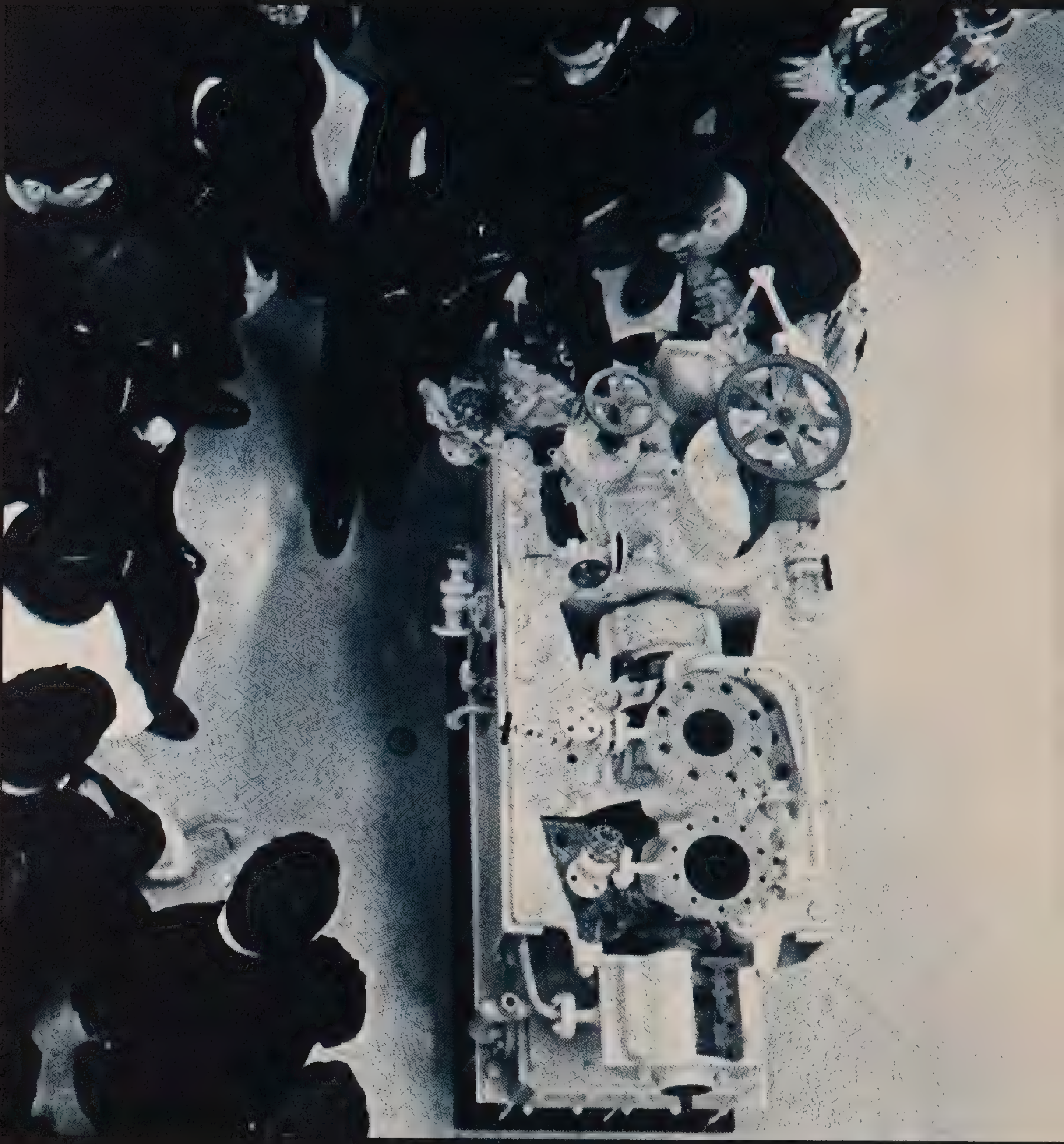
# An Old Field . . . A New Track

The Construction of

# Lejune Hall







# FACULTY

# DIVISION OF PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT

The Division of Professional Development under the Department of the Commandant, is responsible for transforming college students into effective military leaders. Through this essential department, standards of professional competency are set, and the midshipmen are given the opportunity to grow familiar with the naval service through summer training programs. The division's primary purpose, however, is also the reason for the academy's existence: to cultivate the leadership potentials and skills of those who are to join the naval service as officers. Through a carefully blended program, midshipmen are introduced to the physical aspects of naval science and navigation and the intangible skills of military leadership which are so essential for the success in the junior command position.

CAPT Thomas D. Paulsen, USN, Director
MS, Naval Postgraduate School

**Executive Assistant**
LCDR Peter J. Reinhardt, USN
MGA, Central Michigan University

**Staff Intelligence Officer**
LCDR James B. Kelly, USN
MA, Naval Postgraduate School

**Plans and Analysis Officer**
LCDR Theodore E. Tzavelles, USN
MA, Naval Postgraduate School

**Training Officer**
CDR Martin Koner, USN
BS, U.S. Naval Academy

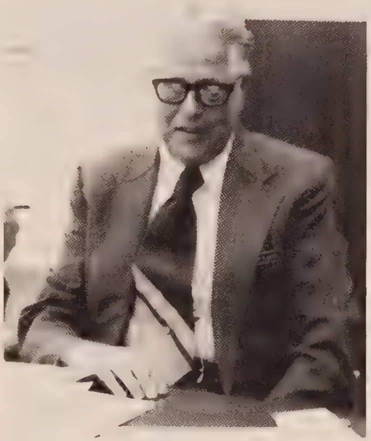
Department of

## Leadership and Law

CDR J. Michael McGrath, USN, Chairman
MS, Naval Postgraduate School

LCDR James E. Bartlett, III, JAGC, USN; JD, Albany Law School Union Univ.
LCDR Alan L. Bergstrom, JAGC, USN; JD, Univ. of Pittsburgh, BS, USNA
LT John M. Brown, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LCDR G. J. Carroll, USN; BA, Boston College
CAPT Jeffrey C. Christman, USMC; MA, Central Michigan Univ.
LT Gene J. Corini, USN; BSG Villanova Univ.
LCDR Jon B. Everett, USN; MA, West Virginia Univ.
LT John C. Fowler, MSC, USN; PhD, U.S. International Univ.
LT Patricia C. Harrelson, MSC, USNR; PhD, Tulane Univ.
Assoc. Prof. Patrick R. Harrison, PhD, Univ. of Tennessee
MAJ John M. Hertel, USMC; JD, Univ. of Minnesota
LT Dennis A. Kelly, MSC, USNR; Phd, Ohio State Univ.
MAJ J. Michael Kelly, USMC; MA, The George Washington Univ.
LT Christopher L. Lambert, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
Prof. Gregory J. Mann; EdD, Univ. of Maryland
LT David H. Myers, JAGG, USN; JD, Valparaiso Univ.
LCDR Gary D. Patton, USN; MS, Univ. of Arkansas
LT Kenneth P. Pisel, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LCDR Raymond N. Sampson, MSC, USN; PhD, Univ. of Houston
CDR Charles B. Slater, MSC, USN; PhD, Washington State Univ.
LT Rosalind Trimble, USN; BS, Indiana Univ.
LCDR Clyde J. Villemez, Jr., JAGC, USN; LLM, The Georgetown Univ.
LCDR Jack E. Womack USN, MA Central Michigan Univ.

CDR Slater



Professor Mann

Department of

## Seamanship and Navigation

CDR Leslie W. Hewett, USN, Chairman
BS, East Carolina University

LT James S. Bane, III, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LCDR Jamie L. Bardolf-Smith, Royal Navy; Britannia Royal Naval College
LT Frederick V. Bauer, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Robert D. Bender, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Patrick A. Brady, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Michael S. Campagna, USN; BA, Univ. of Colorado
LT Timothy J. Criner, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Leo D. Cullen, USN; BA, Maefield State
LCDR Thomas J. Cutler, USN; BA, Towson State Univ.
LT Stephen G. Demeranville, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT James Doherty, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT William T. Driscoll, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Gregory A. Foster, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Richard F. Frank, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Jeffery D. Garmon, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LCDR Stephen S. Geddes, USN; BA, Grand Valley State College of Michigan
LT Michael C. Grischy, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Jeffrey L. Holloway, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT James J. Janosek, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Richard E. Johnson, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT W. James Kear, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Leo Latonick, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LCDR Dennis M. Lunghofer, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LCDR Vaughn E. Mahaffey, USN; BS, Clarion State College
LCDR Timothy M. McLaughlin, USN; BS, Univ. of North Carolina
LCDR Altineu Miguens, BN; Brazilian Naval Academy
LCDR Donald Mori, USN, BS, Univ. of Nebraska
LT William L. Moss, USN; MA, Central Michigan Univ.
LCDR Kenneth Nelson, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Gary S. O'Connor, USN; BS, Rutgers Univ.
LCDR Fumio Ota, JMSDF; BA, Japan Defense Academy
LT Remy Pattyn, USN; BA, Western Michigan Univ.
LCDR Michael J. Petch, RAN; Royal Australian Naval College
CDR Francesco Ricci, IN; Italian Naval Academy
LT Dennis J. Ringle, USN; BA, Wayne State Univ. of Michigan
LT Jimmy V. Rose, Jr., USN; MA, Central Michigan Univ.
LCDR Linda K. Schaefer, USN; BA, Univ. of Washington
LT Douglas R. Schaus, USN; BA, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Richard L. Snow, USN; MA, Central Michigan Univ.
LT Walter R. Sparks, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Peter Stromann, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Timothy J. Supko, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Elijah A. Turner, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Charles J. Vargo, USN; AA, Jefferson County Technical College
LT David C. Wagner, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT Douglas E. Wertz, USN; BS, The Citadel
LT Gehrig M. Wiles, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LT David A. Williams, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LCDR William R. Williams, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy

CDR Ricci

# DIVISION OF ATHLETICS AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION

**CAPT John O. Coppedge, USN (R), Director**
MA, The George Washington University
Mr. David P. Smalley, Assistant Director
BS, U.S. Naval Academy

LT Edward L. Abner, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
LCDR Steven J. Ahlbert, USN; BS, Oregon State
Inst. Michael S. Allison; BS, Roanoke College
LT Joseph Avedutti, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
Assoc. Prof. Robert E. Bauliss; MA, Univ. of Richmond
Assoc. Prof. Stephen N. Belichick; MA, Western Reserve Univ.
Instr. William J. Bircher; MED, Louisiana State Univ.
MAJ Charles E. Boyer, USMC; MSEE, Naval Postgraduate School
Instr. David A. Brown; BS, Slippery Rock State College
LT Daniel F. Busch, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
Assoc. Prof. Albert A. Cantello; BS, LaSalle College
Asst. Prof. Rex W. Clothier; MS, Univ. of Washington
Assoc. Prof. Jack M. Cloud; BS, College of William and Mary
Assoc. Prof. Andre R. Deladrier; MA, Columbia Univ.
Instr. Donald L. Dembrow; BS, Southern Connecticut State College
Assoc. Prof. Joseph C. Duff; BS, West Virginia Univ.
LT Charles P. English, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
Instr. John F. Fitzpatrick; BS, Bowling Green State Univ.
Assoc. Prof. James M. Gehdes; BS, Pennsylvania State Univ.
LTJG Debra K. Helle, USN; BS, Southern Connecticut State College
Assoc. Prof. John H. Higgins; BS, Ohio State Univ.
Instr. Peter M. Kormann; BS, Southern Connecticut State College
Asst. Prof. Lee W. Lawrence; MS, Springfield College
Assoc. Prof. Heinz W. Lenz; MS, Columbia Univ.
Asst. Prof. Lawrence G. Myers; EdD, West Virginia Univ
Assoc. Prof. Edwin C. Peery; BS, Univ. of Pittsburgh
Asst. Prof. Katherine P. Quinn; MA, Univ. of Maryland
Asst. Prof. William A. Savering; MEd, Pennsylvania State Univ.
Ensign Cynthia J. Schendel, USN; MS, Arizona State Univ.
Assoc. Prof. Emerson P. Smith; BS, Geneva College
Instr. Joseph Suriano; MA, Michigan Univ.
Assoc. Prof. Richard E. Szlasa; MEd, Western Reserve Univ.
Asst. Prof. Reginald P. Wicks; MS, Mankato State College

CDR Charles B. Woolfram, USN
Physical Education Department Head
BA, Art Institute of Chicago

The Division of Athletics and Physical Education, although often not seriously thought of, has one of the academy's most important inputs toward developing naval officers. It is through athletics that midshipmen develop a full sense of competition: winning is important, but it isn't everything; although there is a strong desire to win, there are no losers. Sportsmanship and respect for the opposition are taught; at the same time, principles of dedication, self-sacrifice, and teamwork are instilled. As physical stamina is increased, the basic pattern of fitness necessary for all officers is also taught.

# DIVISION OF ENGINEERING AND WEAPONS

The engineering aspects of a naval career are broad and far reaching. Naval officers have become increasingly responsible for planning, developing, operating, maintaining, and managing complex engineering and weapons systems. The Division of Engineering and Weapons offers programs of study in such areas as electronics, thermodynamics, fluid mechanics, and material strengths, leading to a full understanding of these systems — their methods, theories, principles, and applications. The ability to successfully manage the operation of naval hardware systems is also taught. Laboratory and technical facilities, coupled with outstanding instruction, have made the engineering program one of the nation's best.

**CAPT John R. Eshman, USN, Director**
MSME, Naval Postgraduate School
LCDR James W. Patton, USN, Executive Assistant
MSEE, Naval Postgraduate School

Department of

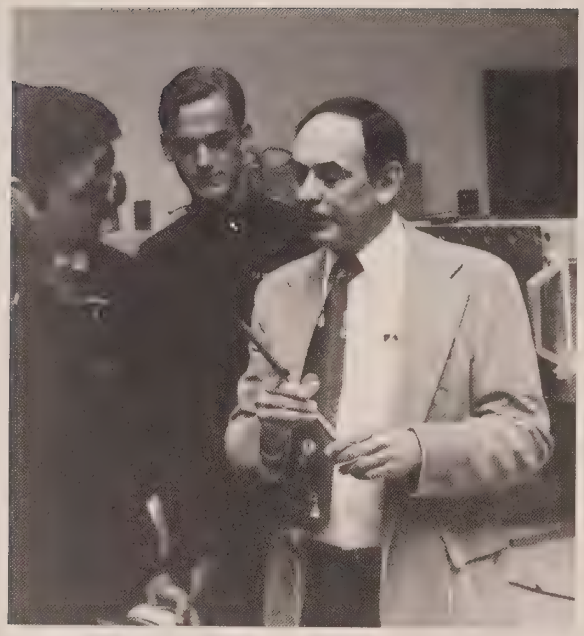
## Weapons and Systems Engineering

Professor Charles F. Olsen, Chairman
DSc, The George Washington University

LCOL Jerry R. Bettis, USAF, PhD, AF Inst. of Tech
Assoc. Prof Charles G. Brockus, PhD, Michigan State Univ.
LCDR Rodger B. Carter, USN, MS, Naval Postgraduate School
LCDR Richard W. Dawson, USN; MS, Naval Postgraduate School
Asst. Prof. Robert Demoyer; PhD, Polytechnic Univ. of Brooklyn
LCDR William W. Fetzer, USN, MS, Naval Postgraduate School
LCDR David R Frieden, USN; BS, U.S Naval Academy
LCDR Michael J. Gazarek, USN, MS, Naval Postgraduate School
Asst. Prof. Richard V. Houska, PhD, Univ. of Minnesota
LCDR Edward E. Hunter, USN, MS, Naval Postgraduate School
LCDR John F. Jacobson, USN, MS, Naval Postgraduate School
Assoc. Prof. Kenneth A. Knowles; PhD, Univ. of Virginia
LCDR Richard P. Krulis, USN; MS, Naval Postgraduate School
LCDR Allen W Moored, USN; BS, U.S. Naval Academy
Assoc. Prof. E. Eugene Mitchell; PhD, Clemson Univ
MAJ Roger L Nesslage, USMC; MS, Naval Postgraduate School
LCDR James W. Patton, USN; MSEE, Naval Postgraduate School
MAJ Anthony Raniszewski, USMC; MS, Naval Postgraduate School
Assoc. Prof. Olaf N. Rask; PhD, The Johns Hopkins Univ
LCDR George Schall, USN; MS, Michigan State Univ.
CDR Raymond H. Scheerer, USN; MS, Naval Postgraduate School
Asst. Prof. Jerry W. Watts; PhD, Univ. of California at Irvine

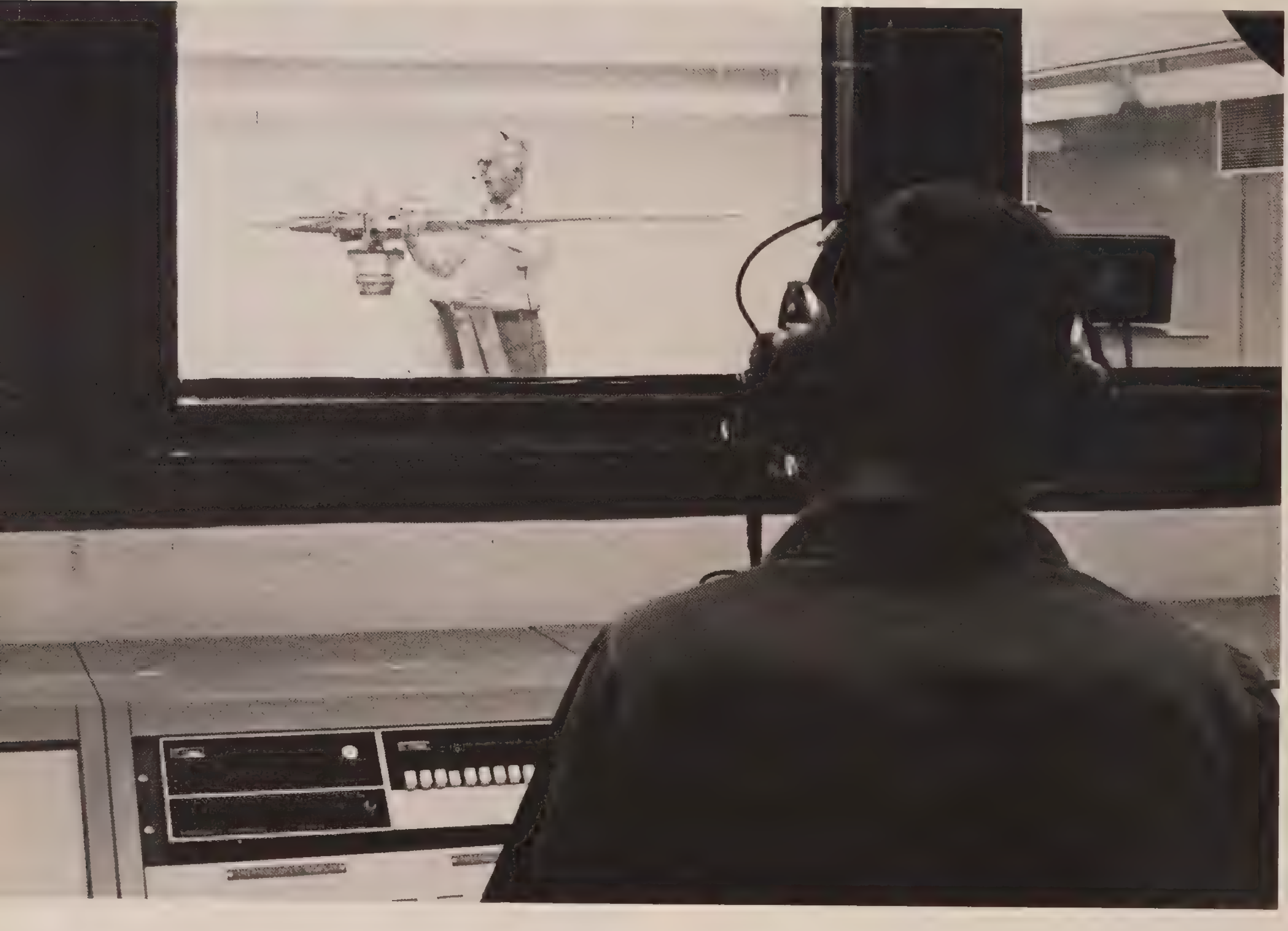
CDR Scheerer

LCOL Bettis



Professor Carson

Professor Saarlas



Department of
# Aerospace Engineering

**CDR Paul B. Schlein, USN, Chairman**
PhD, Naval Postgraduate School

Asst. Prof. John E. Allen; MSAE, Cranfield Inst. of Tech.
Assoc. Prof. William J. Bagaria; PhD, Michigan State Univ.
Prof. Bernard H. Carson; PhD, Pennsylvania State Univ.
LCDR Richard A. Everett, USN; MS, Naval Postgraduate School
Prof. Andrew A. Pouring; DEng, Yale Univ.
Prof. David F. Rogers; PhD, Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst.
Prof. Maido Saarlas; PhD, Univ. of Cincinnati
Assoc. Prof. Vadym V. Utgoff; MSAE, Mass. Inst. of Tech.

Professor Pouring

Professor Rogers

Department of
## Electrical Engineering

**LCOL Gerry J. Doucet, CF, Chairman**
MSEE, University of Southern California

LCDR Paul A. Alfieri, USN; MSAE, Naval Postgraduate School
Prof. Reuben E. Alley, Jr.; PhD, Princeton Univ.
LCDR Barry M. Amos, USNR; MSEE, Michigan State Univ.
Prof. Stephen H. Burns; PhD, Harvard Univ.
MAJ Reid O. Carlock, USMC; MSEE, Naval Postgraduate School
CAPT Steven C. Carpenter, USMC; MSEE Naval Postgraduate School
LCDR Gerald L. Daniel, USN; BSEE, North Carolina State Univ.
Prof. Francis J. Eberhardt; PhD, Catholic Univ. of America
LCDR Robert A. Finley, USN; MSEE, Naval Postgraduate School
LCDR Richard Flanigan, USN; MSAE, Naval Postgraduate School
LCDR Sam E. Giuoco, USNR; Ed.D., Oklahoma State Univ.
Asst. Prof. David S. Harding; PhD, Univ. of Massachusetts
Assoc. Prof. Wesley K. Kay; MSEE, Univ. of Kentucky
Prof. Glenn E. Leydorf; MSEE, Univ. of Maryland
Assoc. Prof. Tian S. Lim; DSc, George Washington Univ.
CAPT Glen C. Long, USA; MSEE, Ohio State Univ.
CDR David L. Luck, USN; PhD, Massachusetts Inst. of Tech.
Prof. Henry F. Maling Jr.; SD, Harvard Univ.
Assoc. Prof. Richard L. Martin; PhD, Univ. of Maryland, PE
Assoc. Prof. Herbert M. Neustadt; MS, Johns Hopkins Univ.
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CAPT Richard L. Roach, USAF; MSEE, Air Force Inst. of Tech.
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Assoc. Prof. Sarkady; PhD, Univ. of New Hampshire
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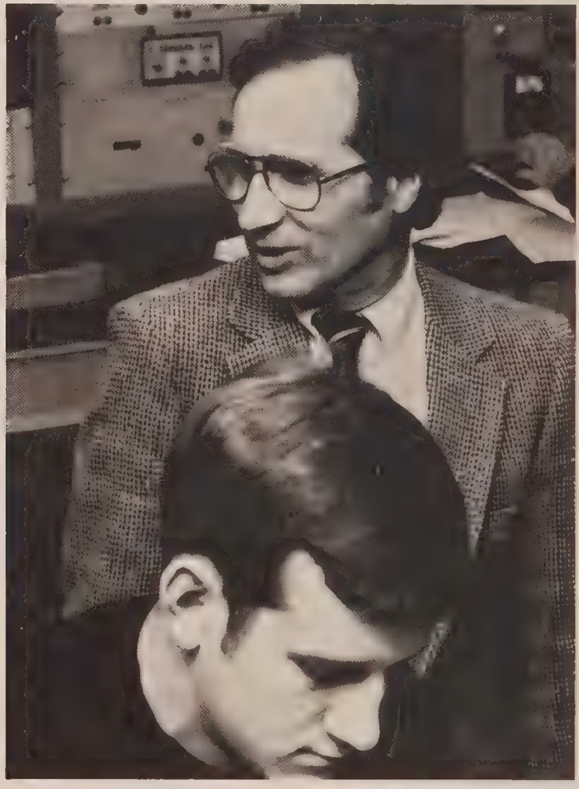
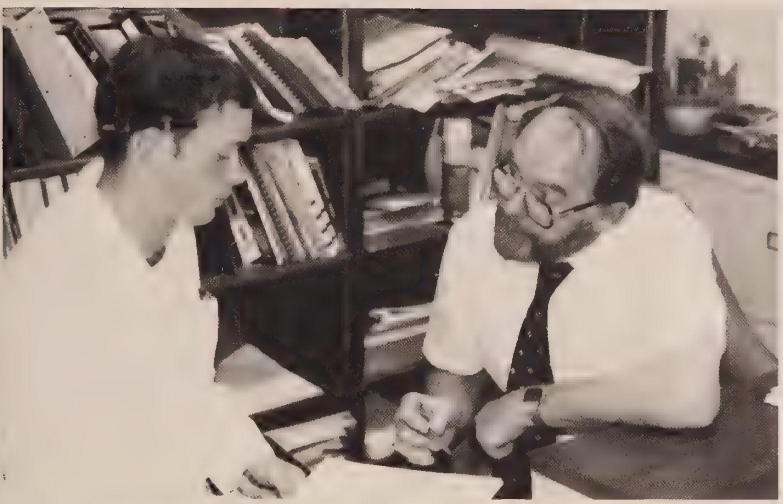
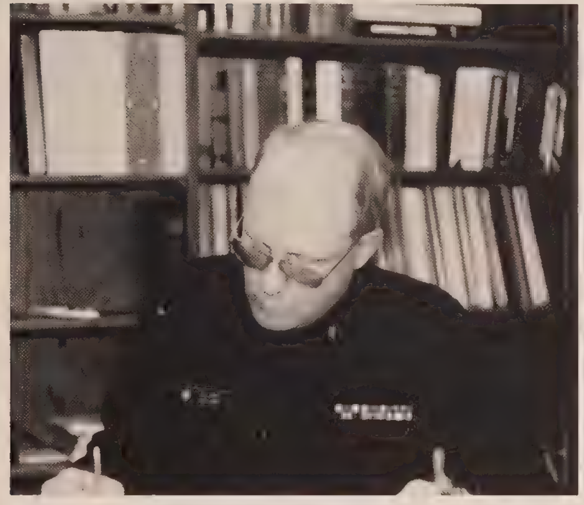
LCDR Charles H. Wilson, USN; MSEE, Naval Postgraduate School



Professor Santoro


Professor Leydorff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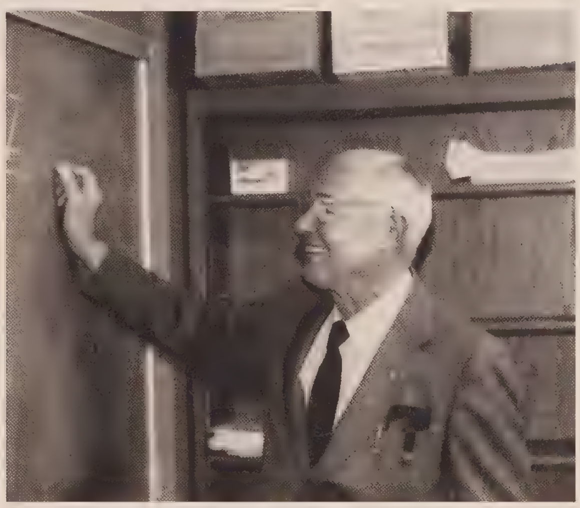
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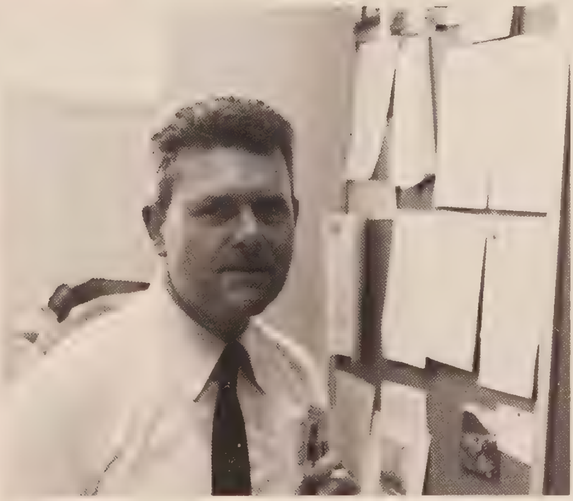
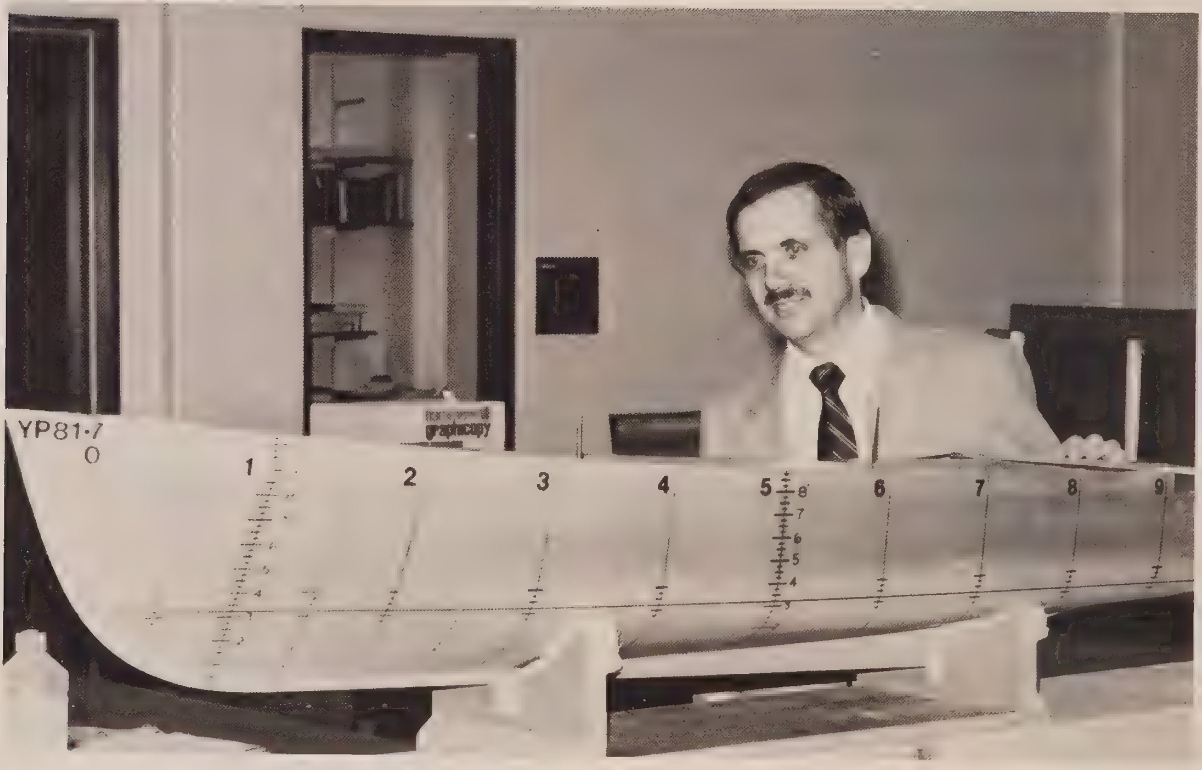
Professor Alley


Professor Burns

CAPT Ballantine

Professor Compton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Professor Johnson

Department of
# Naval Systems Engineering

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CAPT James Ballantine, USN; MSNE, Massachusetts Inst. of Tech.
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Prof. Rameswar Bhattacharyya; DrIng, Tech. Univ., Hannover, Germany
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Asst. Prof. Douglas L. Bishop; MBA, American Univ.
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LCDR Alfred Cipriani, USN; MSME, Naval Postgraduate School
Prof. Roger H. Compton; D. Eng., Catholic Univ. of America
Assoc. Prof. Thomas H. Dawson; PhD, The Johns Hopkins Univ.
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Prof. Bruce Johnson; Purdue Univ.
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LCDR Alan W. Katz, CEC, USN; MSME, Massachusetts Inst. of Tech., MSSM, Univ. of Southern California
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Assoc. Prof. Robert W. Peach; MSE, Univ. of Michigan
Prof. Bruce H. Rankin; PhD, Catholic Univ. of America
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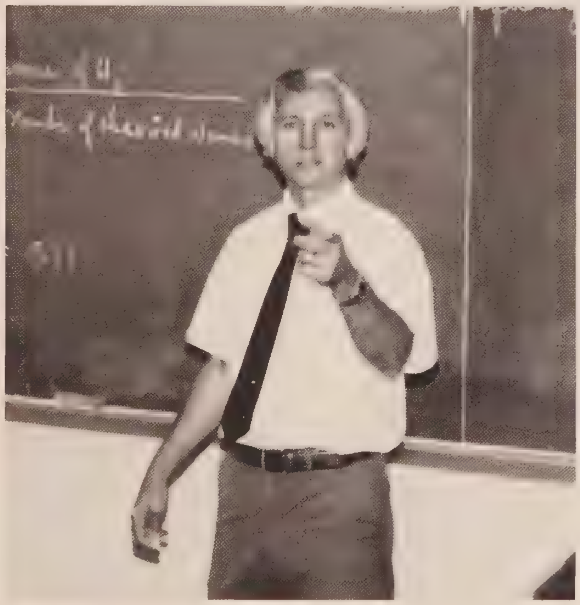
CAPT Marcia A. Thornton, USAF; MSNE, Univ. of Arizona
LT Michael C. Tracy, USN; MSE, Univ. of Michigan
Prof. Peter F. Wiggins; PhD, Univ. of Maryland

CDR Carlson

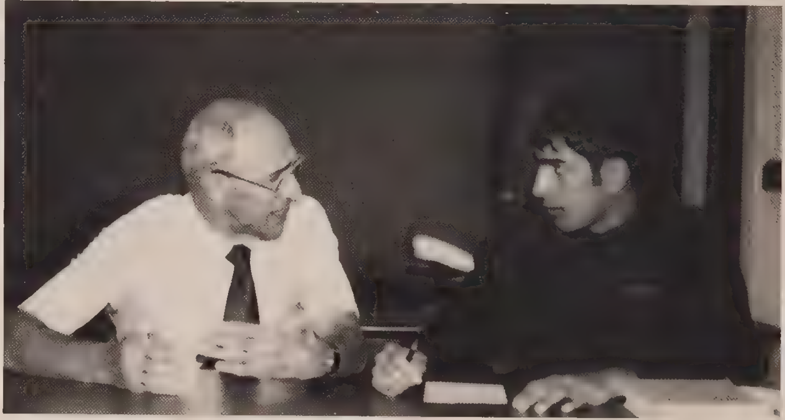


Professor McCormick

## Naval Systems Engineering

Professor Wiggins

Professor Bhattacharyya

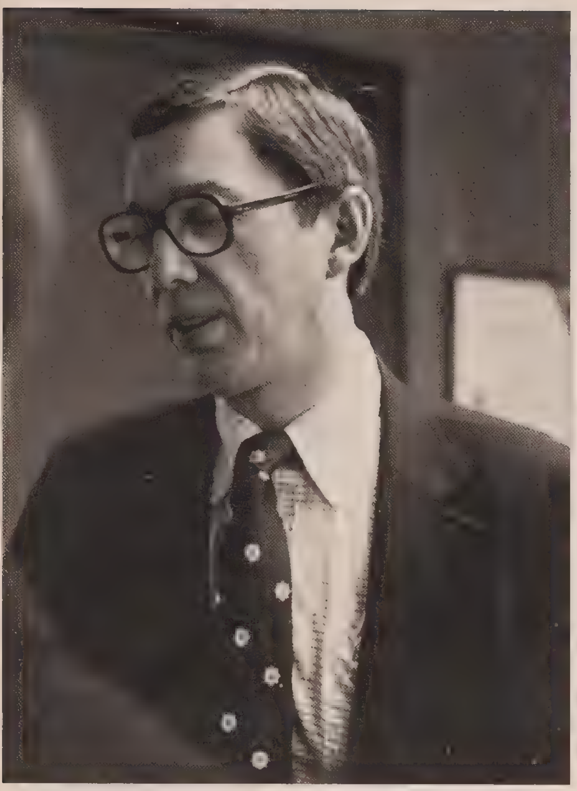


Professor Bock

Professor Rankin

Department of

# Mechanical Engineering



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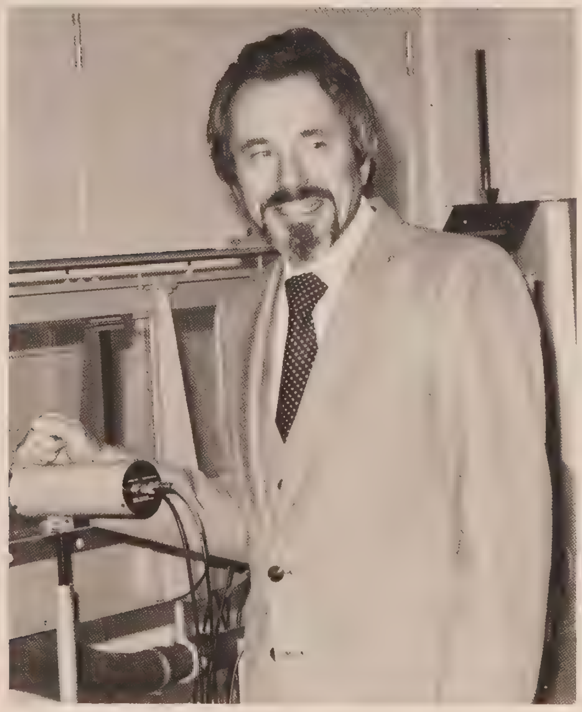
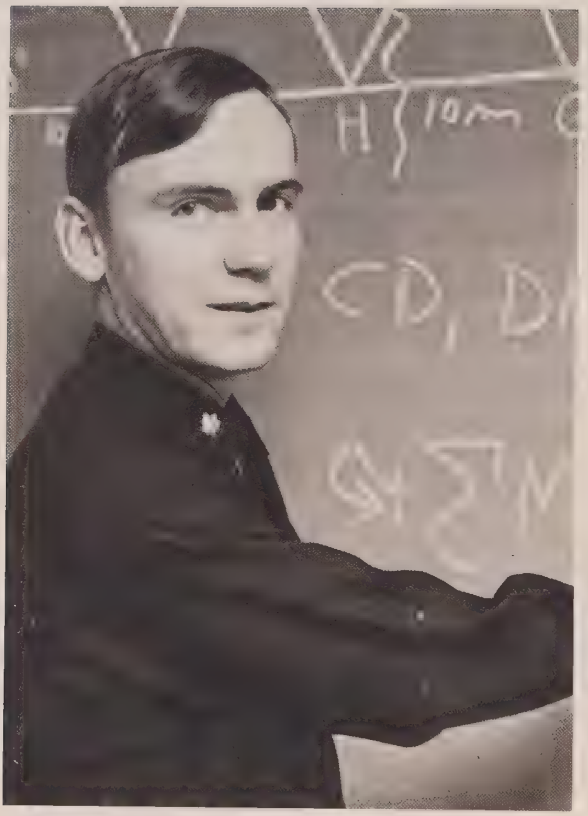
LCDR Michael E. Weyler, CEC, USN; PhD, Univ. of Michigan
Prof. Chih Wu, PhD, Univ. of Illinois



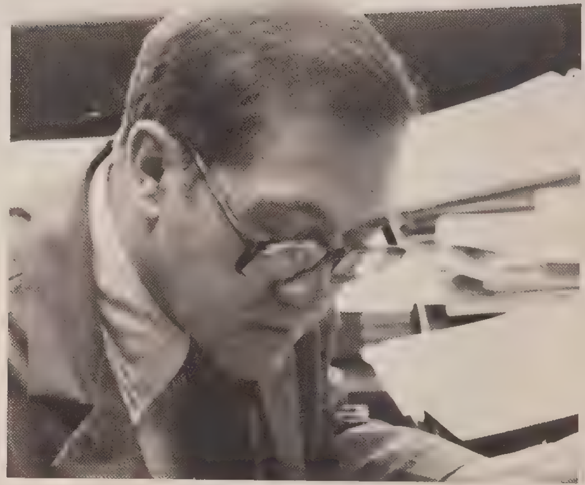
Professor Granger

Professor Geremia

## Mechanical Engineering



CDR Collins

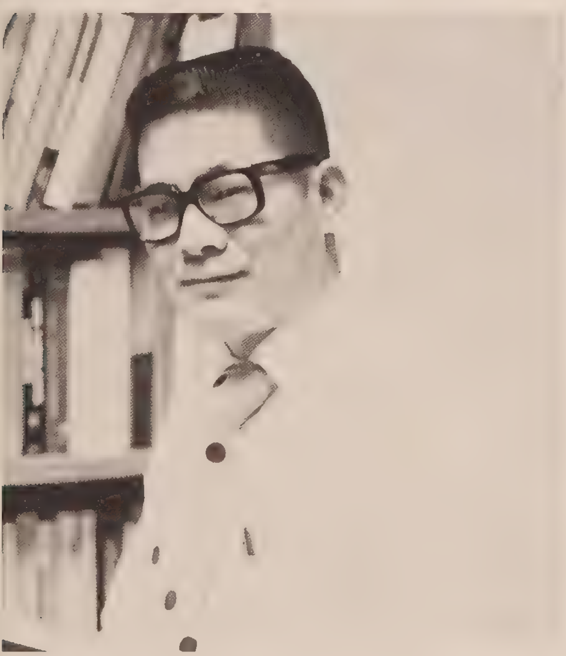


Professor Lopardo

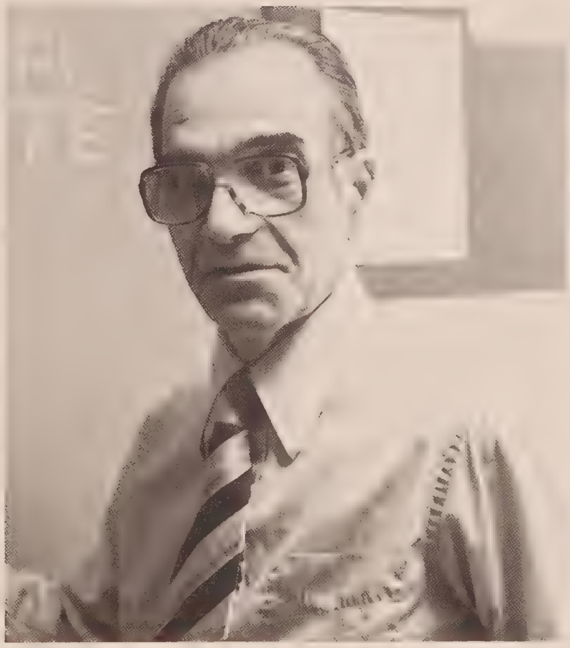
Professor Uldrick

ATMOS EXHAUST

Professor Adams



Professor Wu



Professor Alwan

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LCDR Thomas L. Patterson, USN, Ex. Asst.
MS, University of Louisville

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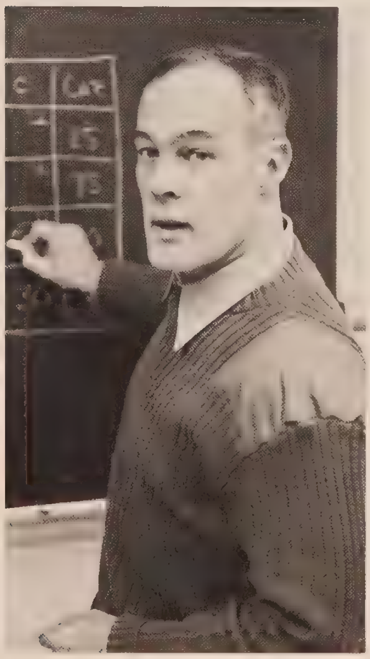
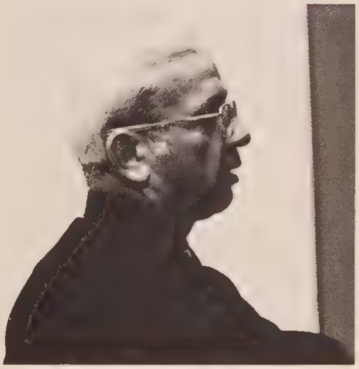
LCDR Hugh J. Stephens, USN; MBA, Florida Inst. of Tech.
LCOL Edward G. Stuckrath, USMC; MS, Florida Inst. of Tech.
LCDR Gary M. Westbrook, USN; MS, Naval Postgraduate School
LT Robert J. Young, USN; MS, Naval Postgraduate School



LCOL Stuckrath

CDR Stellaccio



CDR Duffy

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Assoc. Prof. Peter P. Andre; PhD, Yale Univ.
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Asst. Prof. Craig K. Bailey; PhD, Michigan State Univ.
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Asst. Prof. Ralph Steven Butcher; PhD, Univ. of Kansas
Assoc. Prof. Michael W. Chamberlain; PhD, Stanford Univ.
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Asst. Prof. Carol G. Crawford; PhD, Georgetown Univ.
Assoc. Prof. James M. D'Archangelo; PhD, Johns Hopkins Univ.
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Visiting Asst. Prof. Dean Duffy; PhD, Mass. Institute of Tech.
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Asst. Prof. Janet F. Fowler; PhD, Univ. of Oregon
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Asst. Prof. Anthony M. Gaglione; PhD, Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn
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Assoc. Prof. C. Edward Moore; PhD, Univ. of Maryland
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Prof. G. Ralph Strohl, Jr.; PhD, Univ. of Maryland
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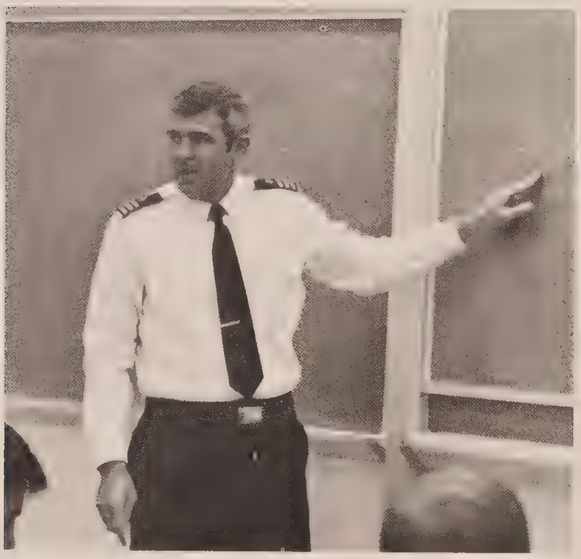
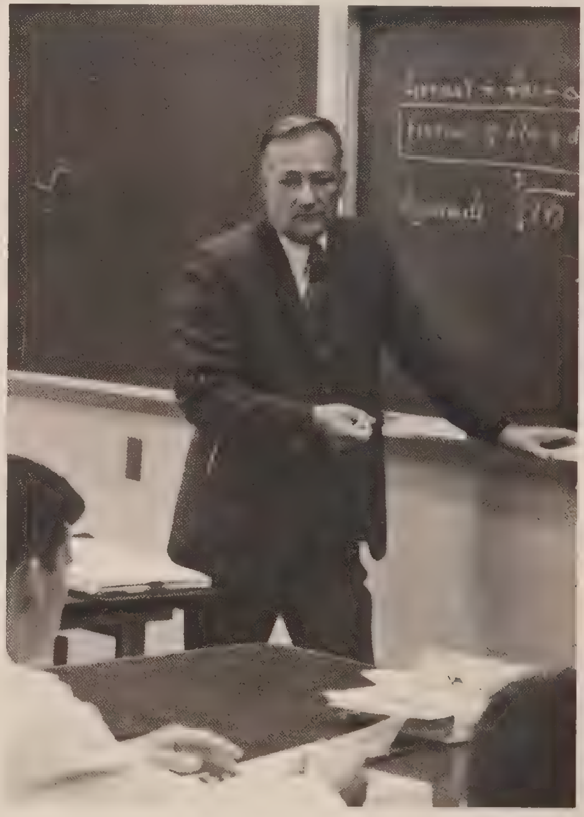
Asst. Prof. Karen E. Zak; PhD, Univ. of Massachusetts

Professor Kaplan



CDR Gale

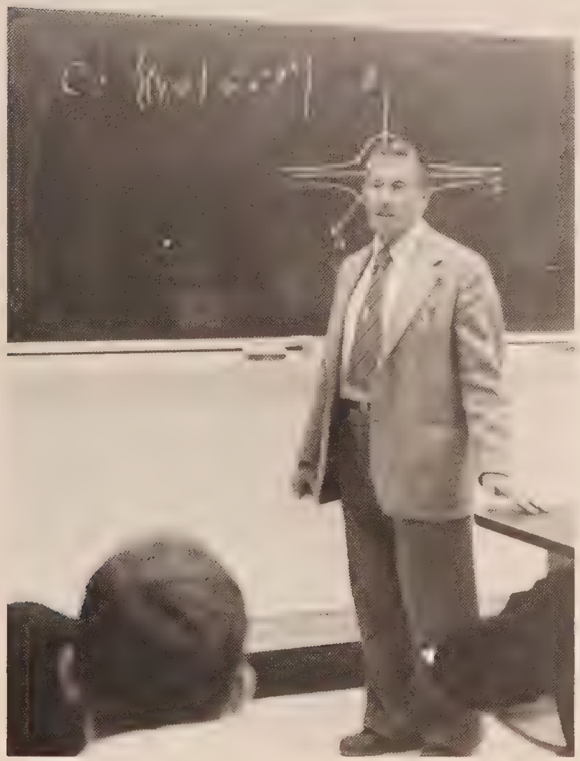


Professor Sohl

Department of

## Mathematics

Professor Theodore J. Benac, Chairman
PhD, Yale University



Professor Abbot

Professor Betz

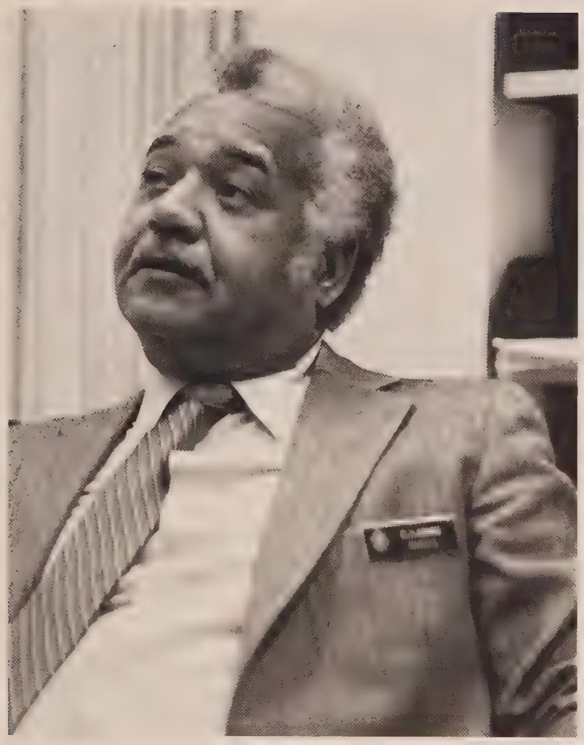
Department of

## Physics

Professor Gerald P. Calme, Chairman
PhD, Harvard University

Professor Smithson

Professor Graham



Professor Adkins

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Distinguished Visiting Prof. Rutherford H. Adkins; PhD, Catholic Univ. of Amer.
Assoc. Prof. Donald W. Brill; PhD, Catholic Univ. of America
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Assoc. Prof. William E. Fasnacht; PhD, The Catholic Univ. of America
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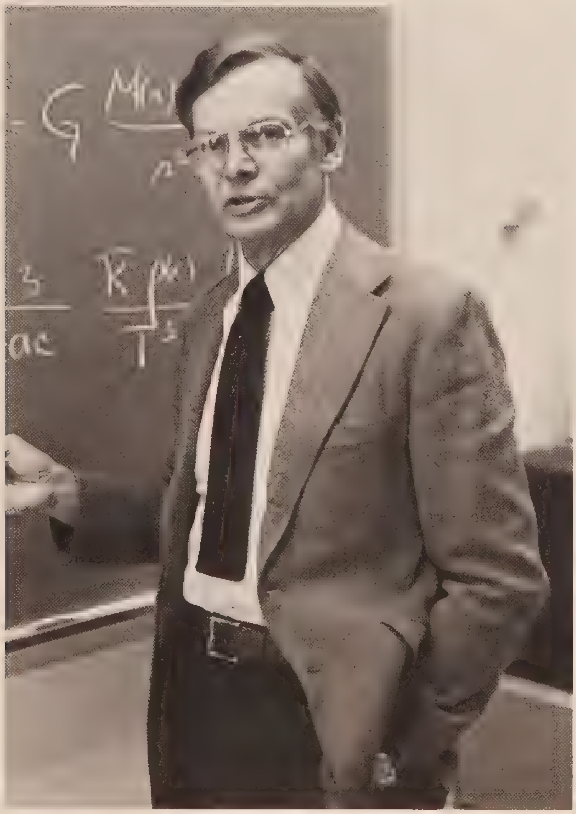
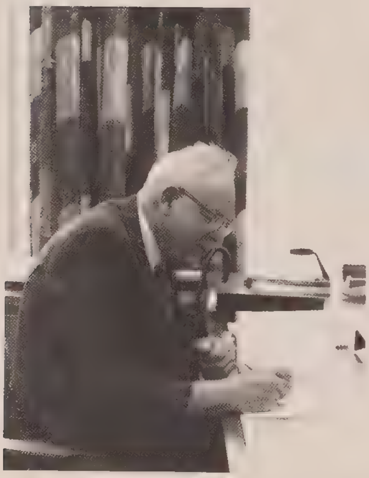
Asst. Prof. Mary C. Wintersgill; PhD, Univ. of Sussex (England)



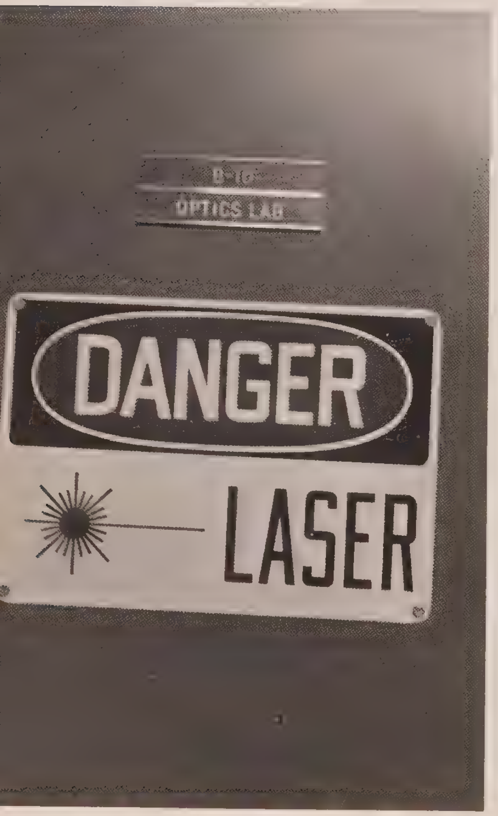
Professor Gutsche

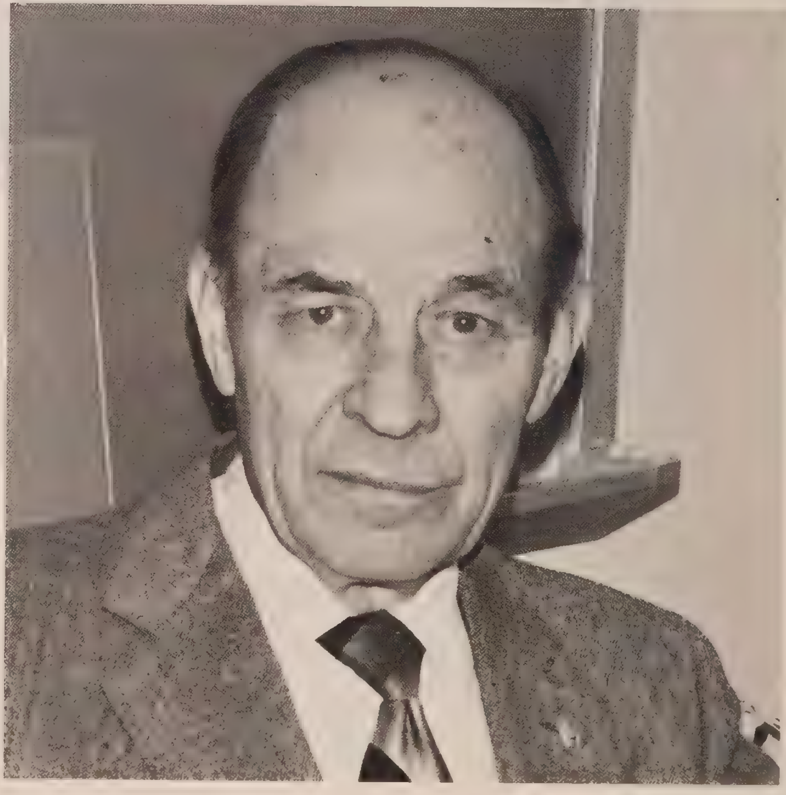
Professor Miller

# Physics

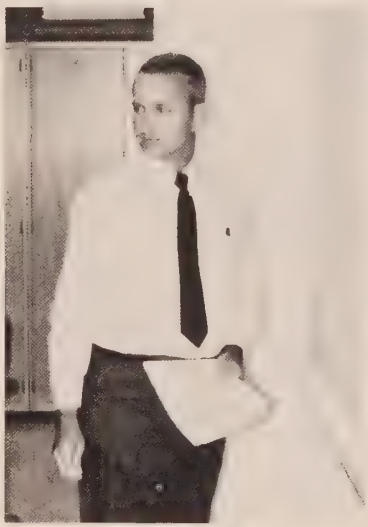

Professor Strohl

Professor Rector


OPTICS LAB
DANGER
LASER

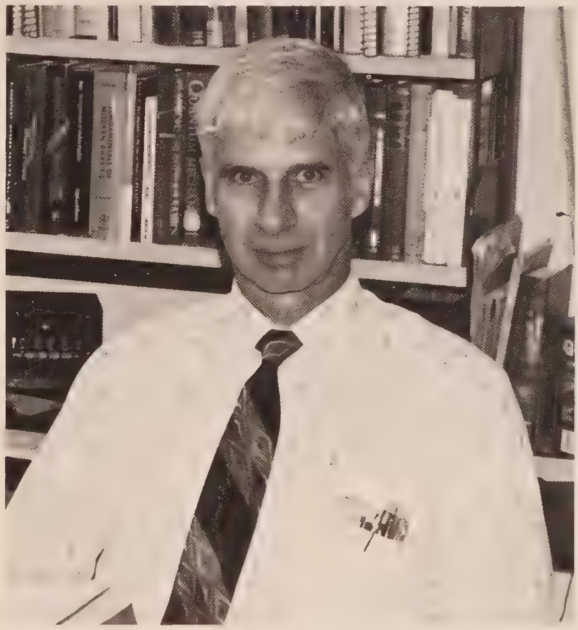

Professor Goodwin

Professor Elder



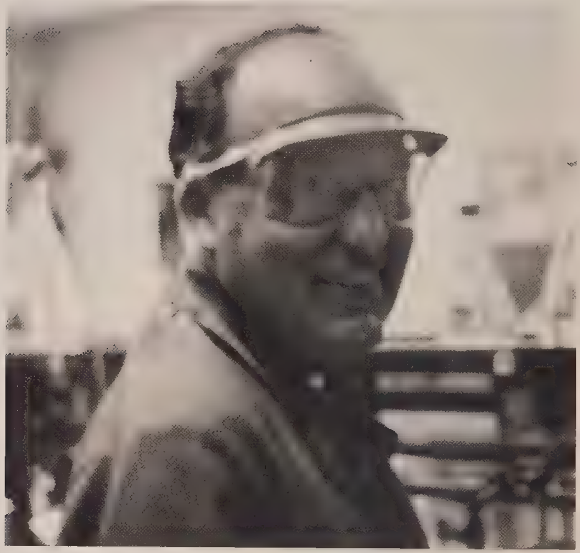
Professor Shelby

CDR Gastrock



Professor Johnston

Department of
## Chemistry



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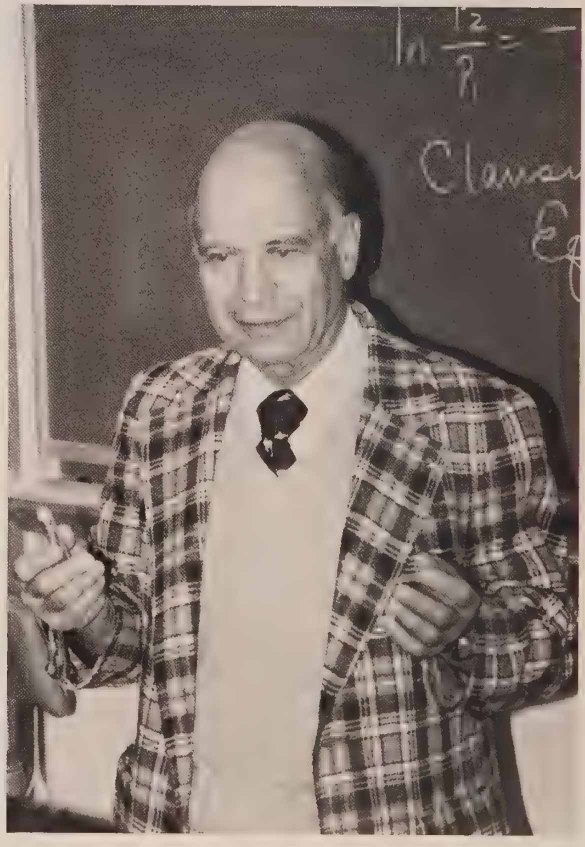
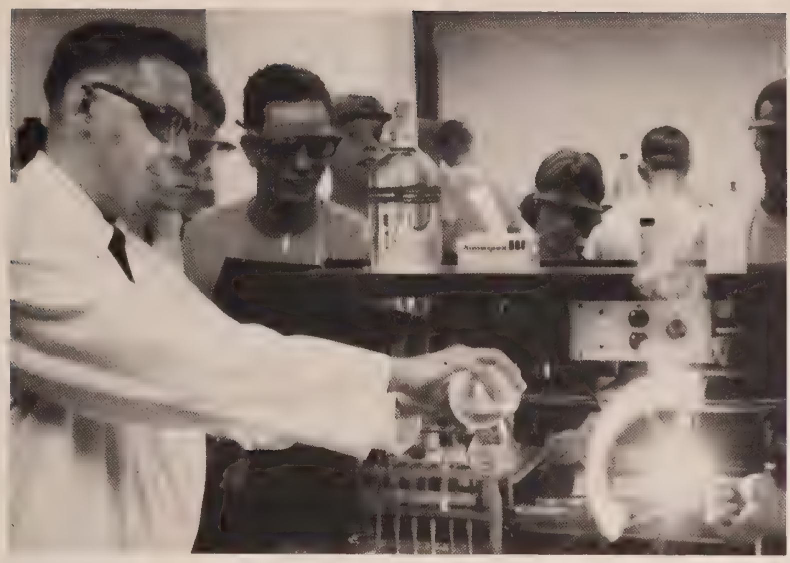
Prof. John G. Zimmerman; PhD, Georgetown Univ.

Professor Rowell



Professor Smedley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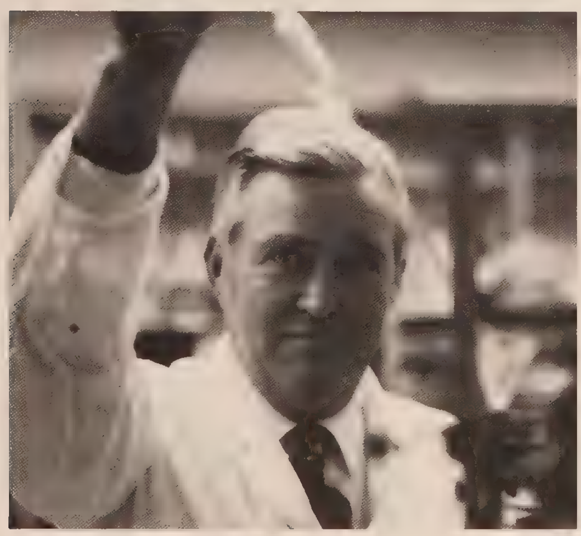
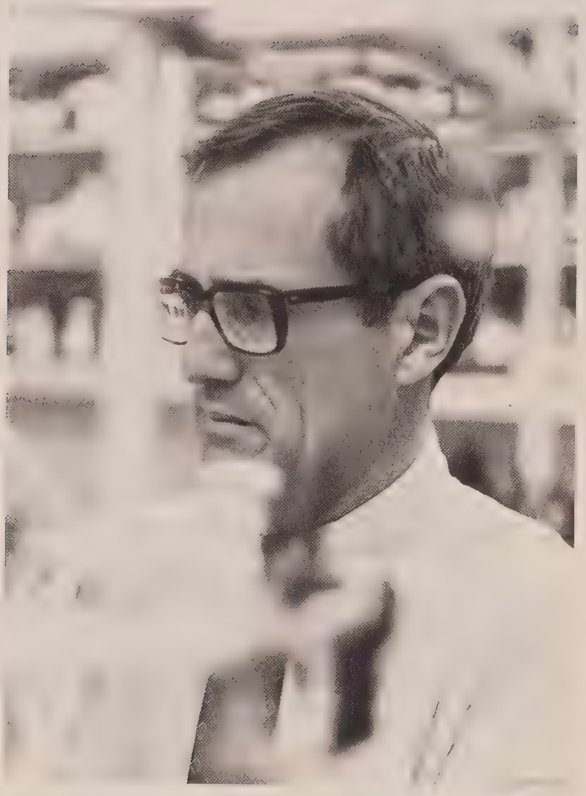
Professor Corey

Professor Zimmerman

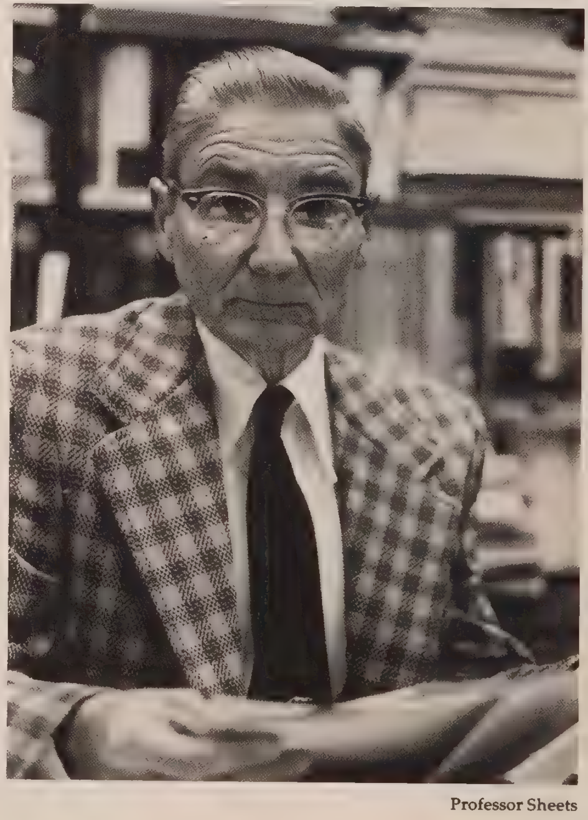

Professor Rollins

# Chemistry

Col. Durel



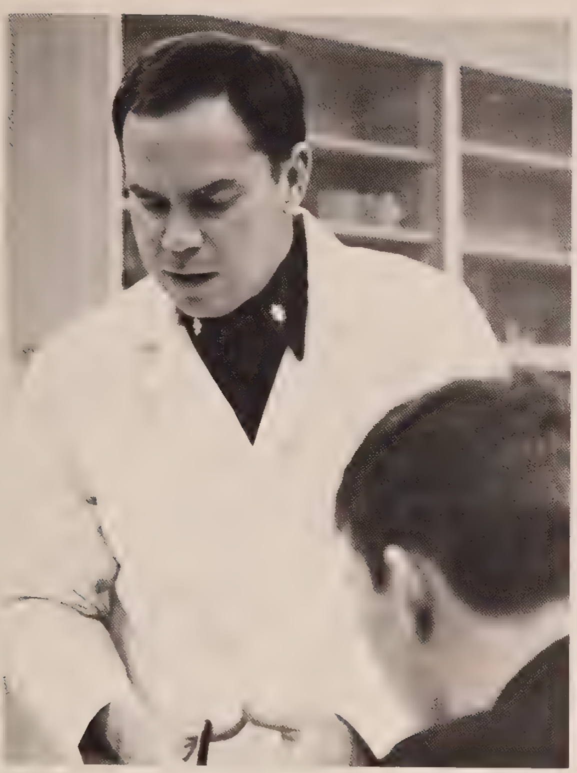
Professor Koubek



Professor Sheets

Department of

## Oceanography



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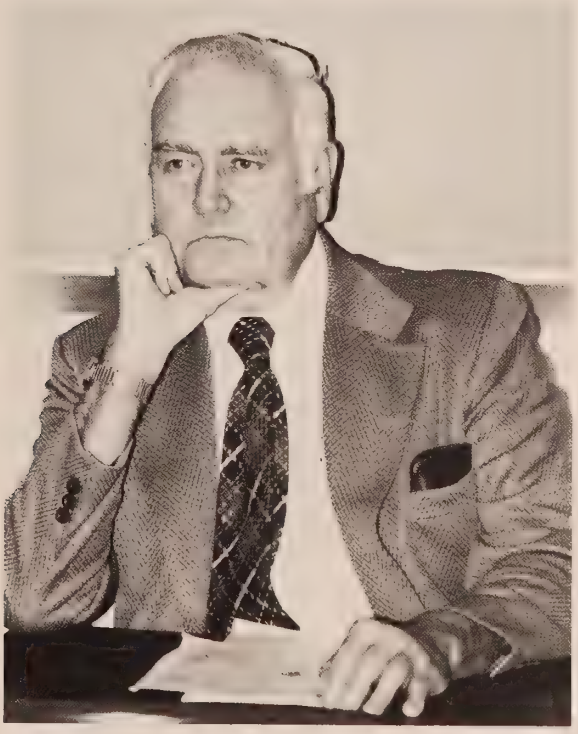
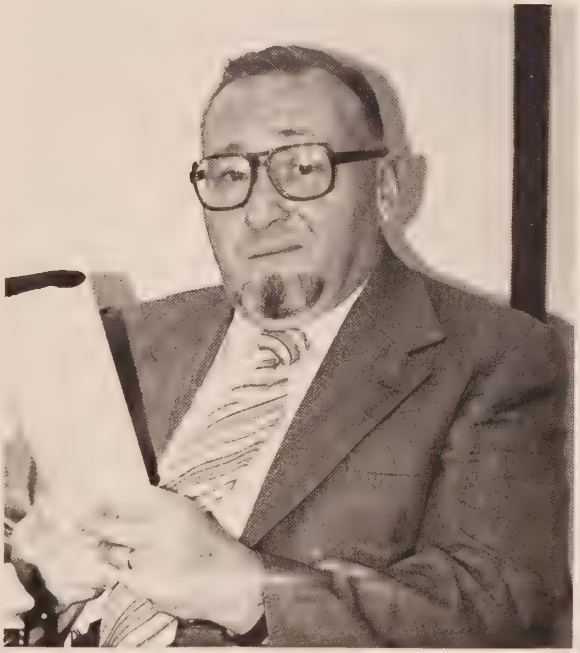


Professor Hoffman



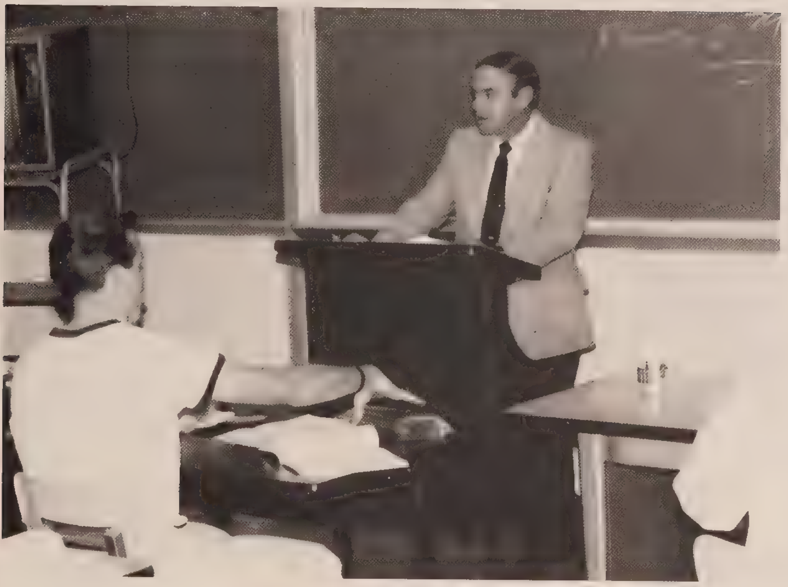
Professor Williams

# DIVISION OF ENGLISH AND HISTORY

**COL James A. McGinn, USMC, Director**
ME, Loyola University at Los Angeles
LCDR Stephen V. Myslinski, USNR, Executive Assistant
MA, University of Illinois

It has often been said that the essence of leadership is effective communication. The Division of English and History supports development of this skill in midshipmen. Beginning plebe year, with creative writing and western civilization courses, emphasis is placed not only on the study of course material involving the classics, humanities, and philosophy, but also on the ability to put these thoughts on paper in a cohesive fashion. When coupled with a public speaking course during second class summer, midshipmen are instilled with not only the knowledge of the impact of culture and national character on the modern world, but also with the skills necessary to communicate their knowledge to others.

Department of
# English



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CDR Davidson

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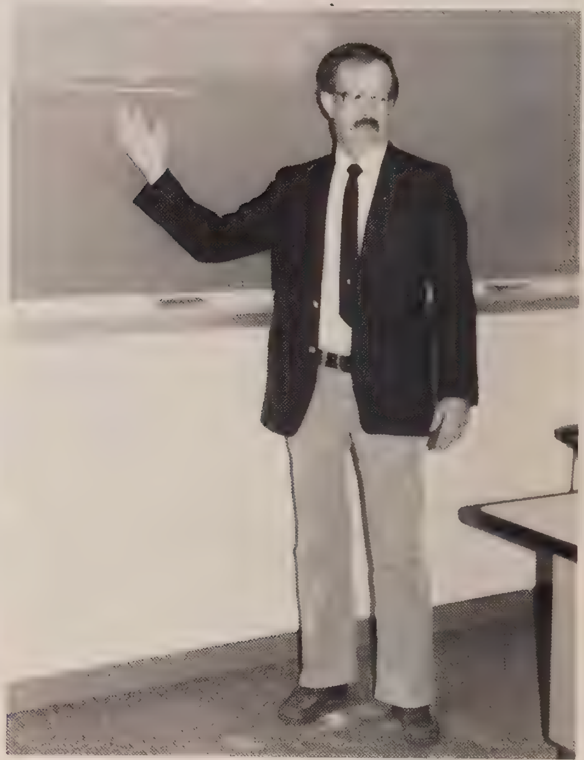
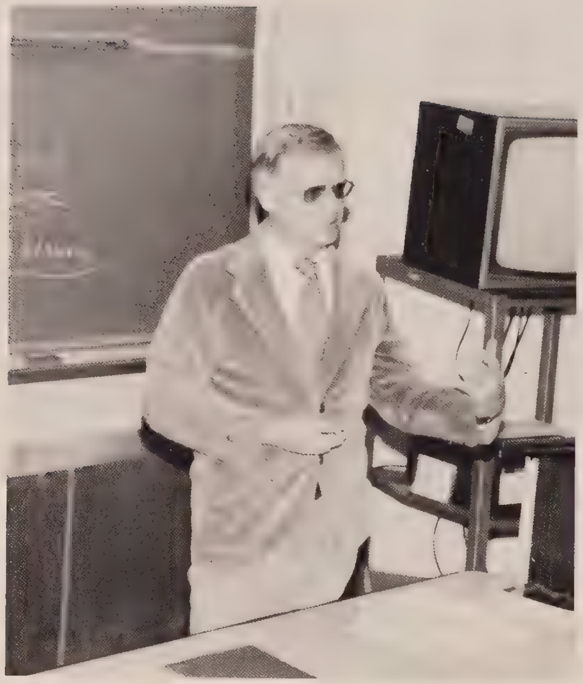
Inst. Hardy C. Wilcoxen, Jr.; MA, Yale University
Asst. Prof. John Wooten; PhD, Vanderbilt Univ.
Prof. John N. Wysong; PhD, Univ. of Innsbruck

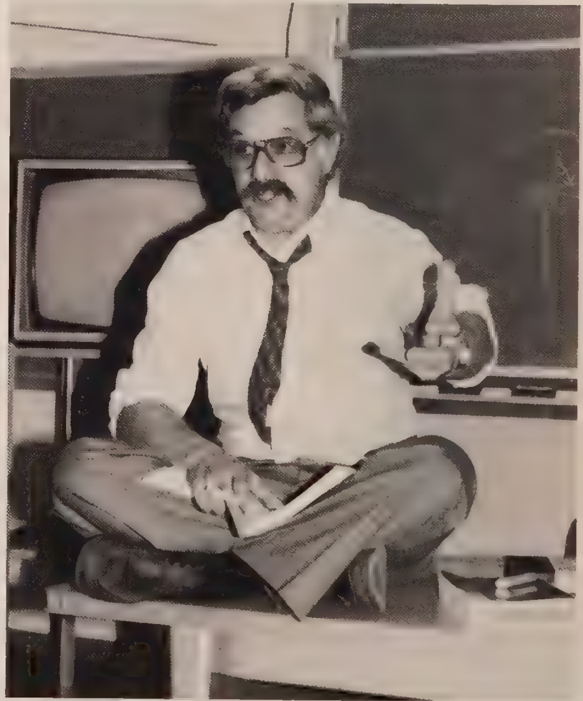
# English



Professor Wysong



Professor Jasperson



Professor Lefcowitz

Professor Heflin

Department of

# History

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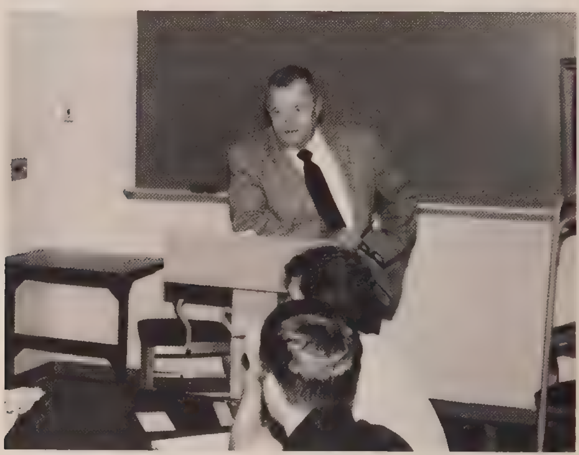
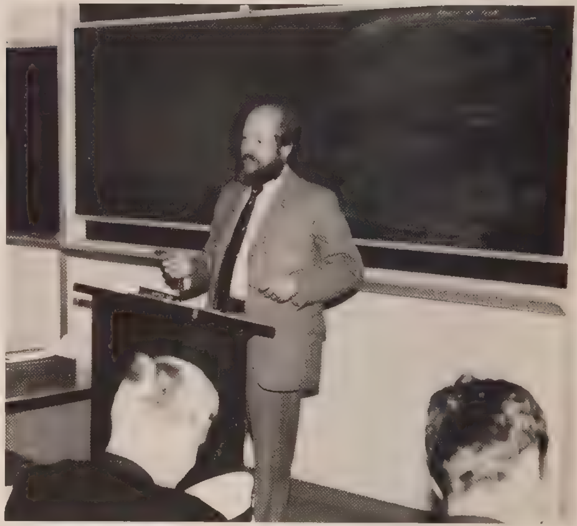
Professor Coletta

Professor Calderhead

# History



Professor Huston



Professor Johnson

Professor Thompson

Professor Belote

# Division of US and International Studies

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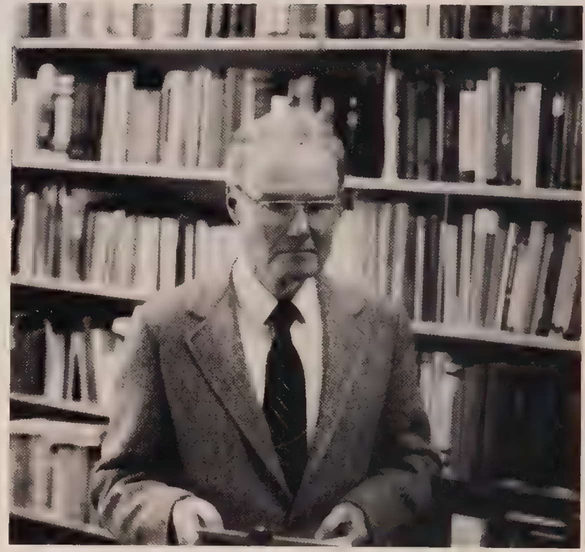
MA, The American University
MAJ Michael M. Sheedy, USMC, Executive Assistant
MA, Texas A & I University

With the increasing importance of naval forces in the world's social, economic, diplomatic, and military power balances, specialized knowledge of the characteristics of the international environment becomes more vital each day. The division of U.S. and International Studies provides this specialized knowledge through applications of language study, economic structures, and political science. Through these studies, midshipmen gain an appreciation for the complexities and dynamics of the international relations of the environment in which they will serve.

THIS EQUIPMENT RESERVED FOR USER

Department of

## Language Studies



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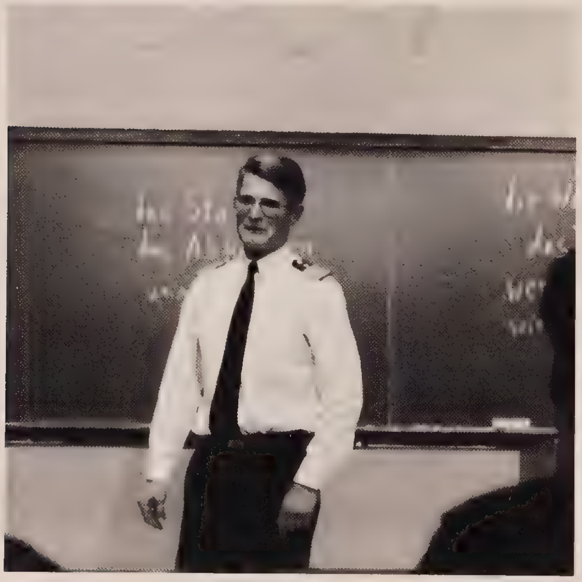
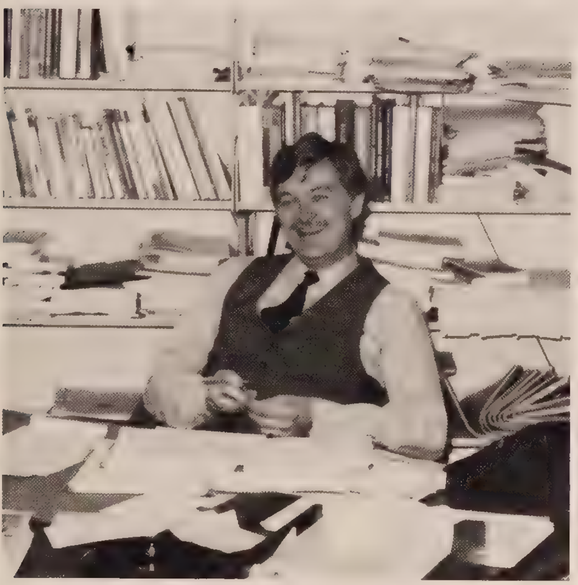


CDR Kamper

CDR Perreau

## Department of
# Economics



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CAPT Benter

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Assoc. Prof. John Eric Fredland; PhD, Univ. of Michigan
Assoc. Prof. Arthur Gibb, Jr.; PhD, Univ. of Michigan
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Professor Morris

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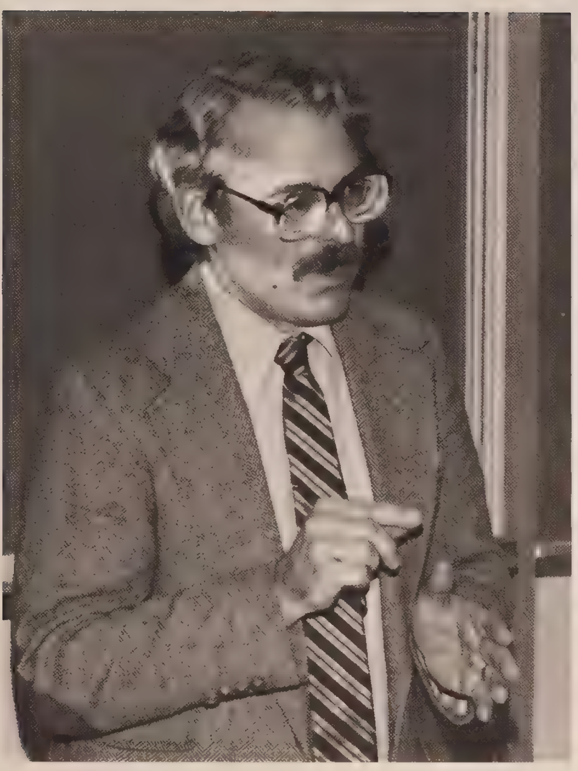
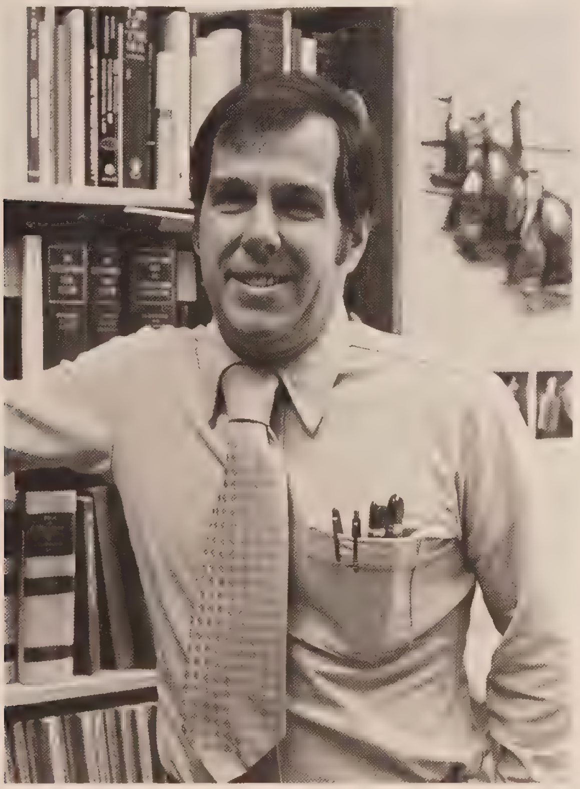
MAJ Michael M. Sheedy III, USMC; MA, Texas A & I
FSO-4 John D. Stempel; PhD, Univ. of California at Berkeley
Assoc. Prof. Rodney G. Tomlinson; PhD, Univ. of Southern California

Professor Rau



Professor Fitzgerald

CDR Lopez



Professor Cochran

CDR Schaeffer

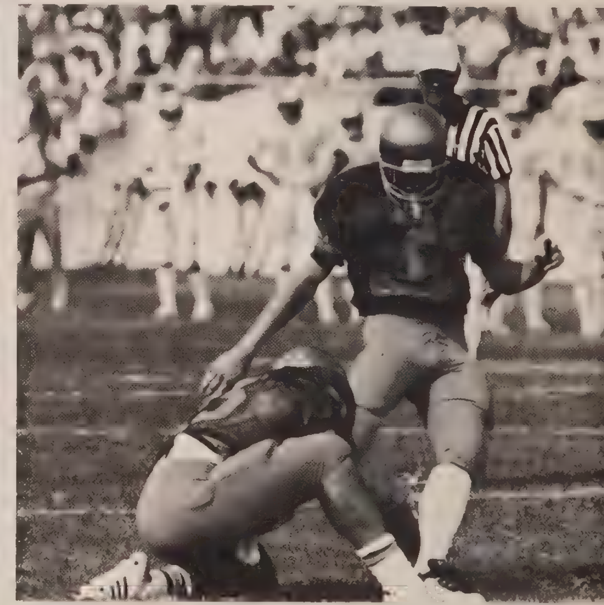
# SPORTS

JEFF SHOEMAKE: Eastern College Athletic Conference Division I-A All-East team; AP All-East honorable mention.

TIM JORDAN: AP All-America honorable mention; Eastern College Athletic Conference Division I-A All-East team.

KEITH BORING: Eastern College Athletic Conference Division I-A All-East team.

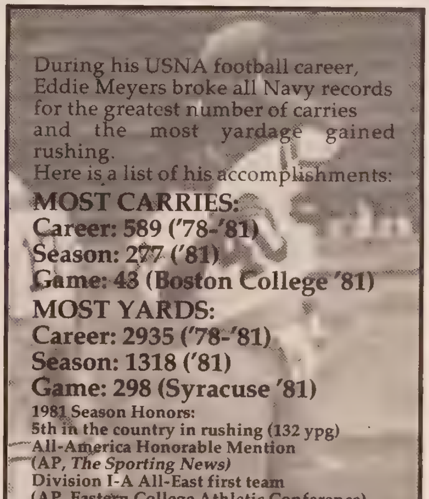
TRAVIS WALLINGTON: ABC-Chevrolet Player of the Game vs. Yale



STEVE FEHR: AP All-America honorable mention; UPI All-America honorable mention; Eastern College Athletic Conference Division I-A All-East team.

# FOOTBALL

Coach George Welsh


During his USNA football career, Eddie Meyers broke all Navy records for the greatest number of carries and the most yardage gained rushing.
Here is a list of his accomplishments:

**MOST CARRIES:**
**Career: 589 ('78-'81)**
**Season: 277 ('81)**
**Game: 43 (Boston College '81)**

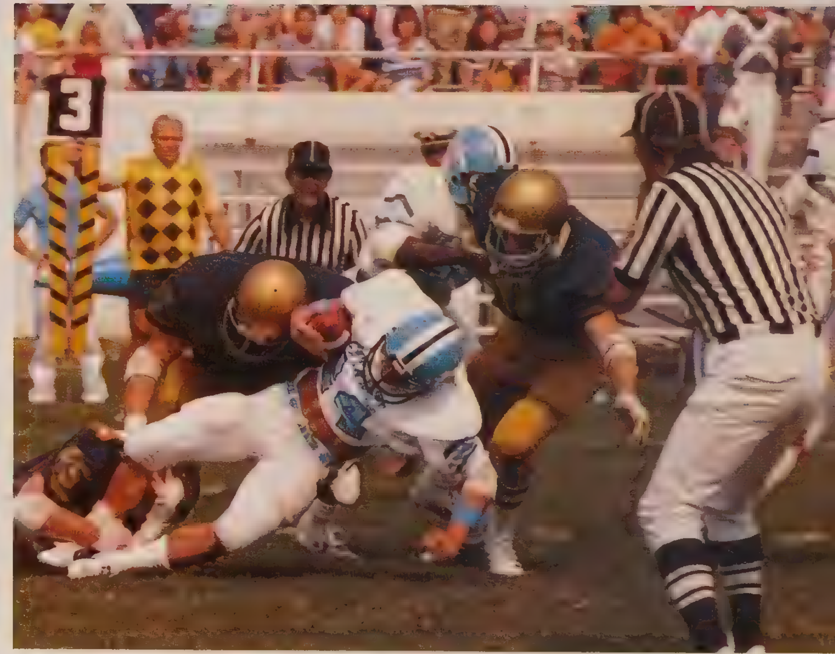
**MOST YARDS:**
**Career: 2935 ('78-'81)**
**Season: 1318 ('81)**
**Game: 298 (Syracuse '81)**

**1981 Season Honors:**
**5th in the country in rushing (132 ypg)**
**All-America Honorable Mention**
**(AP, *The Sporting News*)**
**Division I-A All-East first team**
**(AP, Eastern College Athletic Conference)**
**Area College Player of the Year**
**(Washington Touchdown Club)**
**Army: ABC-Chevrolet Player of the Game**
**Liberty Bowl: Most Valuable Player**
**Hula Bowl All-Star Game: participant**
**Japan Bowl All-Star Game: participant**

# Navy 17 — The Citadel 7

Navy had won its season opener in nine of the past eleven years, and this year was no exception: Navy rolled over The Citadel, 17-7. This win marked the Midshipmen's 500th victory, placing Navy in a category with only sixteen other schools.

The Bulldog's defense never did figure out a way to contain the explosive Navy offense, as Eddie Meyers broke loose for 134 years to lead the ground assault. Starting quarterback Tom Tarquinio alternated with youngster Marco Pagnanelli, each completing four passes. Even third-string quarterback Jeff Korn got his chance to shine as he ran into the opposition's end zone for six points. Steve Fehr resumed his assault on the Navy record books by booting through PAT's and a 30-yard field goal as well. Andy Ponseigo and Ken Fancher led the Blue Wave defense with thirteen tackles each as the excitement continued . . .



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# Navy 24 — EKU 0

Navy's next foe was Eastern Kentucky University, last year's Division I-AA champion. Having replaced Villanova on the original schedule for the season, EKU entered the game a little uncertain, although again ranked number one in their division. The Midshipmen remained undaunted by the high ranking, however, and handed the Colonels their first (and only) loss of the season, 24-0.

Tailback Napoleon McCallum was called upon to replace an injured Eddie Meyers, and although only a plebe, he played like a seasoned veteran; he picked up 120 yards on his 34 carries. Eddie had left the game with a bruised thigh during the first period of play, after rushing only 23 yards in six attempts. Tom Tarquinio and Marco Pagnanelli shared the helm again this week, Tarq contributing with his passing and Pag with his rushing. Tom tossed a 53-yard pass to Greg Papajohn for his touchdown play; Marco's came on a 21-yard run.

Linebacker Ken Fancher led Navy's defense with thirteen tackles, nine of which were unassisted. He was named to the ECAC all-East team for his performance. With wins in the first two games of the year, Coach Welsh had tallied an impressive 50 wins, equalling the most ever by any coach in Navy football history.

# Navy 16 — Michigan 21

| | |
|---|---|
| Navy | 16 |
| Michigan | 21 |

As Navy travelled to Ann Arbor to take on the Wolverines of Michigan, there was one major concern on Coach Welsh's mind: "Can our defense contain the powerful Michigan offense?" The Blue Wave, not wanting to let down their coach, did more than merely "contain" the Wolverines; they almost pulled a major upset in what was their best-played game of the season to that point. Although Navy lost 16-21, they gave Michigan quite a scare in a game which wasn't finally decided until the clock read 0:00.

Michigan scored two touchdowns early in the game and it looked like they were planning to run away with the game. At that point the primary receiver for the Wolverines, Anthony Carter, left the game with a bad ankle sprain, and the momentum suddenly changed. Navy got within striking range twice, and kicker Steve Fehr, doing what he does best, converted both opportunities into six points before the end of the half.

Marco Pagnanelli rushed for an incredible 22 yards on a touchdown run in the third quarter; Steve tacked on another extra point and shortly thereafter added a 46-yard field goal, his longest of the season. Marco was equally impressive in the passing department, completing nine of sixteen passed, four of them to Greg Papajohn. Naturally, Coach Welsh was pleased with the team's efforts, and he praised them highly.

# Navy 19 — Yale 23

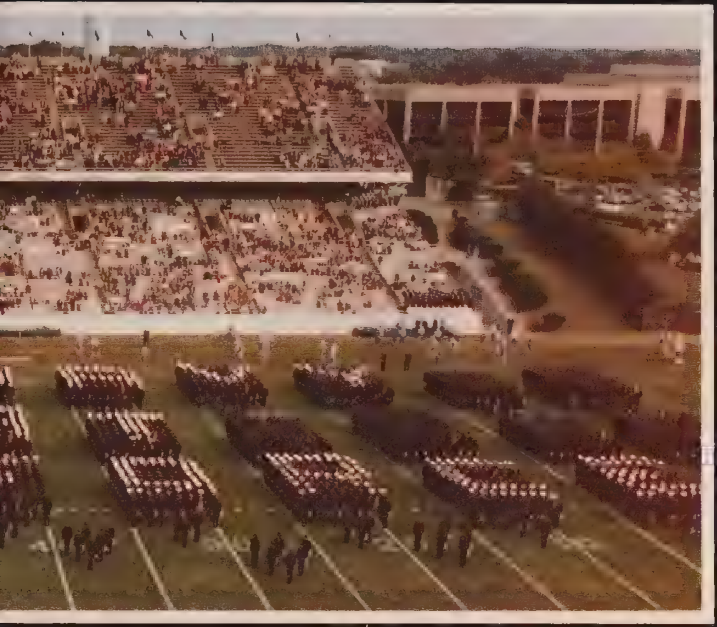
| | |
|---|---|
| Navy | 19 |
| Yale | 23 |

Navy's offense just couldn't get it all together in New Haven, as Yale handed Navy their second loss in a row, 19-23. Defensive end Travis Wallington, however, played an outstanding game and was voted the ABC-Chevrolet Outstanding Player of the Game; he was also selected for the ECAC All-East team. Travis had fourteen tackles, including a sack for an eight-yard loss, and he blocked two punts. One of these blocks resulted in a safety, which not only gave the mids two points, but also gave them good field position on the ensuing kickoff. Thus, Steve Fehr was able to kick his 30th career field goal, tying the school record. He also increased his string of extra points to 42 during the game.

Neither Pagnanelli nor Tarquinio was able to get Navy's passing game going; Yale's passing defense was simply superb. With Eddie still injured, the rushing attack was at a standstill as well; the two freshman tailbacks, Clouse and McCallum, gained only 60 and 45 yards respectively, with Clouse's touchdown run being one of the few highlights of the game. Although the loss to Yale was a tough one, Navy had to pull themselves together for the more important dual against Air Force.

# Navy 30

Having just lost two games in a row, Navy wasn't about to be humiliated by a bunch of bus drivers from the Air Force. Remembering how Good Fortune had smiled upon the Zoomies the previous year when they won by a single point in the closing seconds, the mids were determined to let nothing stand in their way. It was a picture-perfect afternoon in Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium, and a sellout crowd had turned out for the show. Even Eddie was back to join in on the fun, after missing most of the three previous games due to injuries. Before the day was done, he had carried the ball 38 times for 179 yards, helping Navy to a 30-13 victory.



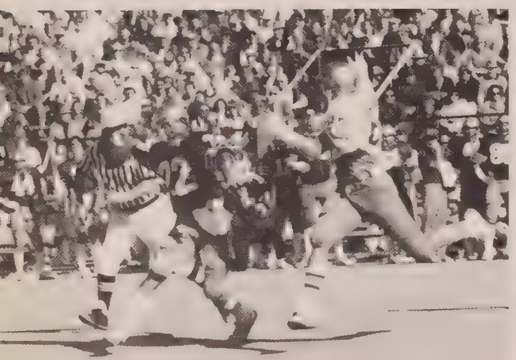
# Air Force 13

Marco Pagnanelli played the entire game, and what a game he played! The ECAC Rookie of the Week rushed for 106 yards and a touchdown and completed 70% of his passes. It was the first time in over 14 years that a Navy quarterback had gained that many yards; 434 yards for the Navy offense ain't that bad either!

Then there was Steve Fehr whose three field goals and three extra points extended the academy records of most field goals and consecutive PAT conversions to 33 and 45 respec-tively.

Led by the 16 tackles of Andy Ponseigo, the Blue Wave defense was equally superb. Coach Welsh was once again pleased with the team's performance, especially since he picked up his 51st win, the most ever by a Navy Football coach.

# Navy 25 — Boston College 10



Following the big win over Air Force, Navy was able to keep the momentum going with an equally-decisive win over the Eagles at Boston College, 25-10.

Steve Fehr continued his assault on the Navy records by booting four field goals and an extra point. Unfortunately, his streak of consecutive extra points was halted at 46 when a BC defender blocked his 47th attempt. Tailback Eddie Meyers broke his own Academy record for most carries in a game when he rushed 43 times against the Eagles, gaining 147 yards and scoring two touchdowns. Both Fehr and Meyers were named to the weekly ECAC All-East team.

Other standouts in the game included Pagnanelli who completed 16 passes for 183 yards, his best passing game of the season. Split end Chris Yelder caught four of the passes for 66 yards. Co-Captain Tim Jordan had three tackles for losses as the defense held the Eagles to 118 yards in the air. Defensive back Brian Cianella recovered a fumble early in the game to thwart a Boston College drive, deep in Navy territory.

This was an important win for Navy, giving them even more momentum which they could use to their advantage in the big Homecoming battle just around the corner . . .

# Navy 27 — William & Mary 0

The Midshipmen returned to take on William and Mary in the Homecoming game. Although Navy felt certain they would win, they didn't become overconfident; they merely played another outstanding game, shutting out their second opponent of the year, 27-0.

Eddie Meyers easily tore through the Indian defense, gaining 172 yards on 22 carries. His big 70-yard run not only resulted in a touchdown, but also was the longest of his career. Fullback Tim Jackson also scored a touchdown and picked up 93 yards during the afternoon. Steve Fehr kicked two more field goals and made all three extra point attempts.

The Blue Wave defense played almost flawlessly, allowing only 60 yards on the ground. Defensive back Jeff Shoemake made two interceptions, and tackle Mike Crum gathered in another one. Meanwhile, for linebacker Andy Ponseigo it was "business as usual," as he led the mids with 12 tackles.

# Navy 0 — Notre Dame 38

Having lost to Notre Dame every time for the past seventeen years, Navy was anxiously awaiting this opponent. The Irish were off to one of their worst starts ever (2-4), and the mids felt that this was the year for the long-awaited victory. The Notre Dame team, however, showed just what brute strength is good for — giving out bruises and 38-0 losses.

Navy's offense, with bad field position on almost every series, appeared powerless throughout the game. Not even Steve Fehr's powerful leg had the range to put the pigskin into the Irish end zone for a score. Plagued by injuries, Navy was held to 123 total yards. Both starting quarterbacks were hurt, and Eddie Meyers' 18 carries yielded only 39 yards.

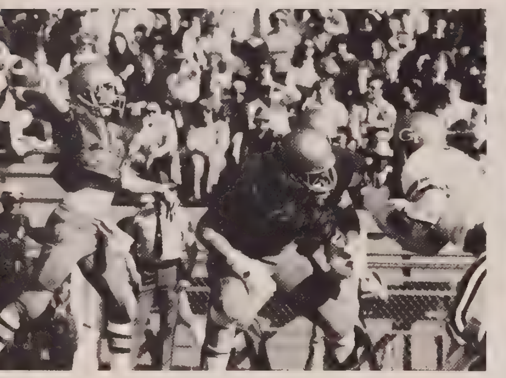
The equally ineffective defense allowed 492 yards, and lost the services of Jeff Shoemake to the overpowering Irish monster. Co-Captain Tim Jordan did manage to penetrate the Notre Dame wall to come up with a tackle for a 12-yard loss. Coach Welsh knew it would be a tough game; unfortunately he was painfully close to the truth.

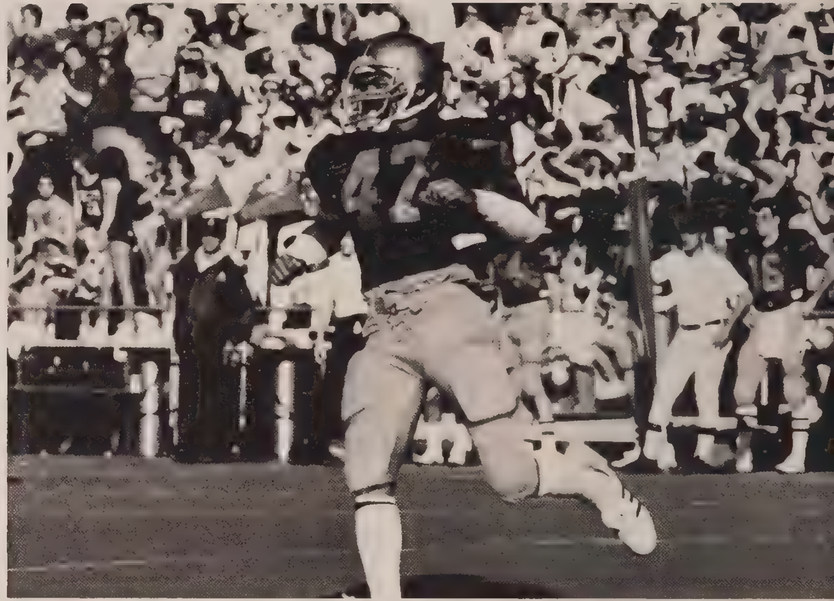
# Navy 35 — Syracuse 23

Navy knew that the Syracuse game was critical if their post-season bowl hopes were to stay alive, and with both Tarquinio and Pagnanelli injured, things were not looking too bright. But as any mid worth his salt knows, the Navy arsenal includes an almost unstopable weapon: EDDIE! Eddie Meyers rushed for 298 yards to lead the midshipmen to a 35-23 win over the Orangemen. He scored on runs of 5, 10, 32, and 78 yards. His 298 yards were not only the most ever gained in a single game by a midshipman, but also all he needed to make him the all-time leading ground gainer for the academy, with 2620 yards. Eddie was also named ECAC Offensive Player of the week for his performance. Navy's quarterback problems were resolved by Jeff Korn who completed four passes for 46 yards and had an overall fine game.

The blue wave defense held the Syracuse team to only 100 yards rushing Tim Jordan had three tackles for losses totalling eleven yards. Andy Ponseigo, true to form, intercepted a pass, broke up another, and made fifteen tackles. Steve Fehr made all five of his extra-point attempts, giving him 21 on the season. This was a win that Navy needed badly, but the mids still weren't quite satisfied . . .

# Navy 20 — Georgia Tech 14





Georgia Tech had always given Navy problems in the past, especially since the game was played on their turf in Atlanta every year. This year as the mids headed south for the ensuing clash, they knew how important a win would be: not only was bowl bid at stake, but also the final game of a long series of Navy-Tech battles.

Georgia Tech had taken an early 14-3 lead in the game before Navy finally realized just how serious their plight was. It wasn't until after a stirring half-time talk that they seemed able to concentrate on the matter at hand. Thus, the second half of the game was all Navy, and the Yellow Jackets were held to 40 total yards. When the game had ended, Eddie had gained 196 yards, Nap McCallum and Rich Clouse had both scored touchdowns, and Steve Fehr had booted two field goals. Travis Wallington had made four tackles behind the line of scrimmage for 26 yards in losses, and Tim Jordan's crushing tackle of the Tech quarterback had forced a fumble with 90 seconds remaining in the game, insuring a Navy win.

The mids were more than ready for the three-week break that awaited them before meeting the perpetual foe . . . ARMY!

# Navy 3 — Army 3

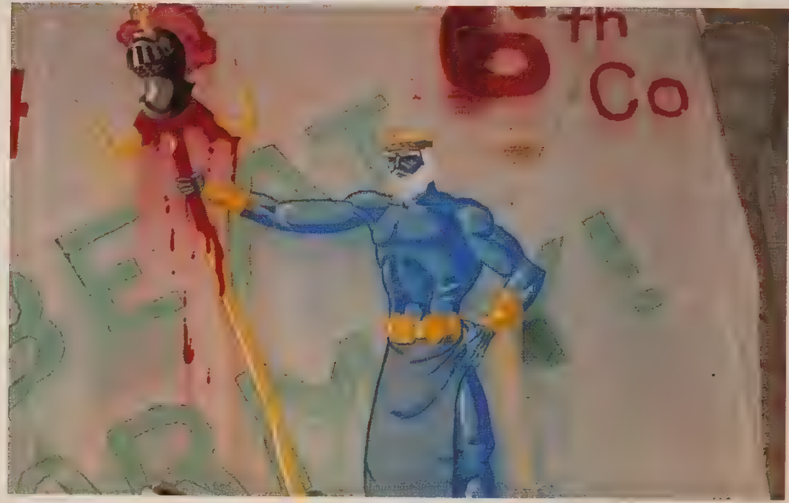
Coming into the game with a 7-3 record and a bid to play Ohio State in the Liberty Bowl, the Navy team was confident that Army would pose few problems. There were a few problems and then some more, however, as Navy was thwarted in its bid for a fourth consecutive win over the Cadets. Army's outstanding defense didn't know the meaning of the word "quit," and the game ended in a 3-3 tie. It was the first Army-Navy classic that ended in a tie since 1965 when each team scored seven points.

The game saw Eddie Meyers, who gained 119 yards in his 32 carries, establish three more school records: most yards in a single season (1318), most carries in a season (277), and most career rushing attempts (589). Steve Fehr, with his 35-yard field goal, not only accounted for Navy's lone score, but also set two more school season records: most field goals made (18), and most points scored by kicking (76).

Navy's defense held strong throughout the first half, allowing Army only 43 yards, but the Cadets were able to pick up 212 more in the second half. The midshipman offense, however, was never able to mount a serious threat, as they were held in check by an extremely tough Army defense, which blocked a field goal attempt and intercepted two passes. Navy's offense was also hampered by the punting of all-American Joe Sartiano, who set a NCAA record with his 57.6-yard average in the game. These kicks led to poor offensive field positions for Navy at their own seven, eight, and one yard lines.

The team had to settle for a tie, but they offered no excuses; they were on their way to a bowl game. Many were already looking forward to next year when there would be yet another chance to carry out the resounding words which are always on our minds: **BEAT ARMY!**

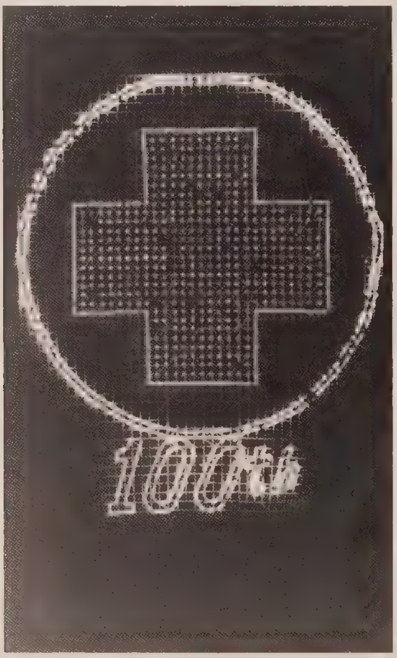
# ARMY WEEK



BEAT
ARMY

422

# Navy 28

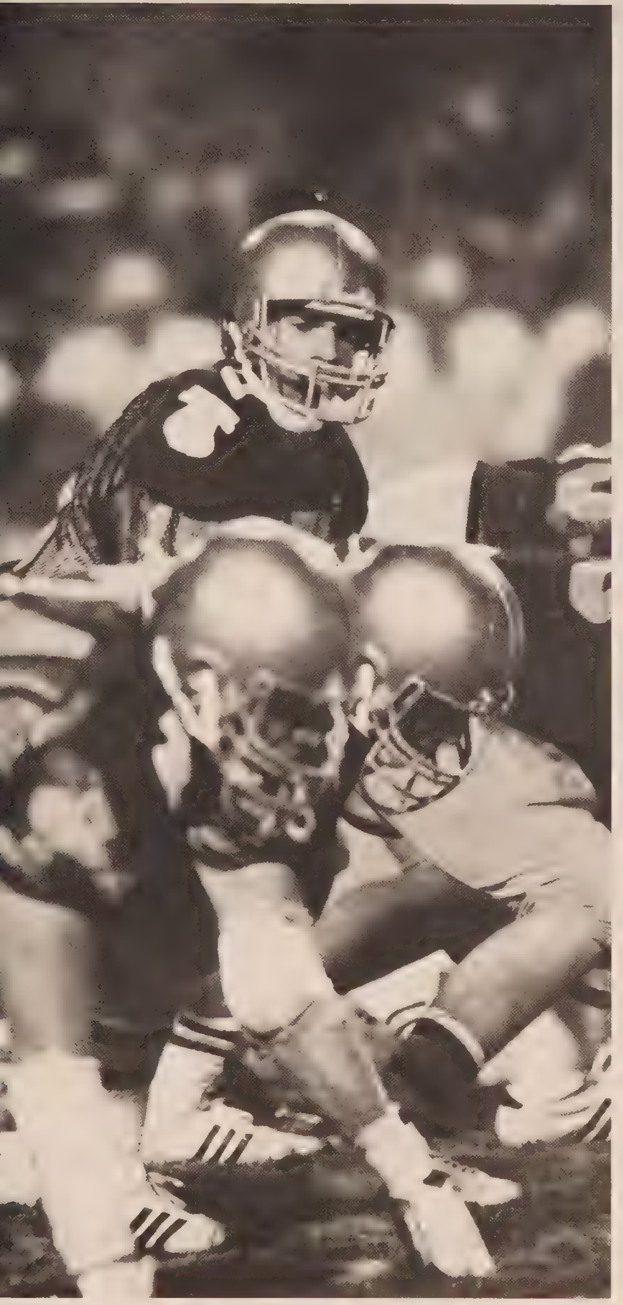


Navy twice rallied from significant deficits (10-0 and 31-20) before eventually bowing to Ohio State, 31-28 in the 23rd annual Liberty Bowl. It was a gallant effort for the Midshipmen who had been deemed an unworthy opponent for the Big Ten Champion Buckeye's by some members of the media. But in the end, thanks to the thrilling 97-yard drive in the final 5:14 that netted the Mids eight points and closed the deficit to the final three points, Navy gained nationwide acclaim for its determination.

Turnovers contributed to much of the scoring, with the Buckeyes using a blocked punt and a Navy fumble to leap into a 10-0 lead just 5:03 into the contest. The Mids countered with a pass out of punt formation later in the first period with punter Steve Fehr passing 39 yards to defensive back Brian Cianella. That play led to a one-yard scoring pass from Marco Pagnanelli to tight end Greg Papajohn. The Mids pulled even with a Fehr field goal of 36 yards early in the second period, but a lost Navy fumble allowed the Buckeyes to drive 28 yards for a touchdown. Fehr cut this advantage with a 23-yard field goal and the Mids were behind only 17-13 at halftime.

Navy went on top four minutes into the third quarter when George Herlong blocked an OSU punt and Ken Olson grabbed it and ran 10 yards into the endzone. The Buckeyes however used some ball control over the next 20 minutes to tack two touchdowns on the board, one following an interception on the Mid 43. Finally with 5:14 to go, Pagnanelli with the help of tailback Eddie Meyers and his receivers took the Mids up field. A key play in the thrust was a 34-yard pass to halfback Napoleon McCallum on which he managed to keep his balance before being driven out on the one. Pagnanelli passed to Papajohn for the TD and the two teamed for a two-point conversion. With eight seconds remaining, the Mids tried an onside kick but Ohio State recovered and the relieved Buckeyes ran out the clock. Meyers, the game's most valuable player, gained 117 yards, the most yardage by any back against State in 1981. Pagnanelli had one of his best days ever, completing 14 of 27 passes for 201 yards.

# Ohio State 31



The 150-pound football team, led by captains George Dinardo and Dwayne Clark, opened the year with a preseason shutout of Princeton University. The promise of the 1981 season was in doubt, however, when star quarterback Danny Evans suffered an injury in the first offensive series of the season opener against the University of Pennsylvania. The defensive unit, however, rose to the occasion, and shutout Penn for a 7-0 victory.

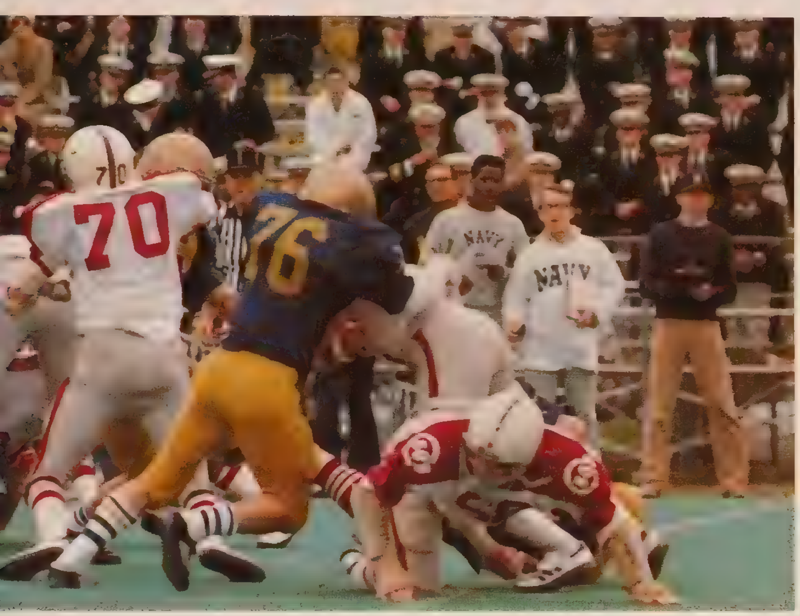
The following week, reserve quarterback Tommy Dietz commanded the offense to Navy's most impressive victory of the season. Behind Dietz's 130 yards passing, Kelly Baragar's seven catches, Chris Butler's two touchdowns and Tom Van Petten's two interceptions, the mids trounced the Black Knights of West Point, 17-7.

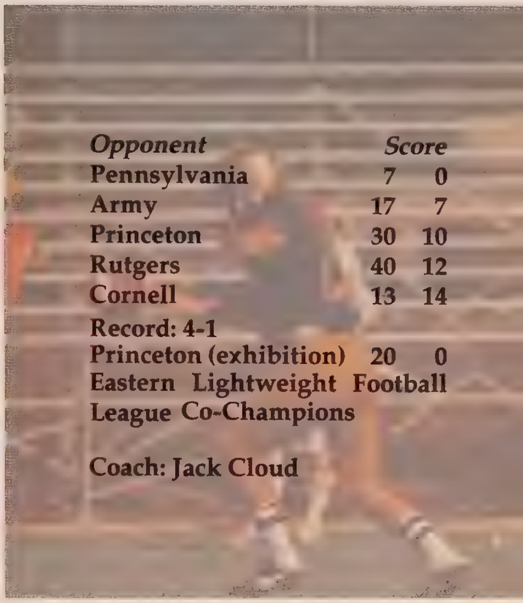
Chris Butler, the league's leading rusher, led Navy to a 31-10 rout of Princeton. Butler scored three touchdowns as the offense tallied 371 total yards. As Navy travelled to meet the Scarlet Knights of Rutgers, both teams were not only undefeated but also tied for the league championship. The Navy offense gained 499 yards and outscored their opponents 40-12 to take the victory; Navy's dominance in the league was thus assured.

In the final game of the season, however, the mids ended up on the wrong side of a 14-13 score. Despite hard-nosed defense, and interceptions by Jim Buglewicz and Ron Bethmann, Navy lost to Cornell in the closing minutes of the game when the opposing defense blocked a punt and recovered the ball in the mids' end zone.

Even after a previous thrashing of Army, Navy ended the season tied with the cadets for the league championship title. The mids, however, more than dominated the roster of Eastern Lightweight Football League all-stars, placing ten players on the team.

# 150# FOOTBALL


70
76
NAVY
NAVY



| *Opponent* | *Score* | |
|---|---|---|
| Pennsylvania | 7 | 0 |
| Army | 17 | 7 |
| Princeton | 30 | 10 |
| Rutgers | 40 | 12 |
| Cornell | 13 | 14 |

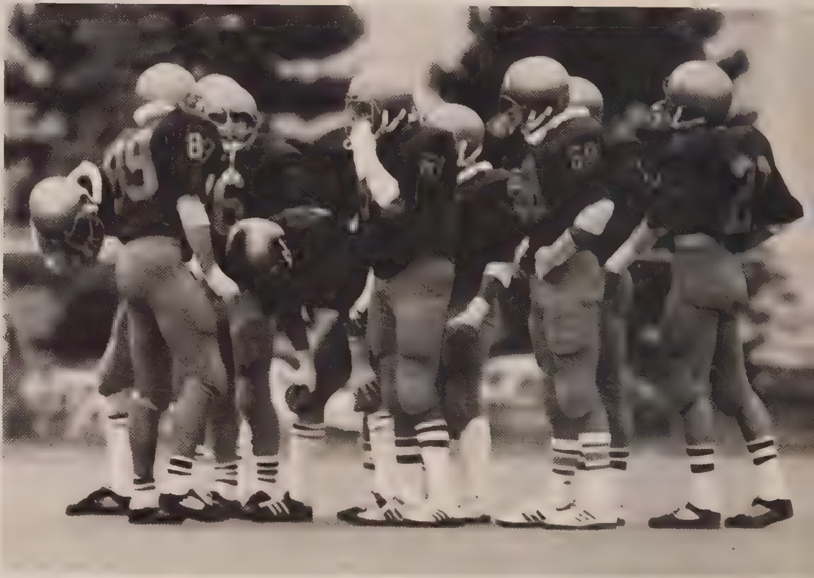
Record: 4-1

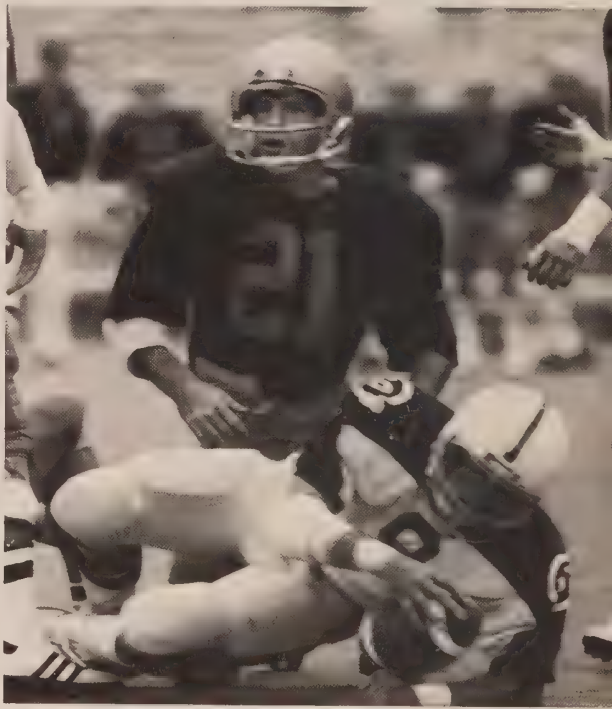
Princeton (exhibition) 20 0

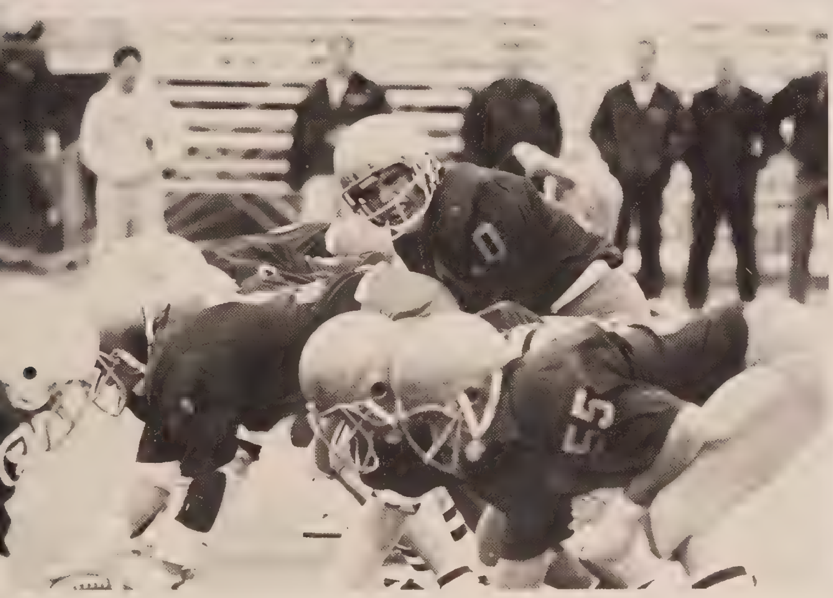
Eastern Lightweight Football League Co-Champions

Coach: Jack Cloud

36
5
45
48
65
87
82
47
54
61
NAVY
NAVY







10
51

18

10
48
20

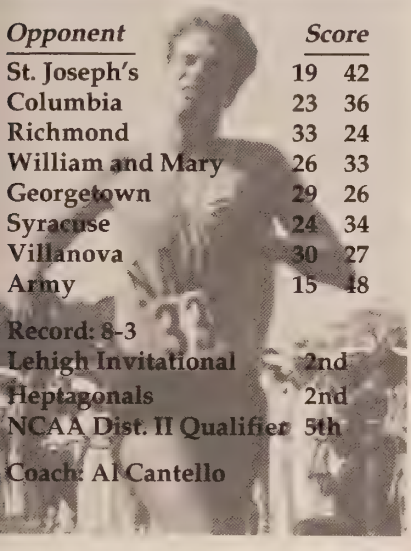
3
44
74
79
32
45

After a very successful 1980 season everyone had high hopes for the 1981 Navy Cross Country Team. The hopes were well founded as Navy won the first two dual meets, increasing their unbeaten streak to ten straight. Navy lost to Richmond, however, in the third meet of the season, but the mids remained undaunted. They returned the following week to defeat previously-unbeated William and Mary 26-33.

At this point in the season, Navy saw it's record slip to 4-3 as the mids lost close ones to Georgetown and Villanova in a four-way dual meet in Washington, D.C. Seniors Chris Paul and Bill Kovach placed 4th and 7th respectively to lead the mids to a win over Syracuse. The mids swept past Lehigh in an exciting meet and then prepared to face West Point.

In their only shut-out of the season, Navy destroyed Army 15-48 with captain Bill Kovach leading the Navy sweep of the first six places. Navy finished 2nd behind Princeton in the Heptagonals as Kovach again paced the mids with a seventh place finish. Navy narrowly missed qualifying for the NCAA championships when the mids placed fifth in the NCAA District II qualifier.

# CROSS COUNTRY



| *Opponent* | *Score* | |
|---|---|---|
| St. Joseph's | 19 | 42 |
| Columbia | 23 | 36 |
| Richmond | 33 | 24 |
| William and Mary | 26 | 33 |
| Georgetown | 29 | 26 |
| Syracuse | 24 | 34 |
| Villanova | 30 | 27 |
| Army | 15 | 48 |

Record: 8-3

| | |
|---|---|
| Lehigh Invitational | 2nd |
| Heptagonals | 2nd |
| NCAA Dist. II Qualifier | 5th |

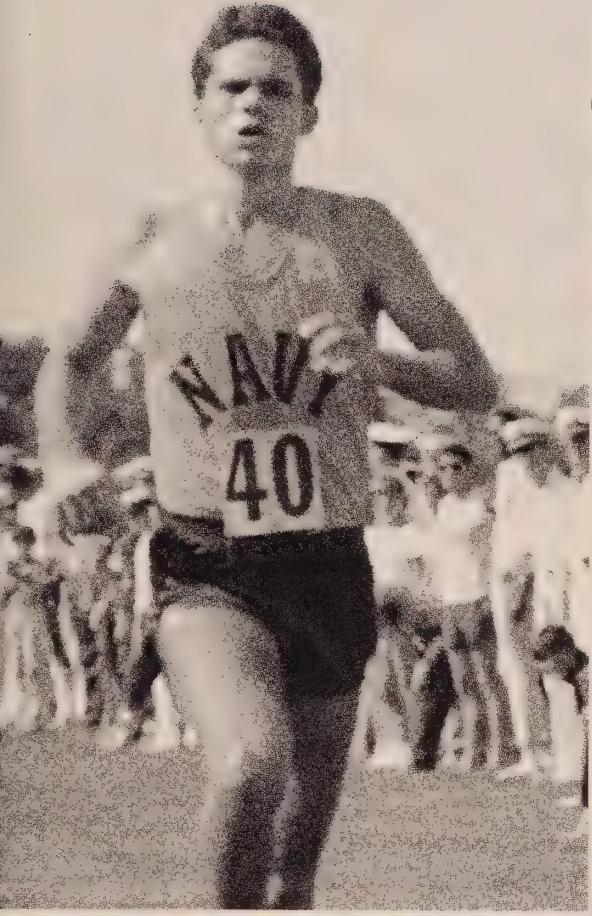
Coach: Al Cantello

NAVY
34
NAVY
37

NAVY
41
NAVY
36

NAVY
36

NAVY
43


NAVY
40

NAVY
35
NAVY
11

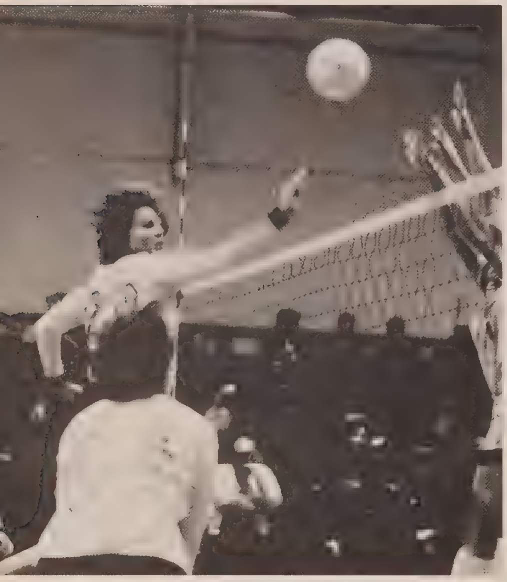
37
NAVY
34

38

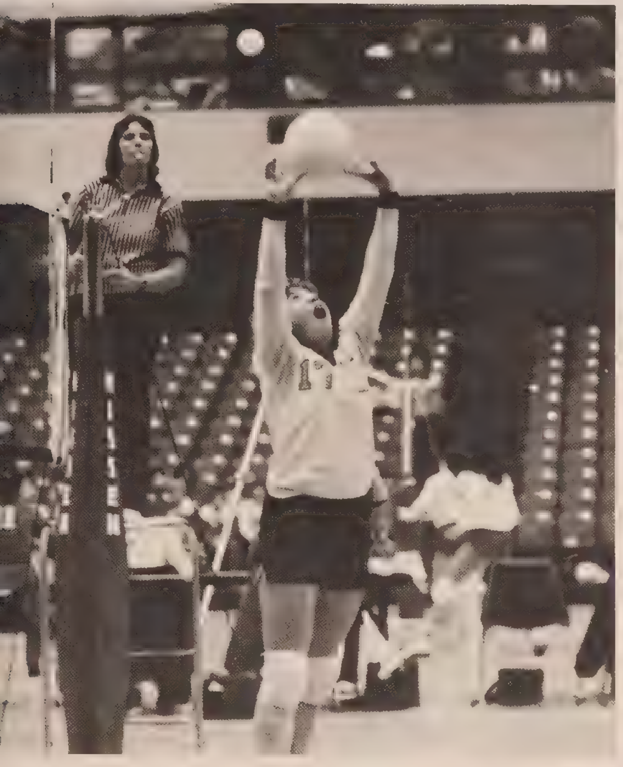
Determined to improve upon last year's performance, co-captains Barbara Nester and Linda Postenreider got the 1981 Women's Volleyball team off to a great start. Three straight wins at the beginning of the season and a third place finish in the George Mason Tournament increased their record to an incredible 7-1 mark.

The team continued their outstanding play and watched their record climb to 12-3 after beating Loyola and St. Joseph's. "Navy dropped to 17-9 before overpowering Juanita and beginning preparation for the biggest contest of the year, against Army at West Point.

Army was prepared for the battle, and Navy succumbed in a close match, two games to three. The team made a good showing in the Maryland State Tournament, placing fifth, and was selected as one of eight teams that played in the EAIAW Region I-B Tournament at Towson State. Here they played well and finished the season with a commendable 22-13-3 record.



# WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL



A R M

Despite a disappointing 7-8-2 overall finish, the 1981 varsity soccer squad had several bright spots, including a 2-0 upset of highly touted Evansville (Ind.) in overtime and a 2-0 shutout of James Madison at home.

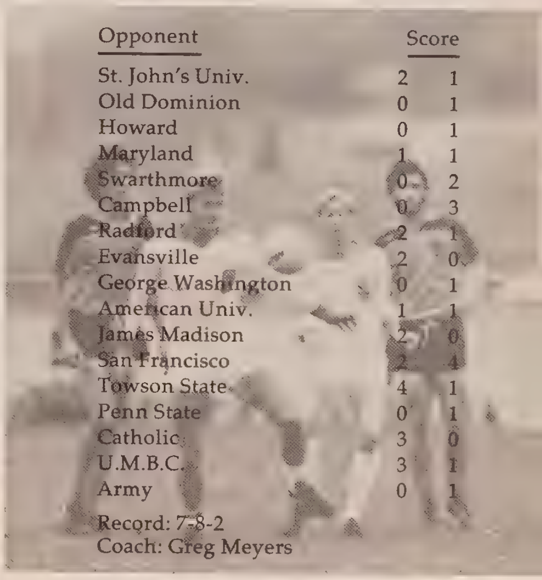
Senior Charles Borowski led the team in scoring for the season with five goals and three assists. He was followed closely by junior Keith Wauters who made six goals.

Navy began the season with an encouraging opening win against St. John's University, but the team failed to win in their next five outings. The mids got back on track again with a win over Radford College to finish third in the George Mason tournament.

The Navy team played extremely well throughout the season, with most losses occurring only by a narrow margin. Co-Captain Danny Humphreys, who missed the entire season because of a leg injury, said that the team worked well together in every aspect until it came time to put the ball in for the score. After spotting NCAA champion University of San Francisco a 3-0 halftime lead, midfielder Bob Haskins and forward Howie Hein each scored a goal in the second half. The come-back wasn't strong enough as the Dons of San Francisco demonstrated their abilities and finished on top of a 4-2 score in an exciting game at Dewey field.

Wins over Catholic University and UMBC put the team in high hopes again for the season finale against Army at home; Navy was looking for a third consecutive win over the Whoops. The Mids dominated the shooting game 23 to 4, but once again proved their inability to "put the ball in for the score," and Army came out on top with a goal late in the second half. The loss was especially disheartening because it prevented the Midshipmen from capturing their ninth consecutive winning season.

# SOCCER



| Opponent | Score | |
|---|---|---|
| St. John's Univ. | 2 | 1 |
| Old Dominion | 0 | 1 |
| Howard | 0 | 1 |
| Maryland | 1 | 1 |
| Swarthmore | 0 | 2 |
| Campbell | 0 | 3 |
| Radford | 2 | 1 |
| Evansville | 2 | 0 |
| George Washington | 0 | 1 |
| American Univ. | 1 | 1 |
| James Madison | 2 | 0 |
| San Francisco | 2 | 4 |
| Towson State | 4 | 1 |
| Penn State | 0 | 1 |
| Catholic | 3 | 0 |
| U.M.B.C. | 3 | 1 |
| Army | 0 | 1 |

Record: 7-8-2
Coach: Greg Meyers

7

2

4

NAVY
33:15
GUEST

GUEST

16

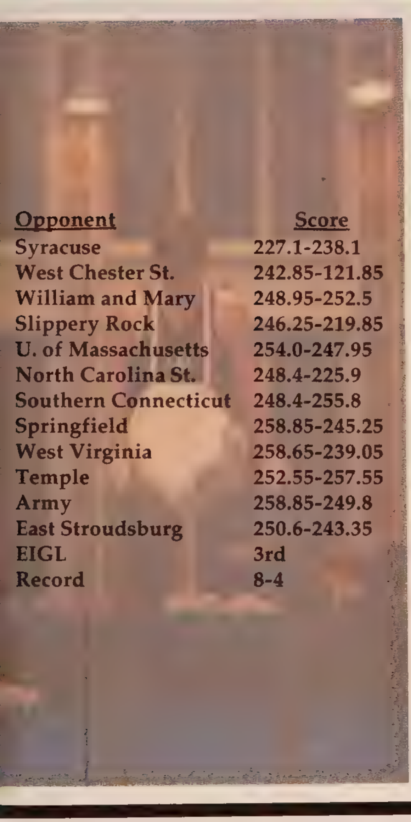
The Navy Men's Gymnastic team had its best finish in the eastern Inter-Collegiate Gymnastic League championship since 1972. The team sported an impressive 8-4 record and finished third in the league championsip. Navy set a new school record for highest point total in team competition.

Junior Pete DiTullio, who has had an outstanding season, tied for third in the all-around competition, and placed fifth in both the pommel horse and the still rings. Senior Bill Kennington placed third on the horizontal bar.

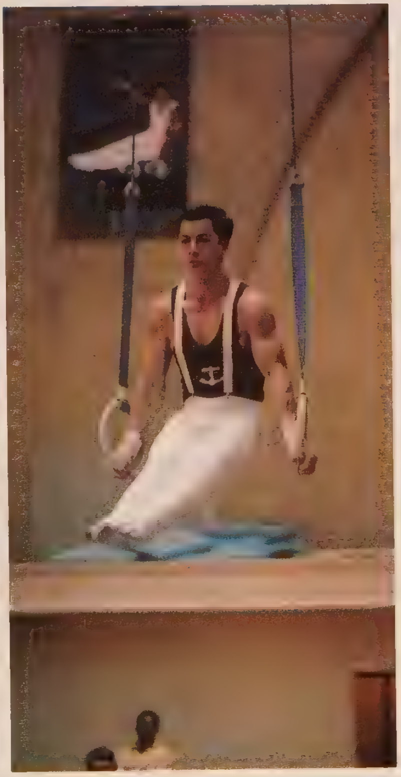
In the final league team standings the mids were tied with Syracuse. During the season the team had quite a few big wins including wins over University of Massachusetts, Springfield College, and West Virginia. The most important win, however, was the defeat of West Point, Navy's first victory over the woops since 1974.

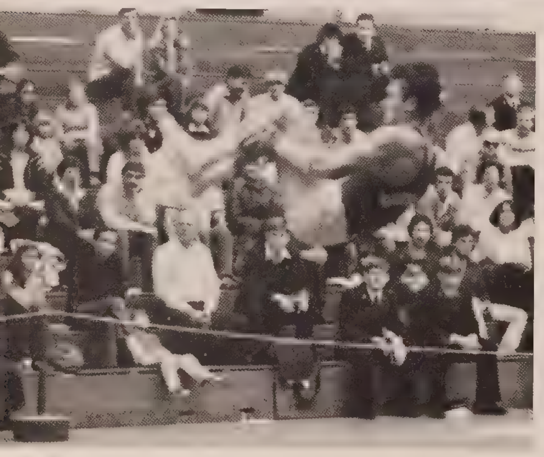
# GYMNASTICS

**Capt.** M. A. Guenther, **Coach** Bill Savering



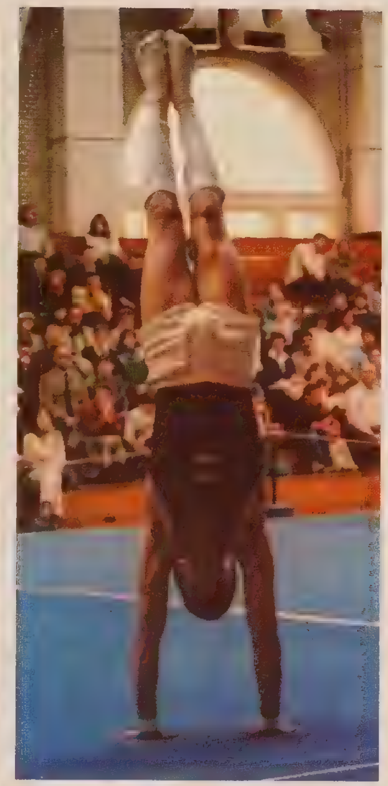
| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Syracuse | 227.1-238.1 |
| West Chester St. | 242.85-121.85 |
| William and Mary | 248.95-252.5 |
| Slippery Rock | 246.25-219.85 |
| U. of Massachusetts | 254.0-247.95 |
| North Carolina St. | 248.4-225.9 |
| Southern Connecticut | 248.4-255.8 |
| Springfield | 258.85-245.25 |
| West Virginia | 258.65-239.05 |
| Temple | 252.55-257.55 |
| Army | 258.85-249.8 |
| East Stroudsburg | 250.6-243.35 |
| EIGL | 3rd |
| Record | 8-4 |

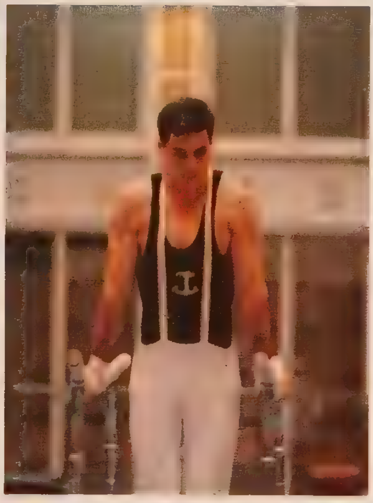




4

YMNASTICS
VISITORS

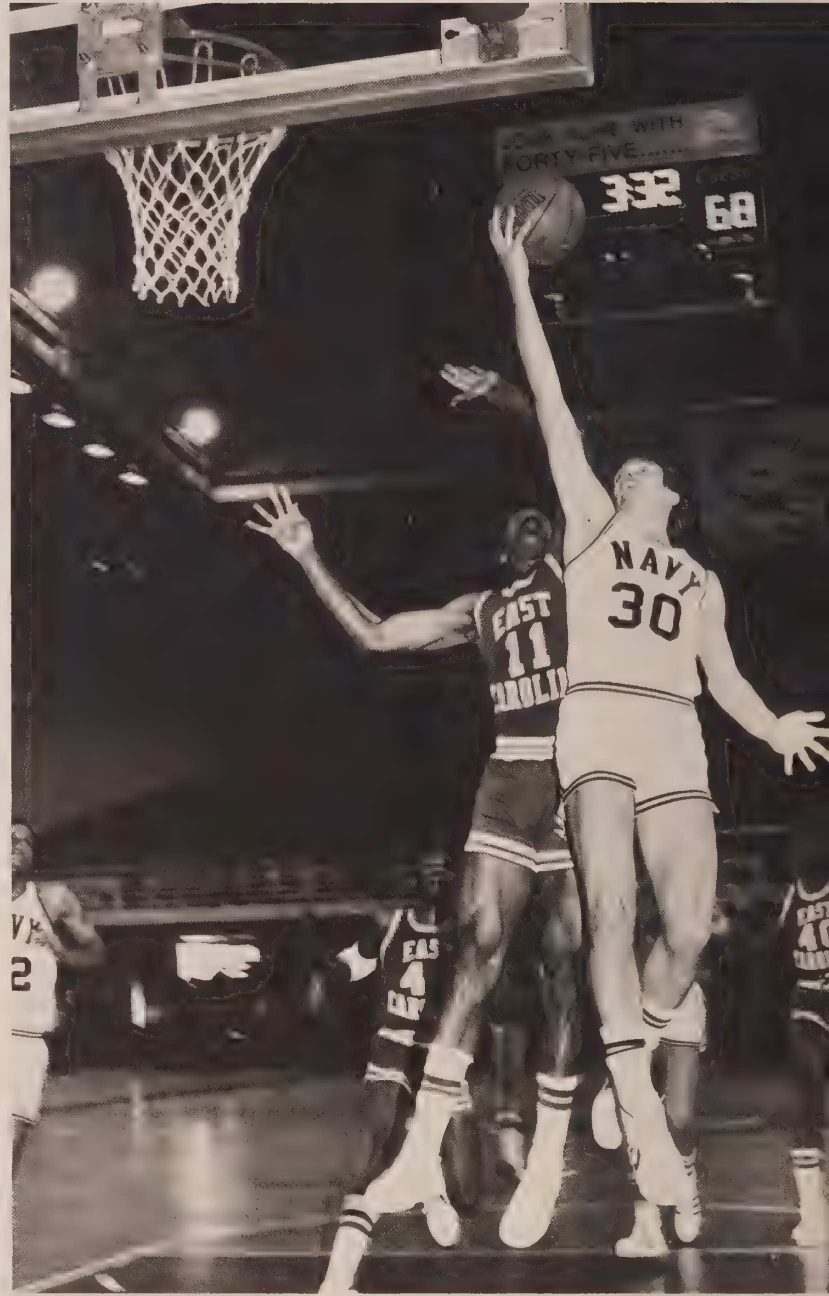




The 1981-82 Navy Basketball team was a much improved squad. Led by Seniors Myron Simons and Tim McDonnell, Juniors David Brooks, Sophomore Rob Romaine, and a good group fo reserves, the team fought its way to a 12-14 record. The team's record is not indicative of the many close games. Seven opponents of Navy went on to play in post season tournaments.

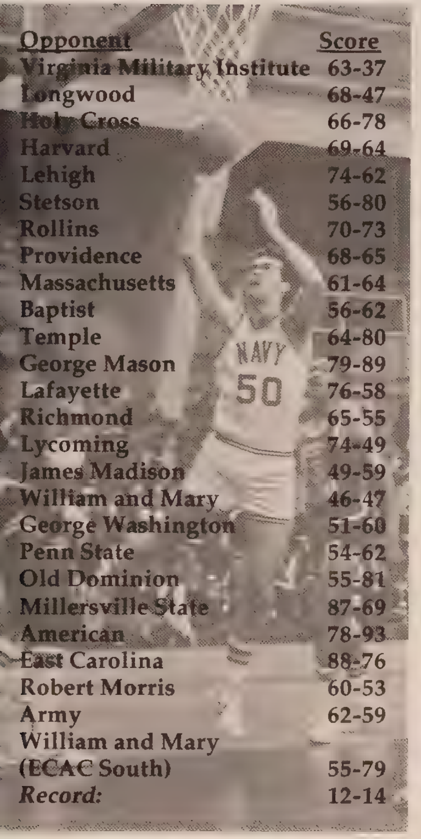
The year was highlighted by several big wins. Navy dumped Providence College, the host team of the INBANK classic, 68-65. Back-to-back wins over Lafayette and Richmond showed the talent Navy had. Rob Romaine was named ECAC Player of the week and Jim Kuzma had a career high 21 points against Richmond. The final bright spot and most satisfying victory of the season was over Army at West Point. Guard David Brooks exploded with 25 points to lead the mids to victory.

The season was marked by several strong performances. Romaine led all scores with 19.9 points per game average. Brooks caught fire and averaged 18.7 points in the last six games, to end the season with 12.5 points per game. Youngster Gary Price contributed a healthy six rebounds per game and was named ECAC Player of the week once. Jim Kuzma provided consistently strong support throughout the season.

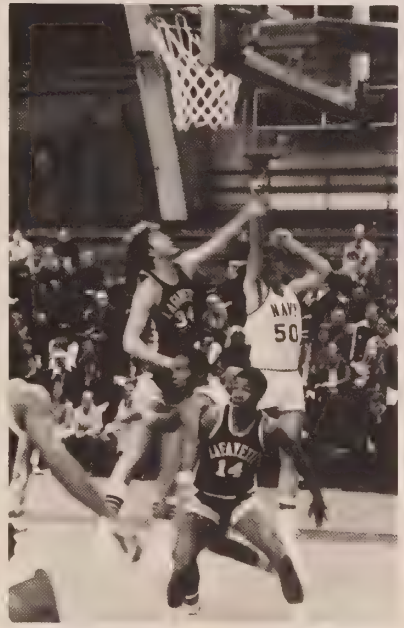


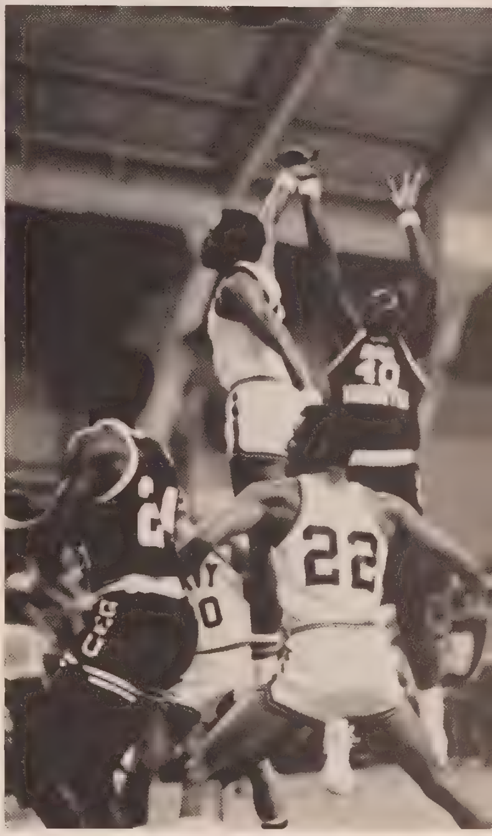
# BASKETBALL

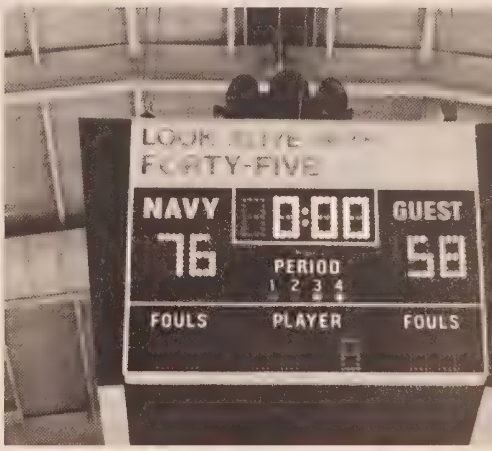
**Capt** J. M. Simons; **Coach** Paul Evans



| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Virginia Military Institute | 63-37 |
| Longwood | 68-47 |
| Holy Cross | 66-78 |
| Harvard | 69-64 |
| Lehigh | 74-62 |
| Stetson | 56-80 |
| Rollins | 70-73 |
| Providence | 68-65 |
| Massachusetts | 61-64 |
| Baptist | 56-62 |
| Temple | 64-80 |
| George Mason | 79-89 |
| Lafayette | 76-58 |
| Richmond | 65-55 |
| Lycoming | 74-49 |
| James Madison | 49-59 |
| William and Mary | 46-47 |
| George Washington | 51-60 |
| Penn State | 54-62 |
| Old Dominion | 55-81 |
| Millersville State | 87-69 |
| American | 78-93 |
| East Carolina | 88-76 |
| Robert Morris | 60-53 |
| Army | 62-59 |
| William and Mary (ECAC South) | 55-79 |
| *Record:* | 12-14 |





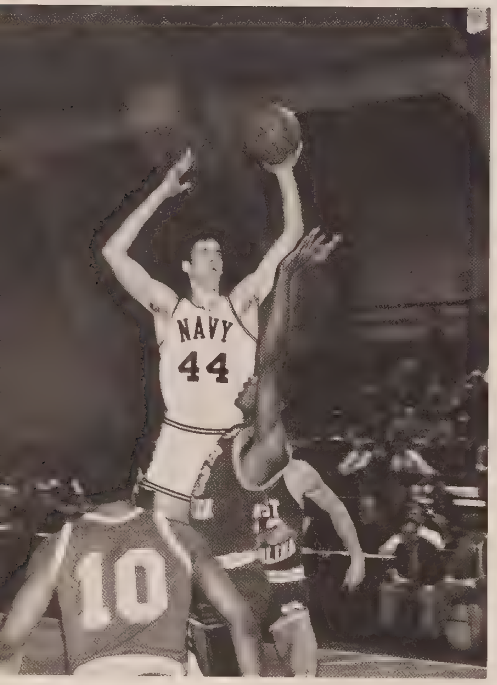

FORTY-FIVE
NAVY
76
0:00
GUEST
58
PERIOD
1 2 3 4
FOULS
PLAYER
FOULS

NAVY
14

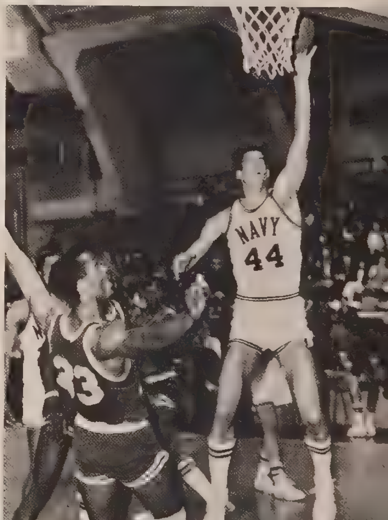
NAVY
42
34
14
54

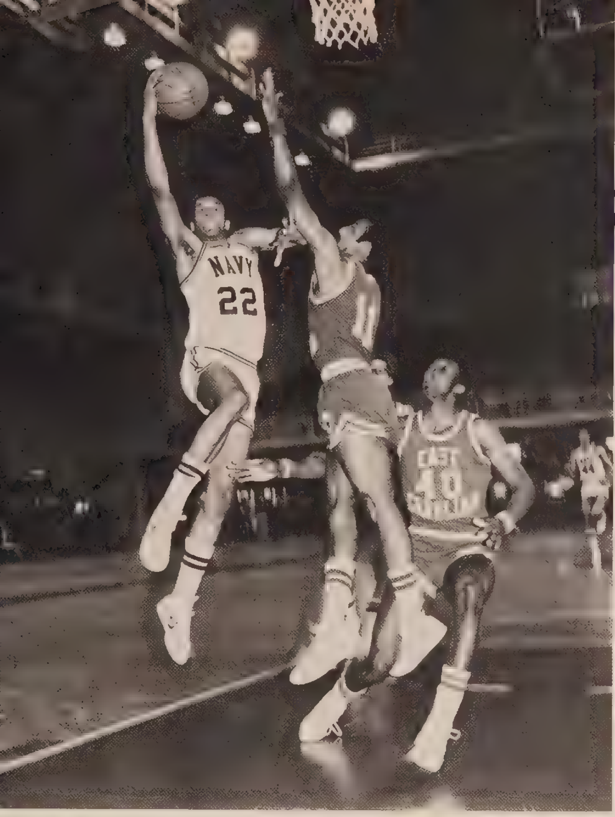
LOOK ALIVE WITH
FORTY-FIVE......
NAVY
0:00
GUEST
76
58
PERIOD
1 2 3 4
FOULS
PLAYER
FOULS

86
NAVY
24

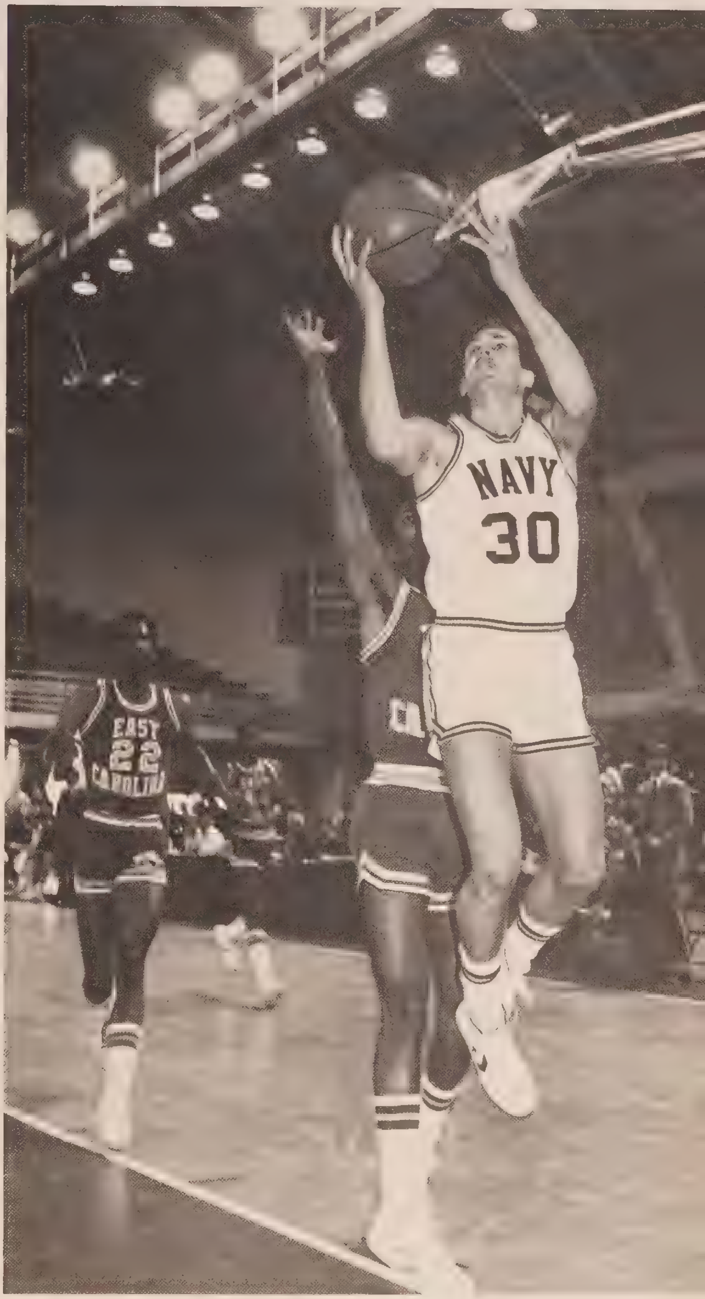

NAVY
44
10

NAVY
22
GWU
24
40


NAVY
44
33


NAVY
22
EAST
40
CAROLINA

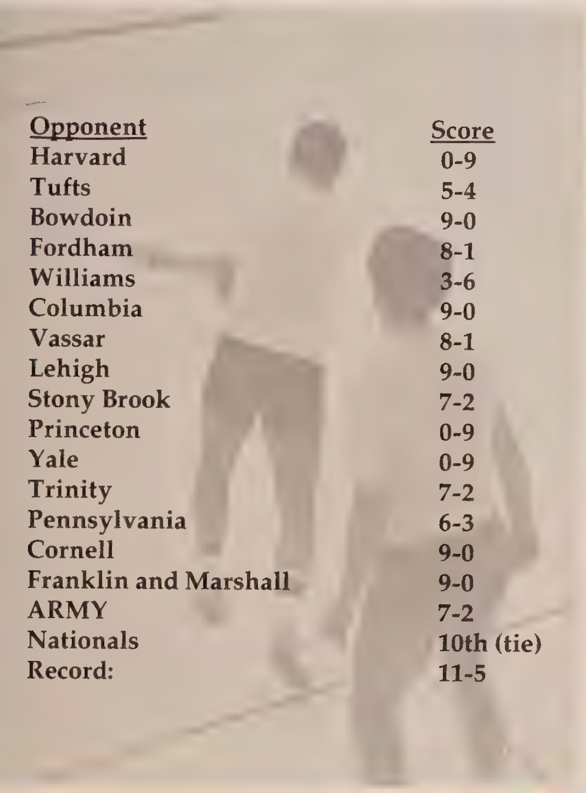
NAVY
24
GEORGE
12


NAVY
30
EAST
22
CAROLINA

Navy tied for tenth in the National Intercollegiates after finishing the regular season in a deadlock for fifth in the nine-man team ratings. The Mids defeated Army 7-2, its sixth straight victory over the Cadets. Top records were turned in by seniors Compie Newman (8-8) at number one, and Phil Ewing (10-6) at number two. Plebe Tim Tinney (9-5) was outstanding at number three and senior Greg Eisman (10-5) was a solid contributor at number five. Junior Rob Barhite fashioned a 12-3 mark at number eight.

# SQUASH

**Coach** Dave Brown, **Capt** J. W. C. Newman



| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Harvard | 0-9 |
| Tufts | 5-4 |
| Bowdoin | 9-0 |
| Fordham | 8-1 |
| Williams | 3-6 |
| Columbia | 9-0 |
| Vassar | 8-1 |
| Lehigh | 9-0 |
| Stony Brook | 7-2 |
| Princeton | 0-9 |
| Yale | 0-9 |
| Trinity | 7-2 |
| Pennsylvania | 6-3 |
| Cornell | 9-0 |
| Franklin and Marshall | 9-0 |
| ARMY | 7-2 |
| Nationals | 10th (tie) |
| Record: | 11-5 |

The 1981-82 Wrestling Team has proven to be one of the highlights of Ed Peery's 22-year program at Navy. Winning his sixth Eastern Championship, and the first one since 1974, Perry adds to an already impressive list of accomplishments. Peery said that this year's team was certainly the toughest team I've had since 1974, and possibly the best team I've seen in my 22 years at Navy.

With a 19-3 dual meet record, the Eastern Crown, and a team total of 266 individual wins to their opponents' 107, the 1982 Navy wrestlers have certainly established themselves as one of the Academy's finest teams ever. Navy sent seven wrestlers to the NCAA Tournament, where All-American John Reich (167 lbs.) placed third with a 27-3 record. Navy placed 17th in the country. Always tough, Lehigh chased Navy all the way for the Eastern title, but came up 2½ points behind Navy's 133¾.

Individual Eastern Champions were Frank Shaffer (150 lbs.), John Reich (167 lbs.), and Mark Phillips (177 lbs.); 2nd place finishers were Mike Rogers (158 lbs.), Pat Ryan (190 lbs.), and George Fears (unl.). Co-captain Dave Halladay (134 lbs.) placed third, and Don Schleicher (142 lbs.) finished in fourth place.

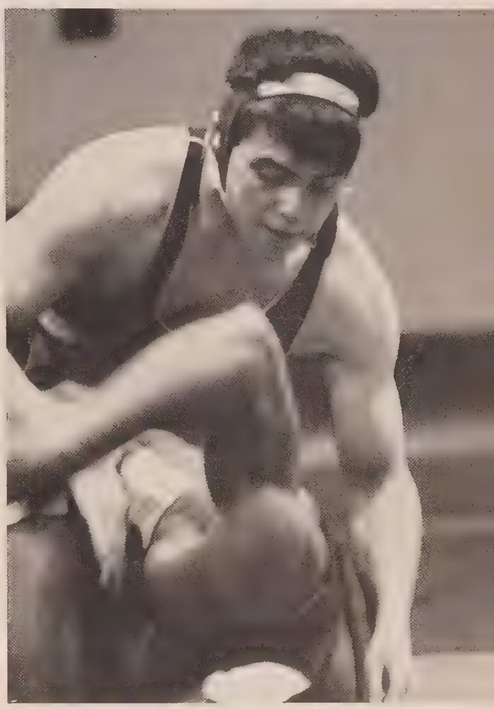
A combination of depth, balance, dedication, and excellent coaching from Reg Wicks and Ed Peery established the 1981-82 Navy Wrestling team as one of the finest in the Naval Academy's history.

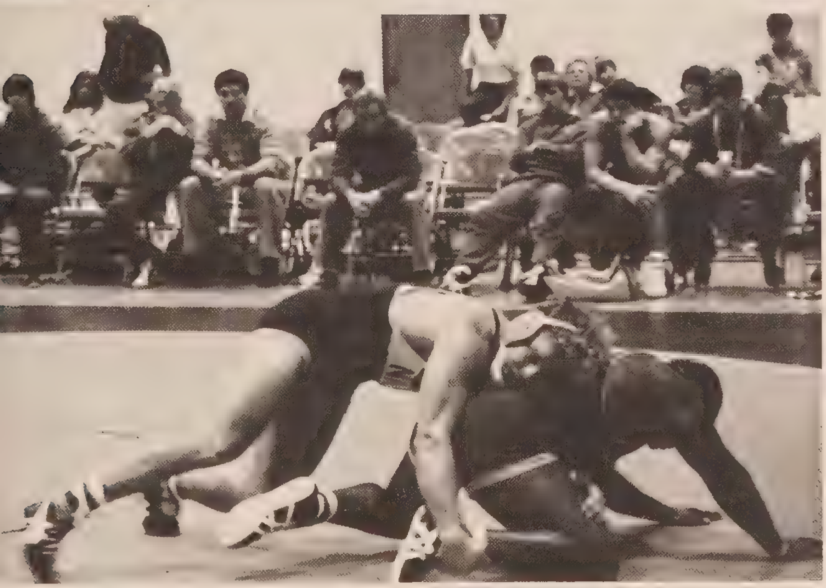
| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Turkey Bowl Invitational | 1st |
| Wilkes | 24-14 |
| Sunshine Open Wrestling Tourn. | 2nd |
| Central Oklahoma State | 24-13 |
| Central Florida | 40-7 |
| Tennessee | 31-16 |
| Pitt-Johnstown | 42-3 |
| Maryland | 27-11 |
| Temple | 26-8 |
| Princeton | 36-3 |
| Morgan State (VA Duals) | 37-6 |
| William & Mary (VA Duals) | 31-9 |
| Old Dominion (VA Duals) | 30-7 |
| Cal-Poly (VA Duals) | 14-20 |
| West Virginia | 30-14 |
| Rider | 30-9 |
| Massachusetts | 37-3 |
| Rutgers | 43-5 |
| Penn State | 18-24 |
| North Carolina | 19-26 |
| Liberty Baptist | 34-2 |
| Pittsburgh | 32-7 |
| Lehigh | 35-10 |
| ARMY | 36-6 |
| EIWA Championships | 1st |
| Record: | 19-3 |

# WRESTLING

**Co-Capt.** D. E. Halladay and G. W. Zanti, **Coach** Ed Peery

NAVY WRESTLING
NAVY
WRE

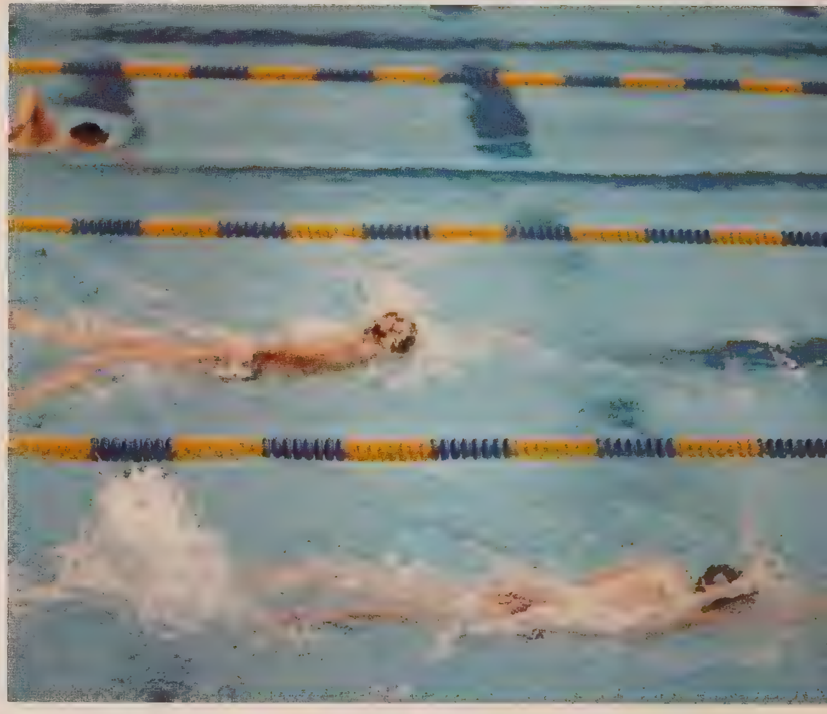




The swimming team finished its season with a 6-5 record. Major highlights of the season included a four-in-a-row winning streak and a victory over Army. The team had consecutive wins over East Carolina, Comell, Pennsylvania and James Madison. 2/c Joe Murphy won the 50-meter freestyle and the 100-meter freestyle in all four meets to pace the mids.

Despite losing the next two meets in a row, the mids didn't worry about "getting psyched" for Army. The Cadets, who were 8-4 and favored to win, were blitzed by Navy 74-39. The mids set 10 school records in the process of smoking the Woops.

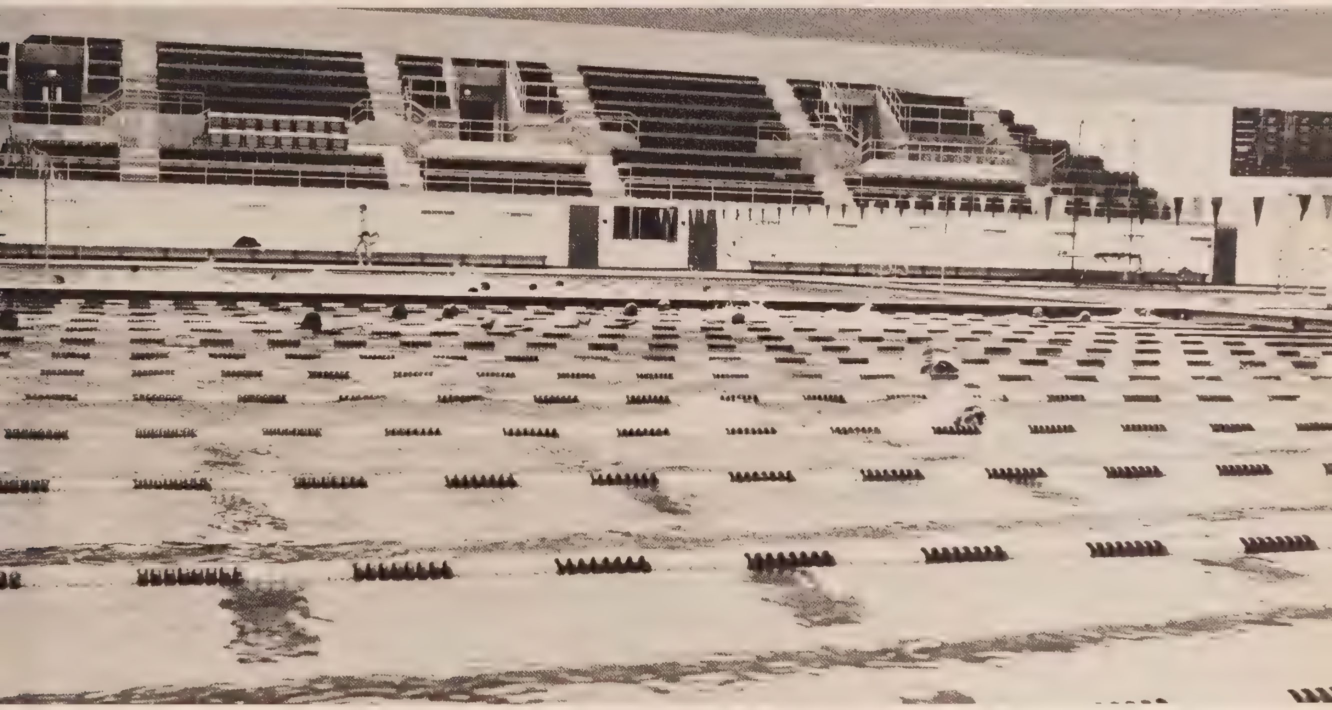
Navy concluded the season with a 9th place finish in the Eastern Seaboard Swimming Championships, where Joe Murphy placed third in the 50-meter freestyle and 3/c Tony Onorati placed eighth in the three meter dive.



# SWIMMING

**Couch** Lee Lawrence, **Co-Capt.** M. B. Smack and M. J. McCloskey

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Harvard | 46-65 |
| Brown | 76-37 |
| Dartmouth | 47-66 |
| Yale | 53-60 |
| East Carolina | 79-34 |
| Cornell | 67-46 |
| Pennsylvania | 76-37 |
| James Madison | 75-38 |
| Villanova | 64-48 |
| Princeton | 40-73 |
| Columbia | 43-70 |
| ARMY | 74-39 |
| Eastern Seaboards | 9th |
| Record: | 6-5 |



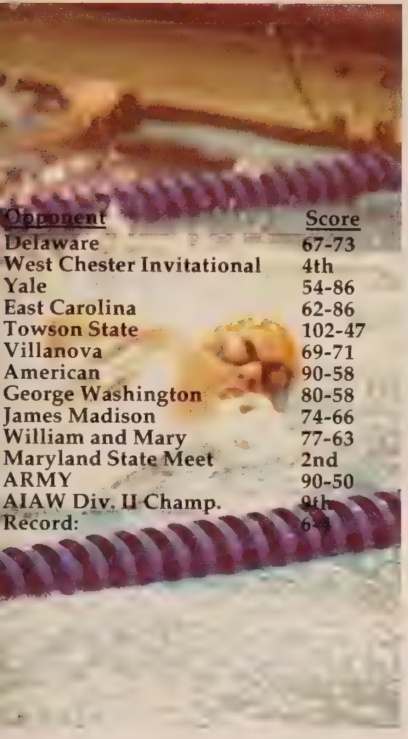
Team captain Terri Riggs led the 1982 Women's Varsity Swimming Team to an overall 6-4 record, including a phenomenal season ending five-meet win streak. Six swimmers went on to capture all-American honors at AIAW Division II National Championships at the University of Idaho (Moscow). The team's ninth-place finish at Idaho was also a defeat of a perenially powerful Air Force Team, and a 90-50 thrashing of Army in the first meeting between the two schools.

Undoubtedly, the most outstanding member of the team was fourth classman Laurie Musiek. She finished in three events in ten dual meets, and broke numerous school and pool records. She also tied for third for the most points scored by an individual at the AIAW meet. The five events she placed in were 50-yard (1st), 100-yard (2nd), 200-yard butterfly (5th), 100 (7th), and 200 IM (8th). In the same meet, Cheryl Dolynick, another of Navy's consistent winners, took 3rd in the 200 IM, 8th in the 100 IM, and 12th in the 100 and 200 breaststroke events. In the diving events, Dacy Judy, a plebe who had become a regular first-place winner in dual meets, took 3rd in 1-meter diving and 10th on the 3-meter board. Meanwhile firstie Kris Collins swept the butterfly events, taking 2nd in the 200, 4th in the 100, and 9th in the 50. In the same meet, Navy's 800 free and 400 medley relays garnered 9th and 4th places consecutively.

Due to their strong performances during the season Riggs, Collins, Musiek, Dolynick, Judy and Maureen Ford were named to the All-American team. For Riggs and Collins it was the fourth consecutive year.

# WOMEN'S SWIMMING

**Capt.** T. L. Riggs, **Coach** Lee Lawrence



| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Delaware | 67-73 |
| West Chester Invitational | 4th |
| Yale | 54-86 |
| East Carolina | 62-86 |
| Towson State | 102-47 |
| Villanova | 69-71 |
| American | 90-58 |
| George Washington | 80-58 |
| James Madison | 74-66 |
| William and Mary | 77-63 |
| Maryland State Meet | 2nd |
| ARMY | 90-50 |
| AIAW Div. II Champ. | 9th |
| Record: | 6-4 |

The fencing team lost many close matches and finished the season on a disappointing 3-5 mark.

Navy placed 8th in the Intercollegiate Fencing Association Championships, where the big finish was a second in the epee weapon. Individually, 1/c Carroll LeFon took fourth in the sabor weapon and 1/c Richard Armknecht finished ninth in epee.

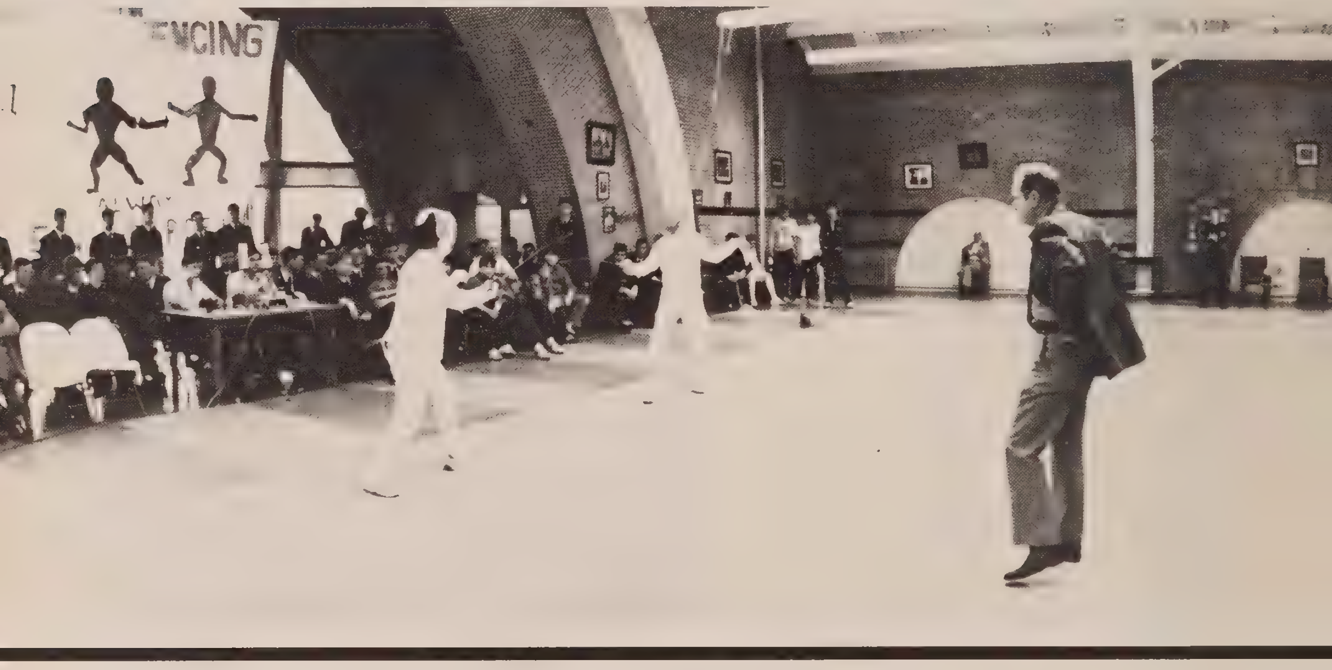
At the NCAA Championships LeFon, with a superb final day performance in which he won eight of nine bouts, finished third in sabre. For his performance Carroll was named to the first All-American team in fencing.

# MEN'S FENCING

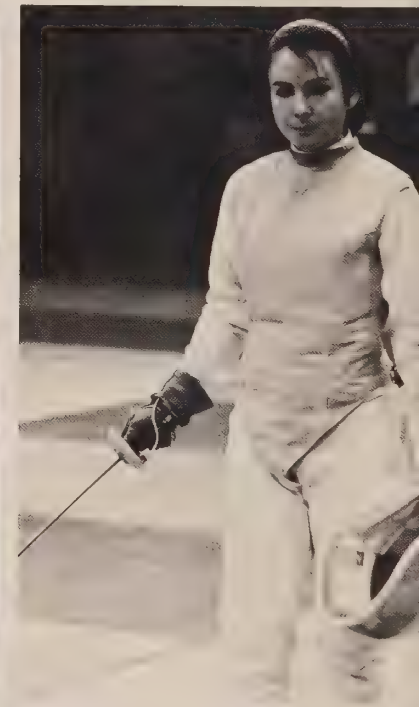
**Coach** Andy DeLadier, **Capt.** C. E. Lefon

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Princeton | 10-17 |
| William and Mary | 17-10 |
| Penn | 09-18 |
| Columbia | 10-17 |
| Rutgers | 17-10 |
| Penn State | 13-14 |
| New York University | 22-05 |
| William Patterson | 13-14 |
| IFA Easterns | 8th |
| *Record:* | 3-5 |

ENCING
ALWAYS


ENCING

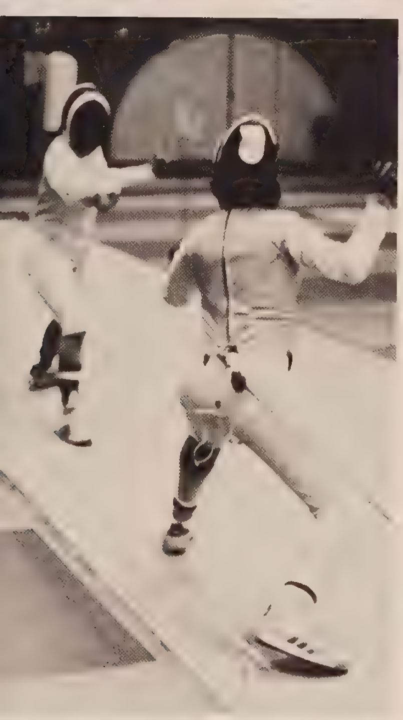
In its fifth season of varsity status, Navy compiled its best record ever, winning a record ten matches and finishing the year with eight straight victories. The team qualified for National AIAW Tournament and finished ninth. Senior Cathy Calhoun qualified for Nationals by placing seventh among 36 competitors at the AIAW Easterns held at Penn State. Navy finished fourth out of eight teams at the EAIAW. Top individual records for the season were registered by seniors Jennifer Tondu (26-8), Kathy Bustle (26-10), Cathy Calhoun (29-8), and Lynn Cortez (21-15).



# WOMEN'S FENCING

**Coach** Andy DeLadier, **Capt.** J. L. Tondu

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Princeton | 12-04 |
| Fairleigh Dickinson | 10-06 |
| Penn State | 07-09 |
| Barnard | 09-07 |
| Pace | 14-02 |
| SUNY Purchase | 15-01 |
| Johns Hopkins | 14-02 |
| Rutgers | 10-06 |
| William and Mary | 09-07 |
| Stevens State Tech | 10-06 |
| William Patterson | 09-07 |
| AIAW Championships | 9th |
| Record: | 10-1 |



Navy Indoor Track finished the season with a 4-3 overall record including wins over LaSalle, William and Mary, Pennsylvania, and St. Joseph's. Three time All-American high jumper Leo Williams, a second-classman, continued to outclass all competitors by taking first in all of the dual meets he participated in.

The mids made an impressive showing at the Heptagonals by placing third overall; Williams was the champion in the high jump as usual. Second places for the mids were recorded by Rich Smith in the pole vault and Joe Konicki in the high jump. At the IC4A Championships Williams took first, and Bill Kovack was seventh in the 3000 meter race. In the NCAA Championships, Leo Williams took first for the second straight year, setting a new meet record of 7′-5¾″.

NAVY
ARMY
NAVY

# INDOOR TRACK

**Capt.** R. W. Smith, **Coach** Al Cantello

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Virginia Mil. Inst. | 66-71 |
| Lasalle | 97-48 |
| William & Mary | 74-62 |
| Princeton | 67-69 |
| Pennsylvania | 93-43 |
| Saint Joseph's | 94-42 |
| ARMY | 66-[illegible] |
| Heptagonals | [illegible] |
| Record | [illegible] |

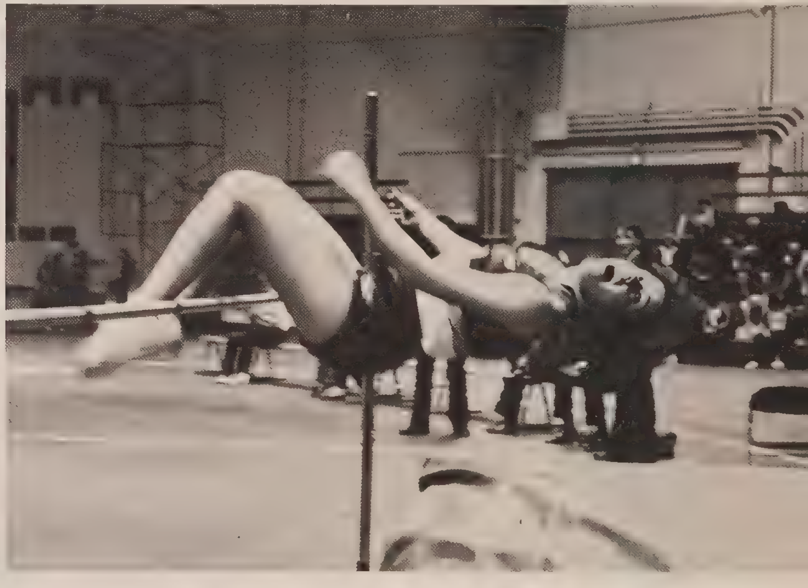
ARMY
ARMY
NAVY

VARS

In their first year as a varsity sport, the Women's Indoor Track Team raked in nine victories and a mere four losses, placing 3rd in the Eastern AIAW Division III Championships. During the regular season, co-captains Mara Heatherington and Jody Leisch led the team to victories over nine teams including Towson, Mt. St. Mary's, Mary Washington, Catholic, and Frostberg.

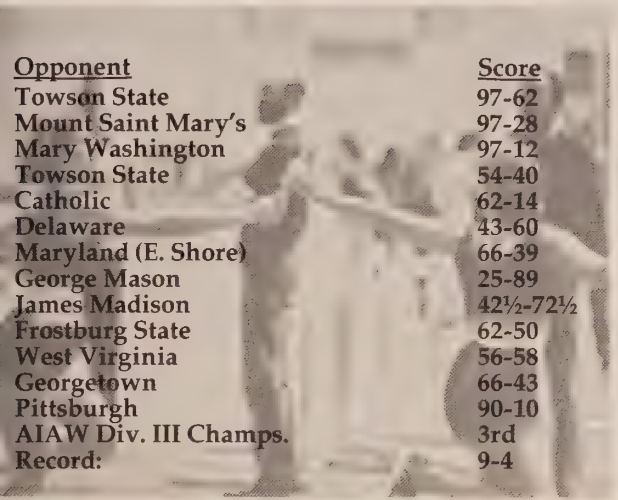
The team performed beyond everyone's expectations: 4/c Stefani Green set a meet record in the 600-meter (1:37.14) and teamed up with Sue Honan, Jane Ward, and Colleen Ellis for a second place finish in the 400-meter relay. Other second place finishes were earned by the 800-meter relay team composed of Mara Heatherington, Kathleen O'Neill, Lisa Thompson, and Laura Hinkley and by Jody Leisch in the shot put. Outstanding performances by Ginger Bressler (5000-meter run), Chris Gromek (pentathlon), Laura Hinkley (800-meter run), and Charlotte Monk (shot put) added to Navy's showing. A total of 22 athletes traveled to the Championships and 12 of them earned All-East honors.

Assistant coaches MAJ Rocky Rosacker, USMC; CAPT Steve Carpenter, USMC, and LT Bob Cunnington, USN joined with officer representative MAJ Fran Wilson, USMC to help the young team make its first year a highly successful one with the potential of becoming next year's EAIAW Champions.



# WOMEN'S INDOOR TRACK

**Coach** MAJ Mike Sheely, **Co-Capt.** K. L. Gregory and S. F. Steen



| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Towson State | 97-62 |
| Mount Saint Mary's | 97-28 |
| Mary Washington | 97-12 |
| Towson State | 54-40 |
| Catholic | 62-14 |
| Delaware | 43-60 |
| Maryland (E. Shore) | 66-39 |
| George Mason | 25-89 |
| James Madison | 42½-72½ |
| Frostburg State | 62-50 |
| West Virginia | 56-58 |
| Georgetown | 66-43 |
| Pittsburgh | 90-10 |
| AIAW Div. III Champs. | 3rd |
| Record: | 9-4 |

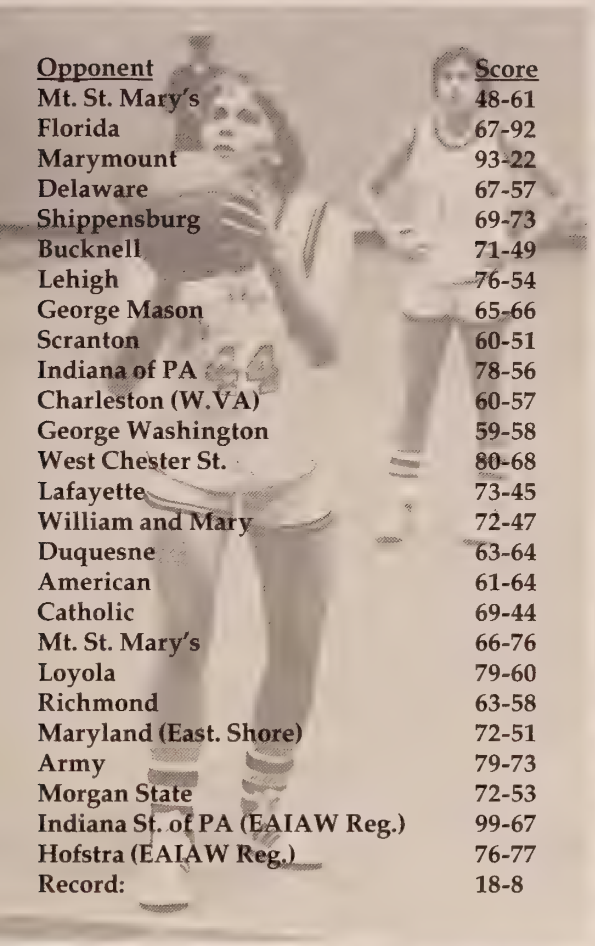
The women's Basketball team had their best season in their five year history, finishing the season with an impressive record of 18-8. Senior Colleen Cassidy after her outstanding performance this year, now holds all of the Academy women's basketball scoring record. Her records include career scoring leader, single season scoring leader, single game scoring record holder, and all-time assist leader. She also holds the record for the most field goals in a season. Senior Lynne Eoe finished her career third in all-time scoring and second rebounding.

Besides having their best season ever the mids also won the first post-season playoff game in their history. The win came in the first round of the mid-Atlantic EAIAW Division II playoffs; Navy scored 99 points, the most ever for a women's basketball team in a single game, to defeat Indiana of PA. The mids also picked up their first tourney win in three years winning the Indiana University of Pennsylvania Tournament.

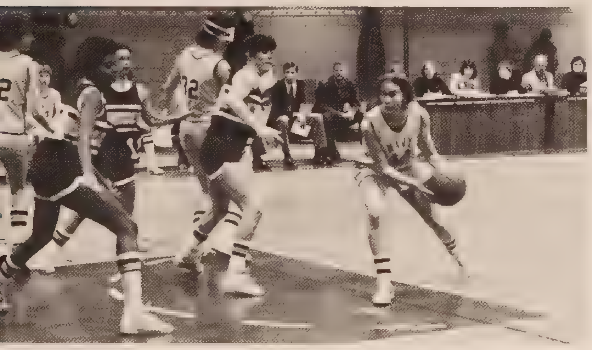
To top off such a fine season, Navy crushed Army at West Point 79-73. Junior Nancy Schiavetta, who finished the season second in scoring and third in rebounding, dumped in a career high 25 points in the game to pace the mids.

# WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

**Co-Capt.** C.E. Cassidy and L. A. Coe, Coach Dave Smalley



| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Mt. St. Mary's | 48-61 |
| Florida | 67-92 |
| Marymount | 93-22 |
| Delaware | 67-57 |
| Shippensburg | 69-73 |
| Bucknell | 71-49 |
| Lehigh | 76-54 |
| George Mason | 65-66 |
| Scranton | 60-51 |
| Indiana of PA | 78-56 |
| Charleston (W.VA) | 60-57 |
| George Washington | 59-58 |
| West Chester St. | 80-68 |
| Lafayette | 73-45 |
| William and Mary | 72-47 |
| Duquesne | 63-64 |
| American | 61-64 |
| Catholic | 69-44 |
| Mt. St. Mary's | 66-76 |
| Loyola | 79-60 |
| Richmond | 63-58 |
| Maryland (East. Shore) | 72-51 |
| Army | 79-73 |
| Morgan State | 72-53 |
| Indiana St. of PA (EAIAW Reg.) | 99-67 |
| Hofstra (EAIAW Reg.) | 76-77 |
| Record: | 18-8 |



NAVY
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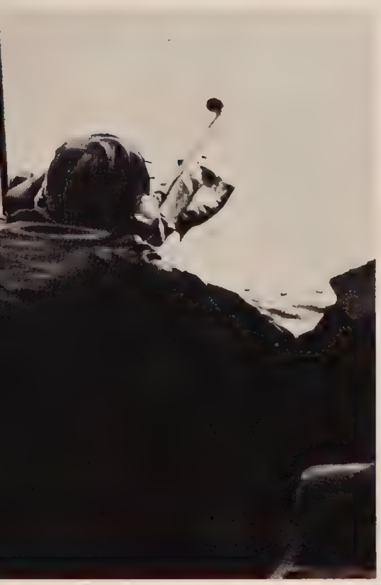
NAVY
30

First-year coach LCDR Dennis Jones directed the team to seventh in the NCAA Championships. It was the second straight year they placed seventh nationally. Junior Jim Hudson was selected to the 1982 second All-America team in air rifle, the third straight year he has been an All-American in the sport. Hudson qualified for the NCAA's in both small bore and air rifle. Senior Lloyd Edgerly and Jeff Weis qualified in small bore. Army edged Navy 5664-5637 for the second year in a row.

# RIFLE

**Coach** LCDR Dennis Jones, **Capt** R. E. Duncan

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| North Carolina State | 6004-5872 |
| Saint John's | 5995-5991 |
| Virginia | 5944-5221 |
| West Virginia | 6023-6152 |
| Coast Guard Academy | 5948-5517 |
| William & Mary | 5925-5668 |
| Military Academy | 5637-5664 |
| (Army) | 7th |
| NCAA Championships | 5-2 |
| Record: | |



The Pistol Team posted a 9-1 record in Intercollegiate competition this season. Team captain Bernt Oydna and Michael Boehle led the team which included six returning lettermen. In the NRA sectional match held here at the Academy the pistol team once again dominated, taking the first three places in each of the three disciplines, International Free, Standard, and Air Pistol. The team smashed the old National Air Pistol record by over 30 points. At the National Intercollegiate Pistol Championship, also held here, the Pistol team won the Free Pistol Team for the seventh consecutive year, setting another new National record in the process. Superb performances throughout the season by five of the midshipmen resulted in their being named All-Americans: Bernt Oydna (third time), Michael Boehle (second time), Paul Menninger, Kevin Jennings, and Jim Wilhelm.

Coach Jim Phipps, a dedicated and distinguished pistol shooter, stresses a three phase training program: mental, physical, and technical. Considerable concentration is needed during a match along with a high degree of physical endurance in order to be a successful shooter. A technical ability is also needed so that a shooter can analyze each shot to determine his error corrections.

This summer the team will travel to the National Outdoor Pistol championships at Camp Perry, Ohio, in the hopes of capturing yet another National Collegiate title. In the summer of '81, the pistol team beat Army en route to winning the Aldon Partridge Trophy.

102
875
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2990
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-3002
-2769
-3103
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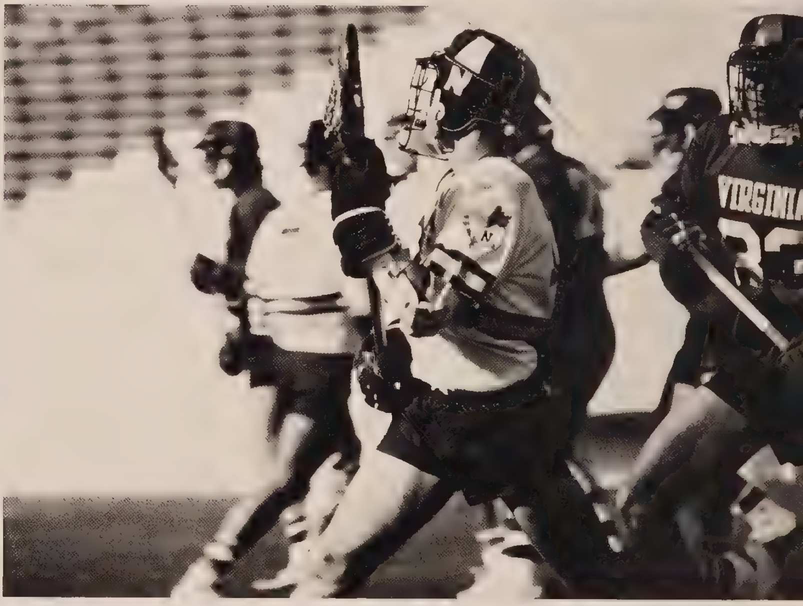
# PISTOL

**Capt.** B. L. Oydna, **Coach** Jim Phipps

Navy was chosen to participate in the NCAA Division I post-season tournament for the 12th straight year, the only institution in the history of the sport to have played in all four contests, bowing to Maryland (12-10), Virginia (26-15), and John Hopkins (12-7) during the regular season and to eventual national Champ North Carolina (16-2) in the first round of the NCAA playoffs. Conversely, Navy won six of its first seven starts including a thrilling come-from-behind overtime victory over previously unbeaten Army 12-11 at West Point. Senior Bill Anderson scored the winning goal against the Cadets with 1:48 gone in the overtime period capping a tremendous rally that saw the Midshipmen erase an 11-8 deficit in the closing minutes of regulation play. Three members of the team were accorded All-American honorable mention recognition: Bill Anderson, a midfielder, junior attackman Rich Wehman, and senior defenseman John Korn. Korn and senior colleague Tom Page participated in the annual North-South All-Star Game at Hobart College. Coach Dick Szlasa resigned a month after the season to accept the athletic directorship at Drew University in Madison, NJ. Szlasa's 10-year record at Navy was 85-44 (.659). Junior attacker Bob Bianchi was second in team scoring with 19 goals and five assists.



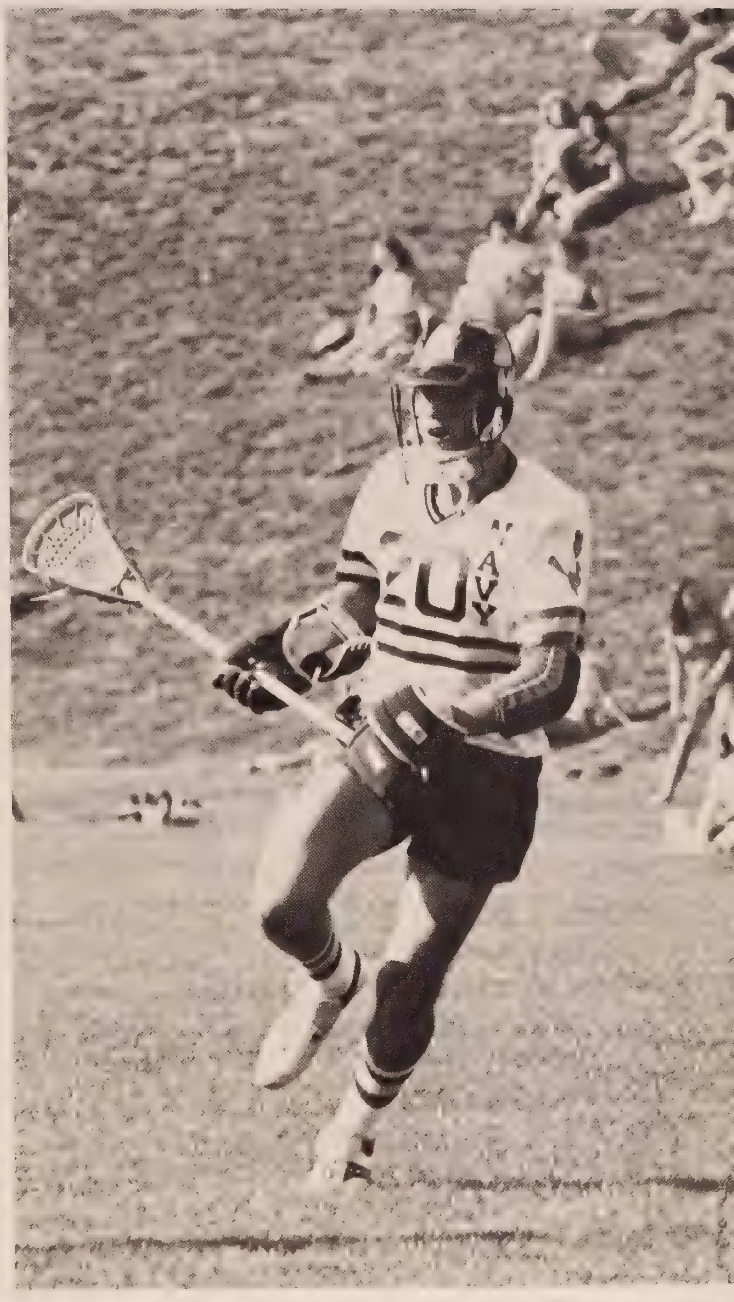
# LACROSSE

**Co-Capt.** J. Korn, D. Jones, **Coach** Dick Szlasa

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Washington and Lee | 11-10 |
| Washington College | 10-14 |
| Syracuse | 12-11 |
| UMBC | 12- 8 |
| Pennsylvania | 8- 7 |
| Princeton | 14- 9 |
| Army | 12-11 |
| Maryland | 10-12 |
| Virginia | 15-26 |
| Johns Hopkins | 7-12 |
| Mt Washington | 13-16 |
| North Carolina | 2-16 |

NCAA First Round Playoffs

Record: 6-5



VIRGINIA
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NAVY
VIRGINIA
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N
7
46

14
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N
4
NAVY

NAVY
14

NAVY
14

AVY

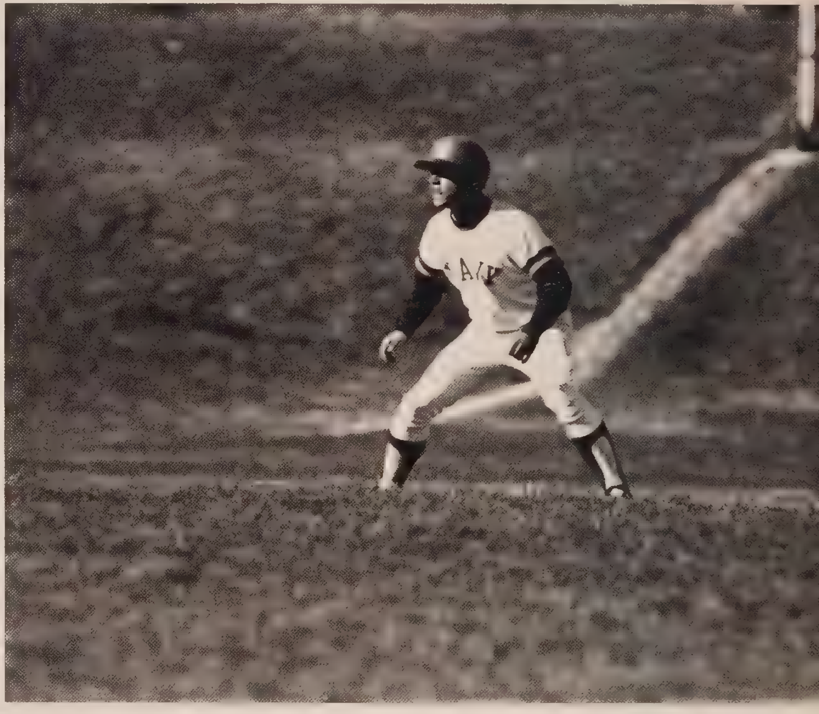
HOPKINS
32
20
9

16
NAVY

7

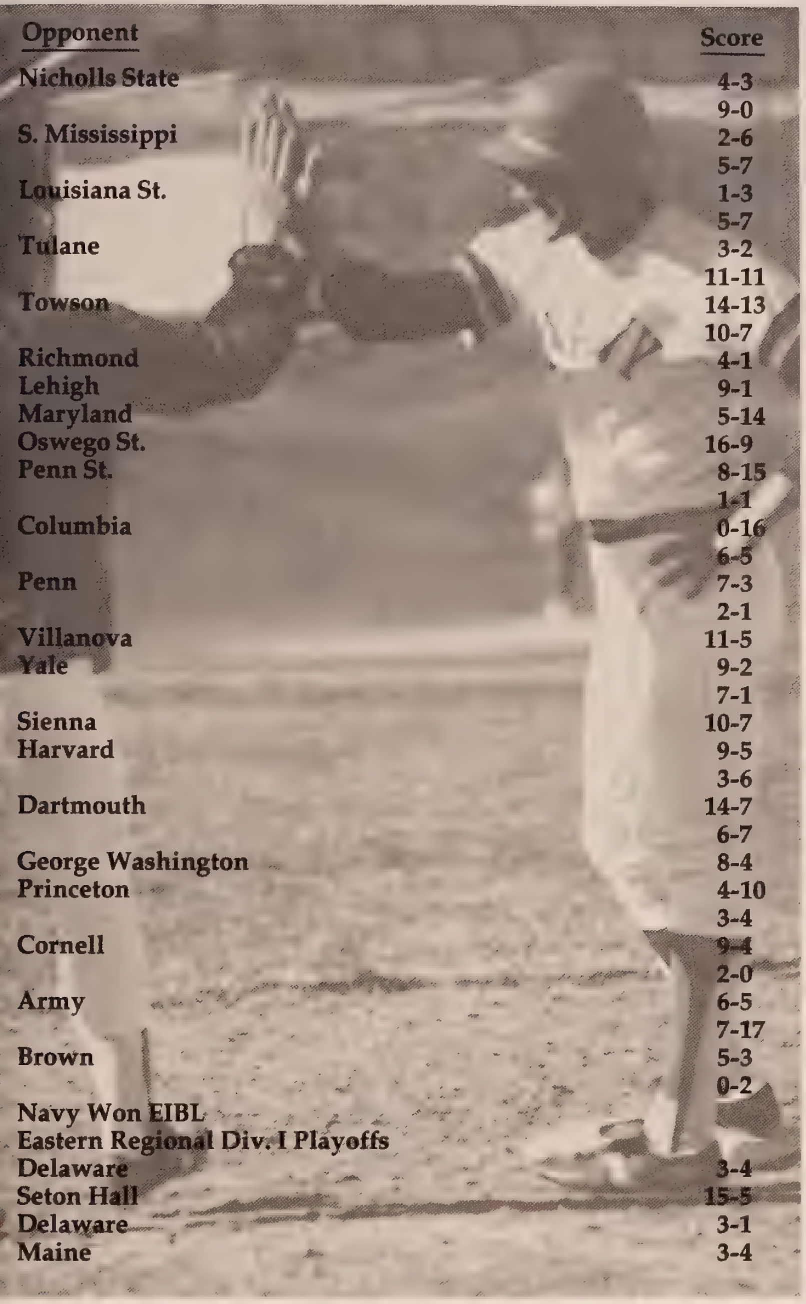
7
NAVY

The team won more games than any previous Navy baseball team, captured the Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League for the second time in the past four years and went on to finish second in the NCAA Northeast Regionals. It was the first time that Navy had won an NCAA tournament game in the three times they have been selected for post season competition. The team went 1-7 in their southern swing, but were 28-7-1 in the north including a 13-4-1 Eastern League Record.



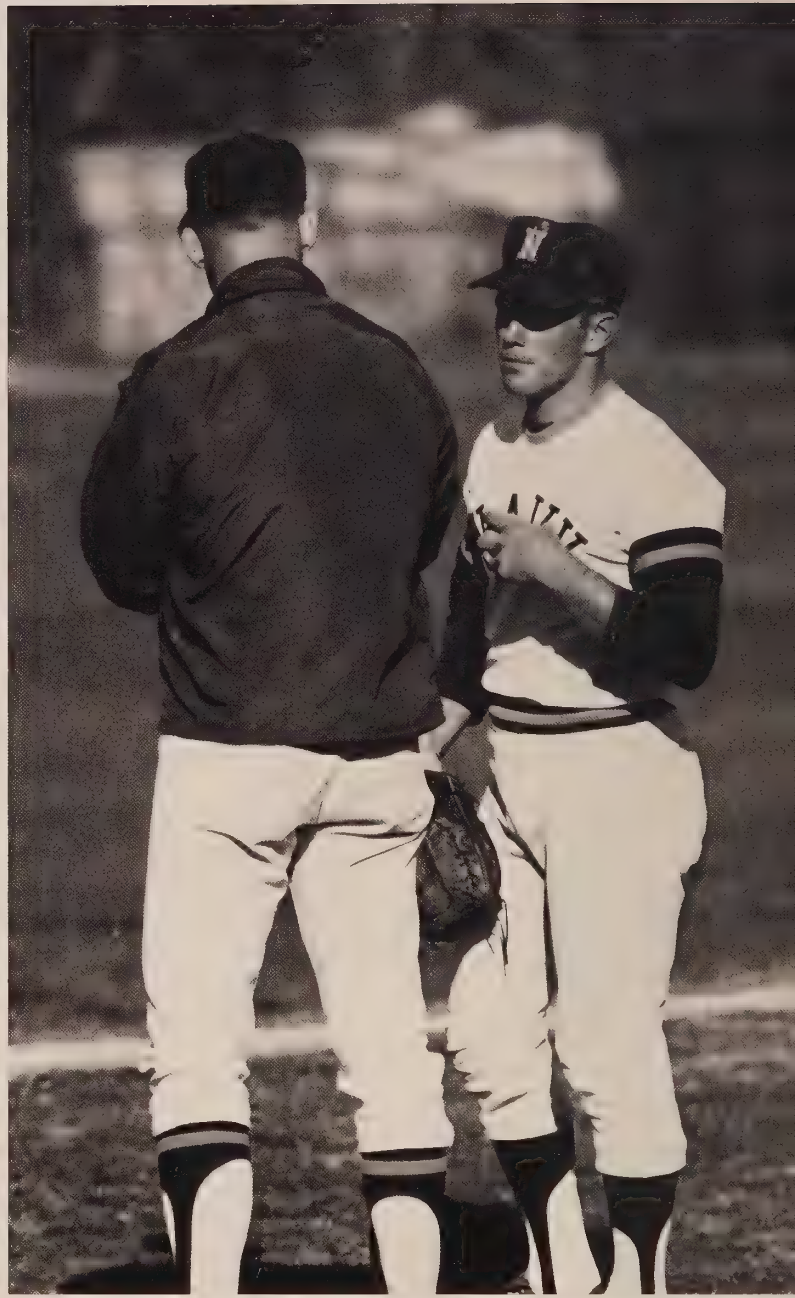
# Baseball

**Capt.** Bob Adrion, **Coach** Joe Duff



| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Nicholls State | 4-3 |
| | 9-0 |
| S. Mississippi | 2-6 |
| | 5-7 |
| Louisiana St. | 1-3 |
| | 5-7 |
| Tulane | 3-2 |
| | 11-11 |
| Towson | 14-13 |
| | 10-7 |
| Richmond | 4-1 |
| Lehigh | 9-1 |
| Maryland | 5-14 |
| Oswego St. | 16-9 |
| Penn St. | 8-15 |
| | 1-1 |
| Columbia | 0-16 |
| | 6-5 |
| Penn | 7-3 |
| | 2-1 |
| Villanova | 11-5 |
| Yale | 9-2 |
| | 7-1 |
| Sienna | 10-7 |
| Harvard | 9-5 |
| | 3-6 |
| Dartmouth | 14-7 |
| | 6-7 |
| George Washington | 8-4 |
| Princeton | 4-10 |
| | 3-4 |
| Cornell | 9-4 |
| | 2-0 |
| Army | 6-5 |
| | 7-17 |
| Brown | 5-3 |
| | 0-2 |
| Navy Won EIBL | |
| Eastern Regional Div. I Playoffs | |
| Delaware | 3-4 |
| Seton Hall | 15-5 |
| Delaware | 3-1 |
| Maine | 3-4 |

NA



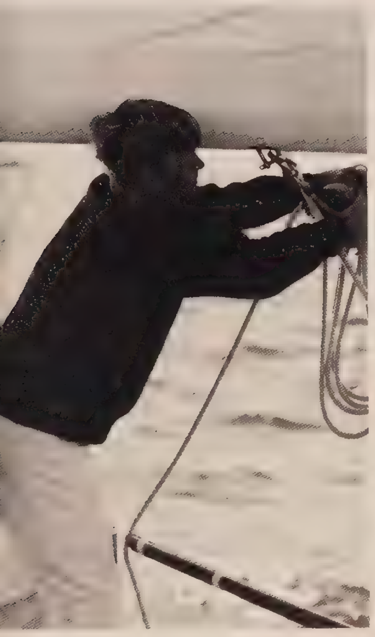
NAVY

In winning the Leonard Foule Trophy as national collegiate champions for the sixth straight year, Navy was third in the ICYRA Singlehanded championships; third in the sloops championships; third in the team racing championships; fourth in the women's championships; and seventh in the double handed championships. Three members of the team were All-American honorable mention selectees, firsties Mark Converse and Ted Mortenson, and second classmen Robert Brown.

The Fowle Trophy is awarded by the Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association of North America on the basis of performance in five types of sailing events. Navy scored a point total of 79 points, the closest being Boston University with 72 points.

# SAILING

**Dinghy Capts.** Mark Converse, Ted Mortonson
**Offshore Capts.** David Simpson, John Doherty, **Coach** M. Waters



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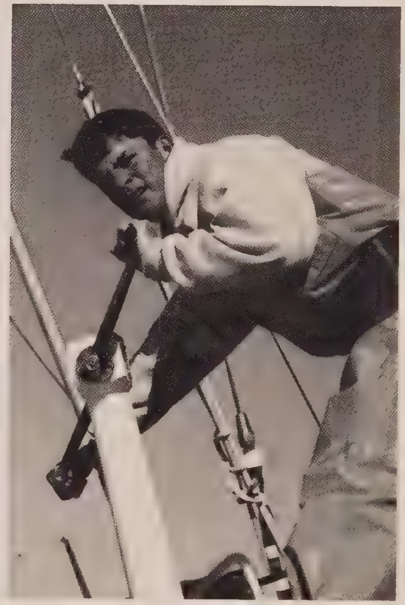

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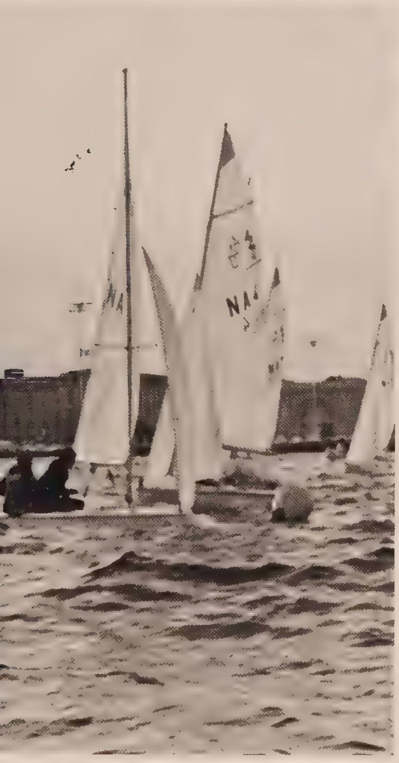
NA 14
NA 2
NA 5



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UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY

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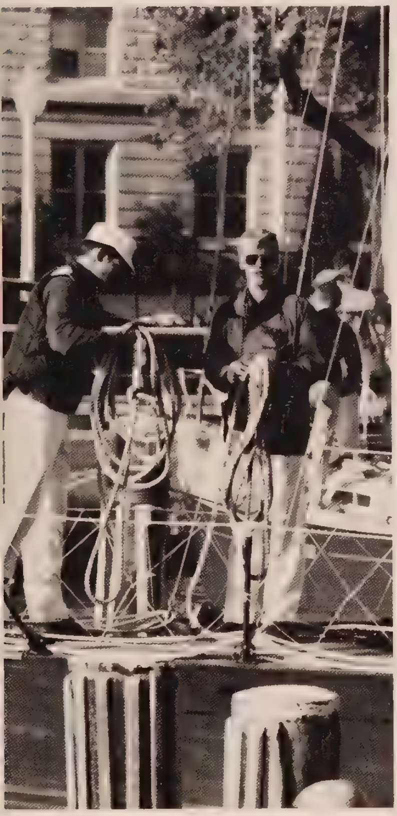
UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
CINNABAR



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UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
CINNABAR

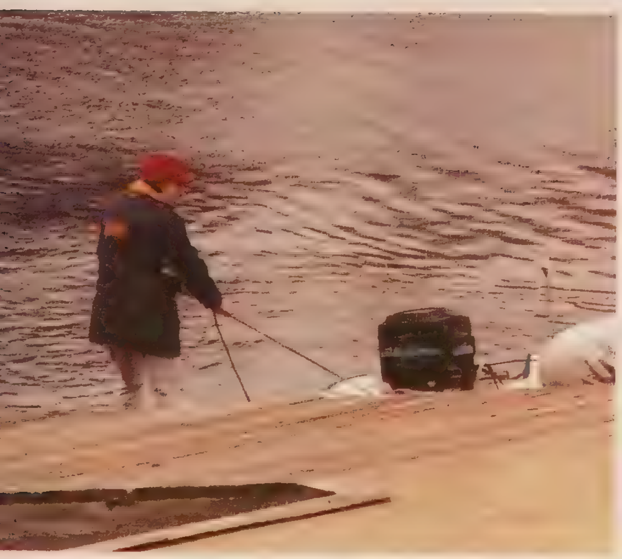
NAVY

The Heavyweight Crew team perhaps had their finest year overall since the mid 1950's when they were regularly Eastern Sprints and IRA champions. During the regular season, Navy was 6-1, losing only to Harvard. Navy won the Rowe Trophy at the Eastern Sprints as the team with the best overall three race record; the varsity eight was second in the Grand Finals; the second varsity won the Grand Finals, and the Plebe eight was first in the Grand Finals. It was Navy's first winning of the Rowe Trophy since 1971. At the Intercollegiate Rowing Association championships at Syracuse, Navy qualified seven boats for the championship races, the first school to ever do so, and won the Jim Ten Eyck Memorial Trophy as the team with the best overall record in this regatta. That was the first time the Mids have won the Ten Eyck Trophy since 1965. It was the first time a school has won both the Rowe Trophy (Eastern Sprints) and the Ten Eyck Trophy (IRA) in the same year since Cornell in 1962. At the IRA, Navy had the following placings: Varsity eight, 4th in the Grand Finals (won by Cornell); Second Varsity, first; Freshman eight, second; Frfeshman four with cox, first Varsity pair without cox, second; Varsity four without cox, second; Varsity four with cox, fifth. The second Varsity eight was unbeaten during the entire Spring season. Navy's varsity eight also won the Head of the Charles Regatta in the fall of 1981.

# HEAVYWEIGHT CREW

**Capt.** Tom Savidge, **Coach** Rick Clothier

Columbia
V – 1st; 2V – 1st; Pl – 1st
Princeton
V – 1st; 2V – 1st; Pl – 1st
Goes Trophy
V – 1st; 2V-1st; Pl – 1st
Adams Cup
V – 2nd; 2V – 1st; Pl – 2nd



The Varsity Lightweight Crew was sixth in the Grand Finals at the Eastern Sprints while second varsity tied for fourth in the Grand Finals. The freshman eight was second in the Petite Finals

# LIGHTWEIGHT CREW

**Capt.** Terry Benedict, **Coach** LT Jim Bane

**Rutgers**
**V – 1st; 2V – 1st; Pl –**
**Columbia**
**V – 1st; 2V – 1st**
**Princeton**
**V – 2nd; 2V – 2nd; Pl – 2nd**
**Harvard**
**V – 2nd; 2V – 2nd; 3V –**
**Penn**
**V – 2nd; 2V – 1st; 3V**
**6th in EARC Championsh**

**Record: 2-3**

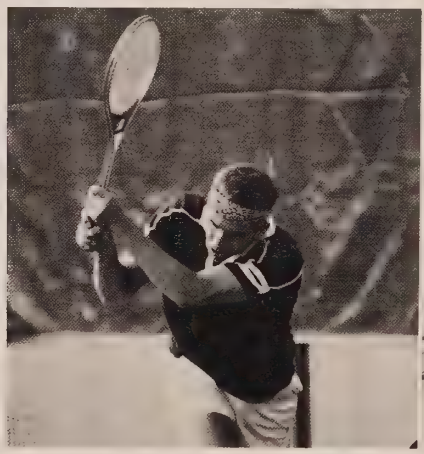
Women's Crew had its best season ever in four years of varsity status by having both its varsity eight and second varsity place first and second, respectively, in the Grand Finals of the Dad Vail Regatta. It also had the most wins ever for a women's varsity crew. Navy won the Cadle Cup for Women in Washington, D.C. for the second straight year.

# WOMEN'S CREW

**Capt** J. A. Lamison, **Coach** 1 Lt Dan Sayner USMC

**Williams College**
**V – 2nd; 2V – 2nd**
**Princeton**
**V – 2nd; 2V – 2nd**
**Washington College**
**V – 1st; Novice 8 – 1st**
**Harrah's Crew Classic**
**V – 1st; 2V – 1st**
**Cadle Cup Regatta**
**V – 1st; 2V – 1st**
**Dad Vail Regatta**
**V – 2nd (Grand Finals); 2V – 2nd**

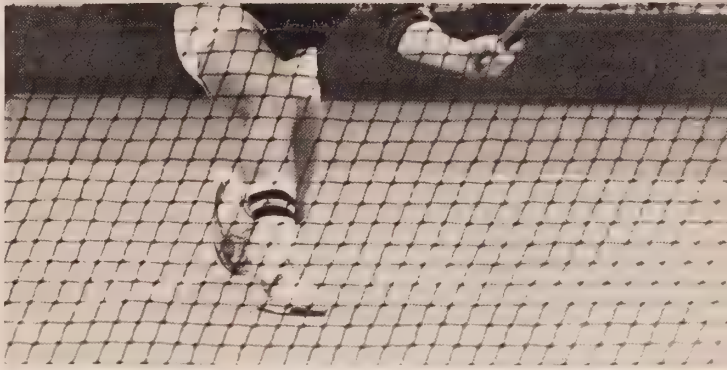
Navy had an outstanding year with a record of 22 wins and 3 losses. The only blemishes on this superb record were league setbacks to perennial powers Harvard (7-2) and Princeton (6-3), and a loss to southern strongboy Old Dominion (5-4). The mids won their first none and 15 of their first 16 starts. Navy defeated Army (7-2), its 13th straight triumph over the Cadets. Individually, senior captain Dave Andrews qualified for the NCAA Championships following his dazzling 20-3 singles record at #1. He won a preliminary round match at Athens, GA before being eliminated in first round play by Matt Anger of USC. Other leading performances were turned in by junior John Dace who was 18-6 at number three; sophomore Bayly Taff 15-9 at number two; freshman Mike Dashiell, 21-2 at number five; and junior Bill Mountford with 18-7 at number four.

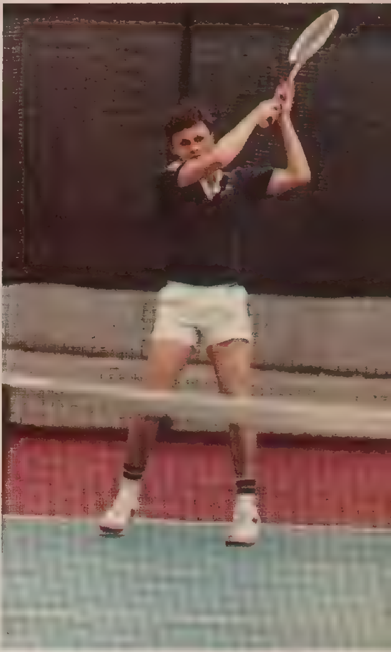


# TENNIS

Capt. Dave Andrews, Coach Bobby Bayliss

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Lehigh | 9-0 |
| Howard | 7-1 |
| Bloomsburg State | 9-0 |
| Em Stroudsburg | 9-0 |
| Penn State | 7-2 |
| Illinois | 9-0 |
| George Washington | 8-1 |
| Colgate | 9-0 |
| Dartmouth | 8-1 |
| Harvard | 2-7 |
| Richmond | 9-0 |
| William and Mary | 5-3 |
| Brown | 5-3 |
| Yale | 6-3 |
| Smarthmore | 7-2 |
| Salisbury State | 9-0 |
| Princeton | 3-6 |
| Maryland | 6-3 |
| Towson State | 9-0 |
| Columbia | 5-4 |
| U. of Penn | 7-2 |
| Old Dominion | 4-5 |
| Cornell | 6-3 |
| Army | 7-2 |





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In its first year of varsity status, Naby took a pair of first place finishes and had six performers gain All-American recognition at the AIAW Division III Track & Field Championships at Bloomsburg State College. Freshman Stefni Green took the 400 meter run in 1:01.67 while the Miks' two mile relay unit was victorious in a time of 9:25.13. Laura Hinkley was fourth individually in the 1500-meter run in a time of 4:40.4. Green, Honan, Gromek, Ellis, Hinkley, and Ward were cited as AIAW Track & Field All-Americans (Division III). The team finished second in the Eastern AIAW Division III championships at East Stroudsburg State. Green won two events taking the 400 meter run with a time of 58.6 seconds and winning the discus and third in the ship put at the Easterns. The sprint medley relay team of Colleen Ellis, Lisa Caputo, Jane Ward, and Sue Honan also placed second. In dual meet activity, the squad sandwiched a loss to Liberty Baptist (75-52) between victories over Frostbutg State (85-47) and Georgetown (98-36). At the Nationals, Navy finished sixth.

# WOMEN'S TRACK

**Co-Capt.** Mara Heatherington, Jody Leisch **Coach** MAJ Sheedy

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Frostburg | 85-47 |
| Liberty Baptist | 52-75 |
| Georgetown | 98-36 |

Towson Invitational — 7th
EAIAW Eastern Regional Div. III
Track Meet — 2nd
AIAW Nationals — 6th

Record: 2-1

Navy's junior high jumper Leo Williams, a two-time indoor NCAA champion and a one-time outdoor NCAA titlist, was again the highlight. Williams captured the Heptagonals Game Association high jump championship for the third straight year (7-0¼), won the IC4A title (7'1¾"), and finished fourth in his attempt to defend his NCAA Outdoor crown at Brigham Young in Provo, UT with a personal best leap of 7'-6¼". Senior Bill Kovach successfully defended his Heptagonals title in the 3000-meter steeplechase winning this year with a time of 8:54.8. Navy had a third Heps champion in sophomore sprinter Willie Hosch who won the 200 meters in a school record of 21.1 seconds. Hosch also finished second in the 100 meters with a time of 10.8 seconds. Junior Perry Peccotti won the IC4A championship in the javelin with a throw of 231'-1" while he placed second in the Heps with a toss of 236'6". Sophomore Joe Konicki was second in the high jump behind Williams at the Heps with a leap of 6'-10¼". Teamwise, Navy defeated Army 97-66 at West Point as Williams and Kovach each set meet records. In other dual meets the Mids stormed past Notre Dame 100-53 and despite sweeps in three events and a double win by Hosch, were edged by Maryland 87-76. Navy finished second at the Heps and tied for 11th at the IC4A Championships.

# MEN'S TRACK

**Capt.** Mark Banks, **Coach** Al Cantello

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Maryland | 76-81 |
| Notre Dame | 100-53 |
| Army | 97-66 |

Heptagonals — 2nd Place

IC4A's — tied for 11th

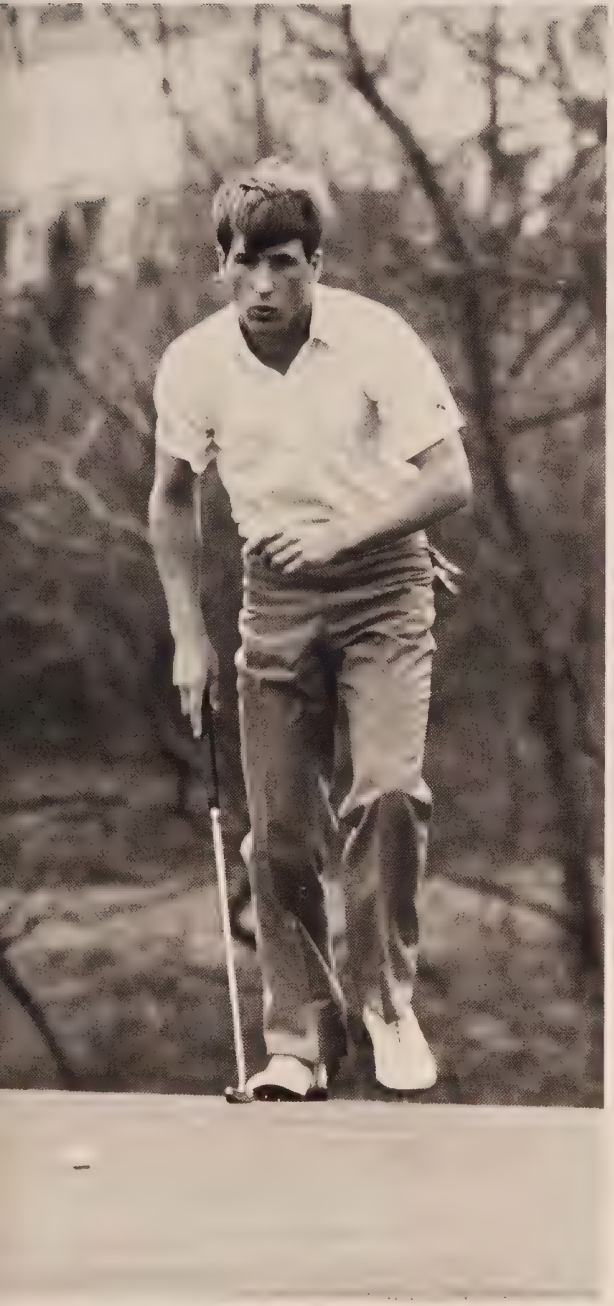
Record: 2-1

The Golf team finished with its best record since 1964 when it was 10-1. They beat Army 381-385, only their second win over the Cadets in the last eight years. Only one senior played regularly, so the team was very young. The underclass held best averages; third class Andy Graziano averaged 76.7 for nine rounds, later averaging a 68, three under par. Eric Meyer held an 80.4 for 16 rounds, Scott Spooner an 80.5 for 16 rounds, and David Kelley and Chip Lindsay an 81.6.

| **Opponent** | **Score** |
|---|---|
| **Towson** | **412-461** |
| **George Washington** | **403-432** |
| **Temple** | **408-388** |
| **Penn** | **408-422** |
| **Merchant Marine Acad.** | **392-482** |
| **George Mason** | **370-410** |
| **Princeton** | **398-401** |
| **Delaware** | **398-405** |
| **Army** | **381-385** |
| **20th in Iron Duke Classic** | |
| **12th in Camp Lejeune Intercollegiate** | |
| **Record:** | **8-1** |

# GOLF

**Capt.** Mark Hunter, **Coach** Larry Ringer



The United States Naval Academy Ice Hockey Club had another fine season, compiling an impressive 15-6 record. This was the fifth winning season in a row for Navy! The overall 12-year Navy Hockey statistics indicate 127 wins, 71 losses, and 15 ties. In 1981-82 the team played its most difficult schedule ever, taking the ice against numerous Division II and Division III teams and for the first time ever, a Division I varsity team. The season was highlighted by two overtime wins over archrival Delaware, a team which has not defeated Navy in the last four years. Navy's toughest loss this year came at the hands of Penn State University in the Championship game of the Crabpot Tournament. The Club will be seeking revenge in 1983 for that resounding defeat.

This season's team, led by team Captains John Knight and Marty McKown, displayed tremendous determination and hustle. Navy's aggressive style of play provided much excitement for an average crowd of over 800. The team was a well-balanced unit, stocked with some talented returning letterman from the classes of 1983 and 1984. Aided by the arrival of nine devastating players from the class of 1985, which included goalies Greg Brown and Rich Nowak, the team's great depth allowed Coach Steve Gordonto field three strong lines and still have able replacements.

Many thanks to Coach Steve Gordon, Assistant Coaches, Captain Scott Moore and Midshipman First Class Bill Brennan, Manager, Second Class Mark Lavoie and Officer Representative, Lieutenant Steve O'Brien.

# ICE HOCKEY

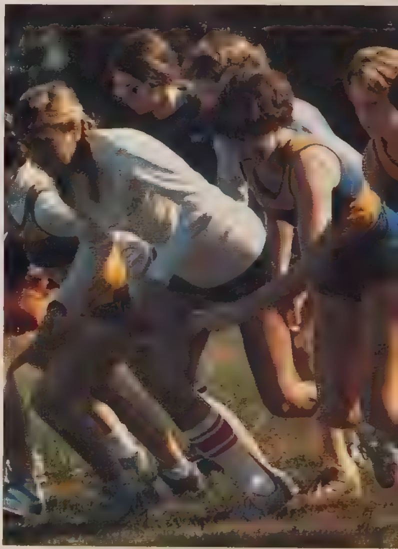
Co-Capt. J. Knight and M. McKown, Coach Steve Gordon

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Denison | 6-3 |
| Kean College | 16-1 |
| Univ. of Delaware | 7-6 |
| Gannon | 12-2 |
| Gannon | 13-6 |
| St. John's (N.Y.) | 11-3 |
| Kent State | 4-6 |
| Kent State | 2-8 |
| Hawthorne | 12-2 |
| Hawthorne | 5-1 |
| Crabpot Tournament | |
| Suffolk | 5-3 |
| Penn State | 2-11 |
| Univ. of Pittsburgh | 5-0 |
| Univ. of Pittsburgh | 9-1 |
| Univ. of Delaware | 6-5 |
| Suffolk | 4-5 |
| Bentley | 2-11 |
| Lehigh | 4-1 |
| Upsala | 2-3 |
| George State | 10-4 |
| George State | 9-4 |

CARLSON
3

Despite a 4-5-1 record, Navy's Women's Cross Country season must be considered successful, as the Mid's only lost one meet to a Div III opponent; the remainder of the losses came against Div I and II varsity squads.

Sophomore Ginger Bressler was the team's most outstanding runner; she was Navy's top finisher in 5 of 8 meets. Senior Mara Heatherington (Captain) was a solid performer all season long, generally finishing along with Bressler. Sophomore Virginia Forehand and Senior Kathy Gregory peaked late in the season and were Navy's top finishers in the Eastern Championship meet.



# WOMEN'S CROSS COUNTRY

**Capt.** M. B. Heatherington, **O-Rep.** CAPT Carpenter

| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Essex Invitational | First |
| Howard University | 16-47 |
| Catholic University | 28-28 |
| George Mason University | 29-26 |
| Towson State University | 24-35 |
| William and Mary | 37-18 |
| Loch Haven | 22-35 |
| Bloomsburg | 32-25 |
| Air Force Academy | 50-15 |
| James Madison University | 50-15 |
| West Virginia Invitational | Third |
| Johns Hopkins University | 20-43 |
| EAIAW Division Chmps. | Sixth |
| Record: | 4-5-1 |

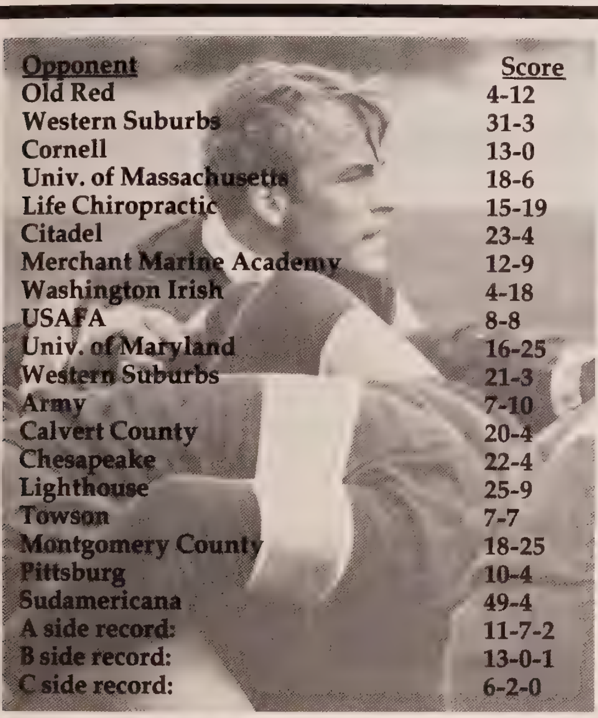
The Rugby Club opened its fall season with few experienced players returning from the successful 1980-81 club. However, with a nucleus of seasoned veterans and a wealth of experience to draw from, the winning tradition of Navy Rugby was continued. While performing well in local league play, the fall season brought disappointment in the competition with our sister service academies. In two very well played matches, Navy Rugby tied Air Force 8-8 and lost a heart breaking contest in the closing seconds to Army 10-7.

The spring season started off positively with a tournament win in Pensacola, Florida before the commencement of the regular season. During the course of the regular season, the club won several games by large margins, but the biggest success was the club's performance in the Eastern Intercollegiate Championships. Navy entered this tournament a decided underdog and knocked off highly rated clubs in the first two matches. In the semifinal game, Navy lost in sudden death overtime in what many observers called the best game of the tournament.

Navy's B side, while not enjoying the recognition given to the first team, completed its second straight undefeated season.

# RUGBY

**O-Rep.** LCDR KeLoc, **Capt.** M. M. Aylward



| Opponent | Score |
|---|---|
| Old Red | 4-12 |
| Western Suburbs | 31-3 |
| Cornell | 13-0 |
| Univ. of Massachusetts | 18-6 |
| Life Chiropractic | 15-19 |
| Citadel | 23-4 |
| Merchant Marine Academy | 12-9 |
| Washington Irish | 4-18 |
| USAFA | 8-8 |
| Univ. of Maryland | 16-25 |
| Western Suburbs | 21-3 |
| Army | 7-10 |
| Calvert County | 20-4 |
| Chesapeake | 22-4 |
| Lighthouse | 25-9 |
| Towson | 7-7 |
| Montgomery County | 18-25 |
| Pittsburg | 10-4 |
| Sudamericana | 49-4 |
| A side record: | 11-7-2 |
| B side record: | 13-0-1 |
| C side record: | 6-2-0 |

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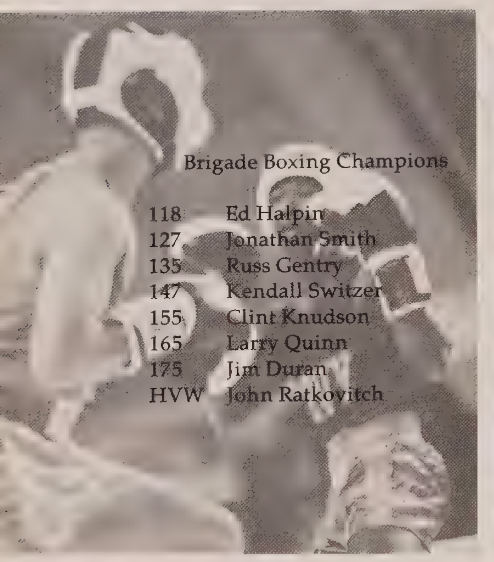
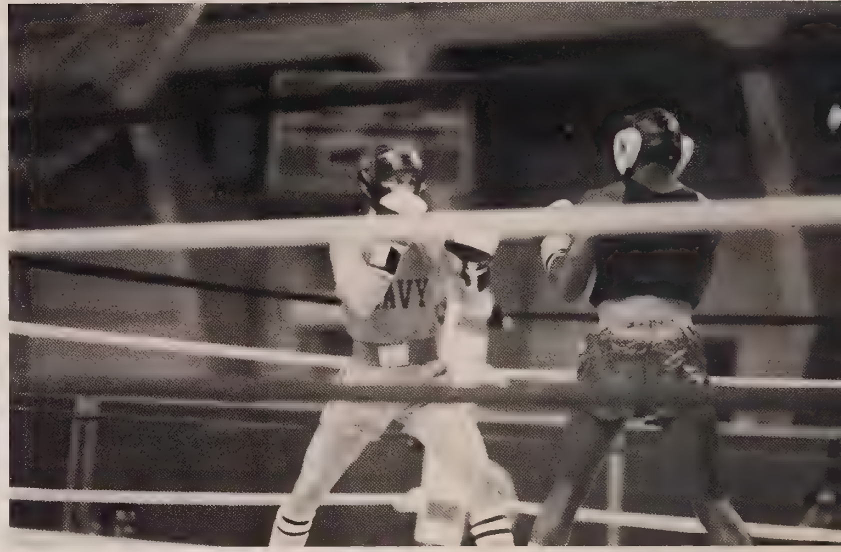


Brigade Boxing Champions

| | |
|---|---|
| 118 | Ed Halpin |
| 127 | Jonathan Smith |
| 135 | Russ Gentry |
| 147 | Kendall Switzer |
| 155 | Clint Knudson |
| 165 | Larry Quinn |
| 175 | Jim Duran |
| HVW | John Ratkovitch |



# BRIGADE BOXING

**O-Rep.** LCDR KATZ

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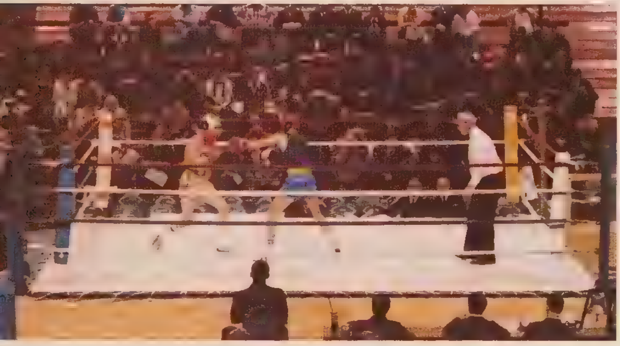
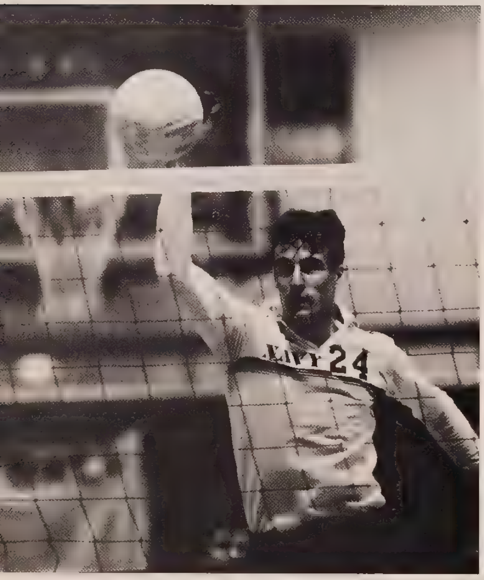


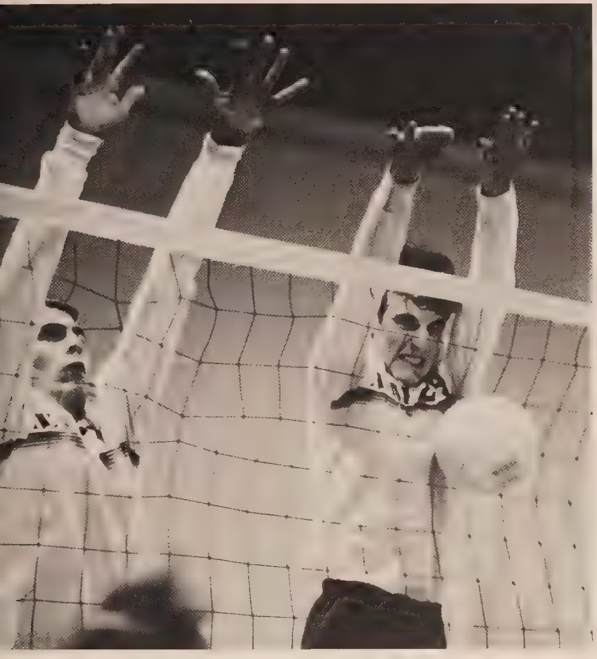
NAVY

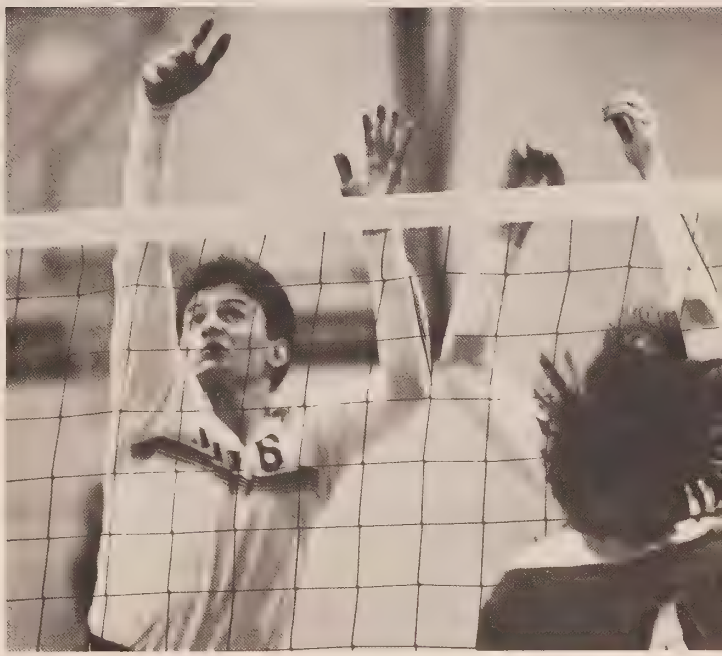
In the past year, the USNA Men's Volleyball Club participated in the United States Volleyball Association (USVBA) and also in a collegiate match with Army. The club established a superior reputation in the Chesapeake Region this year by never dipping below a winning percentage of .500 on any occasion. The club's overall record for the season was 57 wins and 27 losses which clearly shows the club's improvement over last year's figures of 36 wins and 60 losses. The high point of the year occurred on 18 April when the club defeated Army's team 3 games to 1 here at Annapolis. The Brigade's backing of the contest was tremendous as they filled the Multi-purpose gym beyond its capacity. This was the first victory ever for the club against Army.

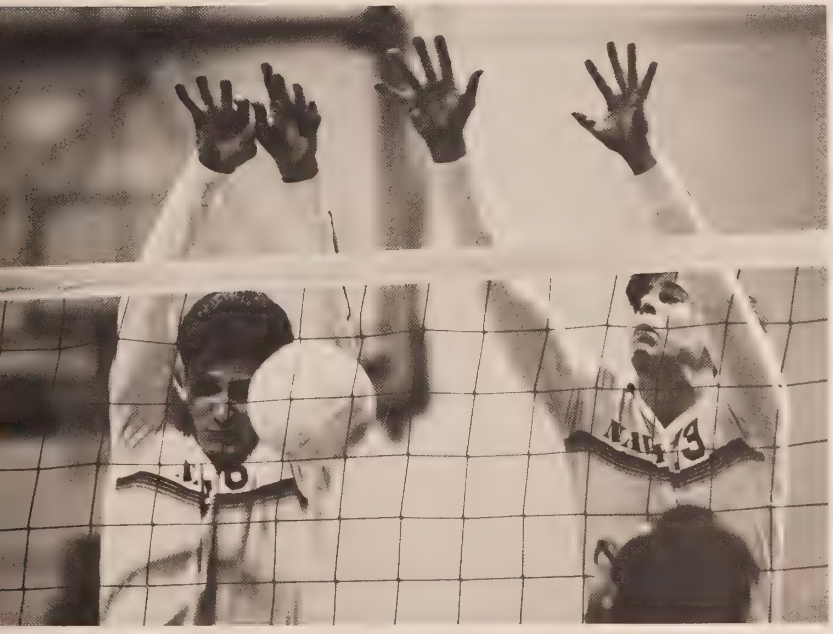


# MEN'S VOLLEYBALL

**Capt** J. G. Goetz, **O. Rep.** LCDR Stevens







The 1981 fall water polo season was a very successful one for the Water Polo Club. The team finished with an overall record of 12 wins, 6 losses, and 1 tie. It also placed fourth in its first season in the Mid-Atlantic Water Polo Conference with a 5 win, 3 loss league record.

Navy began its season with a bang, outscoring opponents Johns Hopkins, Villanova, and Montclare State by a combined goal total of 75 to 14 in the Navy mini-tournament. At the West Point Tournament, Navy proceeded to defeat arch-rival Army 14-13 for Navy's fourth consecutive win over Army in the past three years. Navy also defeated Schwimmclub Fraunfeld of Switzerland 16-7, but lost a close one to eventual league champions Fordham, 14-13.

At Navy's first league tournament at Fordham, Navy won a league record of 4-0, defeating Millersville State, Penn. State, Johns Hopkins, and Indiana. After defeating Villanova 14-5, Navy finished the season in November with a 9-9 tie against a physical British Royal Navy Water Polo Team.

The 1981 season was one that saw the Navy team earn the respect of its peers for its aggressive yet finesse style of play. Starting for Navy were first classmen Phil Davidson, Evin Thompson, and Mark Jantzen (assistant Captain), second classmen Dave Fuhrmann and Andy Griffith, and third class Fred Adams. Team Captain Rett Rasmussen was the goalkeeper.

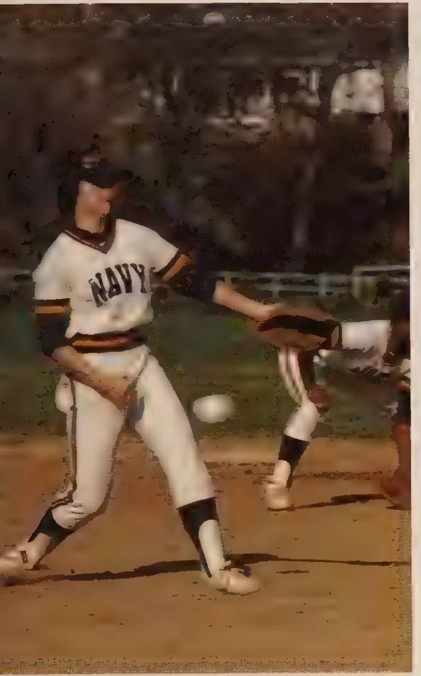
# WATER POLO

**Capt.** T. E. Rasumussen, **O-Rep.** LT D. McCall

Stunned by the demotion of their team from varsity to club status, and decimated by the loss of key personnel to other varsity sports and graduation, the 1982 softball squad began 1982 with little optimism, but finished with high hopes for the future. Firsties Barb Crutchfield, Mary Sue Bittel, Reeta Whitney and Jennifer Sullivan returned to anchor an outstanding group of plebes and youngsters. Leading hitters were plebes Jennifer Henry and Kathleen Weiss while Jan Edmonston showed the most improvement. Youngsters Chris Pheifer and Idene Fortune anchored the corners and should do so for two more years. Although winners of just one of eight contests a 6-4 victory over University of Maryland, the women also dropped one run heartbreakers to Anne Arundel Community College, the Maryland Junior College Champs and national tourney participants; and George Mason University, an NCAA Division II national's team.

# SOFTBALL

**Capt.** M. S. Bittel, **Coach** LT D. H. Myers


NAVY

10

NAVY

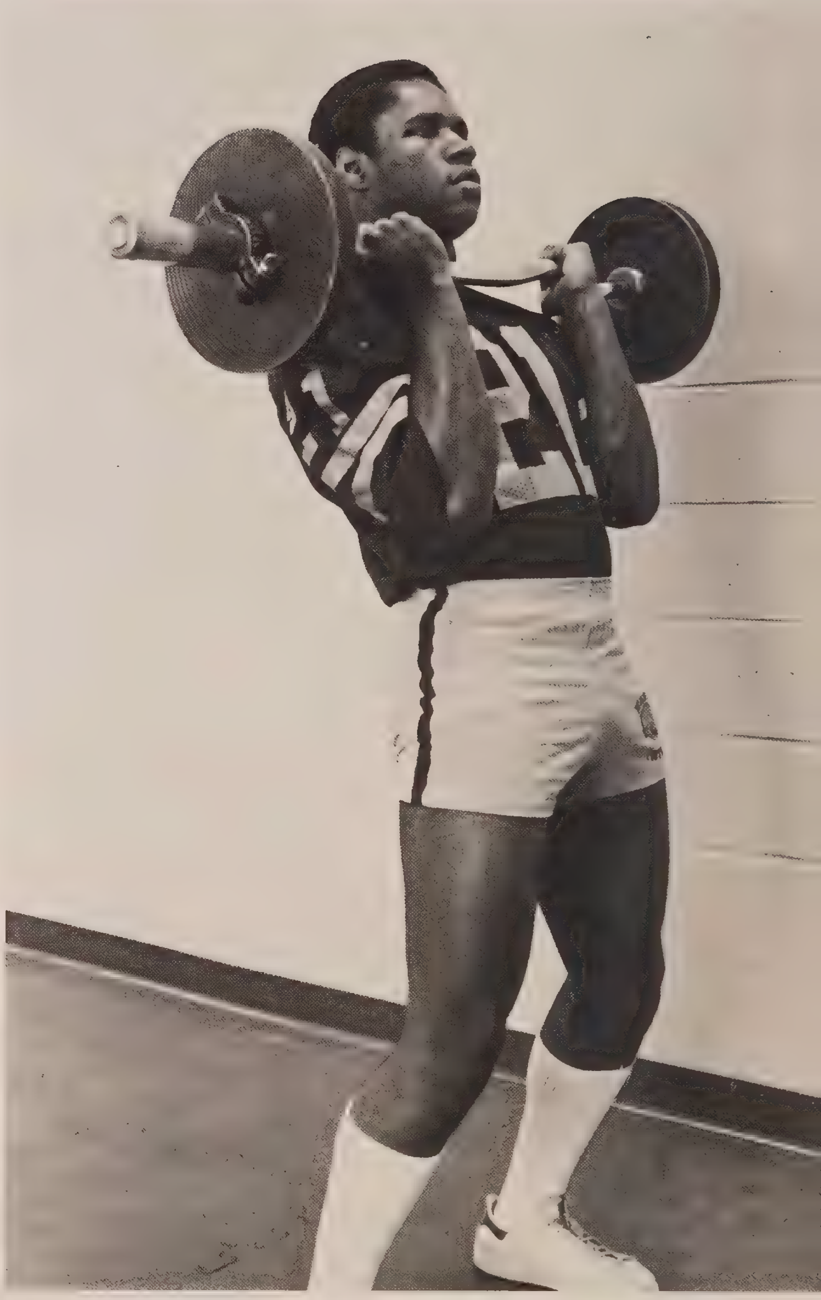
# WOMEN'S GYMNASTICS

Capt. M. Gregorich, O-Rep. LCDR Reinhardt

USNA WOMENS GYM TE
We're Spotting You On to Vict

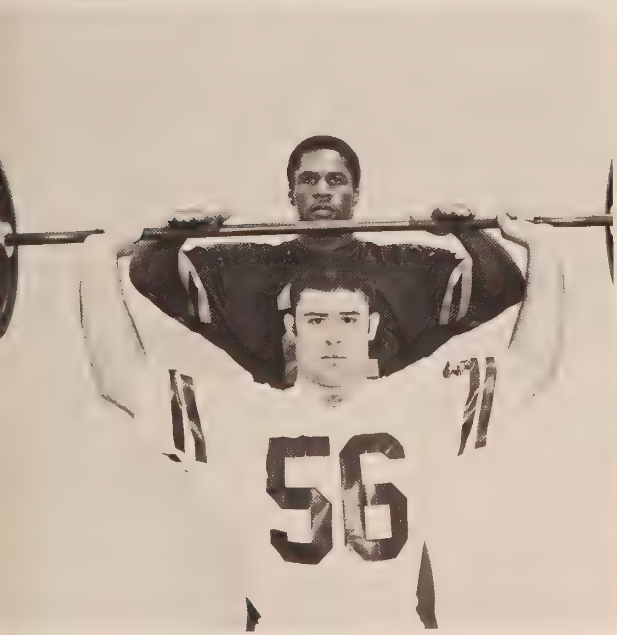
A young organization, in only its fourth year of existence had another successful year. To begin the season, the Powerlifting Club took fourth place in the annual Temple Hills Invitational. The club then hosted its first Navy Power lifting Invitational tournament. To end the season, the powerlifters took second place in the Patuxent Tri-County Powerlifting meet. Although the club members had few meets, we were able to achieve our major goal: sending lifters to the Nationals competition in an attempt to top last year's fourth place national ranking.

An overwhelming ten lifters qualified to compete in the Nationals. Team captain Shawn Strood, who competed in the Nationals last year, was among the ten lifters who qualified. Jack Reape, who placed ninth at the Nationals last year, represented Navy again. Other lifters who competed at the Nationals are the club president Jeff Ohl, the winner of the Navy Invitational, Rob Miles, the winner of the Patuxent meet, Ernie Matacotta, and the club secretary Chuck Kirby. The team was also represented by Tom Connally who had an outstanding year by placing in every meet.



# POWERLIFTING

**Capt** J. C. Ohl, **O-Rep** LCDR Tzavellas



## Fall

| | |
|---|---|
| Basketball | 21st Co. |
| Boxing | 6th Batt. |
| Crew | 1st Batt. |
| Cross Country | 5th Batt. |
| Fencing | 6th Batt. |
| Football | 1st Batt. |
| Handball | 3rd Batt. |
| Soccer | 19th Co. |
| Wrestling | 1st Batt. |
| Women's Basketball | 2nd Batt. |
| Water Polo | 5th Batt. |
| Squash | 2nd Batt. |

# INTRAMURALS

Intramurals Officer LTJG Helle

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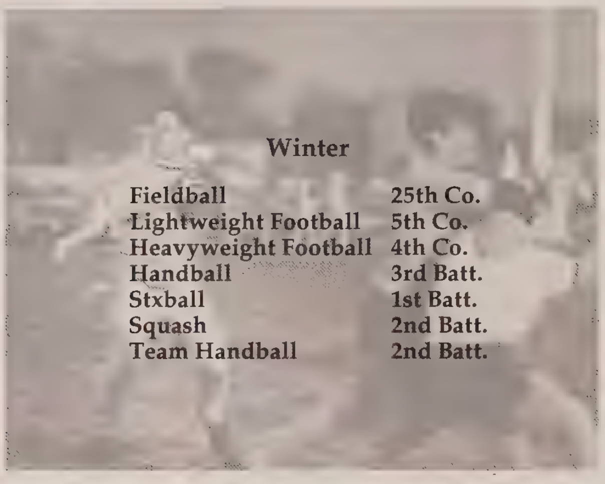
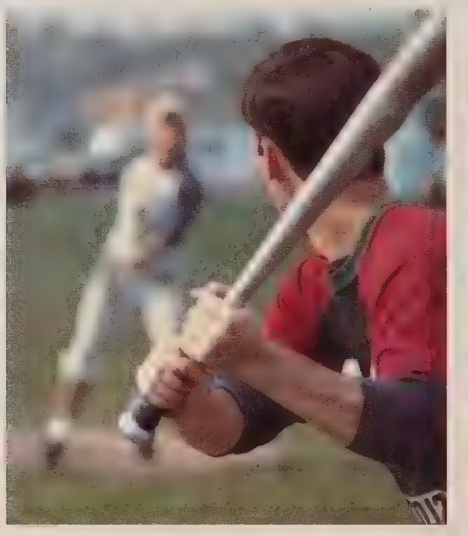
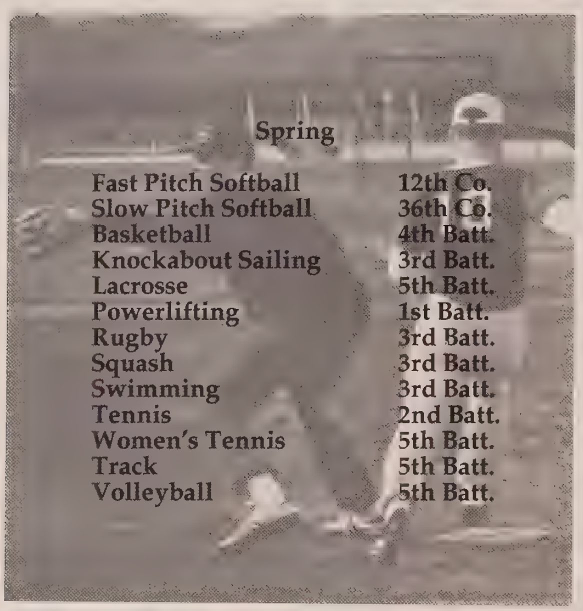


## Winter

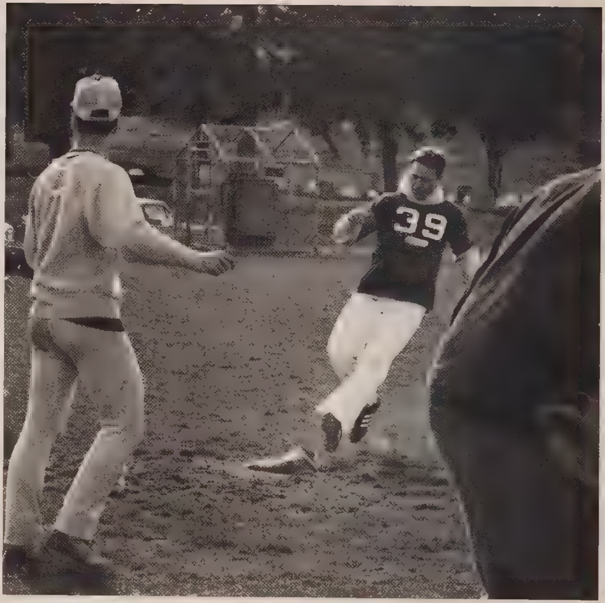
| | |
|---|---|
| Fieldball | 25th Co. |
| Lightweight Football | 5th Co. |
| Heavyweight Football | 4th Co. |
| Handball | 3rd Batt. |
| Stxball | 1st Batt. |
| Squash | 2nd Batt. |
| Team Handball | 2nd Batt. |

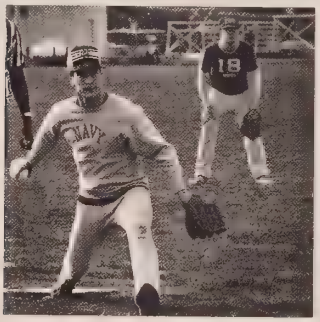




### Spring

| | |
|---|---|
| Fast Pitch Softball | 12th Co. |
| Slow Pitch Softball | 36th Co. |
| Basketball | 4th Batt. |
| Knockabout Sailing | 3rd Batt. |
| Lacrosse | 5th Batt. |
| Powerlifting | 1st Batt. |
| Rugby | 3rd Batt. |
| Squash | 3rd Batt. |
| Swimming | 3rd Batt. |
| Tennis | 2nd Batt. |
| Women's Tennis | 5th Batt. |
| Track | 5th Batt. |
| Volleyball | 5th Batt. |





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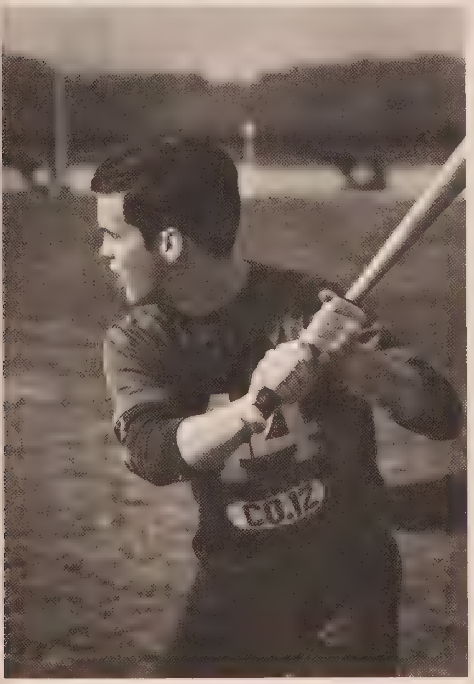
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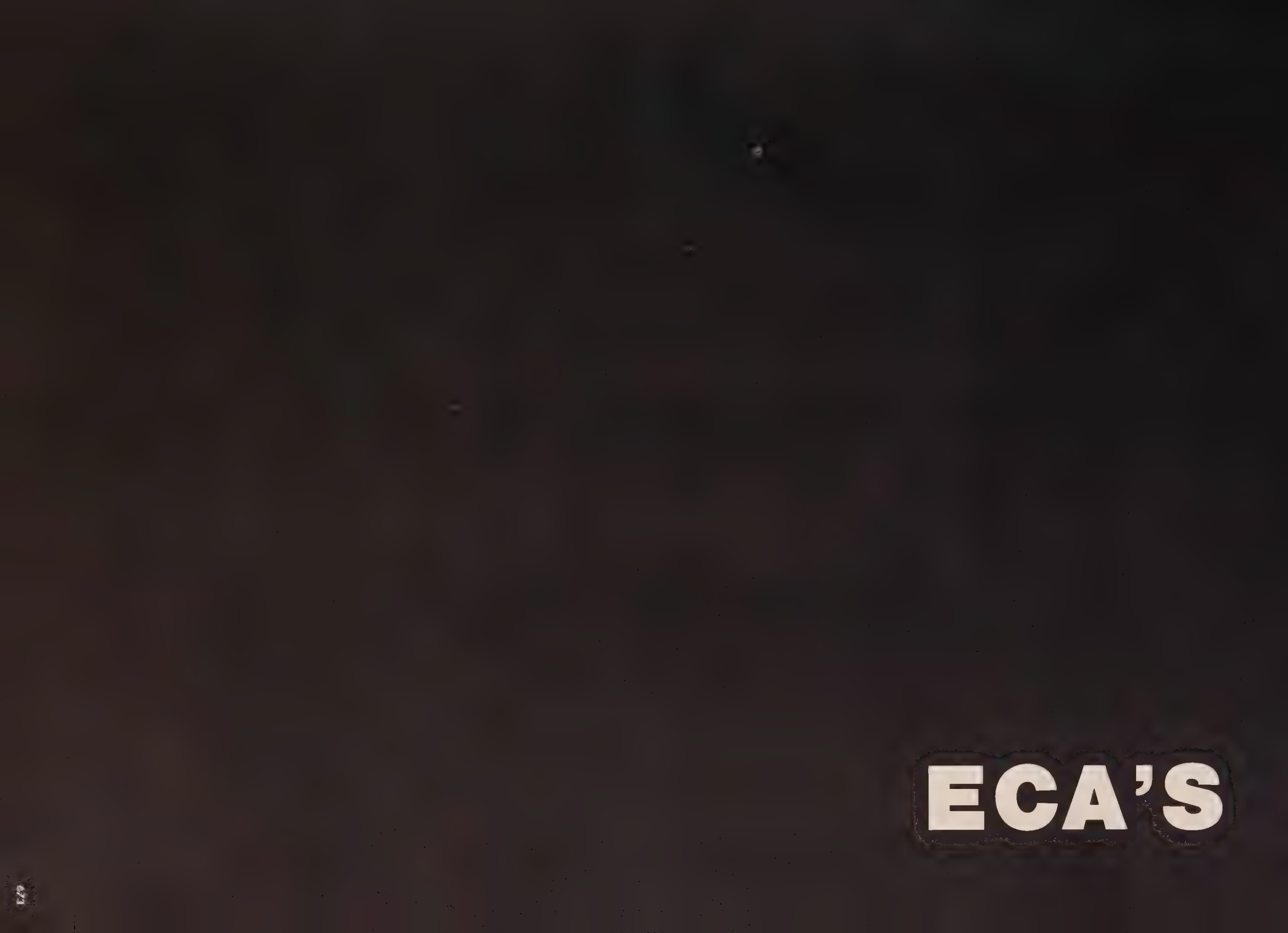


# ECA'S

## WUBA GANG

**Pres.** K. W. McGuire

The WUBA Gang, the most unprofessional organization at the Academy, has its main goal instilling a sense of "pride" into the heart of every midshipman. To this end, they are outfitted with mutilated uniforms, leather jackets, mirror sunglasses, and worn jeans. They can often be found patrolling the Annapolis area, driving haphazardly through the streets in a sky blue truck from which a WUBA Gang sign is nobly displayed.

Each Friday night during the fall, the gang meets in T-Court to show the Brigade how to deal with opposition (Cavaliers, Indians, Black Knights, etc.). The job is not a pretty one, but it is a job that must be done. Following the rally, these courageous men maintain an all-night vigil which is culminated by a secret meeting at the dump to insure that each man is mentally prepared for the day's contest. Then it's off to the field once again to stand before the Brigade and to show the flag to the visitors.

## ARMY PROJECTS

**Pres.** D. E. Halladay

The projects representing the brigade at this year's Army-Navy game proved to be some of the finest projects in the history of the game. The success of the projects can be attributed to the time and effort put forth by the companies chosen to represent their respective battalions. Planning started back in September, and actual construction began shortly thereafter. They were judged just prior to the Army game, and Fourth Battalion, represented by 22nd Company, won the contest with its submarine. The projects, which were all on display at Philadelphia, have always been an integral part of the spirited activities proceeding the Army-Navy football competition.

# BAC

**Brigade Activities Committee**
**Supporting Activities**
**Chmn.** L. J. Nordvig and P. M. Shaw, **O-Rep.** LT Libutti

NAVY

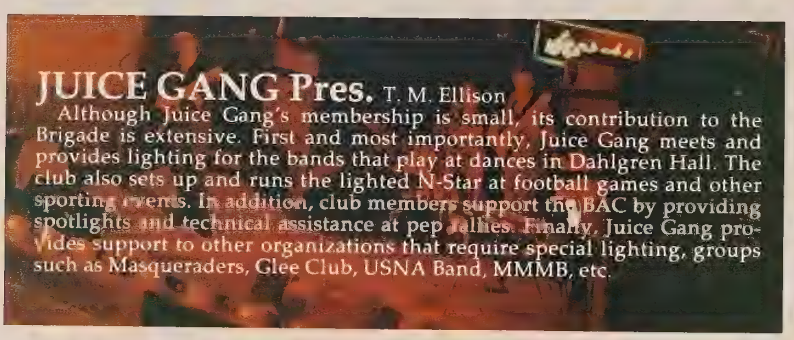
# BAC: PEP BAND

**Pres.** K. Y. Ayres

The Pep Band provides support to Navy sports teams of all types throughout the year. The members combine their assorted musical talents to play spirit-related songs at sporting events in an effort to urge on the fans as well as the players. This year the band played for cross country and track meets in addition to the usual football, basketball and lacrosse games. They also left their mark at pep rallies in T-Court, at noon meals in King Hall, and at the formal alumni homecoming banquet. A special treat for the members was that trips to all of the away football games were paid for, and they got a free trip to Memphis for the Liberty Bowl during Christmas Leave.

## MIDN MODERN MUSIC BANDS

BLIND ALLEY
LOWEST PRIORITY
SEA BREEZE
SMAU



## JUICE GANG Pres. T. M. Ellison

Although Juice Gang's membership is small, its contribution to the Brigade is extensive. First and most importantly, Juice Gang meets and provides lighting for the bands that play at dances in Dahlgren Hall. The club also sets up and runs the lighted N-Star at football games and other sporting events. In addition, club members support the BAC by providing spotlights and technical assistance at pep rallies. Finally, Juice Gang provides support to other organizations that require special lighting, groups such as Masqueraders, Glee Club, USNA Band, MMMB, etc.

BLAST THE
USNA
HOME

# BSAC

**Brigade Social Affairs Committee**

**Chmn.** S. R. Vasina, **0-Rep.** LT Murashige

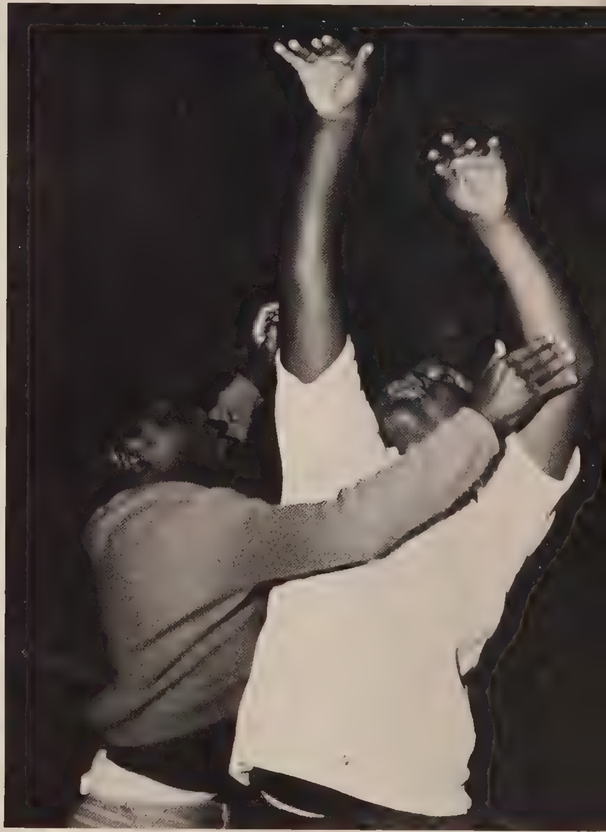
The function of the Brigade Social Affairs Committee is to schedule, plan, and supervise both informal and formal dances for the Brigade. Members of the committee (known as the Hop Committee), can be seen at every dance and are easily recognizable by the gold aiguillette worn over their left shoulder.

There are four sub-committees associated with the BSAC: the Juice Gang, led by 1/c Tom Ellison, provides electrical support by setting up the light and sound systems for nearly every BSAC event; the Disco Committee, led by 2/c Ken Wilson, coordinates the weekly discos at Dahlgren Hall; the Midshipman Modern Music Band Committee, led by 1/c John Rasmussen, provides midshipmen the opportunity to practice and perform modern style music; and finally the Second Class Ring Dance Committee, led by Nancy Yang, is responsible for planning and conducting the Ring Dance.

# BIG BROTHERS/BIG SISTERS

**Pres.** B. T. Bush, **O-Rep.** CDR McKenney

Big Brothers/Big Sisters is a community service organization which provides an opportunity for midshipmen to act as a "Big Brother" to area children. This year over 120 midshipmen were involved with over 150 children. The club planned a different activity for each month, from football games to halloween parties, or from bowling to skating. Each year the club takes a trip in the spring. These trips have included a visit to King's Dominion and one to the Barnum and Bailey Circus. In addition, the Big Brothers and Sisters are encouraged to spend time alone with the child.

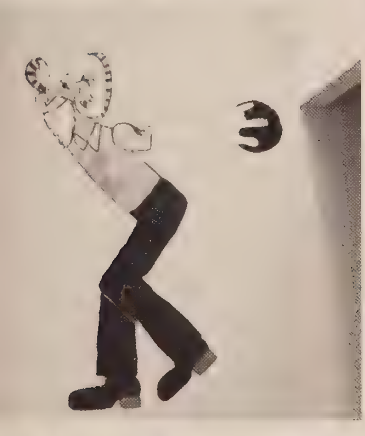


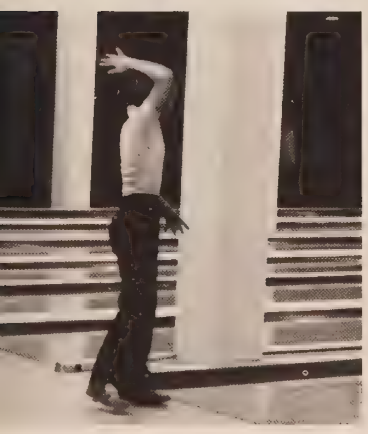
# BOWLING CLUB

**Pres.** D. Dickinson, **O-Rep.** LCDR Maynard

Over 100 midshipmen participate in the Bowling Club, which consists of two Midshipmen Bowling Leagues in addition to the Naval Academy Bowling Team. Each of these three leagues consists of twelve three-man teams. The leagues bowl on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and have a season of about twenty weeks over the course of both first and second semester. A highlight of this year's bowling season was the setting of the Bancroft Hall Bowling Lanes' new record of 278 by 2/c Dick Jentoft.

The Naval Academy Bowling Team competes against area colleges and universities. The team had a record of 4-3 against local schools, but did well in the Inter-Service Academy Match held in Annapolis in April. The Naval Academy team defeated teams representing West Point, the Coast Guard Academy, Air Force Academy and Merchant Marine Academy. This victory gives us the right to keep the Commander's Cup at Annapolis on into 1983.

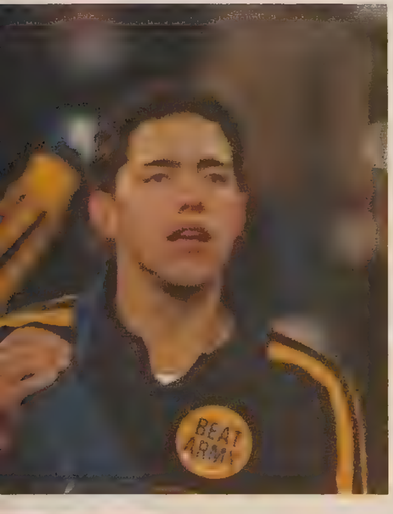




OF THE ARMY

# CHEERLEADERS

**Pres.** E. A. McLean, **O-Rep.** MAJ Mize



Give me an "N" — give me an "A" — give me a "V" — give me a "Y" — What's that spell? "NAVY!" The stadium resounds as the midshipmen, incited by the Cheerleaders, urge their team on to victory.

The cheerleading squad is composed of 8 male and 8 female members of the Brigade. Each week these midshipmen spend their afternoons preparing cheers, dances, pyramids and skits which heighten the spirit of the Brigade and add color to the sidelines of the football games and basketball games. As the weekend approaches, they lead cheers at pep-rallies, team send-offs, and finally at the games.

This year the cheerleaders traveled to the Pentagon during Army Week and Air Force Week making the Navy's presence known at the other services' Secretaries' offices. In addition to these trips, the cheerleaders went to all of the away football games including the Liberty Bowl in Memphis, Tennessee.

Navy
Navy
Navy

U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
CANNONEERS

# CANNONEERS

**Pres.** L. R. Kojm, **O-Rep.** LCDR Condon

No Navy football game is complete without the presence of the Navy Cannoneers. From atop the hill the thunder roars from the 1863 Dahlgren howitzer, signifying another Navy score. Each member of the Cannoneers expedites the task of loading the cannon, while anticipating another score. The Cannoneers are composed of two midshipmen from each class who are selected for their ability to handle the brass monster (and to stomach box lunches). This year's Cannoneers (Sam, Tim, Mark, Brian, Tom, Tracy, Charles, and Scott) were fortunate enough to receive an all-expenses-paid visit to Memphis for the Liberty Bowl plus visits to other away football games.

After a year of inactivity, the USNA Drill Team was rejuvenated. We again became the nemesis of military units up and down the East Coast. Enthusiastically revived, the team looks to a bright future, once more, as one of the preeminent units in the east.

During the fall the team was presented to the Commandant in a formal review. Pleased with what he saw, the 'Dant strongly encouraged us to continue throwing (and catching) our venerable M-1's. To the eighth wing armorers this was probably unfortunate, because they received a bit more business from the team than they would have liked. But, those rifles really did need new stocks . . .

For winter practices our officer representative managed to secure the wrestling loft in MacDonough Hall five days a week for our practice sessions. The team put in countless hours of marching on the mats. By that time, however, we had been reduced in number to a corps of hardened volunteers who continued on pure enthusiasm and gungyness.

The many hours spent twirling, tossing, catching, and marching paid off, though. We became a crack team which could think and act together. The result of this painstaking synchronization became evident on the competitive drill court, and the bastions of East Coast ROTC were awed by the polish and professionalism of the Navy Team.

# DRILL TEAM

**Pres.** F. J. Koye, **O-Rep.** CAPT Noto

# ANTIPHONAL CHOIR

**Pres.** W. N. Hughes, **O-Rep.** LT Locklear

The Antiphonal Choir, under the direction of Mr. John Barry Talley, performs each Sunday at the Protestant Chapel service. Antiphonal means "choral response," and that is the basic function of the choir. As such, the Antiphonal Choir leads the congregation in hymns and sung responses. The choir also sings an anthem in response to the readings from the Gospel and the sermon.

Being a mixed-voice chorus, the Antiphonal Choir enjoys a superb blend of vocal quality and range. This allows music to be selected from many different periods in musical history, from the Renaissance Era to *Godspell*.

This broad repertoire has led the choir on a number of trips each year. This year we performed at St. John's in New York City for the "Ceremony of the Flags," and in New Orleans during Easter weekend. In recent years we have been at Virginia Beach and Atlantic City performing for various area churches. Members of the choir also comprise part of the chorus which performs the Christmas portion of Handel's *Messiah* with Hood College and the Easter portion with Goucher College each year. Both are performed at "the other college" one weekend, and at the Naval Academy the next. These performances lead to an enjoyable social weekend which is spiritually fulfilling.

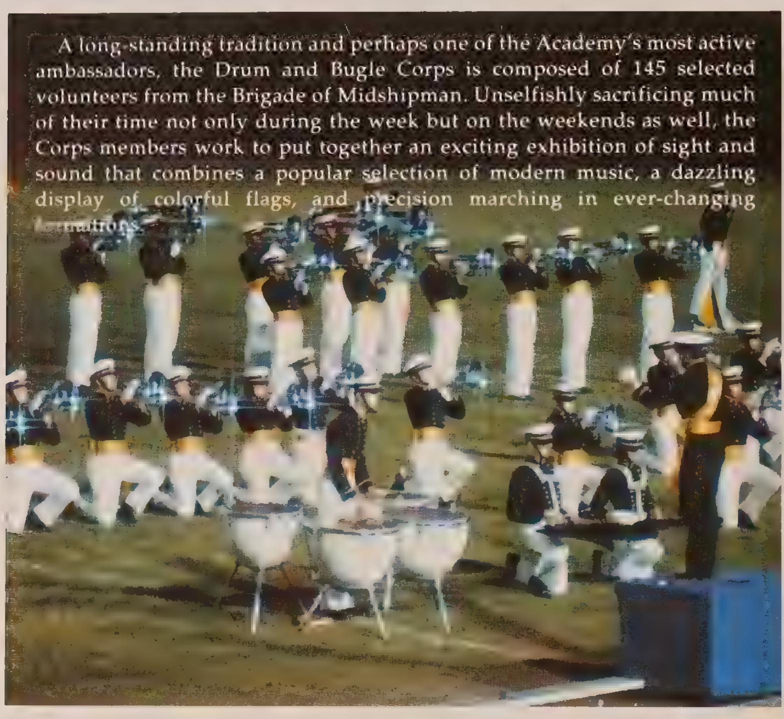
These and many other facets of the Antiphonal Choir make it a wonderful and enjoyable way to worship.

# DISTANCE RUNNING CLUB

**Pres.** J. R. Wassink, **O-Rep.** MAJ Lasher

The Distance Running Club, one of the more popular clubs at the Academy, has been dedicated to providing its members with a chance to participate in local road races. It has offered something to everyone, from the members who enjoy the 10-kilometer races to those who enjoy the marathon or ultra-marathon. The past year has seen Distance Running Club members participating in the Marine Corps Marathon, The Baltimore City Marathon, the Cherry Blossom Classic and the Chicken George 10-kilometer race to mention only a few. Several members even qualified for and ran in the Boston Marathon. In addition to the road races, the Distance Running Club provided support to the Annapolis Striders, a local running club, in their annual Severn River Run. The club continues to furnish those with a desire to run the distance races a chance to do so.

A long-standing tradition and perhaps one of the Academy's most active ambassadors, the Drum and Bugle Corps is composed of 145 selected volunteers from the Brigade of Midshipman. Unselfishly sacrificing much of their time not only during the week but on the weekends as well, the Corps members work to put together an exciting exhibition of sight and sound that combines a popular selection of modern music, a dazzling display of colorful flags, and precision marching in ever-changing formations.

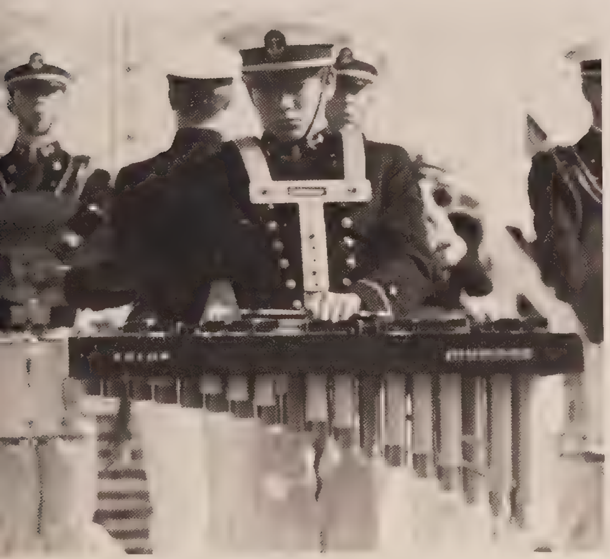


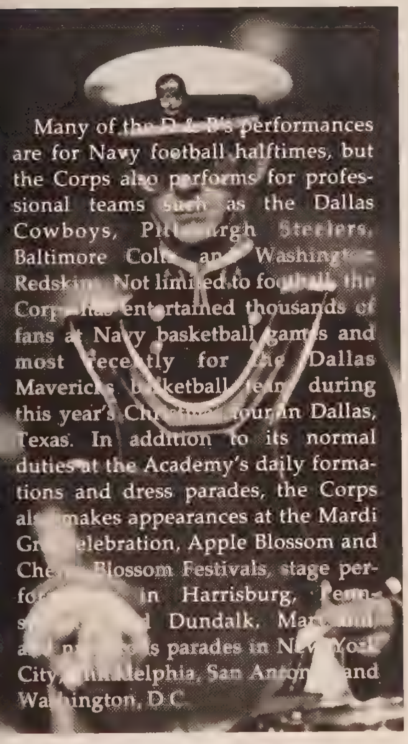
COMMUNITY ROOM

# DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

**Pres.** J. C. Amic, **O-Rep.** CDR Galanti

DALLAS
60
PHOENIX
58
BRIGADE OF MIDSHIPMEN DRUM & BUGLE CORPS
reunion arena

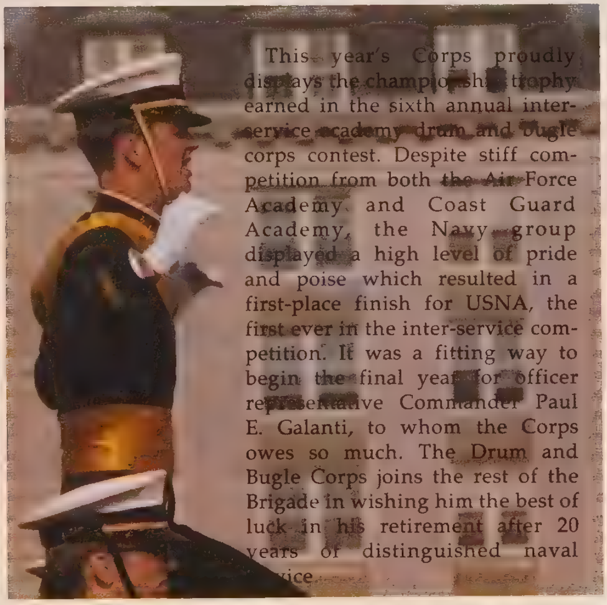




Many of the D & B's performances are for Navy football halftimes, but the Corps also performs for professional teams such as the Dallas Cowboys, Pittsburgh Steelers, Baltimore Colts and Washington Redskins. Not limited to football, the Corps has entertained thousands of fans at Navy basketball games and most recently for the Dallas Mavericks basketball team during this year's Christmas tour in Dallas, Texas. In addition to its normal duties at the Academy's daily formations and dress parades, the Corps also makes appearances at the Mardi Gras celebration, Apple Blossom and Cherry Blossom Festivals, stage performances in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania and Dundalk, Maryland and numerous parades in New York City, Philadelphia, San Antonio and Washington, D.C.

# USNA D & B

## *Inter-Service Academy Champs*



This year's Corps proudly displays the championship trophy earned in the sixth annual inter-service academy drum and bugle corps contest. Despite stiff competition from both the Air Force Academy and Coast Guard Academy, the Navy group displayed a high level of pride and poise which resulted in a first-place finish for USNA, the first ever in the inter-service competition. It was a fitting way to begin the final year for officer representative Commander Paul E. Galanti, to whom the Corps owes so much. The Drum and Bugle Corps joins the rest of the Brigade in wishing him the best of luck in his retirement after 20 years of distinguished naval service.

# PROTESTANT CHAPEL CHOIR

**Pres.** T. A. Ray, **O-Rep.** CAPT Paulsen

Leading the congregation in worship through music, the Protestant Chapel Choir may be found almost every Sunday morning at the head of the Naval Academy Chapel. The Choir is comprised of approximately 70 men who sing hymns and prepare anthems during the Protestant services.

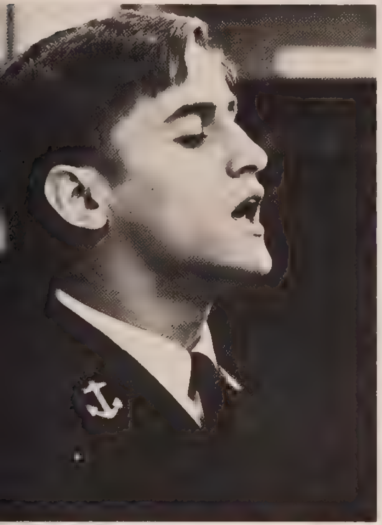
The Choir also represents the Naval Academy in various cities throughout the eastern United States, making annual appearances at the National Cathedral and at St. John's Church on Lafayette Square in Washington, D.C. During the 1981-82 academic year, the Choir enjoyed the surf of Virginia Beach, the sights of New York, and the delicious food of the Pennsylvania Dutch in Berk's County, Pennsylvania. While on these trips the Choir sang a typical USNA chapel service in its effort to present the Naval Academy to the public.

For over 35 years Handel's "Messiah" has been the annual highlight for the Chapel Choirs. The Christmas section is performed by the combined choruses of the Naval Academy and Hood College before full houses at both schools. Each spring another major choral work is performed. On Palm Sunday of 1982, the Protestant Chapel Choir joined Goucher College Choir and the USNA Glee Club in singing the Easter section of the "Messiah."

One of the Academy's oldest midshipman organizations, the Chapel Choir continues a tradition of more than 100 years in its singing of the "Navy Hymn" at the conclusion of the Sunday morning Protestant Chapel services. Since 1977, the Choir has sung under the direction of Mr. John Berry Talley, the Academy's Director of Musical Activities.

# CATHOLIC CHAPEL CHOIR

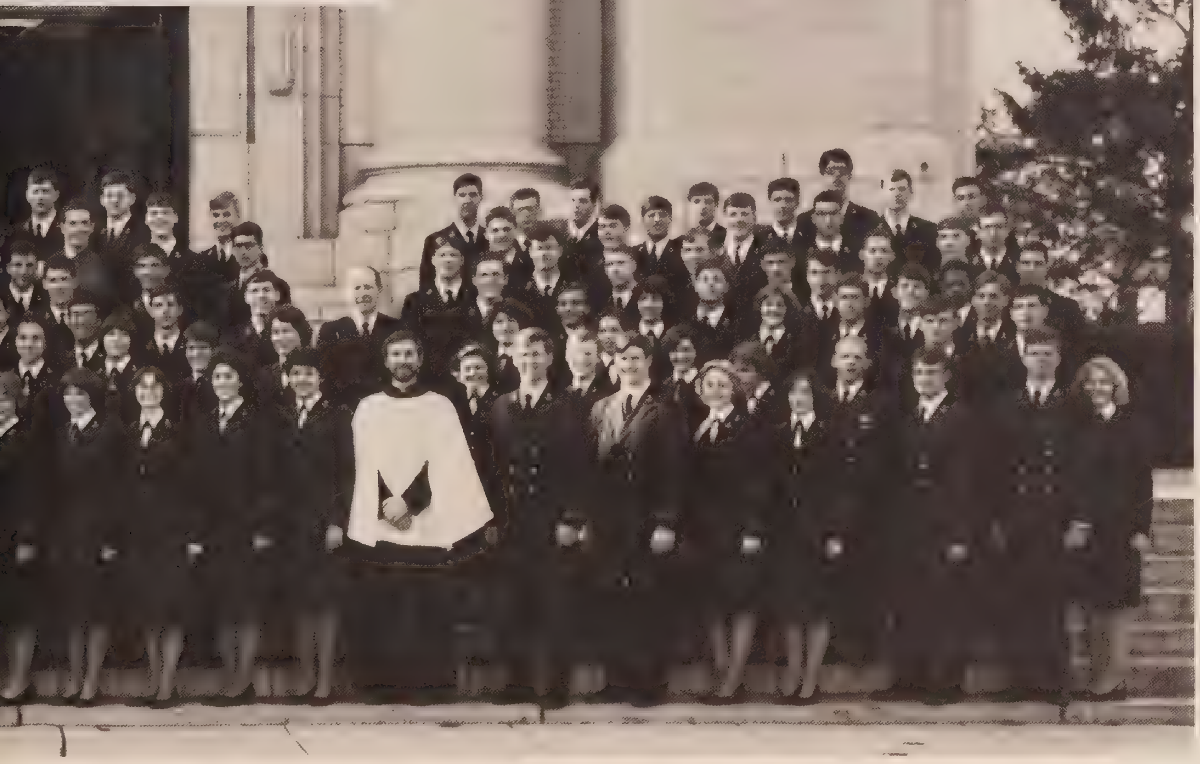
**Pres.** J. G. Spear, **O-Rep.** CAPT Eshman



The Catholic Chapel Choir, under the direction of James Dale, sings at the 0900 Mass in the main Chapel every Sunday, but the Choir does a fair amount of traveling as well. The Choir participated in Navy Day at the shrine of St. Elizabeth Anne Seton at Emmitsburg, Maryland, continuing a four year tradition. Afterwards, the Daughters of Charity of Mother Seton their tradition by treating the Choir royally at a steak brunch. The Choir spent a weekend in Atlantic City, singing at Our Lady Star of the Sea Catholic Church, and enjoying the diversions of Atlantic City. Second semester found the Choir visiting New York City, and singing at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

This year the Catholic Choir had well over 120 members, dedicated midshipmen who arrived at the Chapel every Sunday morning at 0815, when most mids were still asleep in the hall. After a brief warmup, the Choir would retire to the Crypt of John Paul Jones for punch and cookies and some friendly conversation. Then they would return to the choir loft to sing at the Mass.

The Choir was led this year by 1/c John Spear. Membership in the Catholic Choir gives Catholic midshipmen a chance to participate actively in the celebration of Mass, and help put things in perspective with a chance for a little relaxation and fellowship outside Bancroft Hall. Besides, it's fun.



In its third year of existance, the Women's Glee Club has continued to progress in repertoire and performances. The fall schedule included our first "tour" to Richmond, Virginia — only a weekend but with promises of bigger things to come. Army weekend brought the annual combined concert in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, a big success in spite of lost busses and bad weather. The semester climaxed with a Christmas concert at the White House, an experience worth all the time spent in extra rehearsal.

The spring semester starts out right with *Pirates of Penzance*, a Gilbert and Sullivan musical performed by members of both Glee Clubs. The remainder of the year saw several small concerts, another co-production the Easter portion of Handel's "Messiah," and a June Week concert to end the year.

# WOMEN'S GLEE CLUB

**Pres.** M. H. Johnson, **O-Rep.** LCDR Torelli

The Glee Club enjoys performing a wide variety of music before many different audiences throughout the United States. Over the past few years our tours have taken us from Hawaii to Virginia and from Boston to Miami.

Traditionally the Glee Club schedules two major tours each year. The 1981-82 academic year began with an October tour in the New England area. Starting at Yale University in Hartford, Conn., and working our way north to Boston, Mass., we performed before area high schools, colleges, churches, and music halls. The Spring Tour in March brought a welcome change in climate from the snowy winter of Annapolis to the sunny spring of the Southwest. We spent three days in Phoenix, Arizona and four days in Las Vegas, Nevada.

The Glee Club also performs extensively in the Washington, D.C. area. Highlights of the year included national television coverage on Veteran's Day, the 40th Anniversary celebration of the USO, a White House Christmas Concert, and the FDR 100th birthday celebration before a joint session of Congress — yet another typically exciting year.

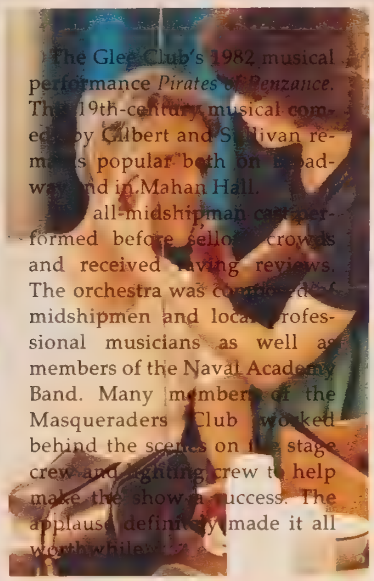
# GLEE CLUB

**Pres.** B. S. Underwood, **O-Rep.** CAPT Eshman

GREETINGS
NAVAL
ACADEMY

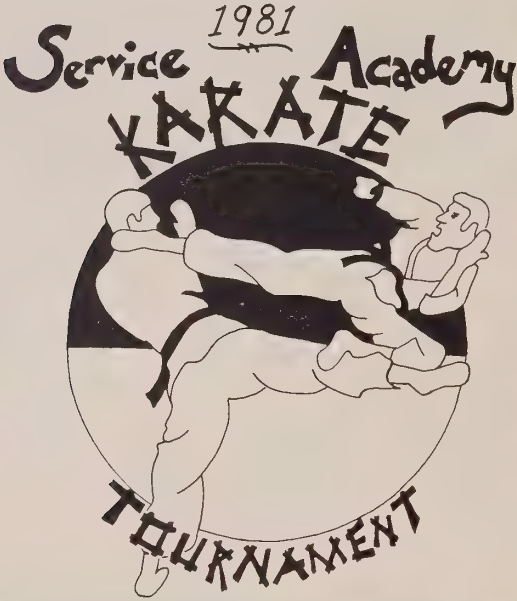
# Pirates of Penzance

**Producer** D. T. Murray, **Dir.** Mr. Talley



The Glee Club's 1982 musical performance *Pirates of Penzance.* This 19th-century musical comedy by Gilbert and Sullivan remains popular both on Broadway and in Mahan Hall.

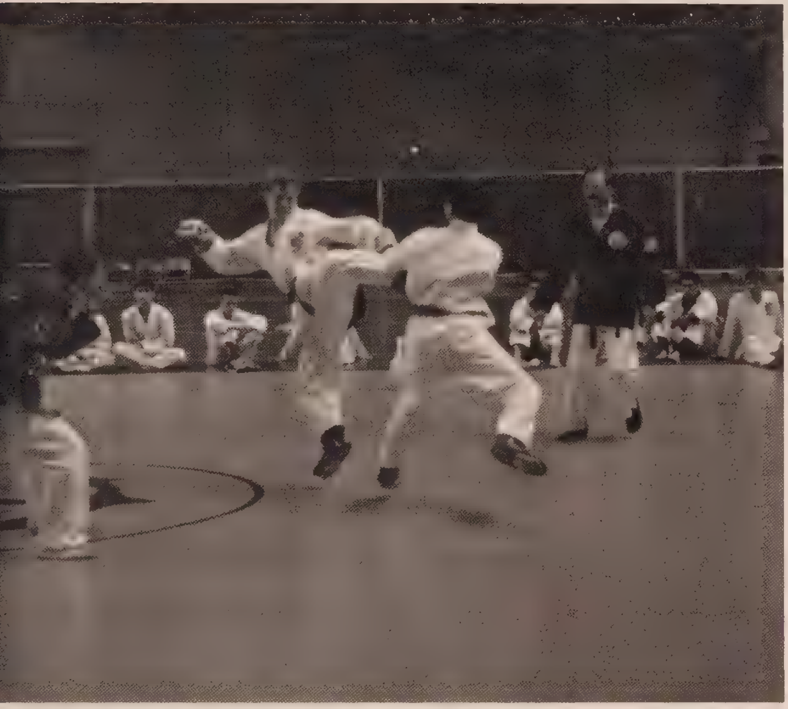
The all-midshipman cast performed before sellout crowds and received raving reviews. The orchestra was composed of midshipmen and local professional musicians as well as members of the Naval Academy Band. Many members of the Masqueraders Club worked behind the scenes on the stage crew and lighting crew to help make the show a success. The applause definitely made it all worthwhile.


1981
Service Academy
KARATE
TOURNAMENT

GUEST
ADVANTAGE
TIME

# KARATE CLUB

**Pres.** J. S. McClain, **O-Rep.** MAJ King



The USNA Karate Club provides instruction to midshipmen in the ancient art of *Tang Soo Do* (Way of the China Hand). The club's master instructors, Al and Abby Bartlinski, visit the Academy weekly to provide instruction to club members. During the week instruction is carried out by club officers. A typical practice session includes heavy calisthenics, self-defense practice, *kata* (forms), and free sparring. Keeping up with the club is often difficult because members must also participate in an intramural sport in addition to the karate practices.

During the past year some club members received instruction in the Japanese art of *Kendo* (Way of the Sword) from LCDR Fumio Ota, a Japanese exchange officer. Also, the club participated in many intercollegiate meets and, led by club president 1/c Joe McClain, succeeded in defeating Army (20-2), The Citadel (4-2), and the Washington, D.C. Kendo Club (6-4).

# JUDO CLUB

**Pres.** D. C. Hinderliter, **O-Rep.** LT Hetzel

This year was one of growth and accomplishment for the Judo Club. The new members began the year with a new coach, the first the club has ever had. Coach Strong, a third degree black belt, instructed club members three times a week and traveled to tournaments with the team. His inspired coaching aided Naval Academy Judoka to increasingly frequent victories.

Club members competed in local tournaments as well as in an intercollegiate tournament held at the Merchant Marine Academy; we also participated in Regional and Eastern Collegiate Championships. Navy brought home trophies from all these tourneys as well as the Maryland State Championships hosted at the Academy.

The meet against Army was also at home this year and was a hard-fought match. Although Army won, Navy is not behind in the rivalry; the series is now tied at 1-1.

Overall, the Judo Club has tried to maintain a larger profile among the brigade this year and to increase its membership. Next year the club plans to compete more often and to increase membership even more. We hope that we will continue the success and growth that took root in 1982.

# MASQUERADERS

**Pres.** K. C. M. Varnum, **O-Rep.** LCDR Myslinski

### *Wild Oates* The Story
(And a complicated one it is, too!)

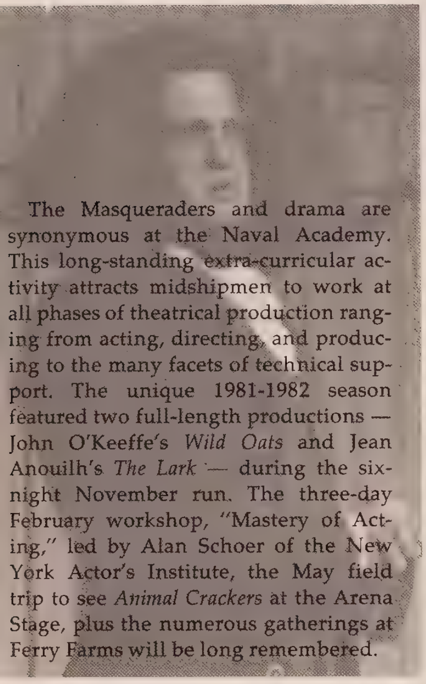
Sir George Thunder is in the country looking for deserters from the Navy. He finds himself in the home of his niece, Lady Amaranth, who has renounced her title and turned Quaker. Sir George thinks his niece, with her fortune, would make a fine wife for his son, Harry. However, Harry is truant from the Naval Academy, at Portsmouth, and, disguised as one Dick Buskin, has fallen in with a company of actors. He and the actor Jack Rover have become friends. Jack is mistaken for Harry, introduced to Lady Amaranth, and the two fall in love. Harry encourages Jack to continue in his role by convincing him that Sir George is merely an actor hired to play the part of Sir George.

Living in the village is a woman, Amelia, whom Lady Amaranth befriends. Amelia tells how the young naval officer she loved set up a sham marriage, but she, warned by friends, found a real parson to perform the marriage, making the ceremony legal. Her husband left her and, while looking for him in the Indies, she lost her young son. When Amelia sees Sir George, she recognizes him as her husband who ran off years earlier. Sir George has since married another woman, now dead, who bore him his son, Harry.

Jack Rover tells of his life growing up backstage in the theatres of Calcutta after his mother lost him in the Indies. (Beginning to sense a connection?) Lady Amaranth consents to marry Jack and all is happily resolved.

# Presenting *Wild Oats*

**Prod.** P. D. Morrisette, **Dir.** Prof. Jasperson



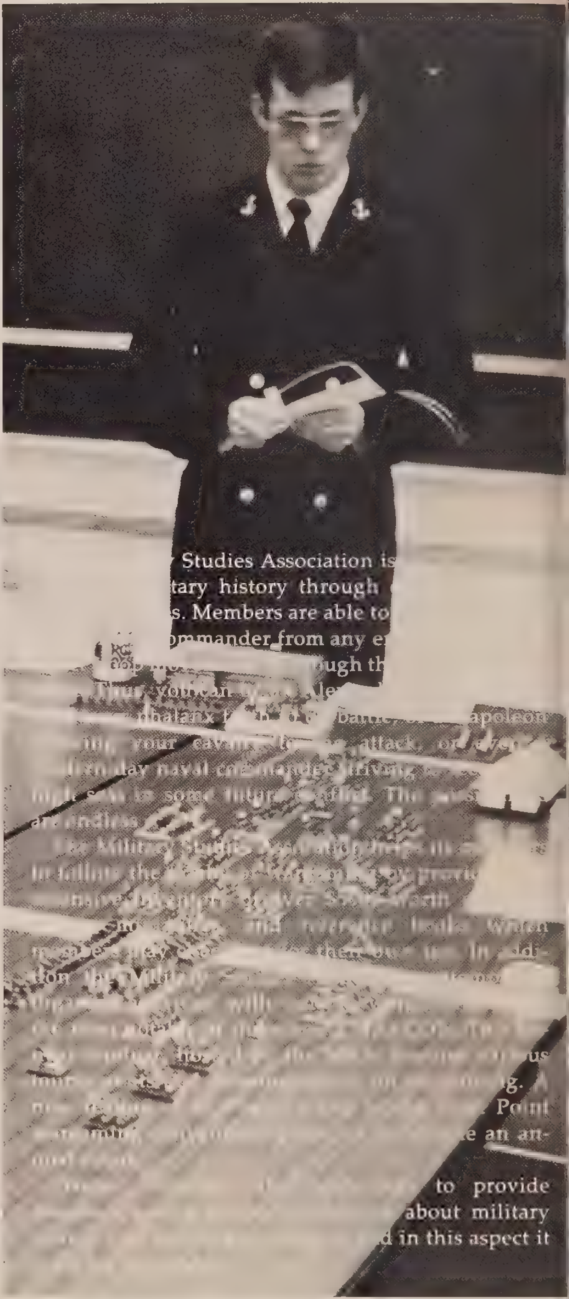
The Masqueraders and drama are synonymous at the Naval Academy. This long-standing extra-curricular activity attracts midshipmen to work at all phases of theatrical production ranging from acting, directing, and producing to the many facets of technical support. The unique 1981-1982 season featured two full-length productions — John O'Keeffe's *Wild Oats* and Jean Anouilh's *The Lark* — during the six-night November run. The three-day February workshop, "Mastery of Acting," led by Alan Schoer of the New York Actor's Institute, the May field trip to see *Animal Crackers* at the Arena Stage, plus the numerous gatherings at Ferry Farms will be long remembered.

# Presenting *The Lark*

**Prod.** P. D. Morrissette, Dir. Prof. White

### The Story of The Lark

When a young girl starts hearing voices telling her to lead France into a battle against England, she must be either a heretic or a lunatic. At least that is the opinion of the all-powerful Fifteenth Century Church. Against the backdrop of her heresy trial, we see, through the use of flashbacks, the story of Joan of Arc. From the time Joan first hears Saint Michael tell her to dress like a man and lead France into battle, through the days of bloody battle and the nights she wept for the dead of both armies, to her triumphant coronation of Charles, the *Dauphin*, and finally, to her own trial and condemnation by the people she fought to save, this is the story of a girl who never lost faith in God or in herself.



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The Military Studies [illegible] in [illegible] the [illegible] provi[illegible] [illegible] and reference books which [illegible] their own [illegible] In addition the Military [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] us [illegible] g. A [illegible] Point [illegible] e an annual event.

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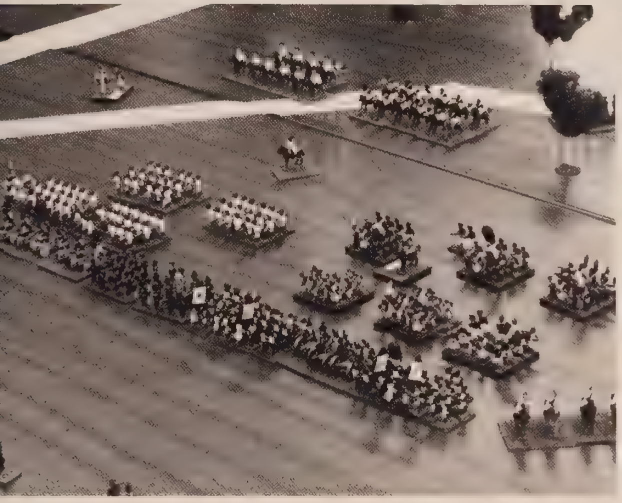
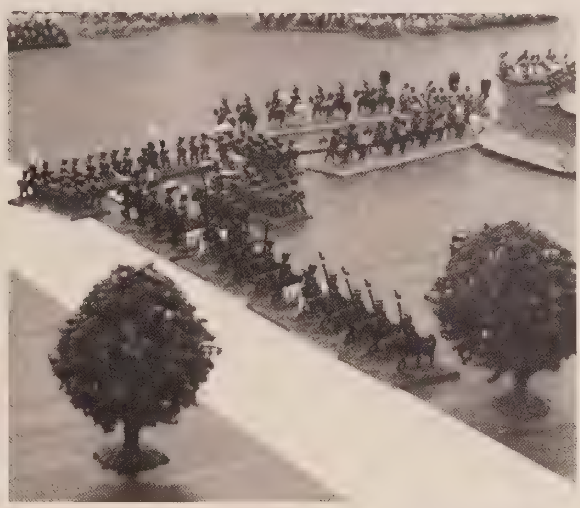
# MILITARY STUDIES ASSOCIATION

**Pres.** R. W. Jackson, **O-Rep.** LT Swierezek





# MILITARY PARACHUTE CLUB

**Pres.** T. D. Anderson, **O-Rep.** MAJ Clark

The Military Parachute Club's purpose is to prepare physically qualified midshipmen for summer training at the U.S. Army's Airborne School in Ft. Benning, Georgia and to provide for graduates of the school an opportunity to continue parachuting with a military organization. Each spring the club selects and trains approximately 100 midshipmen who volunteer for the program at Ft. Benning to be completed during their summer leave. Midshipmen who graduate from the Army's Airborne School have the opportunity to earn their gold jump wings (designating them as a Navy/USMC parachutist) through the Military Parachute Club.

The club holds several jumps each semester out of both rotary wing (usually UH-1 or CH-46's) and fixed wing (C-130) aircraft. Midshipmen who successfully pass the parachute packer's test are eligible to attend other military schools, including Jumpmaster School, Ranger School, Air Assault School and HALO (High-Altitude, Low-Opening) School.

# SPORT PARACHUTE CLUB

**Pres.** T. J. Byrne, **O-Rep.** LT Bauer

The Naval Academy Sport Parachute Club offers sport jump training to midshipmen and staff from the first jump to the most complex freefall or parachute formations.

The club has a midshipmen staff consisting of licensed instructors, jumpmasters, and FAA qualified riggers. The basic goal of the club is to teach midshipmen how to make a parachute jump safely. For those who wish to pursue the sport, further advanced training is offered. The club has a demonstration team that performs around the Baltimore/Washington area, promoting the Naval Academy. The competition team participates all over the United States in such competitions as the National Collegiate Championships, held this year in DeLand, Florida, and the Military National Competition held each year at Fort Bragg, N.C.

The highlight of each year for the team is the annual tri-service Academy Sport Parachute Meet. This competition, which originated at the Naval Academy takes place at one of the three service academies. Each of the academies fields a sixteen-member team, composed entirely of cadets or midshipmen, who compete in both individual and team events. The winning team takes home a trophy as a tribute to the time and effort the team spends in training.

# SCUBA CLUB

**Pres.** C. M. McGuire, **O-Rep.** LT Lambert

The Scuba Club's main goal is to promote sport diving throughout the Brigade. As a result of scuba diving's tremendous popularity, the club is the largest ECA at the Academy with approximately 650 members. The club concentrates on organizing and teaching basic scuba classes; almost 350 midshipmen were certified this academic year. The successful completion of the course, which includes an open-water qualification dive, earns the student a scuba certification sanctioned by the Professional Association of Diving Instructors (PADI) an organization recognized worldwide. The club owes its thanks not only to the midshipmen instructors who donate much of their time, but especially to John Kiser and John Vordnick who do most of the actual instructing.

The experienced diver is not ignored either. The club sponsors several dives off the New Jersey and Delaware coasts, numerous oyster dives in the Chesapeake Bay, and the Annual Spring break trek to Key Largo's Penekamp National Underwater State Park. The Florida trip is the high point of the Club's activities; it provides some of the world's most colorful and ideal diving for both experienced and novice divers.

## OCF Officers Christian Fellowship

**Pres.** M. W. Fisher, **O-Rep.** LT Brown

The Officers' Christian Fellowship is a national organization which provides a common base for Christian fellowship in all branches of the armed services and seeks to exalt the Lord Jesus Christ through evangelism within the officer corps. The organization encourages Christian officers and their families and equips them for ministry within the military. Its membership is open to all active duty, reserve and retired officers, as well as to those who are in training to become officers. OCF at the Naval Academy is a local arm of the national body.

Weekly OCF meetings held in Mitscher Hall provide midshipmen not only with the opportunity to sing, to worship and to share their faith together, but also with teachings about many areas of Christian living through the many guest speakers. The most important of OCF's activities, however, is the organization of midshipmen-directed company Bible studies and small "equipping groups" which provide training in principles of Christian growth and ministry.

Special activities this year included Labor Day and Easter retreats and a winter sports party, all conducted at White Sulphur Springs, PA, the annual autumn hayride at the Naval Academy Dairy Farm, the Army-Navy Postgame Banquet, and a first-ever evangelical outreach dinner in February. These activities not only provided opportunities for much growth and fellowship, but also provided the members with a good deal of fun.

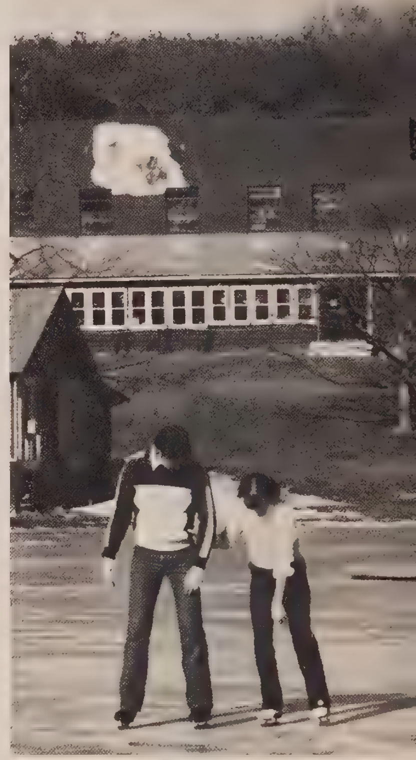
## BSU Baptist Student Union

**Pres.** P. C. Peyton

Sponsored by the Southern Baptist Convention, the Baptist Student Union is open to all midshipmen, including those from other denominations. The BSU is primarily geared toward giving students a foundation which would better enable them to carry out the mission of telling the Good News of Jesus Christ to all people. To this end, the BSU aims to develop midshipmen and other area college students in all areas of living. Activities take into consideration the emotional and physical dimensions of one's personality; thus, activities range from post-football-game gatherings to weekly Bible studies, and from retreats to family life conferences.

The weekly devotional services are the most important events of the year. The program of these weekly events typically includes musicians, ministers, home and foreign missionaries, career officers and other students. The services also provide the midshipmen and other students with opportunities for sharing problems, meeting with supporting friends and setting spiritual and secular priorities.

BSU members also participate in many missions activities. There is an annual trip to New York City to work on projects in Brooklyn, Harlem and lower Manhattan which always proves worthwhile and enjoyable. There are also periodic "work days" used to earn money to support summer missionaries from other colleges; these outings invariably provide good memories for all of the participants.



# NACA

**Naval Academy**
**Christian Association**
**O-Rep.** Chaplain Pierce

## NAVIGATORS

**Pres.** D. D. Hee, **O-Rep.** LCDR Blank

The Navigators is an interdenominational Christian organization whose purpose is to develop Christian character and leadership in midshipmen by means of small group Bible studies and personalized training. Several Bible study groups are underway in each battalion; the focus of these groups is personal study of the Biblical principles of character and leadership with practical application of these principles to daily life as a midshipman.

Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan wrote toward the end of his life that for the past thirty years he had experienced in his life the power of God and his own personal weakness. He aspired to a "life conformed to the words and example of Jesus Christ." Helping midshipmen develop such a life is the goal of the Navigators. The club emphasizes the individual and his needs. As midshipmen learn the principles of living as Christians and grow in their faith, they in turn reach out to others.

Many special activities were held during this year: monthly Saturday night rallies, weekend trips to other military bases and college campuses, ski trips, and conferences. Also, an annual banquet was held to honor graduating first class midshipmen and their parents.

## NEWMAN CLUB

**Pres.** G. A. Souser, **O-Rep.** MAJ Sheedy

The Newman Club is a nationwide organization of Catholic young people that promotes the Christian ideals primarily through the interaction of college age men and women. During the 1981-1982 academic year the club sponsored a myriad of activities in keeping with the ideals of the organization.

The Club met weekly after the Sunday evening meal. The meetings were generally characterized by group prayer and religious songs and highlighted by a guest speaker. The speakers came from a large cross section of religious beliefs and their general objective was either to broaden member's general knowledge or to explain the Christian's role in society in general and in the military in particular.

In addition to the weekly meeting the Newman Club sponsored a number of social functions, conducted a weekend retreat in the fall and participated in several community help projects in the Washington/Annapolis area. Additionally, several of the Midshipman members of the club performed missionary work in the Appalachian Mountains area during their leave time.

## FCA

**Fellowship of**
**Christian Athletes**
**Pres.** D. D. Belt, **O-Rep.** LCDR Sarich

The Fellowship of Christian Athletes encourages fellowship with other Christians and stresses individual participation in weekly gatherings by having a maximum amount of midshipmen participation. At these meetings, Christians have a good opportunity to meet and have fellowship with other Christians. This year, the Fellowship has studied various topics including dating, drugs and alcohol, the role of Christians in the military, athletic performance, faith, witnessing, the meaning of being a Christian, priorities, and many others. The Fellowship of Christian Athletes has a separate Bible study on Friday evenings and also maintains the only contemporary Christian music library in the Brigade, which is open to all midshipmen.

Whether we are athletes or not, we should use our bodies for God's glory! The Fellowship of Christian Athletes is a group of dedicated Christians who love the Lord, love talking about him, and love to feel him working through us in our various athletic events. Eternal life membership.

# SEMPER FIDELIS SOCIETY

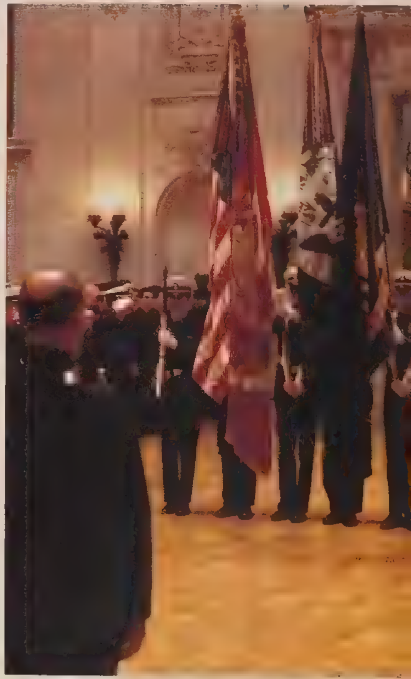
**Pres.** M. D. Barth, **O-Rep.** MAJ Mize

The Semper Fidelis Society had a very exciting year in 1982. Led by the club president, Mike Barth, and supported by the officer representative Capt. Noto, USMC, the Semper Fidelis Club offered a variety of activities which gave valuable insights into the Marine Corps.

The year began with a series of lectures dealing with different duties and responsibilities of marine officers. One of these lectures concerned the relationship between the marine officer and senior enlisted marines. There were additional enriching lectures such as the one on aviation MOS's presented by LCOL Spooner and MAJ Sheedy.

Semper Fi deals with a great deal more than lectures. The primary purpose of the club is to help club members get hands-on experience. The club had two repelling exercises supervised by MAJ Carlock and CAPT Ryan. The first of these exercises acquainted members with basic repelling and the second introduced us to more advanced techniques. The club sponsored a variety of similar activities.

The Semper Fidelis Club is merely an extension of its parent organization and the world's finest fighting force: The United States Marine Corps. *Semper Fidelis.*



# SPORTSMAN CLUB

**Pres.** R. T. Janice, **O-Rep.** CDR Kelly

The Sportsman Club, one of the oldest ECA's at the Naval Academy, supplies equipment to its members for camping, fishing, and hunting activities throughout the year. Club-sponsored camping, hiking, and hunting expeditions provide midshipmen with the opportunity to get away from the rigors of academics and enjoy a peaceful interlude with the outdoors. The Sportsman's Club welcomes everyone from the novice camper to the expert hunter.

A prime example of the club's expeditions during 1982 took place over spring break, as three rugged members braved a late winter storm to camp in the upper elevations of George Washington National Forest. Loaded down with the club's finest gear, the mids packed ina week's supply of food and beverage and set up camp above 3000 feet. During their stay, the mids tracked some wildlife, explored an abandoned coal mine, and helped a park ranger blaze a new trail. Such adventures are open to all club members and will no doubt leave memories for years to come.

## TRAP-SKEET CLUB

**Pres.** M. Luciano

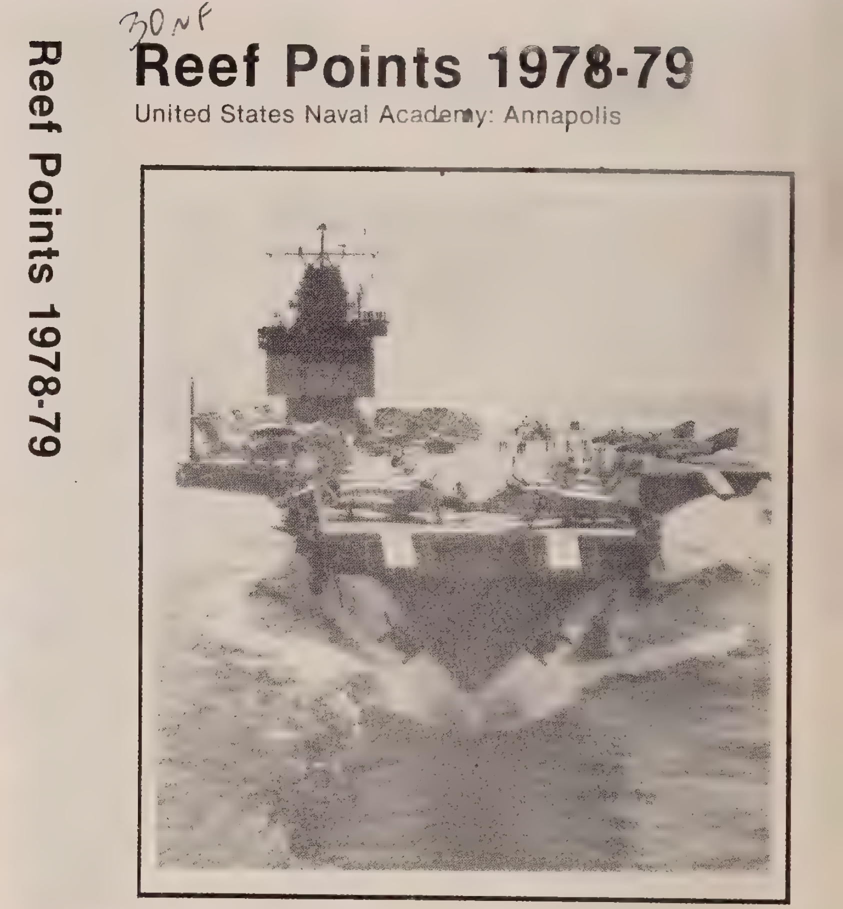
A sub-organization of the Sportsman Club, the USNA Skeet and Trap Club has just completed its fifth year. The club continues to represent the Brigade at intercollegiate shoots as well as at local competitions. Though the club consists of only twelve members, it maintains the high standards expected of any Navy team. Competing at all levels, the club has made impressive showings at such shoots as the National Skeet Championships held in Peoria, Illinois, and the Eastern Regional Skeet and Trap Championships held in Merrimac, New Hampshire.

Although the Skeet and Trap team is not the most visible of the Navy teams, targets and shot constantly fill the air at the Naval Station across the Severn, where the team practices on its brand new field.

# REEF POINTS

**Pres.** G. D. Murray, **O-Rep.** MAJ Wilson

*Reef Points* is revised and amended annually by the *Reef Points* Staff. Often referred to as the "plebe's Bible," *Reef Points* is one of the most hated objects of Plebe Summer. Few midshipmen look at it after Parent's Weekend of their Plebe year. Yet, this publication contains much important and useful information about the Naval Academy and the Navy. In addition to being a Plebe indoctrination tool, the book provides an insider's view of the Academy for parents and friends of midshipmen. *Reef Points* contains the history of the Academy as well as information about sports, extracurricular activities, and other areas of Academy life.


Reef Points 1978-79

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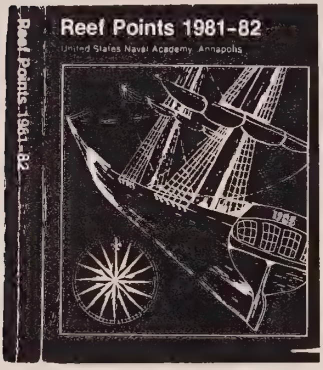
Reef Points 1978-79

United States Naval Academy: Annapolis


Reef Points 1981-82

United States Naval Academy Annapolis

Reef Points 1981-82

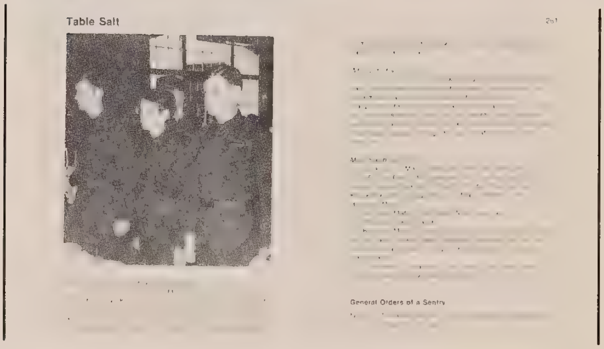
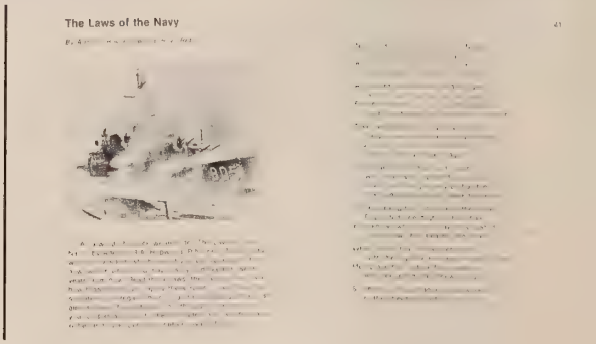


Table Salt

General Orders of a Sentry


The Laws of the Navy

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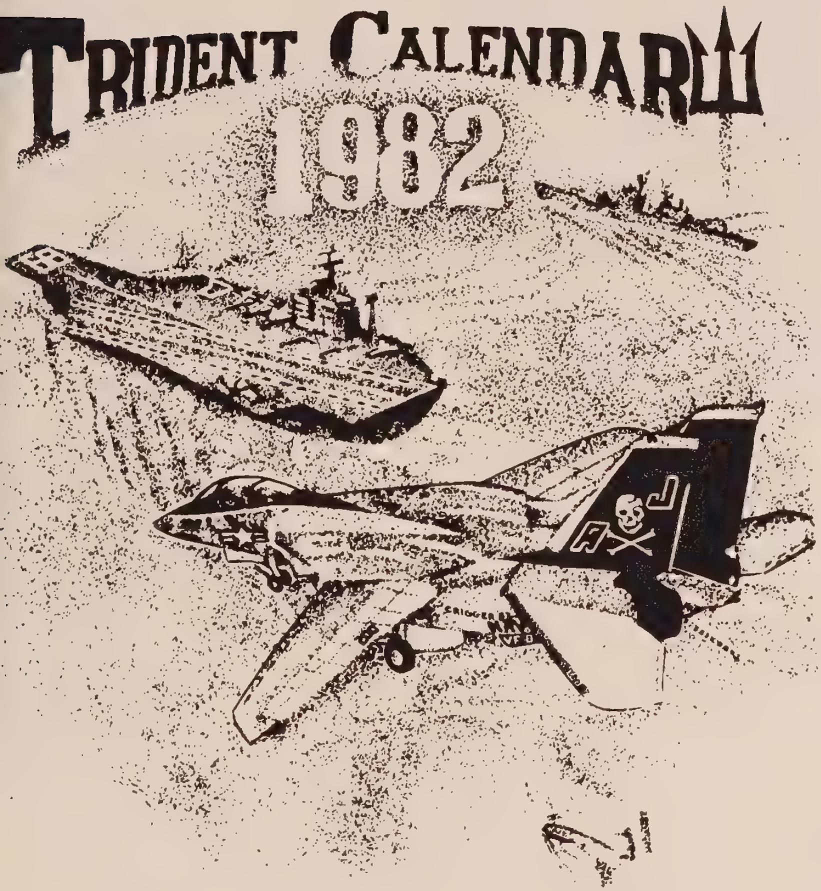
# TRIDENT CALENDAR

**Pres.** G. L. Lahr, **O-Rep.** LCDR Kehor



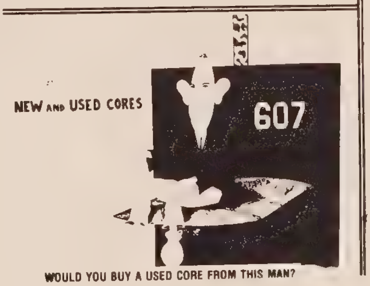
This year's Trident Calendar promises to be a delight for all once again with its pictures, cartoons, and quotes for each week of the year.

The Trident Calendar staff starts each calendar during the winter with the acceptance of bids for production, and pictures and cartoons from midshipmen throughout the Brigade. After selecting the desired pictures from those received and designing a new cover, we put the calendar together and sent it to be printed.

The calendars are distributed during the fall and winter of each school year with most being sold within the Brigade itself. After the calendars are all sent out, the process starts over again preparing the next year's calendar.

The greatest fault is to be unconscious of one's own.
— Thomas Carlyle

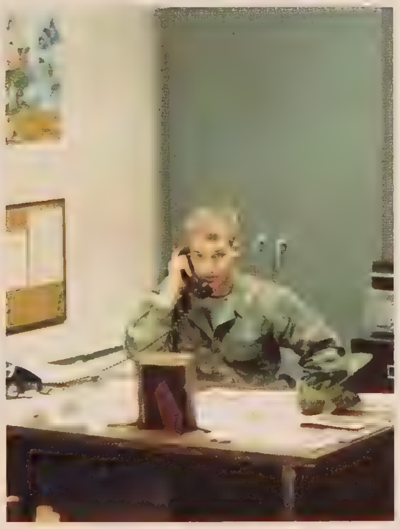
Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers.
— Tennyson



WOULD YOU BUY A USED CORE FROM THIS MAN?

# 1982 LUCKY BAG

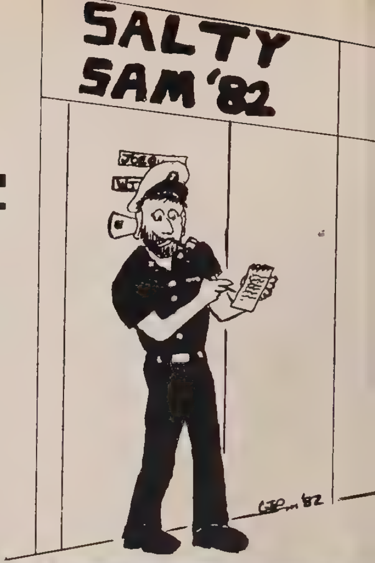
**Editor** R.K. Vogel, **O-Rep.** CDR Paul Galanti



The *Lucky Bag* staff is responsible for the production of the United States Naval Academy Yearbook. This publication comes out annually and is given to each member of the Brigade, and to the parents of the graduating class. This year's book was published by Taylor Publishing Company and the photographs for the First Class section were taken by Jim Logue of Yearbook Associates. All the labor is provided by the midshipmen of the brigade, and most of the photographs are taken by mids. We hope that you enjoy the book.

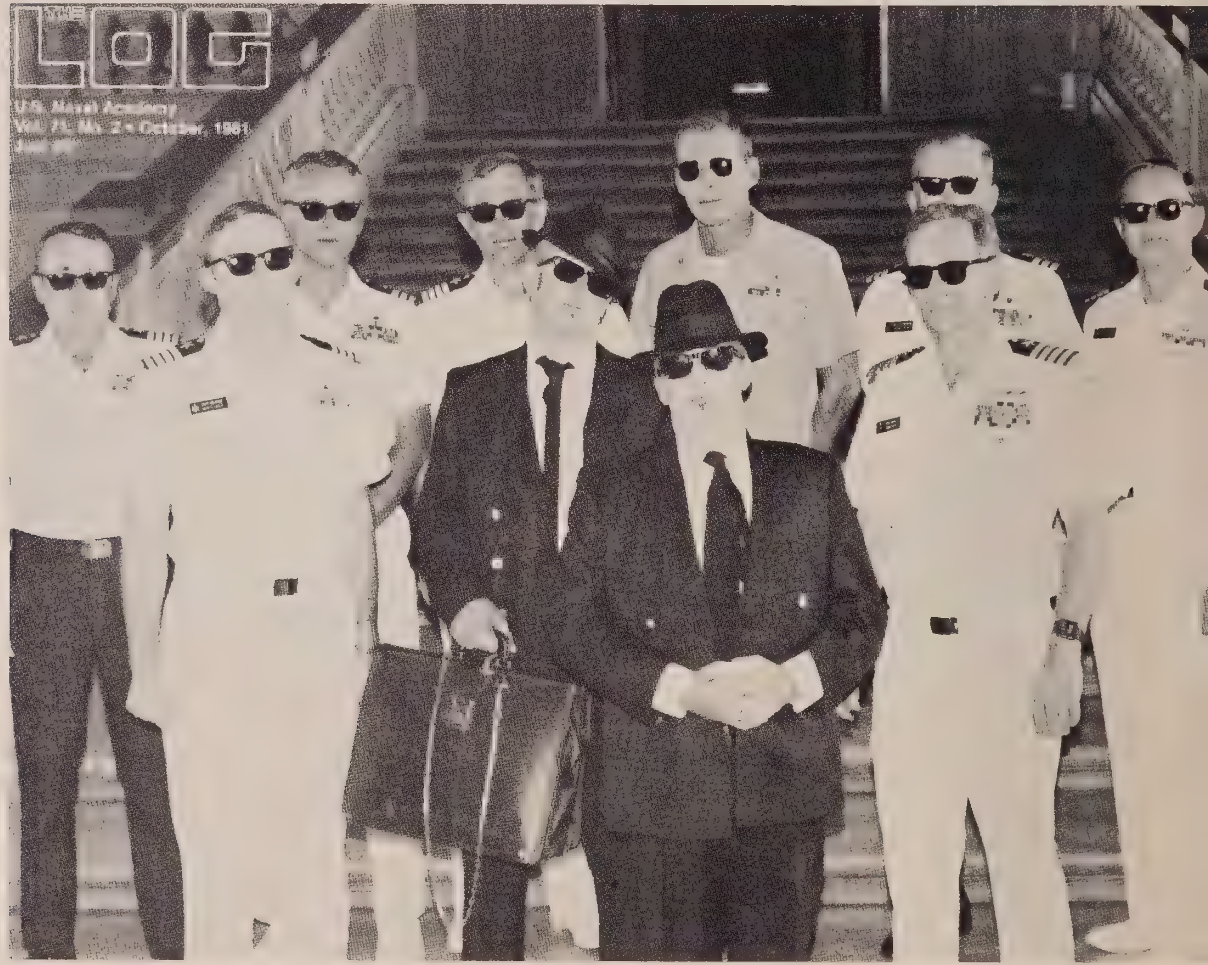
# *THE LOG* MAGAZINE

**Ed. in Chief** S. J. Somnitz, **O-Rep.** MAJ Williams



The '81-'82 editions of *The Log* magazine carried on the tradition of informing and amusing the Brigade and antagonizing our officer "friends." Paul Borror played the role of Salty Sam, and it seemed that nothing could detract from his usual biting style. Rock Gawne's art staff was once again the mainstay of *The Log*. A multitude of artists contributed the cartoons and drawings that kept us smiling throughout the year.

Putting the magazine together was sometimes almost formidable, but with the help of a few faithful staff members, the work somehow got done. Layout was a monthly task, with deadlines always approaching. For material *The Log* counted on its small staff of dedicated writers and artists, but also accepted submissions from any midshipman at any time. The members of *The Log* staff hopes the Brigade enjoyed reading this year's LOGS as much as they enjoyed putting them together.



# WRNV

**Pres.** P. D. Limbacher, **O-Rep.** CDR Davidson

WRNV, the Naval Academy's midshipman-operated FM radio station, started off the year with coverage of the 150-pound football games as part of its expanded sports format. 120 midshipmen working in their spare time, provide this feature and a 24-hour-a-day commercial-free radio "listening alternative."

Besides the normal music broadcast and the 150's, WRNV covers varsity baseball, varsity lacrosse, and the always-popular ice hockey both at home and at away games.

This is the second year in a row that the station undertook equipment replacement in an effort to stay technically current. A delay unit was installed to provide reliable capabilities for live and phone-in type shows. A new main programming board arrived late in the year, purchased with the assistance of the Alumni Association, to replace the last of the outdated equipment.

The addition of this equipment to the outstanding programming abilities of the WRNV staff has helped to make our radio station one of the best to be found at any college in the country.

N4630V
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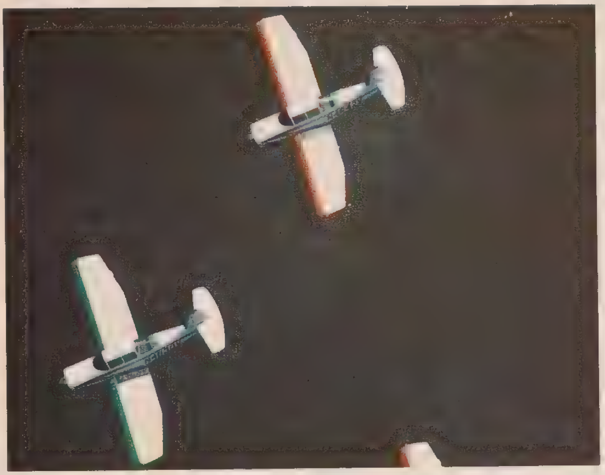
# VTNA

**Pres.** P. C. Peyton and T. A. Tkac, **Ops. Ofcr.** LCDR Womack

VTNA, the Naval Academy Flight Training Squadron, is a professional activity under the guidance of the director of professional development. Its purpose is to familiarize midshipmen with the flight experience and to allow those interested in a flying career to get an early start on the training process.

Involvement in the squadron is limited to first class midshipmen, and a test taken during the spring of second class year determines eligibility. Each midshipman is given a total of ten lessons in the cockpit, each lasting approximately one and one half hours. The training classes are usually given during free periods during the week. The VTNA aircraft operate out of BWI Airport and fly over the academy and in the vicinity of the Bay Bridge.

If, after the ten lessons are completed, the midshipman's instructor decides that he is capable of flying the plane by himself, the firstie may take the plane on a solo flight. This flight is typically followed by the traditional tie-cutting ceremony at the Officers and Faculty Club.



YP659
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# YP SQUADRON

**Commodore** M. J. Norton and E. P. Petzrick, **O-Rep.** LCDR McLoughlin

YP 662
YP 662

The YP Squadron is a professional activity under the guidance of the director of professional development. The squadron not only provides hands-on training in all aspects of naval underway operations including navigation, piloting and shiphandling, but also gives midshipmen the opportunity to excel at a challenging task and to enjoy themselves in the process. Operating during the week, the YP Squadron is composed of midshipmen of all classes, manning one boat from each battalion. The senior midshipman in the squadron is the Commodore who has the rank of Midshipman Lieutenant. Each Yard Patrol Boat also has a Midshipman Commanding Officer who has the same responsibilities as the CO of a commissioned ship; that is, he is totally responsible for the safety and performance of the YP. The daily underway operations are supplemented by weekend trips to various ports on the Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware River. During the 1981-82 year the squadron conducted trips to Wilmington, Del., Baltimore, Md. and Williamsburg, Va.

# AMATEUR RADIO CLUB

**Pres.** T. W. Cunningham, **O-Rep.** [illegible]

As an active member of the "Global Fraternity," the USNA Amateur Radio Club provides midshipmen the opportunity to communicate around the world.

The operators or "Hams" join the club with varying degrees of experience. Each year our training officer coordinates a basic course in amateur radio to license those with little or no prior background.

Each member of the club has the world at his fingertips with any of four complete radio setups to choose from: Morse Code, voice, television, or radioteletype transmissions. Many a letter or postcard is received from friends acquired "on the air." Also, should problems arise in the electronics aspect of any of the communication equipment, Amateur Radio Operators have sufficient background and facilities in the radio repair shop to repair them. Recently, the radio club was utilized by the Academy's Sailing Squadron for communications to the twelve Luders Yawls and the flag ship *Astral* which was sailing offshore during summer cruises.

Captain Long, from our sister service, Army, is the officer representative of the club. When he is not teaching in the electrical Engineering Department, he gives us theoretical tips to boost our "on the air" communications abilities.

# BICYCLE RACING CLUB

**Pres.** J. M. Davidson, **O-Rep.** LCDR Patton

The U.S. Naval Academy Bicycle Racing [illegible] start in November of this year when it became an official ECA. The team now numbers 24, with more coming all the time. Navy competes with other colleges and universities as part of the Eastern Collegiate Cycling Federation (ECCF) whose membership includes such schools as Maryland, Virginia, Princeton, Rutgers and Army.

The season's first race was 27 March at the University of Maryland. It was also the first recorded wheel-to-wheel cycling competition between Army and Navy in the same race. The ECCF championships were held on May 3 at West Point.

The team has been working hard since last fall. Workouts have included a daily weight training schedule, ergometer workouts, bicycle roller riding, and, weather permitting, road work on the bikes. On February 20 an intra-squad roller race was held in Halsey Field House. Fourteen team members competed in a series of one kilometer sprints. Second class Steve Wu was the 1982 champion with a winning time of 36.7 seconds (about 61

Cycling, the number two sport in the world (following soccer in its popularity) is rapidly growing in the U.S. An all-life sport, cycle racing is intense and exciting, taking much, much more than super leg strength. The skills, tactics, team work, and knowledge take time and concentration to acquire, which is why a rider who has raced for five years could beat a much stronger rider who had a little experience. The club is heavily in debt to LCDR Ron Schdefield and LCDR Jim Patton, the coaches and driving forces behind the club. They both have created quite a legacy.

# BLACK STUDIES CLUB

**Pres.** M. E. Banks, **O-Rep.** LT Davis

The Black Studies Club is an organization that seeks to augment understanding of the Black experience within the Brigade. One of the primary objectives of the organization is to aid minority students to adjust successfully to Naval Academy life. The Club works in conjunction with the Candidate Guidance Office, the Human Relations Committee and the Black Studies Committee to improve the quality of life for Black midshipmen.

The Club sponsors distinguished Black American guest speakers, scholars, and artists on their visits to the Academy. They often offer unique insights into the positive contribution of Black Americans to American culture. The list of noted guests this past year included the Georgetown Gospel Choir, Fisk University President, Dr. Walter Leonard, Zion Baptist Church pastor, and founder of O.I.C., Reverend Leon H. Sullivan, author, Michael Harper, and others. The programs sponsored by the Black [illegible] officers, faculty members, and members of the Annapolis community. These programs have proven to be an invaluable aid in promoting positive community relations. The Club also encourages the participation of non-minority members.

# BRIDGE CLU

**Pres.** T. J. Powers, **O-Rep.** LT Mo

The Bridge Club promotes the game of bridge throughout the brigade. Formal instructions are available for the beginner who doesn't even know the rules of the game, and once the rules are learned, improvement follows naturally from actually playing bridge. The club's weekly meetings allow members to play in a friendly and informal atmosphere. The highlight of this year, as always, was the annual dead-week tournament which allows members to compete against other bridge players and introduces them to the procedures of competitive play.

# OTHER ECA'S

Photos unavailable

## CHES[illegible] CLUB

**Pres. T. J. Powe[illegible] [illegible] Rep. LCDR Black**

The Chess C[illegible] not only promotes a[illegible] [illegible] in competitive chess w[illegible] the Brigade, but [illegible] [illegible] for intercollegiate co[illegible]tion. Members are [illegible] given the opportunity to im[illegible] their skills by pla[illegible] against other Midshipmen a[illegible]ly meetings.

## CIVIL [illegible]IR PATR[illegible]L

**Pres. R. A. Woo[illegible] [illegible] Rep. CAPT Roach**

The Academ[illegible] [illegible] Air Patrol S[illegible] [illegible] was set up three years ago [illegible] in the professi[illegible] [illegible] of midshipmen. O[illegible] [illegible] is accompli[illegible] [illegible] integrating our unit with [illegible] [illegible] around the [illegible] [illegible]. This year we attend[illegible] [illegible] and m[illegible] [illegible] to make ourselve[illegible] [illegible] aware of the [illegible] [illegible] unit. We also offere[illegible] [illegible] in vari[illegible] [illegible] of study. These fields r[illegible] from CP[illegible] and d[illegible] [illegible] rescue and fly[illegible] [illegible] much more. [illegible] in these activities [illegible] from the [illegible] [illegible] how to help ourselves [illegible] helping others.

## FORE[illegible]IC AC[illegible]TY (DEBA[illegible] TEAM)

**Pres. K. A. Bore[illegible] [illegible]-Rep. CAPT Curtis**

This was a v[illegible] successful year for the USNA Debate Team. Varsity [illegible] junior varsity teams travel[illegible] to such faraway places [illegible]lifornia, Kansas, Michigan, and Kentucky to compe[illegible]d to debate the annual topic: *Resolved: That the federa[illegible] [illegible]ernment should si[illegible]ficantly [illegible] the power [illegible] the lab[illegible] [illegible]ons [illegible] the United S[illegible]s.* One team won honors at the [illegible]itational World [illegible]ampionships [illegible] Toronto, Canad[illegible] Navy's showing in district competitions was equally im[illegible]ive, finishing the sea[illegible] [illegible] of the dominating te[illegible] The successes this [illegible]ed with increasing budge[illegible] [illegible]d talented new deb[illegible] will lead to even greater su[illegible]s in years to come.

This year ma[illegible] the formation and d[illegible]ing of many personal friend[illegible] perhaps the great[illegible] [illegible] of team membership. [illegible] coaches and team[illegible] will not be forgotten.

## O[illegible]ENTEERI[illegible]G CLUB

**Pres. P. A. Le[illegible] [illegible]-Rep. MAJ Clark**

A[illegible] [illegible] the entire first se[illegible] the Orienteering Club [illegible] in the spring, just [illegible] to participate in a num[illegible] [illegible]ding the V[illegible] State Championship[illegible] thirty member club par[illegible]ted in many meets [illegible] by the Quantico O[illegible] Club, as well as [illegible] in Maryland and [illegible] Virginia.

O[illegible] [illegible]que club th[illegible]bines the sport of [illegible] with the [illegible]map and compass. [illegible] must find his w[illegible] map and compass [illegible] terrain to a [illegible] of pre-selected [illegible]. Most meets are run [illegible]y, wooded areas, [illegible] can be held almost any[illegible] from a city park to [illegible] at Manassas, Virg[illegible] participants [illegible] the [illegible] into divisions bas[illegible] experience and [illegible] winner is selected [illegible] division based [illegible] time.

T[illegible] Club is [illegible] aim and in ex[illegible] with every meet. With [illegible]easing number of [illegible] Washington, D.C. an[illegible] [illegible]ub is looking forward [illegible] and a wide[illegible] competition in the [illegible]. In addition, the Ori[illegible]g Club plans to [illegible] Point for the 19[illegible] [illegible] Orienteering Cha[illegible]hips.

## P[illegible]TOGRAP[illegible]Y CLUB

**Pres. P. K. P[illegible] [illegible]-Rep. MAJ Hertel**

Th[illegible] Club consist[illegible] [illegible] members of the brig[illegible] [illegible] interested [illegible] furthering their photo[illegible] potential. Membe[illegible] [illegible]e training in all aspe[illegible] [illegible] taking from othe[illegible] members — from the f[illegible] of the camera to pro[illegible] printing.

T[illegible] has its own develop[illegible] printing equipment [illegible] 7th Wing of Ban[illegible] [illegible] Club members are often [illegible] upon to photograph [illegible]A's sports shots of th[illegible] many of these p[illegible] eventually end up on b[illegible] boards throughout th[illegible]. The winning entry [illegible] annual club-sponso[illegible] photo contest is displ[illegible] on a board near Main[illegible] for most of the year.

## [illegible]RC

**Publ[illegible] [illegible]lations**

**[illegible]ttee**

**[illegible]-Rep. C[illegible] Connolly**

# OTHER ECA'S

## Academically Oriented ECA's

### AIAA American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics
**Pres.** S. B. Montague, **O-Rep.** LCDR Everett

### ANS American Nuclear Society
**Pres.** R. T. Janicke, **O-Rep.** LT Tracy

### ASME American Society of Mechanical Engineers
**Pres.** D. J. Baudhuin, **O-Rep.** LCDR Funke

### ASNE American Society of Naval Engineers
**Pres.** J. G. Capstaff, **O-Rep.** LCDR Cipriani

### ASTRONOMY CLUB
**Pres.** C. R. Landrum, **O.-Rep.** LT Wink

### CHEMISTRY CLUB
**Pres.** D. G. Ruff, **O-Rep.** CAPT Haddock

### CHURCHILL SOCIETY
**Pres.** D. M. LaRochelle, **O-Rep.** LT Smith

### HISTORY CLUB
**Pres.** T. L. Reese, **O-Rep.** LCDR Harper

### IEEE Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers
**Pres.** M. S. Ginda, **O-Rep.** LCDR Wilson

### INTERNATIONAL CLUB
**Pres.** J. M. Davidson, **O-Rep.** LT Brown

### L'CHAIM
**Pres.** E. M. Kugel, **O-Rep.** LT Moss

### MTS Marine Technology Society
**Pres.** R. F. Blythe, **O-Rep.** LCDR Rawlinson

### NAEHS Naval Academy Engineering Honor Society
**Pres.** J. C. Amick, **O-Rep.** CAPT Thornton

### NAFAC Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Committee
**Chmn.** J. P. Somplasky, **O-Rep.** CAPT Jockel

### Omicron Delta Epsilon
**Pres.** H. T. Atkins, **O-Rep.** CAPT McLymna

### Phi Alpha Theta
**Pres.** E. A. Larson, **O-Rep.** CAPT Ryan

### Pi Sigma Alpha
**Pres.** M. Mulholland, **O-Rep.** CDR McKenney

### Pi Tau Sigma
**Pres.** B. A. Hagenbuch, **O-Rep.** CAPT Slusher

### POLITICAL AWARENESS FORUM
**Pres.** P. J. Nickitas, **O-Rep.** CDR McKenney

### Phi Kappa Phi
**Pres.** S. F. Leftwich, **O-Rep.** LCDR Williams

### Sigma Iota Epsilon
**Pres.** F. M. Gren, **O-Rep.** LCOL Stuckrath

### Sigma Pi Sigma
**Pres.** M. B. Maurer, **O-Rep.** LCDR Perrin

### SAE Society of Automotive Engineers
**Pres.** B. W. Dudley, **O-Rep.** LCDR Graves

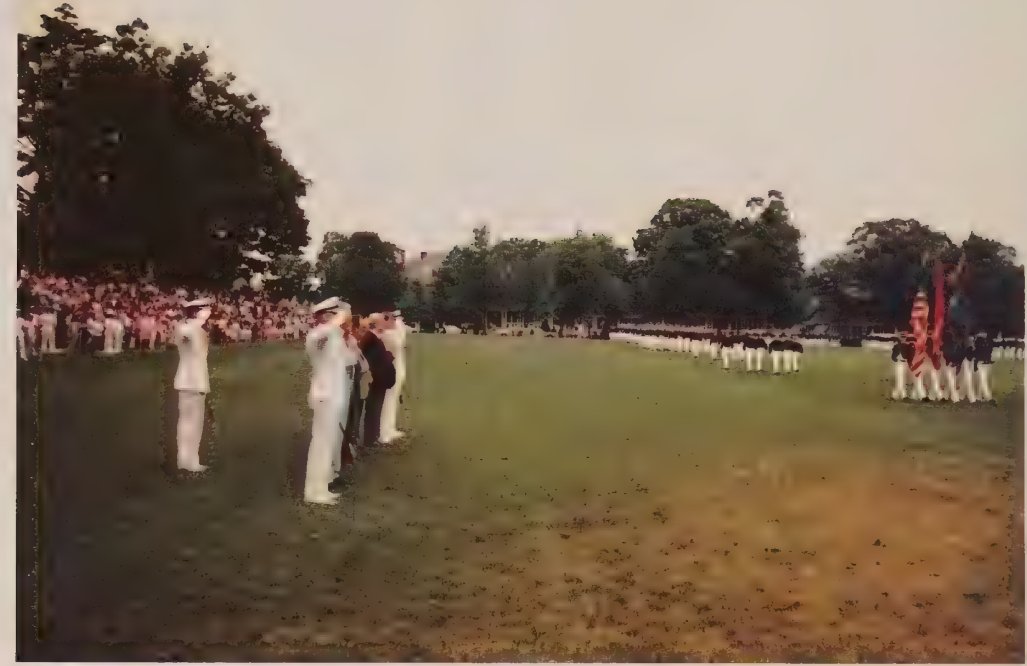
### SNAME Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers
**Pres.** P. A. Botero, **O-Rep.** Prof. Compton

### SWE Society of Women Engineers
**Pres.** J. Cerasuolo, **O-Rep.** CAPT Thornton

ANYTIME,
CAN YOU SAY

# THE BEGINNING

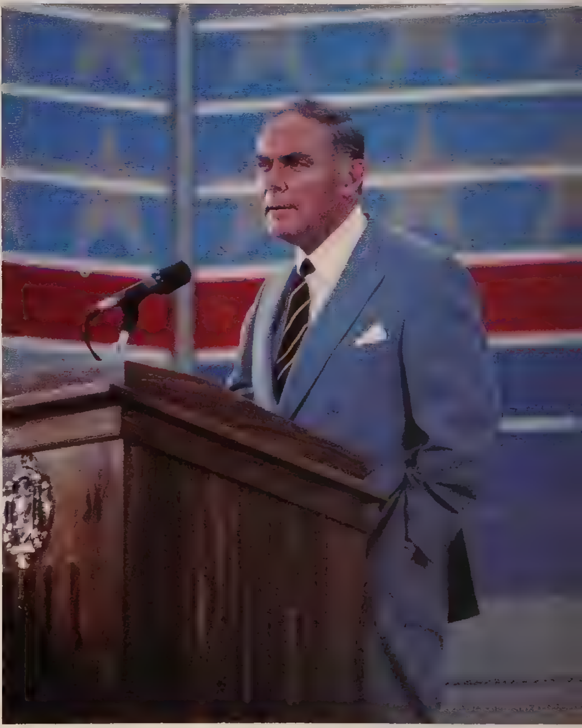
# It has been a long, hard struggle,

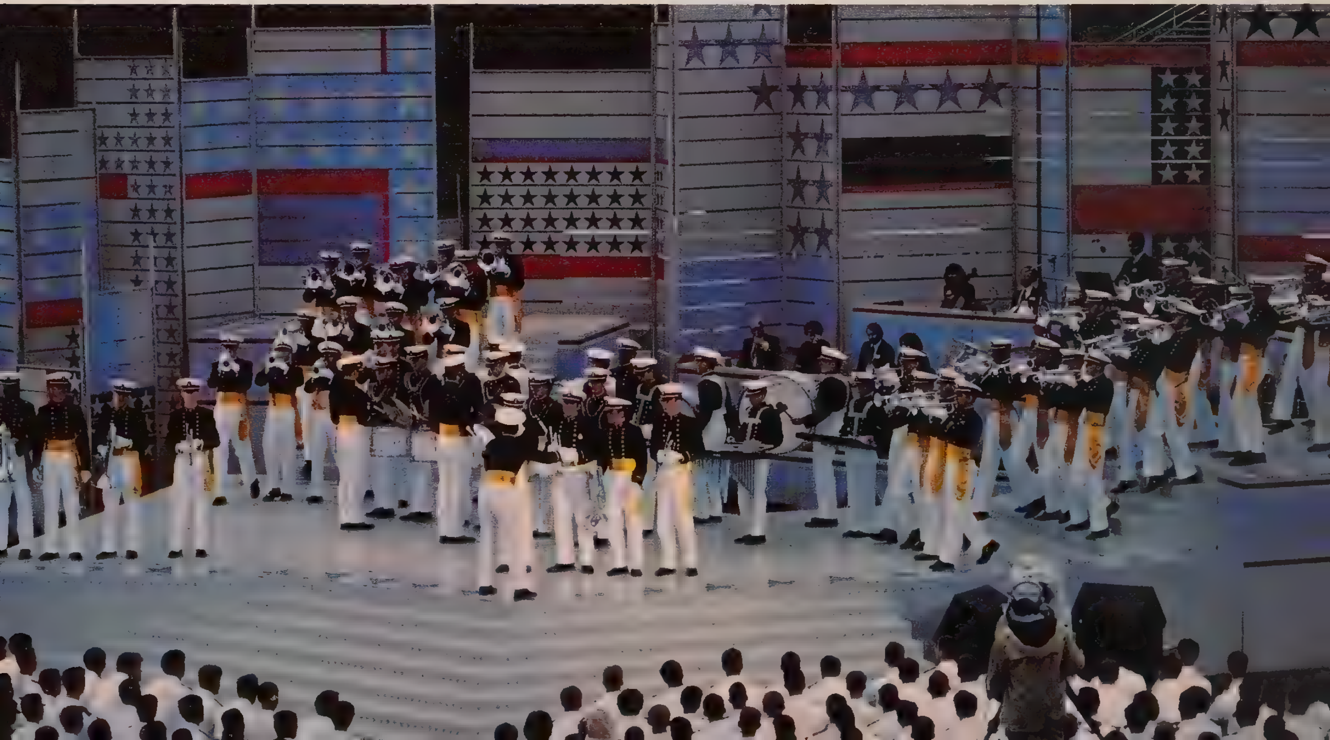


COMMISSIONING
WEEK
'82
82

# And many have been left behind.

# Though we thought the four years would never end,

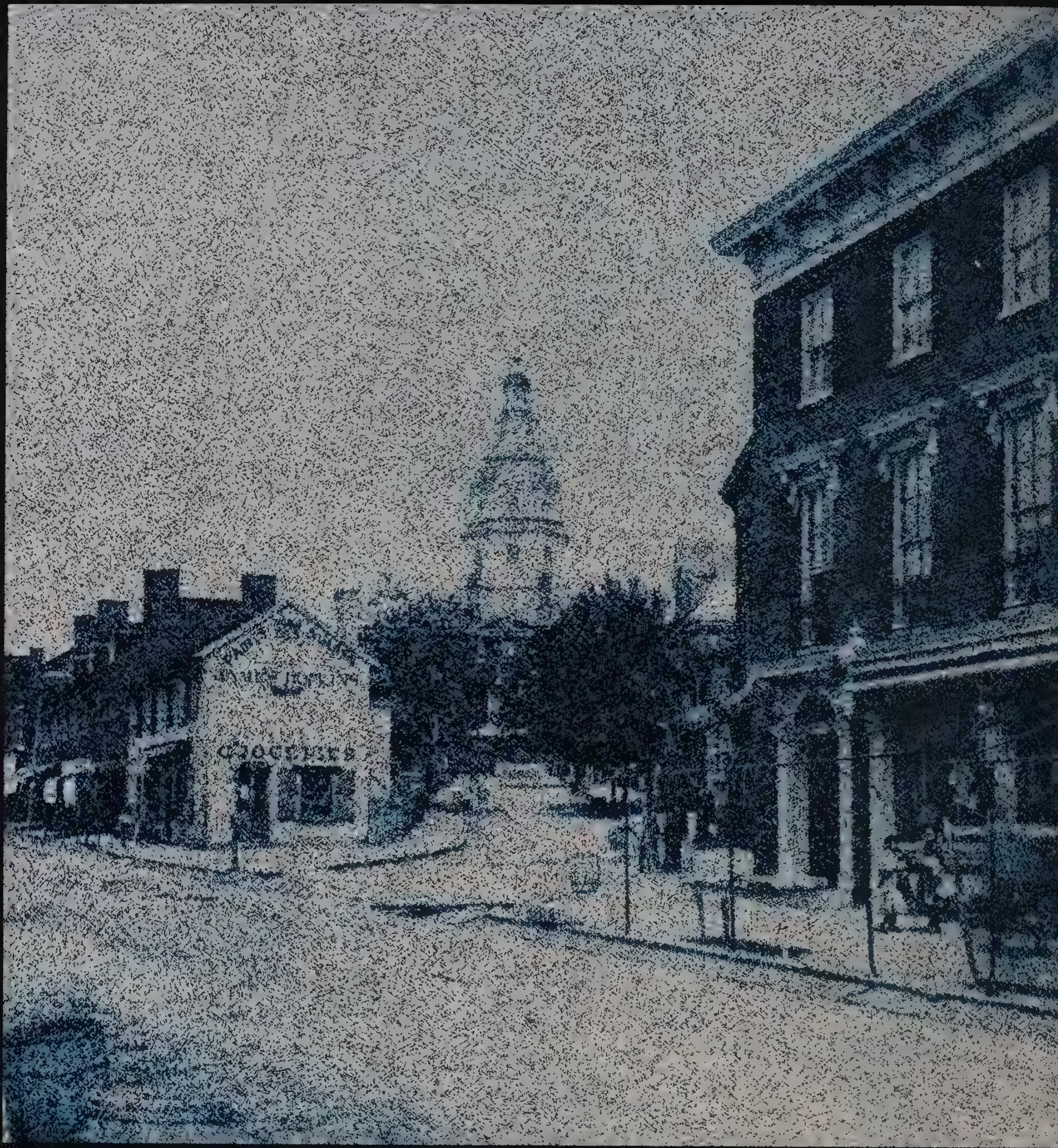




# Now it has

## But, we must remember that every ending

# Is merely a new beginning.


GROCERIES

# ADS

The *1982 Lucky Bag* would like to express hearty congratulations to all the members of the graduating Class of 1982 and sincere thanks to all of the following friends and relatives who were so kind as to remember those beloved graduating midshipmen.

Ensign Kendall J. Miller, U.S. Navy. Congratulations and Best Wishes for Fair Winds and Smooth Sailing always as you embark on your Naval Career. Your Loving Family: Mom and Dad, Philip, Vicki (and Baby), Nadalyn, Melissa and Lyon.

Congratulations to Mike and all the 28th Co. The Williams Family.

Bob Julius' Family — 13th Co. — Class '82
Mom, Kathy, Chris, Terri, Jackie and Danny.

Congratulations to Greg Hansen!
We're Proud of you.
Mom and Dad, Jane and Karen.

Congratulations and all our love to Rick A. Bernal from Ray, Lyn, and your #1 and only nephew, Spencer Ian Stabler.

We never really doubted. Congratulations and smooth sailing to Ensign Bob Rubin. Pride and admiration for a job well done. Love, Mom and Dad, Grandma, Ron and Rusty too.

Congratulations to "Shark" and the Class of '82. M, D, J, P, J and K.
P.S. "Hang Tough!"

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Doughty congratulate Son Tom, 23rd Co., and Class of '82.

To Phil Ewing — Keep expanding your vision! "Where there is no vision, the people perish." (Proverbs 29:18) From your family.

Mark thanks NUC and welcome to the TOBR Club — Dad Oly.

Congratulations John F. Kelly, 6th Co. "And until we meet again, May God hold you in the palm of His hand." Love, Mom and Dad, Matt and Molly.

Congratulations Eric and all of our other "sons" in the Class of '82. Our love, our best wishes and our hopes are yours. A proud Mom, Dad, Karen and Tuni.

Ivan, you did it! Congratulations! Knew you could, knew you would! Marine Air is lucky to get you. May the blue skies and bright stars keep you safe always. You're the finest son, grandson, nephew and cousin that a family could ever have. All the DeBates are proud of you.

Congratulations Ensign Chris Comi. You're not "The Bum" anymore — with love and pride, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Craig O. Hardin, Well done! Our love and prayers are with you for continued success, health, and happiness always. God be with you, Mom, Dad, Neil, and Candy.

Well Done Kazoo, 3rd Co., and Class of '82. Our prayers go with you in the future on land, sea or in the air. With love and pride from the family of Randall Smith, Gery, Mom and Dad.

To Barbara Juarez, 22nd Co., and the Class of '82: "Have Courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for the small ones. And when your daily tasks are done, go to sleep in peace, God is awake." Remember the footprints in the sand. We love you very much. Dad, Mom and family.

Congratulations John Vanden Berghe and 27th Co. *Semper Fi.* Best wishes and love. Mom, Dad, Barb and Eric.

Proud of you, Bill Boeh. Well done, best of luck always. Love Mom, Dad, Rick, Chris, Bill, Bob, Joyce and Sandy.

Ensign Mark W. Fisher. Congratulations and God's blessings in the years ahead! From Mom and Dad, Frances, Steve and Suzanne.

Well done and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Romero G. Iral, 18th Do. We love you Rhomdo. From Valerie, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and best wishes to the 8th Company Class of '82. From Mom and Big Al Yohe. When away from home port and in our vicinity, know you'll always have a welcome haven here.

Congratulations to the Class of 1982 and to our son, Ensign Tom Cosgrove. May you always use your talents as wisely in the future as you have in the past. Dad, Mom, Dennis, Rachell, Grandma and Lenore are very proud of you.

Best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Carl T. Parker. We love you and are very proud of you, Terry. From Thom, Mom and Dad.

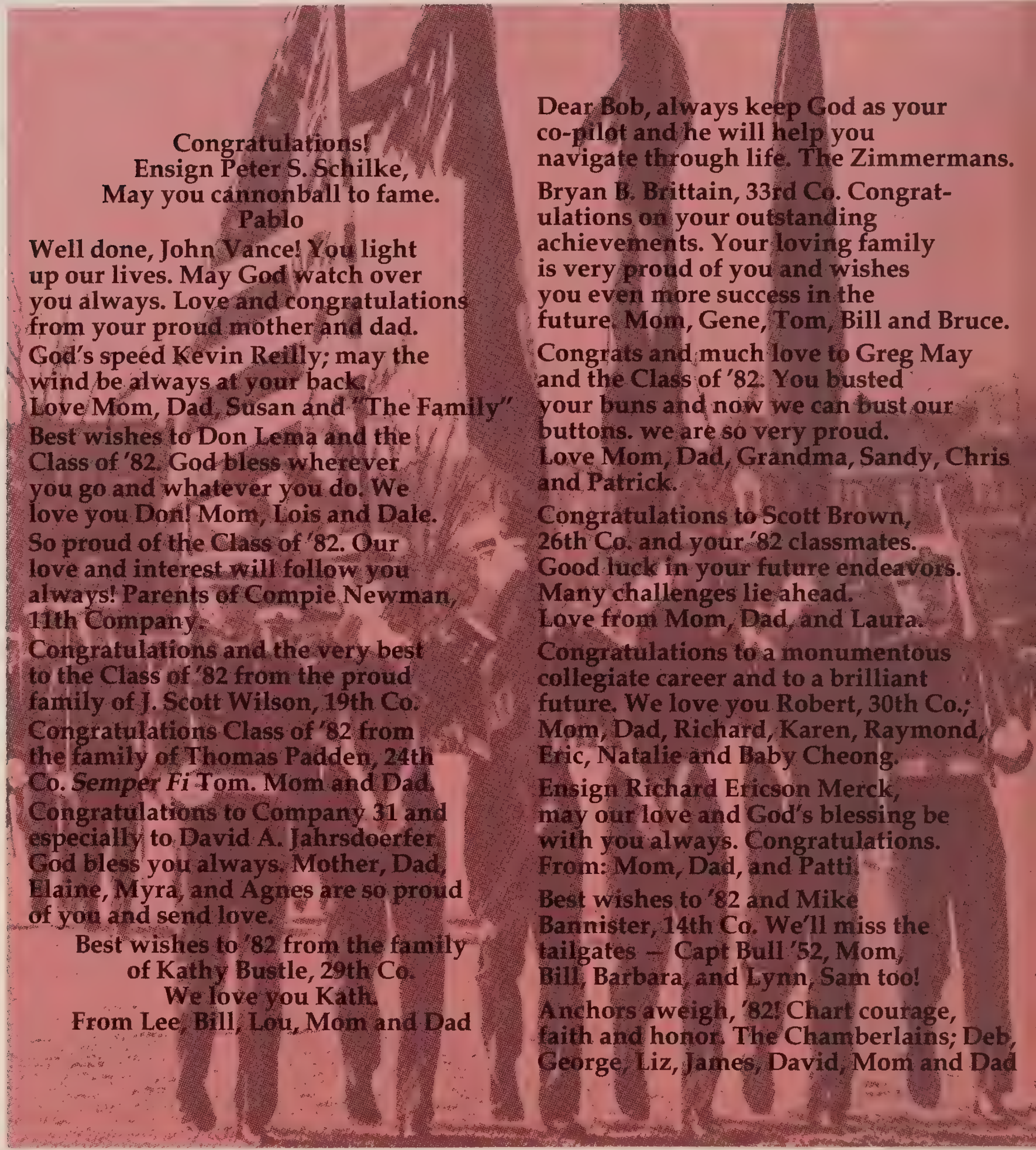
Hooray! Bob Bybee, 21st Co. made it! Thanks to Alice and Ted. Love Mom, Dad and Dianna!!!

Richard Simon, '82. Congratulations! We knew you could do it! Luv ya! Mom, Carol and Lyle.

Congratulations Eric Ekovich. We are so proud of you! May your life be as joyfilled as you have made ours. Love, Mom, Dad, Steve, Lisa, Laura, Kenny and Muggsie Ekovich!

The family of Mark Chlarson extend congratulations to him and the entire Class of 1982. Well done!

Congratulations to Mike Abrashoff and the Class of 1982. Good Luck and full speed ahead. Luv ya '82 From Mom, Dad, Mary, Bill, Anne, Paul, Connie, Craig, Donna, Dick, Margie, Doug and Dan.



Congratulations!
Ensign Peter S. Schilke,
May you cannonball to fame.
Pablo

Well done, John Vance! You light up our lives. May God watch over you always. Love and congratulations from your proud mother and dad.

God's speed Kevin Reilly; may the wind be always at your back.
Love Mom, Dad, Susan and "The Family"

Best wishes to Don Lema and the Class of '82. God bless wherever you go and whatever you do. We love you Don! Mom, Lois and Dale.

So proud of the Class of '82. Our love and interest will follow you always! Parents of Compie Newman, 11th Company.

Congratulations and the very best to the Class of '82 from the proud family of J. Scott Wilson, 19th Co.

Congratulations Class of '82 from the family of Thomas Padden, 24th Co. *Semper Fi* Tom. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to Company 31 and especially to David A. Jahrsdoerfer God bless you always. Mother, Dad, Elaine, Myra, and Agnes are so proud of you and send love.

Best wishes to '82 from the family
of Kathy Bustle, 29th Co.
We love you Kath.
From Lee, Bill, Lou, Mom and Dad

Dear Bob, always keep God as your co-pilot and he will help you navigate through life. The Zimmermans.

Bryan B. Brittain, 33rd Co. Congratulations on your outstanding achievements. Your loving family is very proud of you and wishes you even more success in the future. Mom, Gene, Tom, Bill and Bruce.

Congrats and much love to Greg May and the Class of '82. You busted your buns and now we can bust our buttons. we are so very proud.
Love Mom, Dad, Grandma, Sandy, Chris and Patrick.

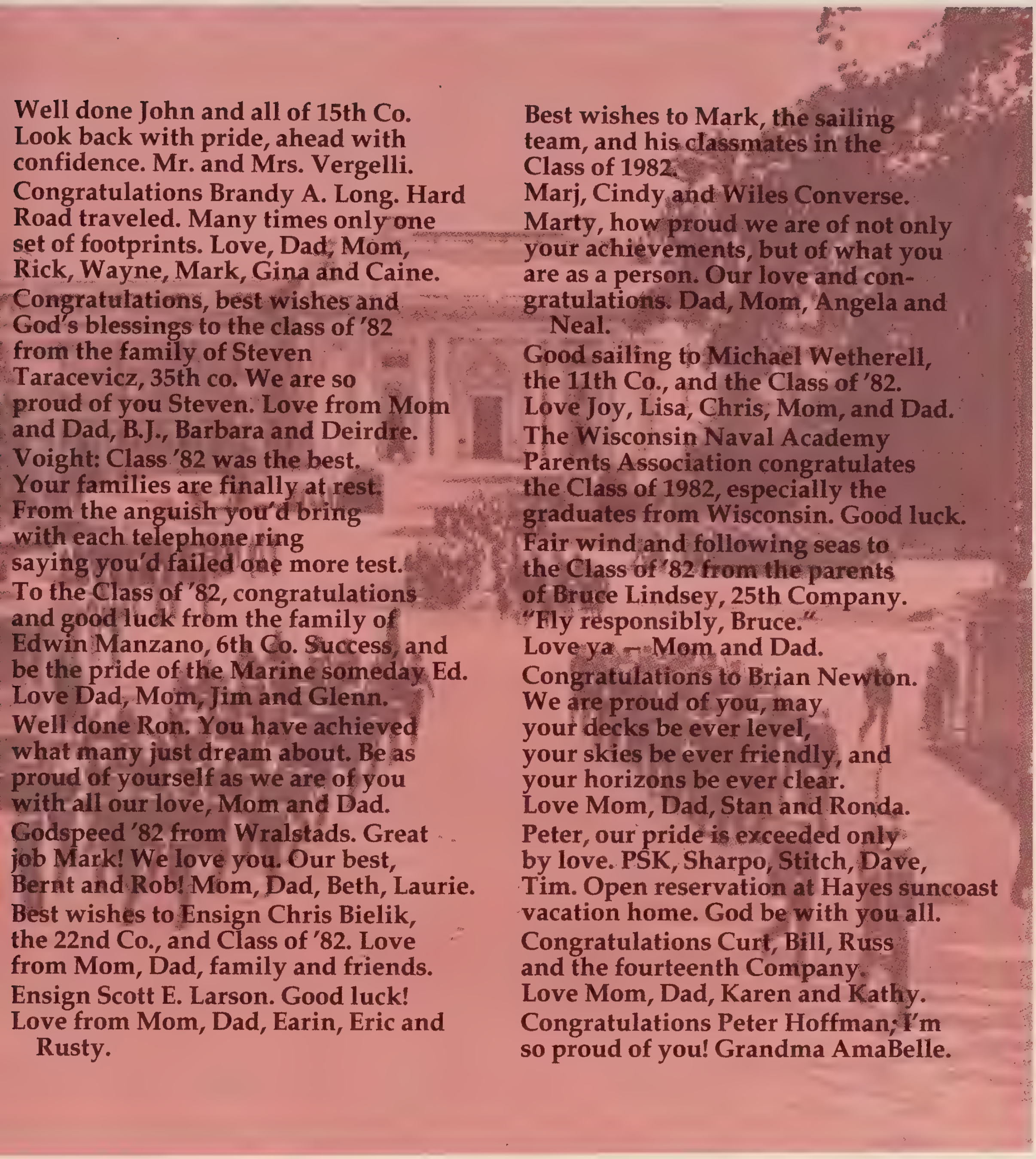
Congratulations to Scott Brown, 26th Co. and your '82 classmates. Good luck in your future endeavors. Many challenges lie ahead.
Love from Mom, Dad, and Laura.

Congratulations to a monumentous collegiate career and to a brilliant future. We love you Robert, 30th Co.; Mom, Dad, Richard, Karen, Raymond, Eric, Natalie and Baby Cheong.

Ensign Richard Ericson Merck, may our love and God's blessing be with you always. Congratulations. From: Mom, Dad, and Patti.

Best wishes to '82 and Mike Bannister, 14th Co. We'll miss the tailgates — Capt Bull '52, Mom, Bill, Barbara, and Lynn, Sam too!

Anchors aweigh, '82! Chart courage, faith and honor. The Chamberlains; Deb, George, Liz, James, David, Mom and Dad



Well done John and all of 15th Co. Look back with pride, ahead with confidence. Mr. and Mrs. Vergelli.

Congratulations Brandy A. Long. Hard Road traveled. Many times only one set of footprints. Love, Dad, Mom, Rick, Wayne, Mark, Gina and Caine.

Congratulations, best wishes and God's blessings to the class of '82 from the family of Steven Taracevicz, 35th co. We are so proud of you Steven. Love from Mom and Dad, B.J., Barbara and Deirdre.

Voight: Class '82 was the best.
Your families are finally at rest.
From the anguish you'd bring
with each telephone ring
saying you'd failed one more test.

To the Class of '82, congratulations and good luck from the family of Edwin Manzano, 6th Co. Success, and be the pride of the Marine someday Ed. Love Dad, Mom, Jim and Glenn.

Well done Ron. You have achieved what many just dream about. Be as proud of yourself as we are of you with all our love, Mom and Dad.

Godspeed '82 from Wralstads. Great job Mark! We love you. Our best, Bernt and Rob! Mom, Dad, Beth, Laurie.

Best wishes to Ensign Chris Bielik, the 22nd Co., and Class of '82. Love from Mom, Dad, family and friends.

Ensign Scott E. Larson. Good luck! Love from Mom, Dad, Earin, Eric and Rusty.

Best wishes to Mark, the sailing team, and his classmates in the Class of 1982. Marj, Cindy and Wiles Converse.

Marty, how proud we are of not only your achievements, but of what you are as a person. Our love and congratulations. Dad, Mom, Angela and Neal.

Good sailing to Michael Wetherell, the 11th Co., and the Class of '82. Love Joy, Lisa, Chris, Mom, and Dad.

The Wisconsin Naval Academy Parents Association congratulates the Class of 1982, especially the graduates from Wisconsin. Good luck.

Fair wind and following seas to the Class of '82 from the parents of Bruce Lindsey, 25th Company. "Fly responsibly, Bruce." Love ya — Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to Brian Newton.
We are proud of you, may
your decks be ever level,
your skies be ever friendly, and
your horizons be ever clear.
Love Mom, Dad, Stan and Ronda.

Peter, our pride is exceeded only by love. PSK, Sharpo, Stitch, Dave, Tim. Open reservation at Hayes suncoast vacation home. God be with you all.

Congratulations Curt, Bill, Russ and the fourteenth Company. Love Mom, Dad, Karen and Kathy.

Congratulations Peter Hoffman; I'm so proud of you! Grandma AmaBelle.

Congratulations Class of '82. God see you safely through your careers. Fierro family of Mike in 11th Co.

With loving pride we congratulate you Dean Yamasaki and we share your joy and accomplishments. May you find happiness and success in all you do. With love, Mom, Dad, David and Darin.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Marine Philip King, 7th Co. Well done, Phil! Love, Mom, Dad, and Julie.

Bill Hughes, we're so proud, we could burst! Love Mom, Steve, Kim, John, and Heather says me too! Uncle Bill!

Congratulations Lynne Coe and the Class of '82. Best of luck always! Love, Dad, Mom, Mike and Molly.

TOM CLEMONS

The wind bids you to leave this place of your youth for the promise of tomorrow. Let your heart soar, your love settle,
and your dreams find you.

We salute you, the 11th Co. and the Class of '82. May your future be filled with love, peace, freedom and happiness. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of '82 from the family of Richard Smith, 9th Co. We love you Rich. Take care, from Jim, Eddie, Patricia, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Jeff Amick; we are proud of you. Mom, Dad, Laura and Tim.

Congratulations to the 5th Co., Class of '82, especially Paul Dour. We are very proud of you, Paul. Love Mom, Dad and family.

Bravo Zulu '82, good show 35th. Stay in God's corner, Jeff and you will always be a winner. We are proud and we love you. Chip, Julie, Mom and Dad.

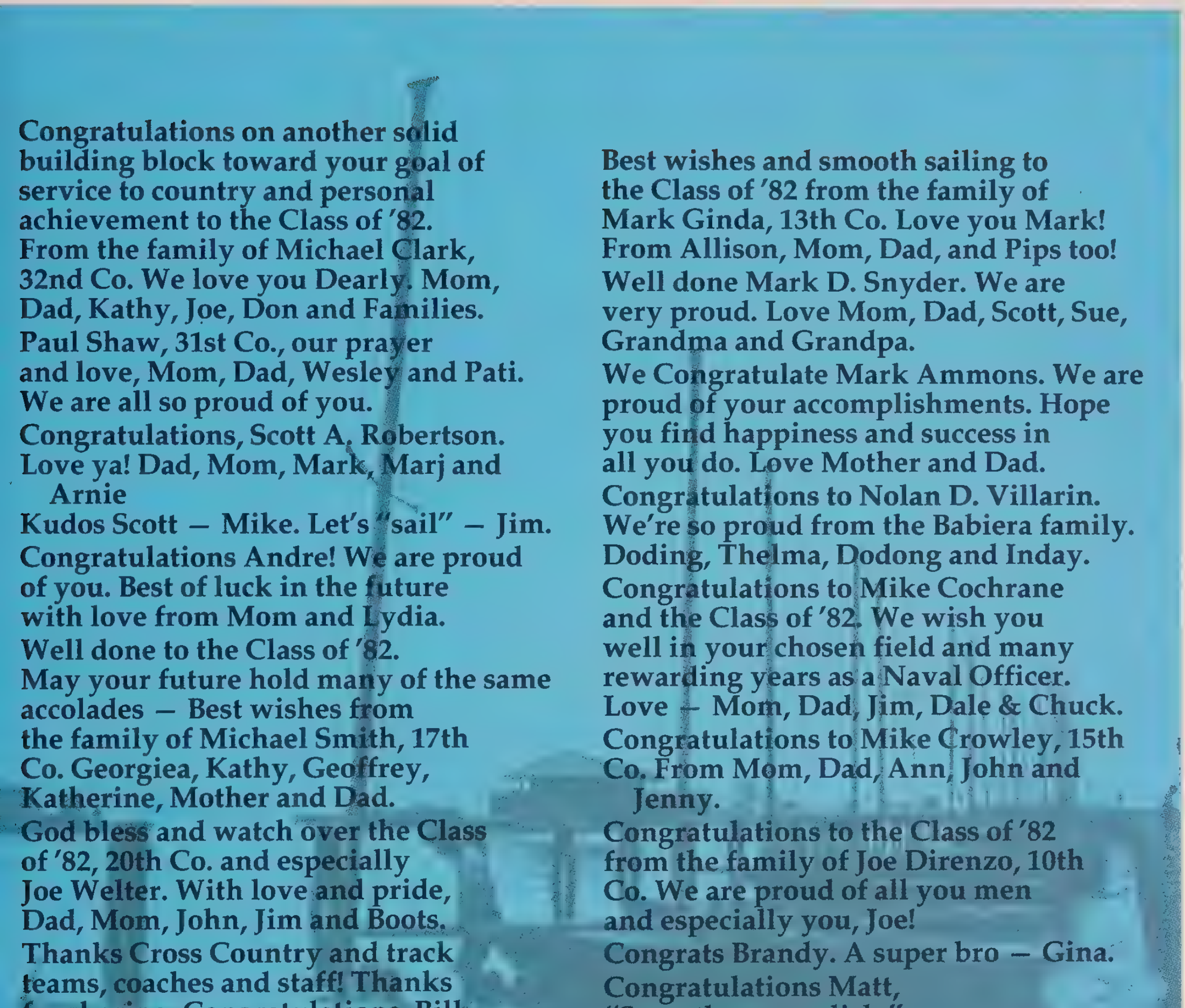
Hurrah! Class of '82, 2nd Company, D&B, and Ensign William Vargo from his very proud family for a job well done.

To our friends from COMPANY FOUR,
we're proud of you, and even more
You know in the future when you travel our way,
there's a game of football and a place to stay.
And to our son REB
may your dreams come true;
may God guide your hand
in whatever you do. THE CLAYPOOLS

Congratulations 6th Co. From the Wassinks. You've done it well, Jack. May there always be "Footprints in the sand." With love and pride, Mom, Dad, Gail, Bill, Diane, and Aunt Miriam.

Congratulations on a job well done. Wishing you success in the future. From Jim Lingar's proud parents.

2nd Lt. Roger C. Patterson, USMC. "He who dreamed a dream has made it come true!" We never doubted that you'd do it. May God bless and keep you. Love Mom, Pop and Mary.



Congratulations on another solid building block toward your goal of service to country and personal achievement to the Class of '82. From the family of Michael Clark, 32nd Co. We love you Dearly. Mom, Dad, Kathy, Joe, Don and Families.

Paul Shaw, 31st Co., our prayer and love, Mom, Dad, Wesley and Pati. We are all so proud of you.

Congratulations, Scott A. Robertson. Love ya! Dad, Mom, Mark, Marj and Arnie

Kudos Scott — Mike. Let's "sail" — Jim.

Congratulations Andre! We are proud of you. Best of luck in the future with love from Mom and Lydia.

Well done to the Class of '82. May your future hold many of the same accolades — Best wishes from the family of Michael Smith, 17th Co. Georgiea, Kathy, Geoffrey, Katherine, Mother and Dad.

God bless and watch over the Class of '82, 20th Co. and especially Joe Welter. With love and pride, Dad, Mom, John, Jim and Boots.

Thanks Cross Country and track teams, coaches and staff! Thanks for sharing. Congratulations, Bill and all of you good runners of '82.
Betty and Joe Kovach

Congratulations to Ensign Clarence Niggins from all his family. We are very proud of you.

God bless you Brandy, love Mammaw.

Best wishes and smooth sailing to the Class of '82 from the family of Mark Ginda, 13th Co. Love you Mark! From Allison, Mom, Dad, and Pips too!

Well done Mark D. Snyder. We are very proud. Love Mom, Dad, Scott, Sue, Grandma and Grandpa.

We Congratulate Mark Ammons. We are proud of your accomplishments. Hope you find happiness and success in all you do. Love Mother and Dad.

Congratulations to Nolan D. Villarin. We're so proud from the Babiera family. Doding, Thelma, Dodong and Inday.

Congratulations to Mike Cochrane and the Class of '82. We wish you well in your chosen field and many rewarding years as a Naval Officer. Love — Mom, Dad, Jim, Dale & Chuck.

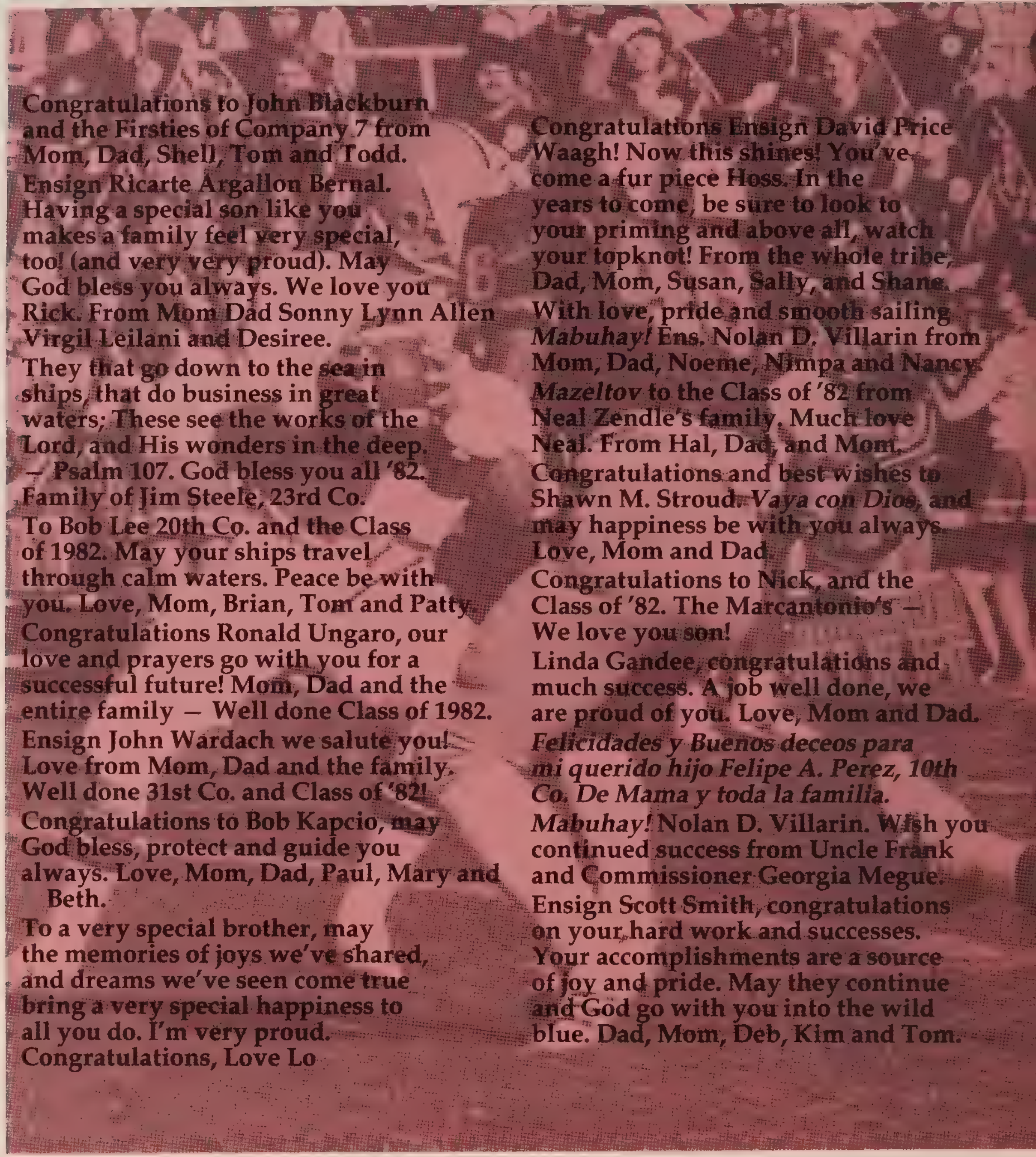
Congratulations to Mike Crowley, 15th Co. From Mom, Dad, Ann, John and Jenny.

Congratulations to the Class of '82 from the family of Joe Direnzo, 10th Co. We are proud of all you men and especially you, Joe!

Congrats Brandy. A super bro — Gina.

Congratulations Matt,
"Smooth move, slick."
Love, Shannyn, Mom and Dad.

Jeff Campbell, we love you.
May our Lord go with you each day.
May your life always cause Him joy.
Dad, Mom, Mark, Glenn — PTL.



Congratulations to John Blackburn and the Firsties of Company 7 from Mom, Dad, Shell, Tom and Todd.

Ensign Ricarte Argallon Bernal. Having a special son like you makes a family feel very special, too! (and very very proud). May God bless you always. We love you Rick. From Mom Dad Sonny Lynn Allen Virgil Leilani and Desiree.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. — Psalm 107. God bless you all '82. Family of Jim Steele, 23rd Co.

To Bob Lee 20th Co. and the Class of 1982. May your ships travel through calm waters. Peace be with you. Love, Mom, Brian, Tom and Patty.

Congratulations Ronald Ungaro, our love and prayers go with you for a successful future! Mom, Dad and the entire family — Well done Class of 1982.

Ensign John Wardach we salute you! Love from Mom, Dad and the family. Well done 31st Co. and Class of '82!

Congratulations to Bob Kapcio, may God bless, protect and guide you always. Love, Mom, Dad, Paul, Mary and Beth.

To a very special brother, may the memories of joys we've shared, and dreams we've seen come true bring a very special happiness to all you do. I'm very proud. Congratulations, Love Lo

Congratulations Ensign David Price Waagh! Now this shines! You've come a fur piece Hoss. In the years to come, be sure to look to your priming and above all, watch your topknot! From the whole tribe, Dad, Mom, Susan, Sally, and Shane.

With love, pride and smooth sailing *Mabuhay!* Ens. Nolan D. Villarin from Mom, Dad, Noeme, Nimpa and Nancy.

*Mazeltov* to the Class of '82 from Neal Zendle's family. Much love Neal. From Hal, Dad, and Mom.

Congratulations and best wishes to Shawn M. Stroud. *Vaya con Dios,* and may happiness be with you always. Love, Mom and Dad.

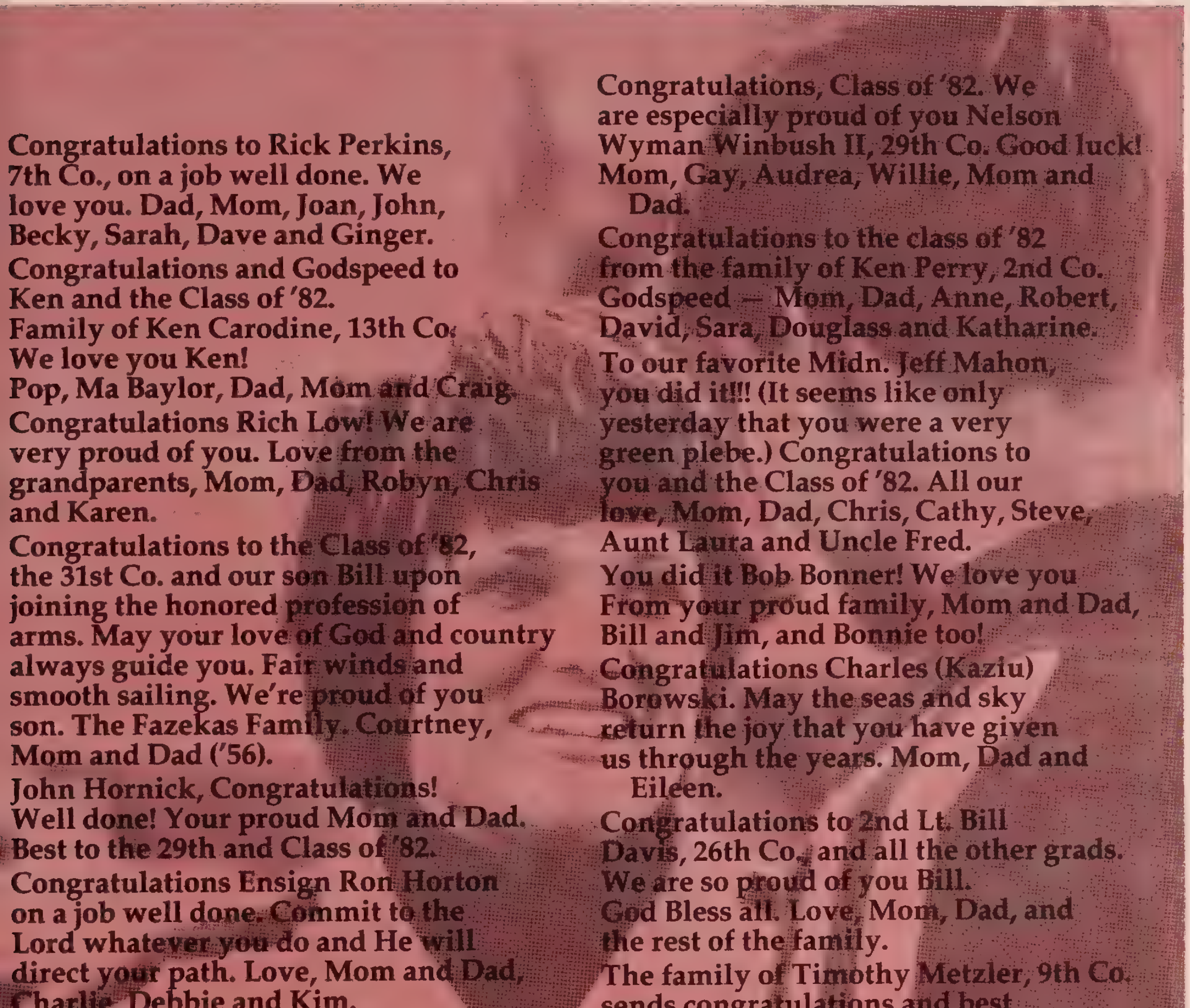
Congratulations to Nick, and the Class of '82. The Marcantonio's — We love you son!

Linda Gandee, congratulations and much success. A job well done, we are proud of you. Love, Mom and Dad.

*Felicidades y Buenos deceos para mi querido hijo Felipe A. Perez, 10th Co. De Mama y toda la familia.*

*Mabuhay!* Nolan D. Villarin. Wish you continued success from Uncle Frank and Commissioner Georgia Megue.

Ensign Scott Smith, congratulations on your hard work and successes. Your accomplishments are a source of joy and pride. May they continue and God go with you into the wild blue. Dad, Mom, Deb, Kim and Tom.



Congratulations to Rick Perkins, 7th Co., on a job well done. We love you. Dad, Mom, Joan, John, Becky, Sarah, Dave and Ginger.

Congratulations and Godspeed to Ken and the Class of '82.
Family of Ken Carodine, 13th Co.

We love you Ken!
Pop, Ma Baylor, Dad, Mom and Craig.

Congratulations Rich Low! We are very proud of you. Love from the grandparents, Mom, Dad, Robyn, Chris and Karen.

Congratulations to the Class of '82, the 31st Co. and our son Bill upon joining the honored profession of arms. May your love of God and country always guide you. Fair winds and smooth sailing. We're proud of you son. The Fazekas Family. Courtney, Mom and Dad ('56).

John Hornick, Congratulations! Well done! Your proud Mom and Dad. Best to the 29th and Class of '82.

Congratulations Ensign Ron Horton on a job well done. Commit to the Lord whatever you do and He will direct your path. Love, Mom and Dad, Charlie, Debbie and Kim.

To Ens. Bernadette Fitzgerald, 4th Co. and Class of '82: Well done! God bless you all. "Onward and Upward." J.J., Mom, and all the Fitzgeralds and the Kenneallys.

*Aloha* Derek Hee from your family.

Congratulations, Class of '82. We are especially proud of you Nelson Wyman Winbush II, 29th Co. Good luck! Mom, Gay, Audrea, Willie, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the class of '82 from the family of Ken Perry, 2nd Co. Godspeed — Mom, Dad, Anne, Robert, David, Sara, Douglass and Katharine.

To our favorite Midn. Jeff Mahon, you did it!!! (It seems like only yesterday that you were a very green plebe.) Congratulations to you and the Class of '82. All our love, Mom, Dad, Chris, Cathy, Steve, Aunt Laura and Uncle Fred.

You did it Bob Bonner! We love you From your proud family, Mom and Dad, Bill and Jim, and Bonnie too!

Congratulations Charles (Kaziu) Borowski. May the seas and sky return the joy that you have given us through the years. Mom, Dad and Eileen.

Congratulations to 2nd Lt. Bill Davis, 26th Co., and all the other grads. We are so proud of you Bill. God Bless all. Love, Mom, Dad, and the rest of the family.

The family of Timothy Metzler, 9th Co. sends congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82. We love you Tim. From Mom, Skip, Don, Linda, Mike, Maryellen, April, Traci, Sam and Sara.

Congratulations *et Bonne Chance á mon frére Kaziu! Avec beaucoup ď affection et gras baisers,* Eileen.

Your family always has been and always will be proud of you, Paul Yorio, USMC

CONGRATULATIONS, ANDY! To a Brigade Commander who has honored the family with his admirable achievements, heartfelt pride, and confidence that he has only just begun. May your service to God and Country continue forever. Love and gratitude from Dad, Mom, Bernie, Vicki, Carl and Casey.

Congratulations John! You have graced this family with eternal pride. Love, Mom, Dad and the girls.

Tod, a Mid who's always been 1/c: May your life be all "28's!" BZ! Hey, "Ya dun good!" Mom, Dad and Lin.

To Bill Laingen: For your leadership, personal courage and superior achievement, we salute you! Mom, Dad, Chip, and Jim.

Success in ships as well as shells, Steve. Good luck Crew and Class of '82 from all the Engelhardts and Paula.

Congratulations Clay T. Henry (CT) "You light up our lives." We wish success to all the 7th Co. grads. Mother, Dad, Cindy, Lisa and Beth.

One small, significant step for the U.S. Navy . . . One giant leap for the new Ensigns and Lieutenants of 30th Co. — Congratulations to an outstanding group of guys. God be with you. Mr. and Mrs. Dietz.

From '57 to '82
25 years of Gold and Blue
Carries on tradition true
A round of cheers for '82, and
Congratulations to all of you
Especially to
Donald L. Mitchell, *Sr* '57 and *Jr* '82,
Larry Bustle '57 and Kathleen '82.
From: Juliana and John F. Gensley
and Helen S. and Robin G. Mitchell

OAK HARBOR HIGH, WHIDBEY ISLE '78
USNA ANNAPOLIS '82 —
Congratulations
Kevin Boreen
Clay Miller
Don Mitchell
Love: O. H. High Forensics Fan Club

Congratulations to Barbara Nester from very proud parents. Continued success and smooth sailing in your Naval career. Mother and Dad.

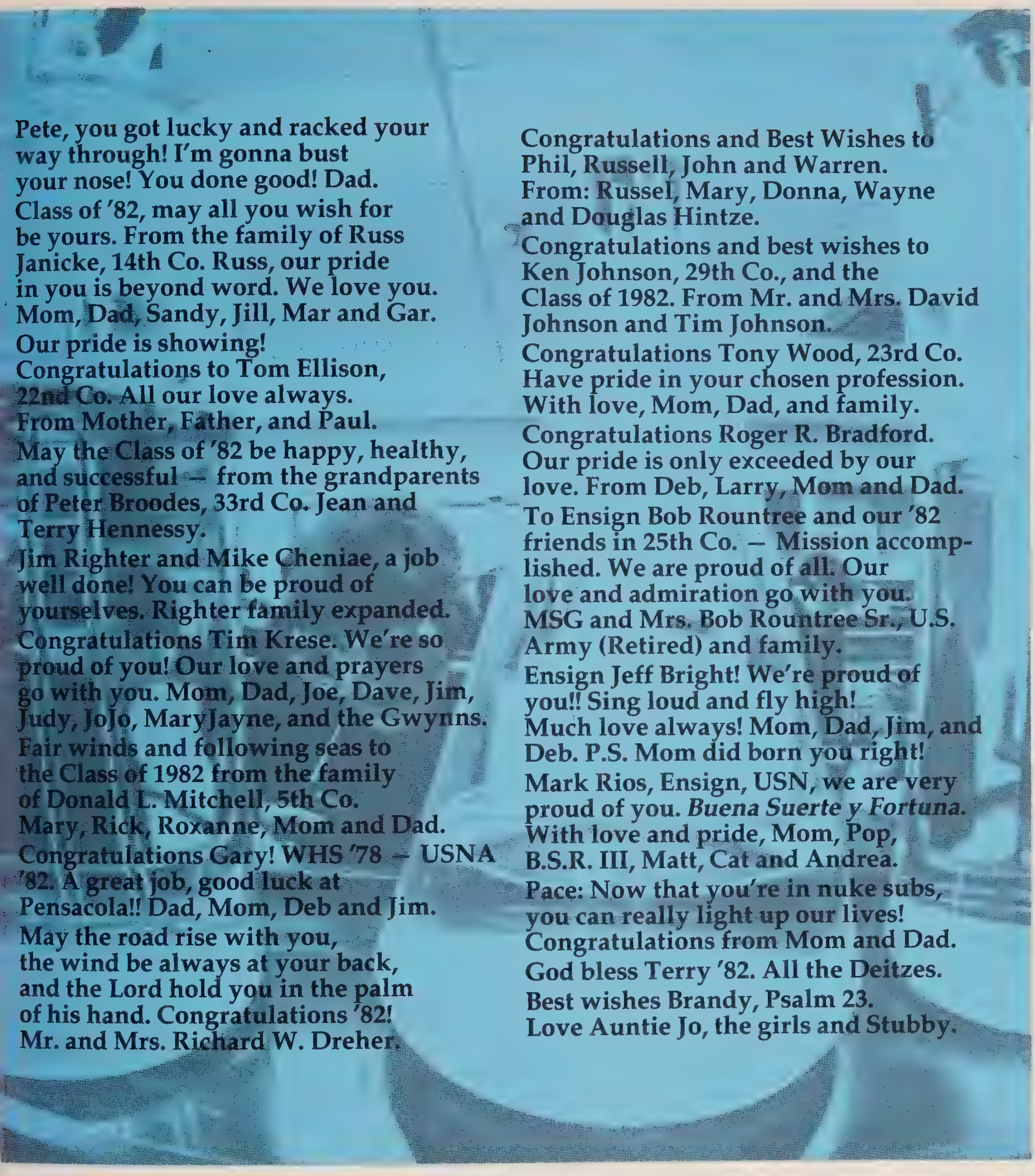
Congratulations to the Class of '82 and Lyman L. Parkhurst, 16th Co. Love from Mom, Dad, and family.

God go with you Clay Miller. Love and respect from Mom, Dad, John, Anna and Sam.

Rick Nicklas, *Nos te gratulamur!* Live long and prosper. Love Mom, Dad, Joanne, Margaret, Charles and Eric.

"My cup runneth over" with pride and admiration in your accomplishments. May your future be as bright as you have made our past, Elliott Kugel. Love always and all ways. Dad, Mom and Lyn. *(IPIBA if YPYBA.)*

Love you my son Earl Goodson! God bless you and your Class of '82! Mom



Pete, you got lucky and racked your way through! I'm gonna bust your nose! You done good! Dad.

Class of '82, may all you wish for be yours. From the family of Russ Janicke, 14th Co. Russ, our pride in you is beyond word. We love you. Mom, Dad, Sandy, Jill, Mar and Gar.

Our pride is showing! Congratulations to Tom Ellison, 22nd Co. All our love always. From Mother, Father, and Paul.

May the Class of '82 be happy, healthy, and successful — from the grandparents of Peter Broodes, 33rd Co. Jean and Terry Hennessy.

Jim Righter and Mike Cheniae, a job well done! You can be proud of yourselves. Righter family expanded.

Congratulations Tim Krese. We're so proud of you! Our love and prayers go with you. Mom, Dad, Joe, Dave, Jim, Judy, JoJo, MaryJayne, and the Gwynns.

Fair winds and following seas to the Class of 1982 from the family of Donald L. Mitchell, 5th Co. Mary, Rick, Roxanne, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Gary! WHS '78 — USNA '82. A great job, good luck at Pensacola!! Dad, Mom, Deb and Jim.

May the road rise with you, the wind be always at your back, and the Lord hold you in the palm of his hand. Congratulations '82! Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Dreher.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to Phil, Russell, John and Warren. From: Russel, Mary, Donna, Wayne and Douglas Hintze.

Congratulations and best wishes to Ken Johnson, 29th Co., and the Class of 1982. From Mr. and Mrs. David Johnson and Tim Johnson.

Congratulations Tony Wood, 23rd Co. Have pride in your chosen profession. With love, Mom, Dad, and family.

Congratulations Roger R. Bradford. Our pride is only exceeded by our love. From Deb, Larry, Mom and Dad.

To Ensign Bob Rountree and our '82 friends in 25th Co. — Mission accomplished. We are proud of all. Our love and admiration go with you. MSG and Mrs. Bob Rountree Sr., U.S. Army (Retired) and family.

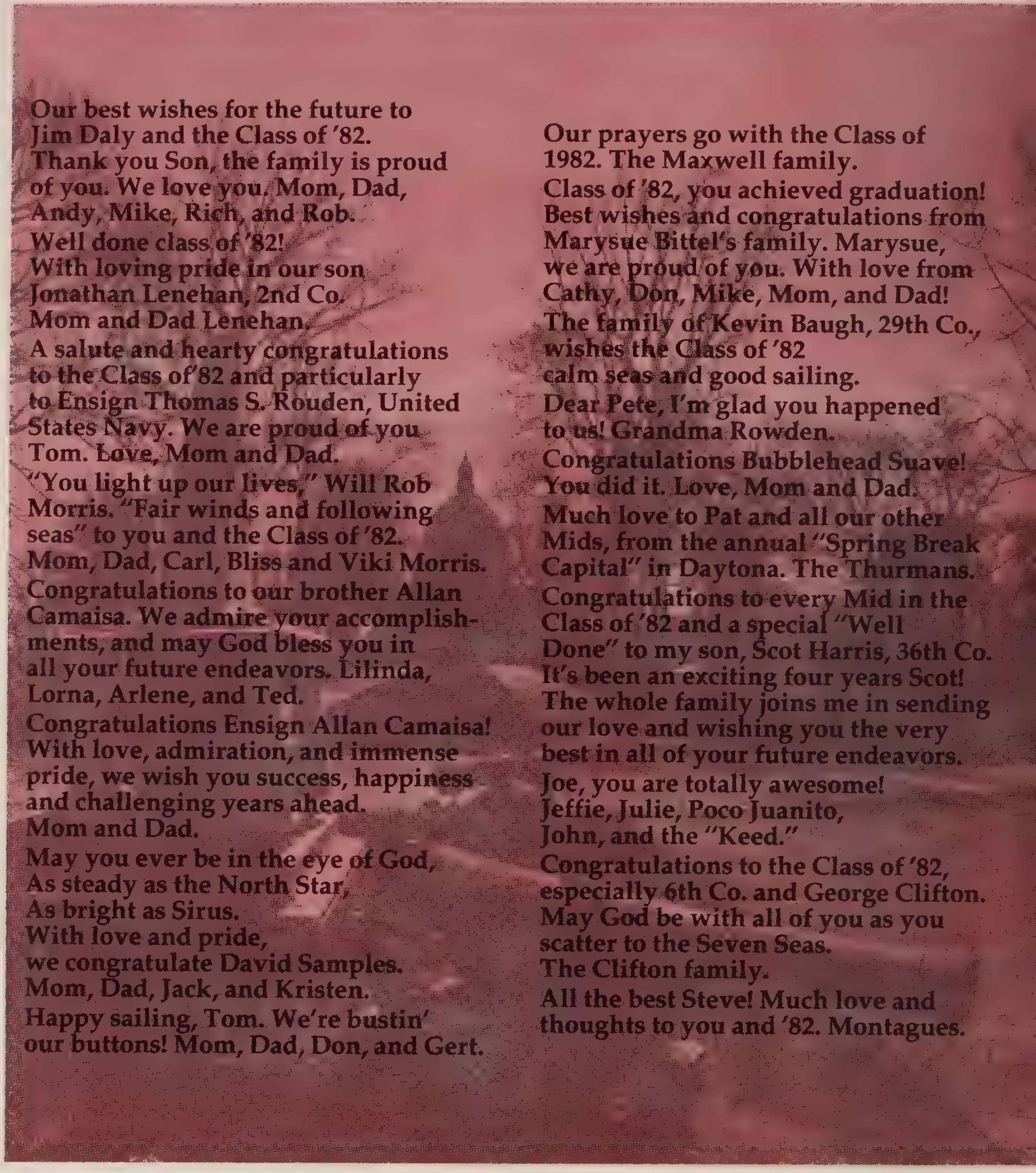
Ensign Jeff Bright! We're proud of you!! Sing loud and fly high! Much love always! Mom, Dad, Jim, and Deb. P.S. Mom did born you right!

Mark Rios, Ensign, USN, we are very proud of you. *Buena Suerte y Fortuna.* With love and pride, Mom, Pop, B.S.R. III, Matt, Cat and Andrea.

Pace: Now that you're in nuke subs, you can really light up our lives! Congratulations from Mom and Dad.

God bless Terry '82. All the Deitzes.

Best wishes Brandy, Psalm 23. Love Auntie Jo, the girls and Stubby.



Our best wishes for the future to Jim Daly and the Class of '82. Thank you Son, the family is proud of you. We love you. Mom, Dad, Andy, Mike, Rich, and Rob.

Well done class of '82! With loving pride in our son Jonathan Lenehan, 2nd Co. Mom and Dad Lenehan.

A salute and hearty congratulations to the Class of'82 and particularly to Ensign Thomas S. Rouden, United States Navy. We are proud of you Tom. Love, Mom and Dad.

"You light up our lives," Will Rob Morris. "Fair winds and following seas" to you and the Class of '82. Mom, Dad, Carl, Bliss and Viki Morris.

Congratulations to our brother Allan Camaisa. We admire your accomplishments, and may God bless you in all your future endeavors. Lilinda, Lorna, Arlene, and Ted.

Congratulations Ensign Allan Camaisa! With love, admiration, and immense pride, we wish you success, happiness and challenging years ahead. Mom and Dad.

May you ever be in the eye of God,
As steady as the North Star,
As bright as Sirus.
With love and pride,
we congratulate David Samples.
Mom, Dad, Jack, and Kristen.

Happy sailing, Tom. We're bustin' our buttons! Mom, Dad, Don, and Gert.

Our prayers go with the Class of 1982. The Maxwell family.

Class of '82, you achieved graduation! Best wishes and congratulations from Marysue Bittel's family. Marysue, we are proud of you. With love from Cathy, Don, Mike, Mom, and Dad!

The family of Kevin Baugh, 29th Co., wishes the Class of '82 calm seas and good sailing.

Dear Pete, I'm glad you happened to us! Grandma Rowden.

Congratulations Bubblehead Suave! You did it. Love, Mom and Dad.

Much love to Pat and all our other Mids, from the annual "Spring Break Capital" in Daytona. The Thurmans.

Congratulations to every Mid in the Class of '82 and a special "Well Done" to my son, Scot Harris, 36th Co. It's been an exciting four years Scot! The whole family joins me in sending our love and wishing you the very best in all of your future endeavors.

Joe, you are totally awesome! Jeffie, Julie, Poco Juanito, John, and the "Keed."

Congratulations to the Class of '82, especially 6th Co. and George Clifton. May God be with all of you as you scatter to the Seven Seas. The Clifton family.

All the best Steve! Much love and thoughts to you and '82. Montagues.

Congratulations and best wishes to 2 LT D. Wayne Hintze, USMC, of the 9th Company, one of the few, the proud. We are so proud of you. May God bless you always in whatever you do. Love, Mom, Dad, Donna and Douglas.

Congratulations to the Class of '82, 34th Company, and Lewis Gilpin. How very proud we are! God Bless. Your loving family.

Congratulations James Ryan Coatney. Your future stands before you. You make us very proud. Love, Mom and Dad.

To (de) Ensign Dan Stultz, Jr. Thank you for being a great son. Smooth sailing thru all your life. Love and proud parents, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of '82. All the best to the 22nd Co. from the family of Gabriel Diaz. We love you Gabe. Mom, Dad, Kim, Angie and Tony.

Well done! To a very plucky and courageous midshipman. Against great odds, you made it! We love you and the 16th Co. too. From Bill Cooper's proud family.

To our son — Joe Donovan — who has caused our hearts to soar — deep and loving thanks always!

Congratulations and smooth sailing to Joe Rardin and the Class of '82, during your Navy career. Love, Mom, Dad, Laura, David and Sally.

J. P. Maloney, your family is proud. God Speed — Mom, Dad, Mark and Laura.

Never has the lamp of pride burned so brightly for the family of Greg Lawler, 22nd Co. God bless '82.

Congratulations and good luck Ensign Ted Stark. We are very proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad, Scott, Connie, Russ, Grandma and Grandpa.

Congratulations and smooth sailing Class of '82 — especially Tom — from the Remley Crew.

Congratulations Charlie Brown from brothers LTJG James E., SP/4 Richard P., MIDN David S., Mom and Dad. It was a long hard pull getting you through.

To Bronco and all those in the Class of '82 who have visited us, our congratulations and best wishes for the future. Charles, Marie and Dottie King.

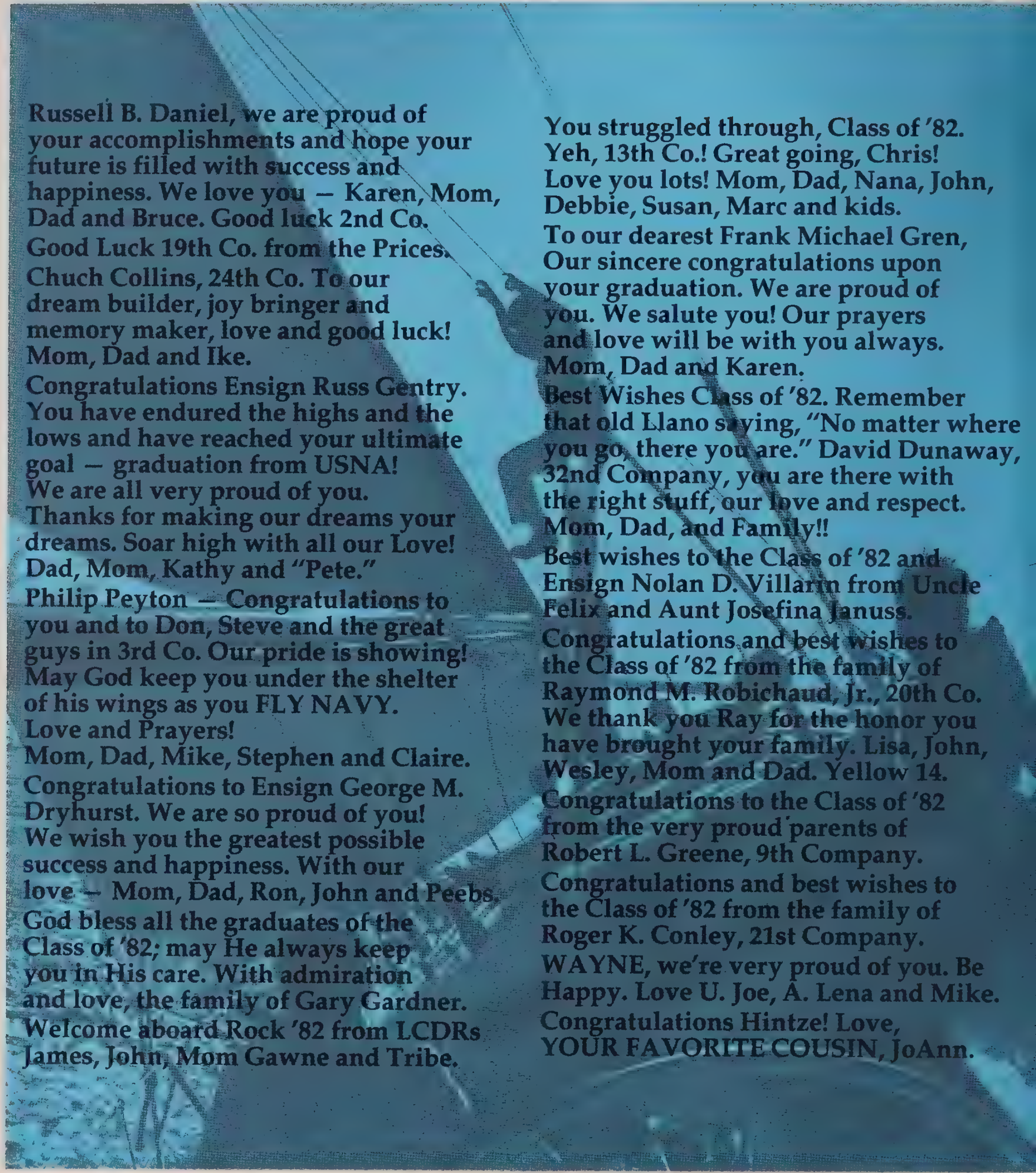
Congratulations to Greg Parsons and the 17th Co. Class of '82 graduates. The Keith Parsons, Pattersonville, TX.

Congratulations Michael A. Walley! You did it your way: FLY NAVY — Fly High! You'll always be 4.0 with us. Love, Dad, Mom, Bob and Donna.

Congratulations Jeff Criswell and Class of '82! We are so very proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad and Jim.

Congratulations to the Class of '82 and especially to Matt, Paul, Ted, Randy, Phil, Wade, Bob, Dave and Kirt, 35th Co. The Best — the Aylwards.

Best wishes and love to Rory Watson from a proud family, Mom and Curt.



Russell B. Daniel, we are proud of your accomplishments and hope your future is filled with success and happiness. We love you — Karen, Mom, Dad and Bruce. Good luck 2nd Co.

Good Luck 19th Co. from the Prices.

Chuch Collins, 24th Co. To our dream builder, joy bringer and memory maker, love and good luck! Mom, Dad and Ike.

Congratulations Ensign Russ Gentry. You have endured the highs and the lows and have reached your ultimate goal — graduation from USNA! We are all very proud of you. Thanks for making our dreams your dreams. Soar high with all our Love! Dad, Mom, Kathy and "Pete."

Philip Peyton — Congratulations to you and to Don, Steve and the great guys in 3rd Co. Our pride is showing! May God keep you under the shelter of his wings as you FLY NAVY. Love and Prayers! Mom, Dad, Mike, Stephen and Claire.

Congratulations to Ensign George M. Dryhurst. We are so proud of you! We wish you the greatest possible success and happiness. With our love — Mom, Dad, Ron, John and Peebs.

God bless all the graduates of the Class of '82; may He always keep you in His care. With admiration and love, the family of Gary Gardner.

Welcome aboard Rock '82 from LCDRs James, John, Mom Gawne and Tribe.

You struggled through, Class of '82. Yeh, 13th Co.! Great going, Chris! Love you lots! Mom, Dad, Nana, John, Debbie, Susan, Marc and kids.

To our dearest Frank Michael Gren, Our sincere congratulations upon your graduation. We are proud of you. We salute you! Our prayers and love will be with you always. Mom, Dad and Karen.

Best Wishes Class of '82. Remember that old Llano saying, "No matter where you go, there you are." David Dunaway, 32nd Company, you are there with the right stuff, our love and respect. Mom, Dad, and Family!!

Best wishes to the Class of '82 and Ensign Nolan D. Villarin from Uncle Felix and Aunt Josefina Januss.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Raymond M. Robichaud, Jr., 20th Co.

We thank you Ray for the honor you have brought your family. Lisa, John, Wesley, Mom and Dad. Yellow 14.

Congratulations to the Class of '82 from the very proud parents of Robert L. Greene, 9th Company.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Roger K. Conley, 21st Company.

WAYNE, we're very proud of you. Be Happy. Love U. Joe, A. Lena and Mike.

Congratulations Hintze! Love, YOUR FAVORITE COUSIN, JoAnn.

Congratulations to the 15th Company, Class of '82 from the Canoll family.

Mike Morris, 8th Co. — We knew you could! Love Mom, Dad, Donna and Kelly.

Congratulations Class of '82 from the family of Ralph T. Soule, 14th Co.

Neat And Vivacious Yet! Good luck Kirsten from Dad, Mom, David, Paul, Vincent, Andrew and Marylynn, Carman Lynn, Dominique and Sean Skeehan.

We salute with pride the Class of '82. From the parents of Robert McKenzie, 4th Co. Congratulations Bob and Lori. We love you — Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to Donna Hazzard. Your perseverance finally paid off. We're really proud of you. May God be with you always. Love Mom, Dad, Teri and Mama Crumbie.

With great pride, we send our congratulations to the Class of '82! Best wishes from the family of Christopher Wanstall. Sail on!!

Ensign James R. Yohe as you sail into the seas of life and experience the doubts, fears, and joys, you will be equal to all its challenges. We know, for we have watched from the beginning. Our love — Mom, Al, Jan and crew.

Congratulations Ed Kules; you made it! Full speed ahead. Love Mom and Dad.

Go Navy — and go Gregg Elmendorf! Dad, Mom, Gay and Dana.

At-a-boy Doug McElheny! Well done! Congratulations to you and Co. 21 — Mom, Dad, Scot, Rob, Pete and Nancy.

To the Class of '82; May your sea bags be filled with life's great riches, your seas be favorable and your landings be into the wind. From the family of Kurt Kunkel, 25th Co.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to the Class of '82 from the parents of Tim Harrington, 28th Co. Love from Mom and Dad Harrington.

Congratulations Herby! We are very proud of you and wish you success in all your future endeavors. We all love you — Mom, Dad, Roni, Bert, Michelle, and Adam Hendrickson.

Angela, William, and Chris Longo.

Congratulations Ralph Ward. We knew you could do it. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Raymond! We are all very Proud of you — love Dad, Mom, Jean, Jimmy, Karen, John, Mary, Janis.

Lieutenant Gerard A. Rowe, USNA '82. You aimed high and made it. We knew you would. Go where the eagles dare and take God as your lifelong co-pilot. With our unlimited admiration, pride and love — Mom, Dad, Ashlyn, Rance, Jill and Sherry.

Pick a dream and believe . . . Congratulations to Jerry Lahr.

Congratulations Perry! You are one-of-a-kind, and we love you — Binghams

Congratulations and best Wishes to Mitchell Taylor. You made a wise decision, and we your parents know it wasn't an easy one; it took desire, determination and perseverance to achieve your goal — Dad and Mom. Mitch, we are proud of you!

Congratulations to the Class of 1982 and to Bo Richardson. Well done! We are very proud of you, Bo. Love Mom, Dad, Cheryl, Li and John.

Cast off all lines — all ahead full! "Big Guy," 34th Co., Class of '82. Love, the family of Steve (TT) Russ.

Congratulations Class of '82 from the family of Wayne Gluf, 13th Co. We all wish you the best Wayne.

Congratulations to Richard Keith Vogel of Apopha, FL on a job well done. May you serve your God and your country with honor and pride as you continue to grow . . .
Love Mom, Dad, and sister Jaci.

You're the pride of our country, Class of '82, and we are proud of you! Congratulations from the family of Tom Allis, 26th Co. We Love you Tom! Super Job! Love Dad, Mom, Bob, Carol, Lee and Witie.

Omedeto, Fair Winds and Following Seas to the Class of '82 from the family of Rex Heagy, 10th Co. We are proud of you Rex. Love Mom, Dad and Sean.

Lidden, we love you! God Bless. Mama, Lokey and Gale Marie Pate.

The Tamblyn family congratulates the new officers of '82 with special love and pride for our own Ensign Charles E., 13th Company.

Success in future endeavors to the Class of '82 from the family of Ho Song Du Pont, 32nd Company. God Bless you son from Mom, Dad, Helen, Gomo and Geraldine.

Congratulations Michael Russiello! Thanks for being our son and brother. We love you Mike. Mom, Dad, Susan, Janet. To special friends Steve, PJ, Mike and Eric, God bless you all!

Bravo 35th! Long live McHale's Navy!

Congratulations Steve W. Johnson and Good Luck in the years to come. We are very proud of you. Lots of love — Mom, Dad, and family too.

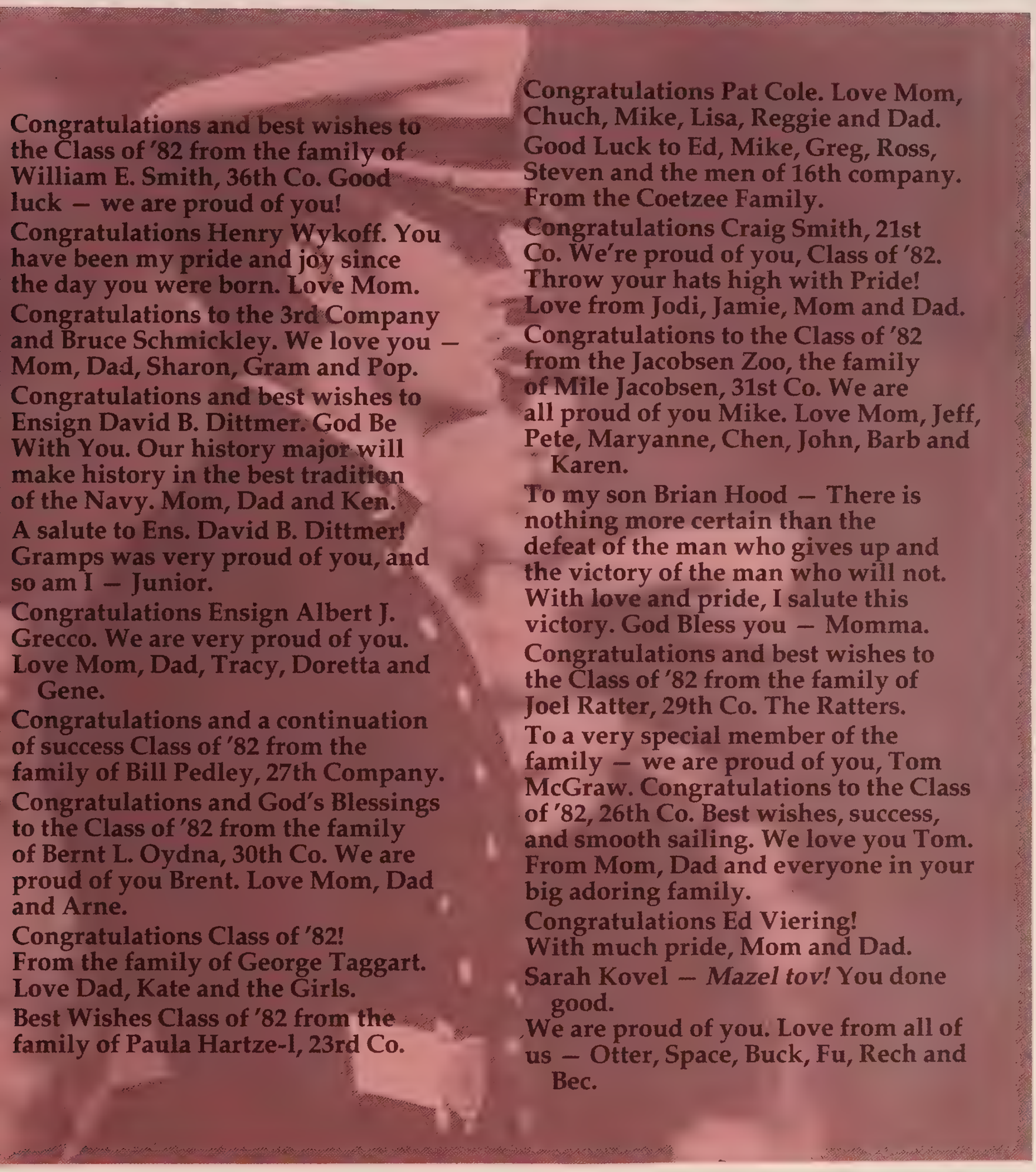
Congrats '82 from the family of Richard Hunt, 16th Co. Now it's "See the world" and "Girl in every port," not necessarily in that order. We are proud of you, Rick. Love ya — Mom, Dad, Candy and G-ma!

To Charles Kirby — We are proud of you — Love Mom, Dad, Susan and James.

Congratulations Jane Ann Treadway! Our Love and best wishes always — Ole Dad, Mom and Joan.

God Bless you Davis Simpson, Co. 09. Nkrsawa from your parents and siblings.

The Wilkinses wish Tony much success. Love Jerry, Jon, Wendy, Cathy and Jim.



Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of William E. Smith, 36th Co. Good luck — we are proud of you!

Congratulations Henry Wykoff. You have been my pride and joy since the day you were born. Love Mom.

Congratulations to the 3rd Company and Bruce Schmickley. We love you — Mom, Dad, Sharon, Gram and Pop.

Congratulations and best wishes to Ensign David B. Dittmer. God Be With You. Our history major will make history in the best tradition of the Navy. Mom, Dad and Ken.

A salute to Ens. David B. Dittmer! Gramps was very proud of you, and so am I — Junior.

Congratulations Ensign Albert J. Grecco. We are very proud of you. Love Mom, Dad, Tracy, Doretta and Gene.

Congratulations and a continuation of success Class of '82 from the family of Bill Pedley, 27th Company.

Congratulations and God's Blessings to the Class of '82 from the family of Bernt L. Oydna, 30th Co. We are proud of you Brent. Love Mom, Dad and Arne.

Congratulations Class of '82! From the family of George Taggart. Love Dad, Kate and the Girls.

Best Wishes Class of '82 from the family of Paula Hartze-l, 23rd Co.

Congratulations Pat Cole. Love Mom, Chuch, Mike, Lisa, Reggie and Dad.

Good Luck to Ed, Mike, Greg, Ross, Steven and the men of 16th company. From the Coetzee Family.

Congratulations Craig Smith, 21st Co. We're proud of you, Class of '82. Throw your hats high with Pride! Love from Jodi, Jamie, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of '82 from the Jacobsen Zoo, the family of Mile Jacobsen, 31st Co. We are all proud of you Mike. Love Mom, Jeff, Pete, Maryanne, Chen, John, Barb and Karen.

To my son Brian Hood — There is nothing more certain than the defeat of the man who gives up and the victory of the man who will not. With love and pride, I salute this victory. God Bless you — Momma.

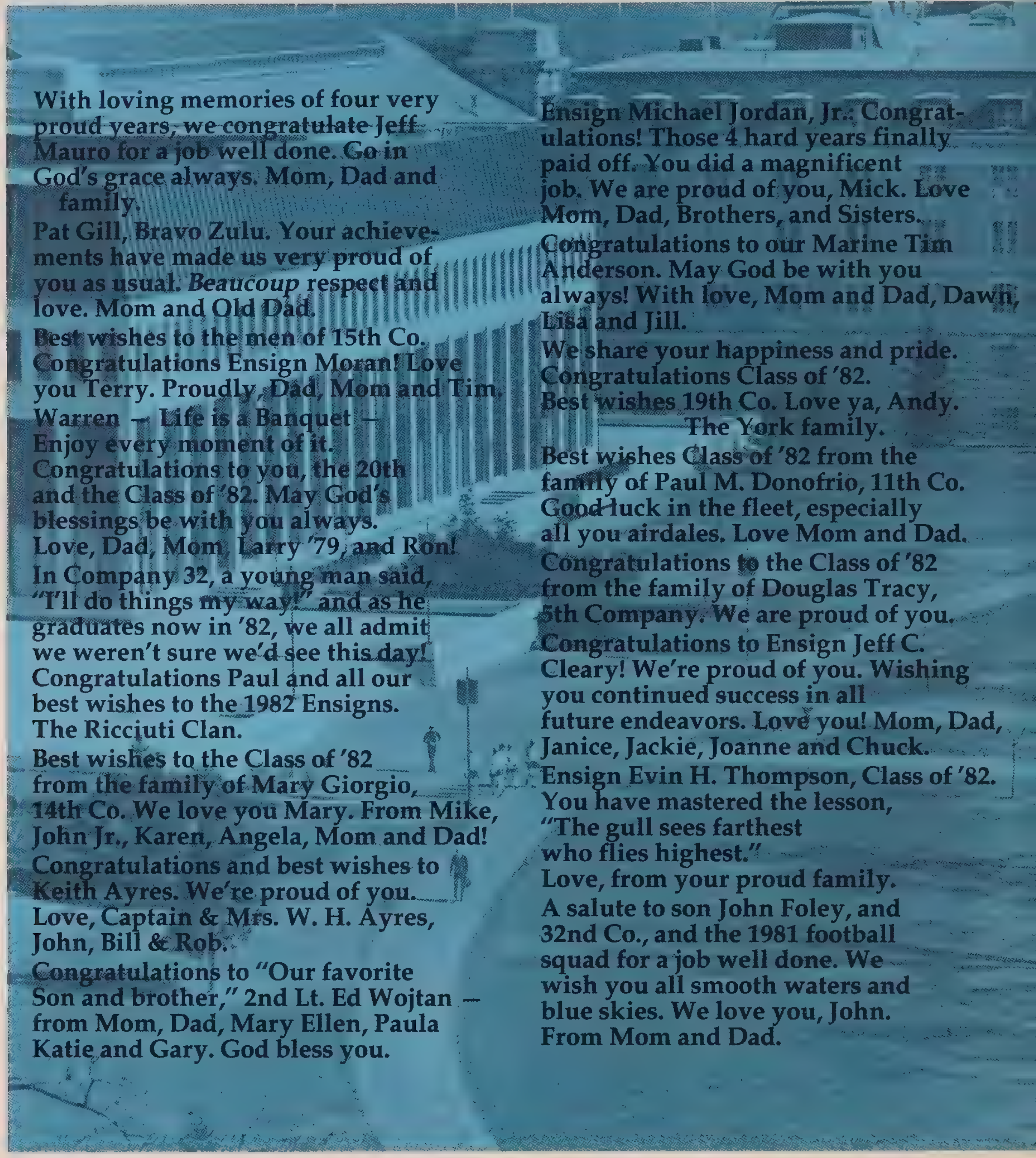
Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Joel Ratter, 29th Co. The Ratters.

To a very special member of the family — we are proud of you, Tom McGraw. Congratulations to the Class of '82, 26th Co. Best wishes, success, and smooth sailing. We love you Tom. From Mom, Dad and everyone in your big adoring family.

Congratulations Ed Viering! With much pride, Mom and Dad.

Sarah Kovel — *Mazel tov!* You done good.

We are proud of you. Love from all of us — Otter, Space, Buck, Fu, Rech and Bec.



With loving memories of four very proud years, we congratulate Jeff Mauro for a job well done. Go in God's grace always. Mom, Dad and family.

Pat Gill, Bravo Zulu. Your achievements have made us very proud of you as usual. *Beaucoup* respect and love. Mom and Old Dad.

Best wishes to the men of 15th Co. Congratulations Ensign Moran! Love you Terry. Proudly, Dad, Mom and Tim.

Warren — Life is a Banquet — Enjoy every moment of it.

Congratulations to you, the 20th and the Class of '82. May God's blessings be with you always. Love, Dad, Mom, Larry '79, and Ron!

In Company 32, a young man said, "I'll do things my way!" and as he graduates now in '82, we all admit we weren't sure we'd see this day! Congratulations Paul and all our best wishes to the 1982 Ensigns. The Ricciuti Clan.

Best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Mary Giorgio, 14th Co. We love you Mary. From Mike, John Jr., Karen, Angela, Mom and Dad!

Congratulations and best wishes to Keith Ayres. We're proud of you. Love, Captain & Mrs. W. H. Ayres, John, Bill & Rob.

Congratulations to "Our favorite Son and brother," 2nd Lt. Ed Wojtan — from Mom, Dad, Mary Ellen, Paula Katie and Gary. God bless you.

Ensign Michael Jordan, Jr.: Congratulations! Those 4 hard years finally paid off. You did a magnificent job. We are proud of you, Mick. Love Mom, Dad, Brothers, and Sisters.

Congratulations to our Marine Tim Anderson. May God be with you always! With love, Mom and Dad, Dawn, Lisa and Jill.

We share your happiness and pride. Congratulations Class of '82.

Best wishes 19th Co. Love ya, Andy.
The York family.

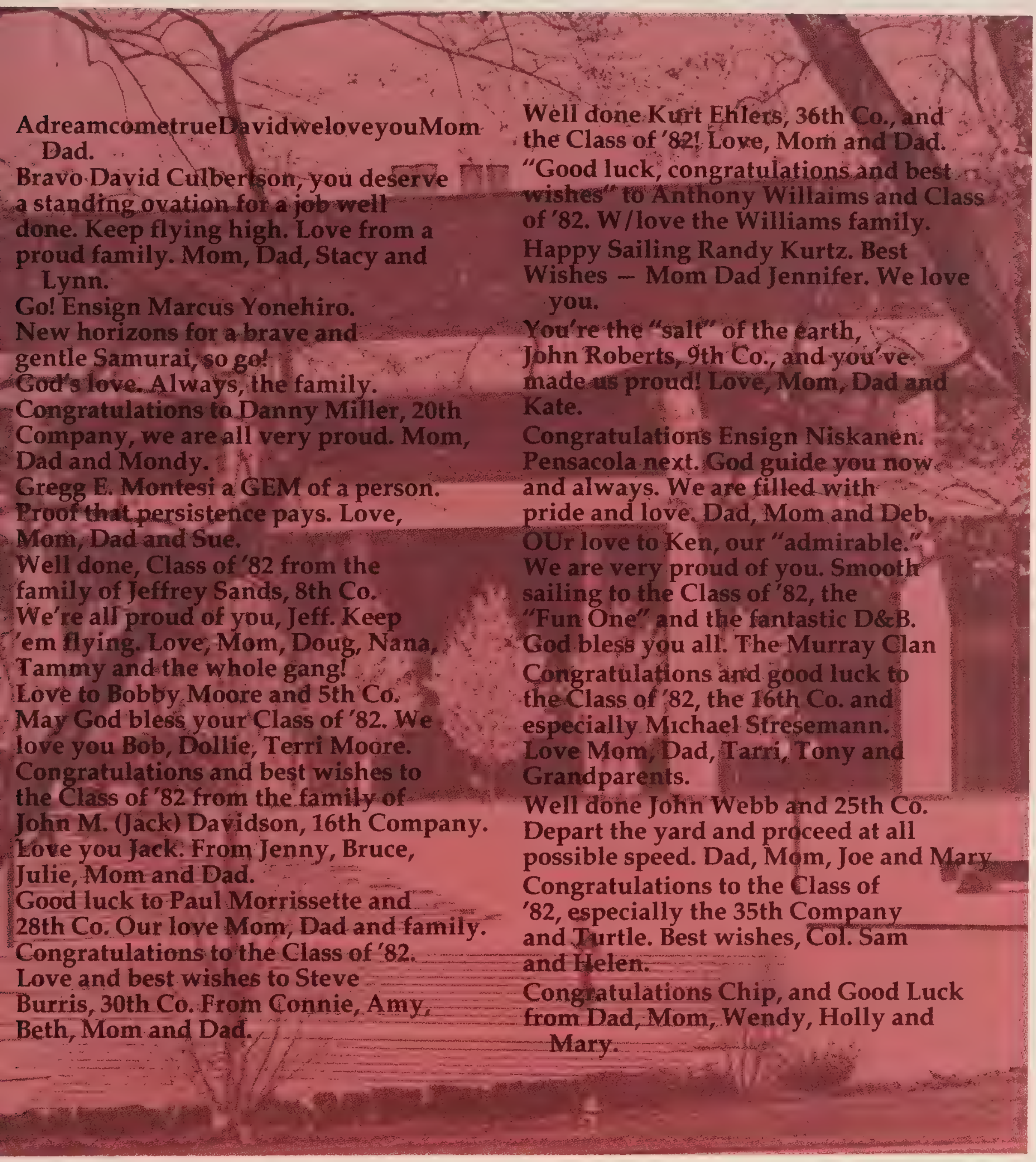
Best wishes Class of '82 from the family of Paul M. Donofrio, 11th Co. Good luck in the fleet, especially all you airdales. Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the Class of '82 from the family of Douglas Tracy, 5th Company. We are proud of you.

Congratulations to Ensign Jeff C. Cleary! We're proud of you. Wishing you continued success in all future endeavors. Love you! Mom, Dad, Janice, Jackie, Joanne and Chuck.

Ensign Evin H. Thompson, Class of '82. You have mastered the lesson, "The gull sees farthest who flies highest." Love, from your proud family.

A salute to son John Foley, and 32nd Co., and the 1981 football squad for a job well done. We wish you all smooth waters and blue skies. We love you, John. From Mom and Dad.



AdreamcometrueDavidweloveyouMom Dad.

Bravo David Culbertson, you deserve a standing ovation for a job well done. Keep flying high. Love from a proud family. Mom, Dad, Stacy and Lynn.

Go! Ensign Marcus Yonehiro. New horizons for a brave and gentle Samurai, so go! God's love. Always, the family.

Congratulations to Danny Miller, 20th Company, we are all very proud. Mom, Dad and Mondy.

Gregg E. Montesi a GEM of a person. Proof that persistence pays. Love, Mom, Dad and Sue.

Well done, Class of '82 from the family of Jeffrey Sands, 8th Co. We're all proud of you, Jeff. Keep 'em flying. Love, Mom, Doug, Nana, Tammy and the whole gang!

Love to Bobby Moore and 5th Co. May God bless your Class of '82. We love you Bob, Dollie, Terri Moore.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of John M. (Jack) Davidson, 16th Company. Love you Jack. From Jenny, Bruce, Julie, Mom and Dad.

Good luck to Paul Morrissette and 28th Co. Our love Mom, Dad and family.

Congratulations to the Class of '82. Love and best wishes to Steve Burris, 30th Co. From Connie, Amy, Beth, Mom and Dad.

Well done Kurt Ehlers, 36th Co., and the Class of '82! Love, Mom and Dad.

"Good luck, congratulations and best wishes" to Anthony Willaims and Class of '82. W/love the Williams family.

Happy Sailing Randy Kurtz. Best Wishes — Mom Dad Jennifer. We love you.

You're the "salt" of the earth, John Roberts, 9th Co., and you've made us proud! Love, Mom, Dad and Kate.

Congratulations Ensign Niskanen. Pensacola next. God guide you now and always. We are filled with pride and love. Dad, Mom and Deb.

OUr love to Ken, our "admirable." We are very proud of you. Smooth sailing to the Class of '82, the "Fun One" and the fantastic D&B. God bless you all. The Murray Clan

Congratulations and good luck to the Class of '82, the 16th Co. and especially Michael Stresemann. Love Mom, Dad, Tarri, Tony and Grandparents.

Well done John Webb and 25th Co. Depart the yard and proceed at all possible speed. Dad, Mom, Joe and Mary.

Congratulations to the Class of '82, especially the 35th Company and Turtle. Best wishes, Col. Sam and Helen.

Congratulations Chip, and Good Luck from Dad, Mom, Wendy, Holly and Mary.

Congratulations! Best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Jacqueline Binhlam, 22nd Co. We are proud of you and we love you Jackie. From John, Cathy, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Stephen Kenny, 32nd Co. We think ya done good!! Love, Faye, Tim, Kitten, Pat and Mike.

Congratulations Ensign Len Barker and his 18th Co. classmates. We are proud of you. Mom, Dad, Dianne, Cheryl, and Grandparents.

Congratulations to Jennie Ellen Powell and firsties of 25th Co. From Col. and Mrs. J. C. Powell, U.S. Army, Tom (USMA '85), and Mark.

Smooth sailing and clear skies to the Class of '82, 15th Company from the Madden family, downtown Arbutus.

Bully for you! Steve Parks and the first class of 30th Co. from all the folks down home in N. Carolina.

Congratulations and all good wishes to the Class of '82, especially the magnificent 36th Co. Here's looking at you kids!

Our pride and prayers go with you always. We love you Chris.
Mom, Dad and Phil Sprinkle.

Congratulations and our best wishes to the Class of '82 from the Pucciariello family.

To John Foley, congratulations and God bless you. From your Aunts and Uncles, the Sedlacks.

Congratulations and well done, Michael Case, 15th Co.! From your back up crew: Mom, Dad, Vickie and Bob, Brad, Steven, Mark, Dhris, Mary, Jennie, and Patrick.

Don — clear skies and happy landings! We are proud of you and love you.

Best to all 4th Co. grads — Mom and Dad.

Mr. Big — Congratulations! — The King

With pride, love and happiness we congratulate Ensign Christopher Carbott as he graduates and weds Debbie. Love, Mom, Dad and Ruthanne.

To Tom Tkac we're very proud of you! May God bless you always. Love, Mom, Dad, Russ, Bonnie and Ron.

Congratulations and smooth sailing to the Class of '82 from the family of Tod F. Reinert, 28th Co. Best wishes to all, from Dad, Mom and Diane.

Congratulations and success to Phil Patch and 1982 classmates from Buzz, Peter, Paul, Mom and Dad.

Ben Swanson, 7th Co.: Good goin and best of luck, Son. We are sure proud of you. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Ben Swanson. You're a hell of a man. We're real proud of you. Love, Mark, Sue, and Nicky.

With great love and pride, we congratulate Ensign Chris McGuire. Happiness always from your family.

Congratulations and best wishes to Super Seventeen — The Ullriches.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Barry Kyllo 25th Co. We love you Barry, from Mom and Dad.

With love and pride, we congratulate Mike and friends, Don and Rich. Best Wishes to 11th Co. and Class of '82. Joan, Bill and Bob Keating.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the Ringel Family Centralia, Wash. We Love You Don, from Mom, Dad, and Rick

Congratulations and best wishes to Ensign Ed Otten and mates of '82. We love you Ed. Good on ya, Mate! Mom, Dad

Steve, Grandparents, Family, and friends

Best wishes for a fine courier.

Good luck Class of 1982 from the Dobler's to Alfred Dobler, 6th Co.

Congratulations Jim Garman. We love you and are real proud of you and the entire 4th company! Love, Mom and Dad Garman.

Ensign Christopher Whalley — We are proud of you; you did it all yourself! God bless you always. Love Mom, Dad, Liz, Barbara, Steve, John, Lyn.

" 'Atsa My Boy" Bill Ault 11th Co. Best wishes to the Class of '82 from the Ault family.

Congratulations and good luck to the Class of '82 from the family of Prichard Ortiz 17th Co. We love you Prich. Love, Mom, Dad, Periza and Perry Jr.

Congratulations Rusty Smith, 32nd Co. You did it your way, #20. We are proud of you and Class of '82. Mom, Dad and Philip, Warner Robins, Ga.

Orlando Mike Valore, Jr. and Carrie L. Coulter, 23rd Co., Class of '82. We are very proud of Slickville, Pa. From Grandma Mattey, Mom, Dad, Terry and Marcy Valore.

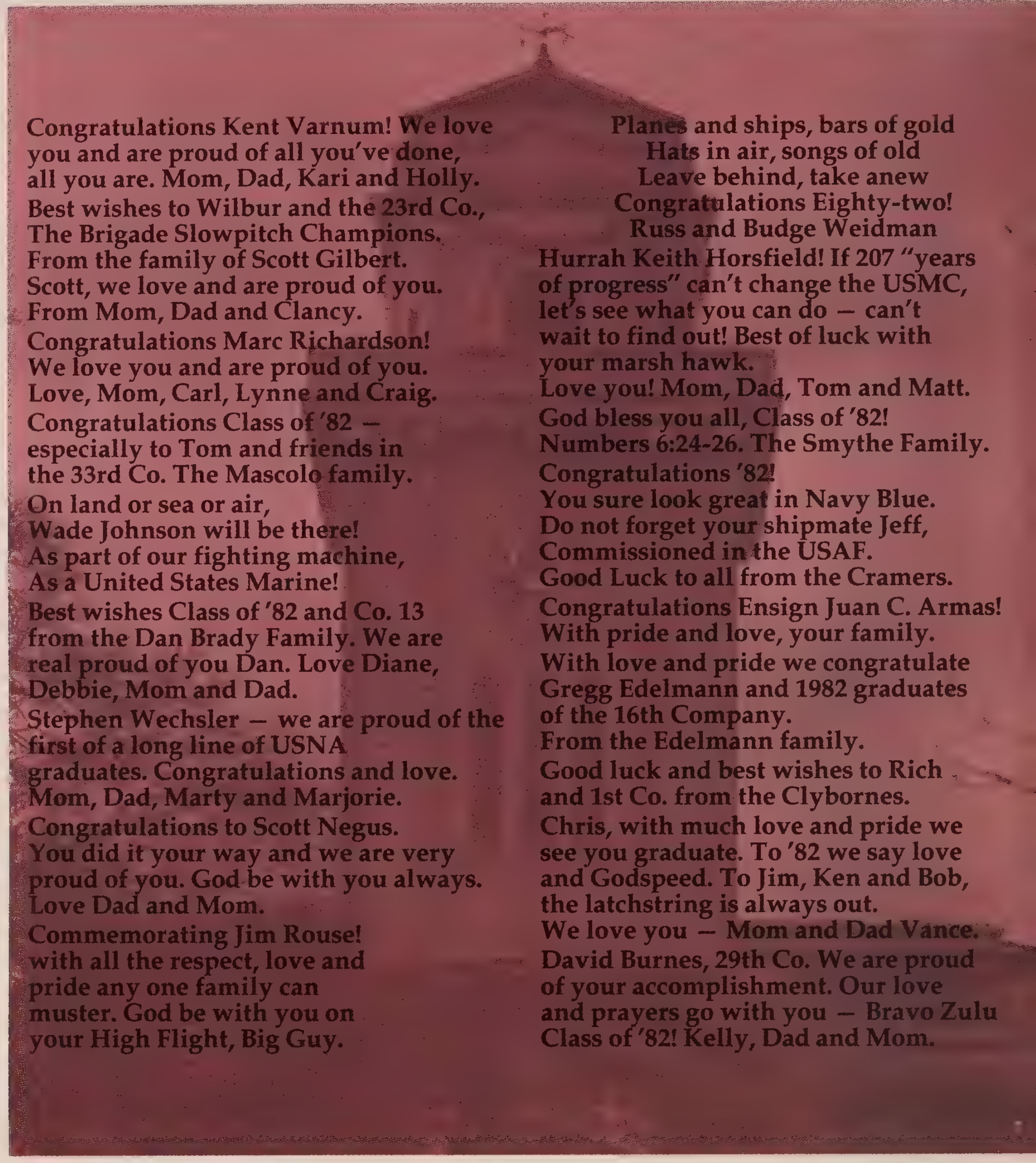
Congratulations to Stephen Surko for your wonderful achievements. We are proud of you. We wish you and your friends in the Third Company fair winds and following seas. Love, Mom, Poppa and your whole family.

Congratulations Danny Humphreys. The virtue of all achievements is victory over one's self; those who know this victory can never know defeat. God bless you always Dan; you have achieved that victory. Mom, Dad and family.

Congratulations to the Class of '82 from the family of Peter Gamble, 27th Co. Pete, you're one of the finest sons a family could have. With love and thanks from your clan: Kathy, Tim, Tim, John, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to all of the Class of '82 from the family of Ed McDaniel, 32nd Co. Sail home to Kansas often, Ed! Love from Dad, Mom, Donna, Peggy, Duane, Jim, and Joe and Okie too!

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82, from the family of Michael Rouser, 1st co. We love you Mike! From Ken, Jeff, Mom and Dad.



Congratulations Kent Varnum! We love
you and are proud of all you've done,
all you are. Mom, Dad, Kari and Holly.

Best wishes to Wilbur and the 23rd Co.,
The Brigade Slowpitch Champions.
From the family of Scott Gilbert.
Scott, we love and are proud of you.
From Mom, Dad and Clancy.

Congratulations Marc Richardson!
We love you and are proud of you.
Love, Mom, Carl, Lynne and Craig.

Congratulations Class of '82 —
especially to Tom and friends in
the 33rd Co. The Mascolo family.

On land or sea or air,
Wade Johnson will be there!
As part of our fighting machine,
As a United States Marine!

Best wishes Class of '82 and Co. 13
from the Dan Brady Family. We are
real proud of you Dan. Love Diane,
Debbie, Mom and Dad.

Stephen Wechsler — we are proud of the
first of a long line of USNA
graduates. Congratulations and love.
Mom, Dad, Marty and Marjorie.

Congratulations to Scott Negus.
You did it your way and we are very
proud of you. God be with you always.
Love Dad and Mom.

Commemorating Jim Rouse!
with all the respect, love and
pride any one family can
muster. God be with you on
your High Flight, Big Guy.

Planes and ships, bars of gold
Hats in air, songs of old
Leave behind, take anew
Congratulations Eighty-two!
Russ and Budge Weidman

Hurrah Keith Horsfield! If 207 "years
of progress" can't change the USMC,
let's see what you can do — can't
wait to find out! Best of luck with
your marsh hawk.
Love you! Mom, Dad, Tom and Matt.

God bless you all, Class of '82!
Numbers 6:24-26. The Smythe Family.

Congratulations '82!
You sure look great in Navy Blue.
Do not forget your shipmate Jeff,
Commissioned in the USAF.
Good Luck to all from the Cramers.

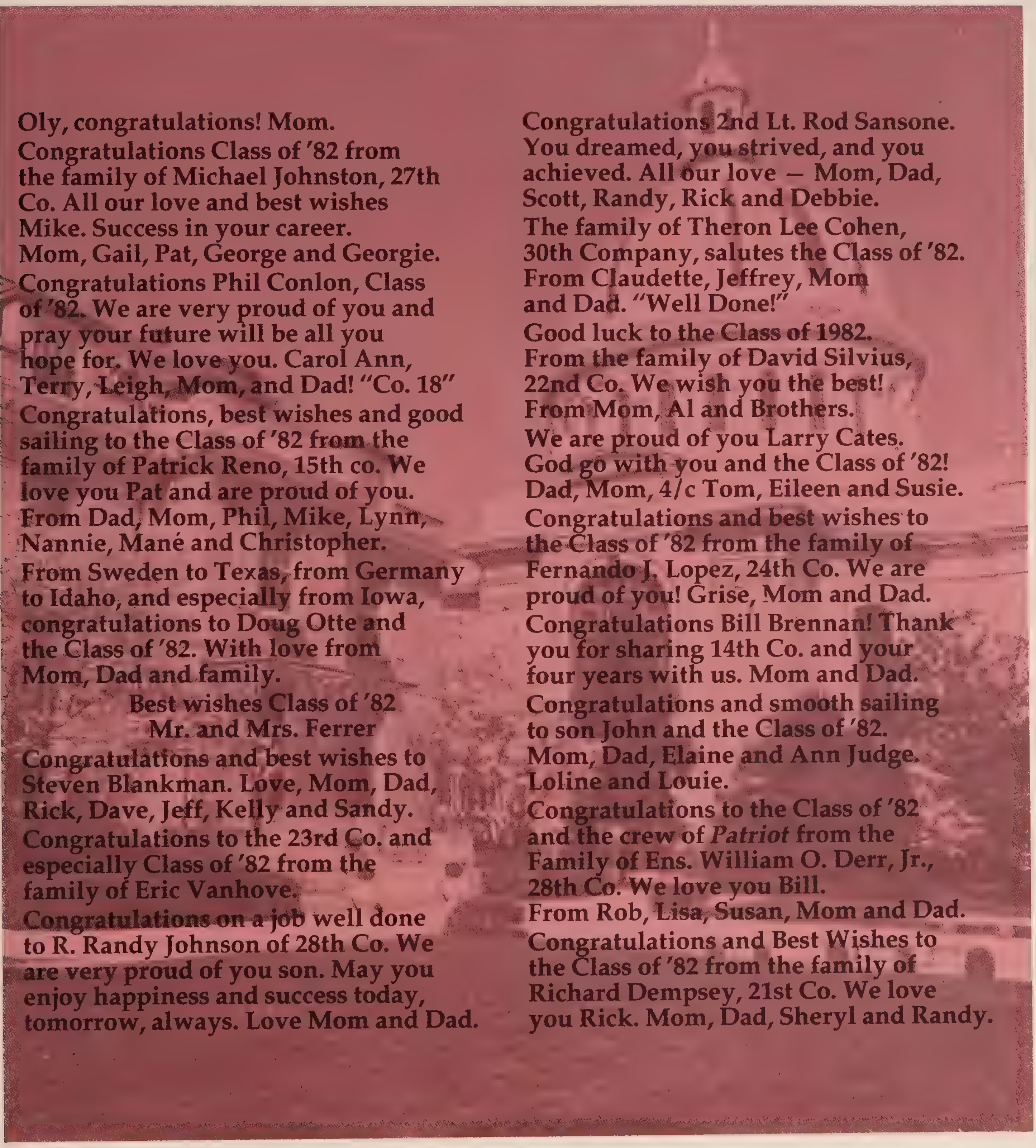
Congratulations Ensign Juan C. Armas!
With pride and love, your family.

With love and pride we congratulate
Gregg Edelmann and 1982 graduates
of the 16th Company.
From the Edelmann family.

Good luck and best wishes to Rich
and 1st Co. from the Clybornes.

Chris, with much love and pride we
see you graduate. To '82 we say love
and Godspeed. To Jim, Ken and Bob,
the latchstring is always out.
We love you — Mom and Dad Vance.

David Burnes, 29th Co. We are proud
of your accomplishment. Our love
and prayers go with you — Bravo Zulu
Class of '82! Kelly, Dad and Mom.



Oly, congratulations! Mom.

Congratulations Class of '82 from the family of Michael Johnston, 27th Co. All our love and best wishes Mike. Success in your career. Mom, Gail, Pat, George and Georgie.

Congratulations Phil Conlon, Class of '82. We are very proud of you and pray your future will be all you hope for. We love you. Carol Ann, Terry, Leigh, Mom, and Dad! "Co. 18"

Congratulations, best wishes and good sailing to the Class of '82 from the family of Patrick Reno, 15th co. We love you Pat and are proud of you. From Dad, Mom, Phil, Mike, Lynn, Nannie, Mané and Christopher.

From Sweden to Texas, from Germany to Idaho, and especially from Iowa, congratulations to Doug Otte and the Class of '82. With love from Mom, Dad and family.

Best wishes Class of '82
Mr. and Mrs. Ferrer

Congratulations and best wishes to Steven Blankman. Love, Mom, Dad, Rick, Dave, Jeff, Kelly and Sandy.

Congratulations to the 23rd Co. and especially Class of '82 from the family of Eric Vanhove.

Congratulations on a job well done to R. Randy Johnson of 28th Co. We are very proud of you son. May you enjoy happiness and success today, tomorrow, always. Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations 2nd Lt. Rod Sansone. You dreamed, you strived, and you achieved. All our love – Mom, Dad, Scott, Randy, Rick and Debbie.

The family of Theron Lee Cohen, 30th Company, salutes the Class of '82. From Claudette, Jeffrey, Mom and Dad. "Well Done!"

Good luck to the Class of 1982. From the family of David Silvius, 22nd Co. We wish you the best! From Mom, Al and Brothers.

We are proud of you Larry Cates. God go with you and the Class of '82! Dad, Mom, 4/c Tom, Eileen and Susie.

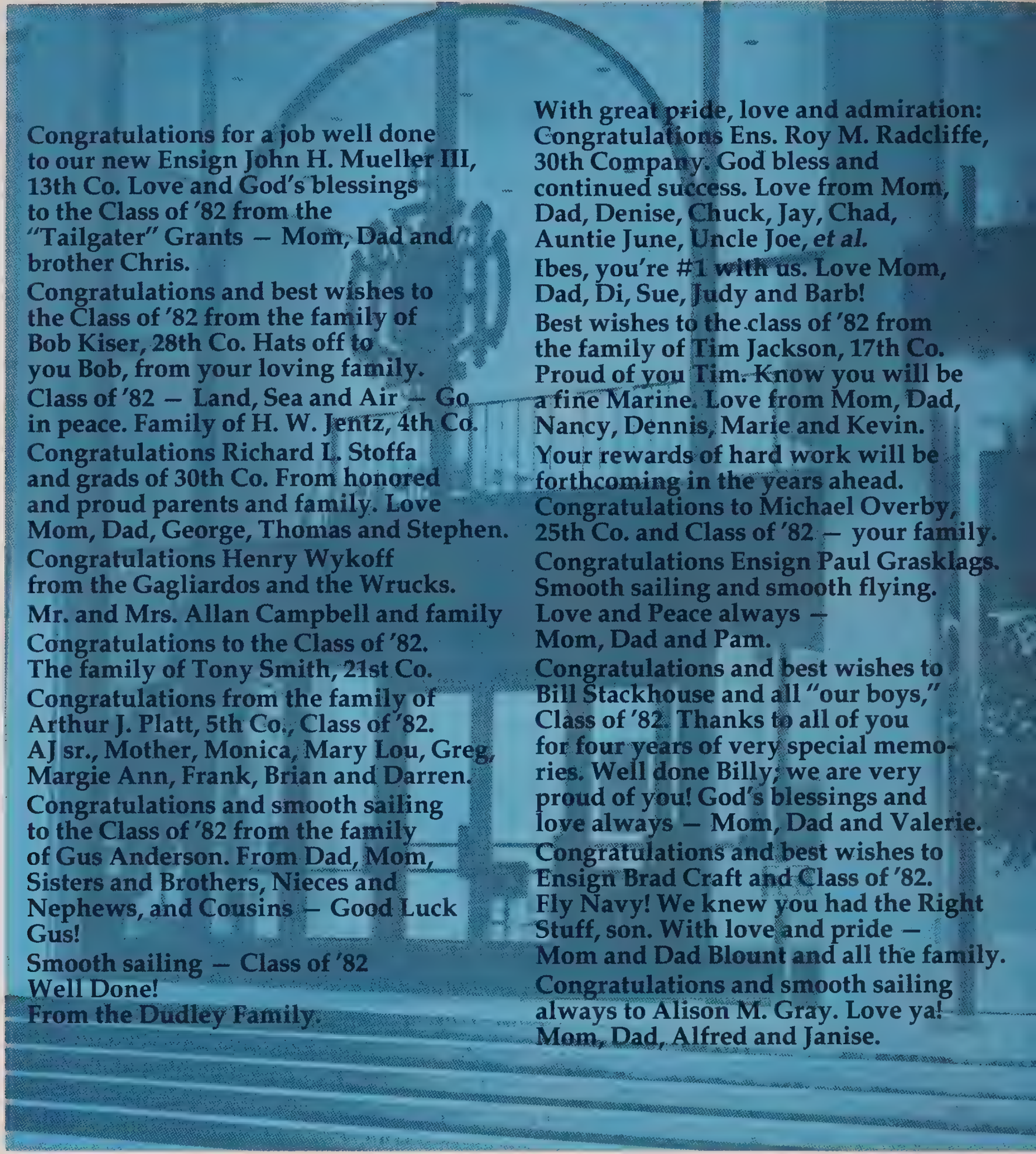
Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Fernando J. Lopez, 24th Co. We are proud of you! Grise, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Bill Brennan! Thank you for sharing 14th Co. and your four years with us. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and smooth sailing to son John and the Class of '82. Mom, Dad, Elaine and Ann Judge. Loline and Louie.

Congratulations to the Class of '82 and the crew of *Patriot* from the Family of Ens. William O. Derr, Jr., 28th Co. We love you Bill. From Rob, Lisa, Susan, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Richard Dempsey, 21st Co. We love you Rick. Mom, Dad, Sheryl and Randy.



Congratulations for a job well done to our new Ensign John H. Mueller III, 13th Co. Love and God's blessings to the Class of '82 from the "Tailgater" Grants — Mom, Dad and brother Chris.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of '82 from the family of Bob Kiser, 28th Co. Hats off to you Bob, from your loving family.

Class of '82 — Land, Sea and Air — Go in peace. Family of H. W. Jentz, 4th Co.

Congratulations Richard L. Stoffa and grads of 30th Co. From honored and proud parents and family. Love Mom, Dad, George, Thomas and Stephen.

Congratulations Henry Wykoff from the Gagliardos and the Wrucks.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Campbell and family Congratulations to the Class of '82.

The family of Tony Smith, 21st Co.

Congratulations from the family of Arthur J. Platt, 5th Co., Class of '82. AJ sr., Mother, Monica, Mary Lou, Greg, Margie Ann, Frank, Brian and Darren.

Congratulations and smooth sailing to the Class of '82 from the family of Gus Anderson. From Dad, Mom, Sisters and Brothers, Nieces and Nephews, and Cousins — Good Luck Gus!

Smooth sailing — Class of '82
Well Done!
From the Dudley Family.

With great pride, love and admiration: Congratulations Ens. Roy M. Radcliffe, 30th Company. God bless and continued success. Love from Mom, Dad, Denise, Chuck, Jay, Chad, Auntie June, Uncle Joe, *et al.*

Ibes, you're #1 with us. Love Mom, Dad, Di, Sue, Judy and Barb!

Best wishes to the class of '82 from the family of Tim Jackson, 17th Co. Proud of you Tim. Know you will be a fine Marine. Love from Mom, Dad, Nancy, Dennis, Marie and Kevin.

Your rewards of hard work will be forthcoming in the years ahead.

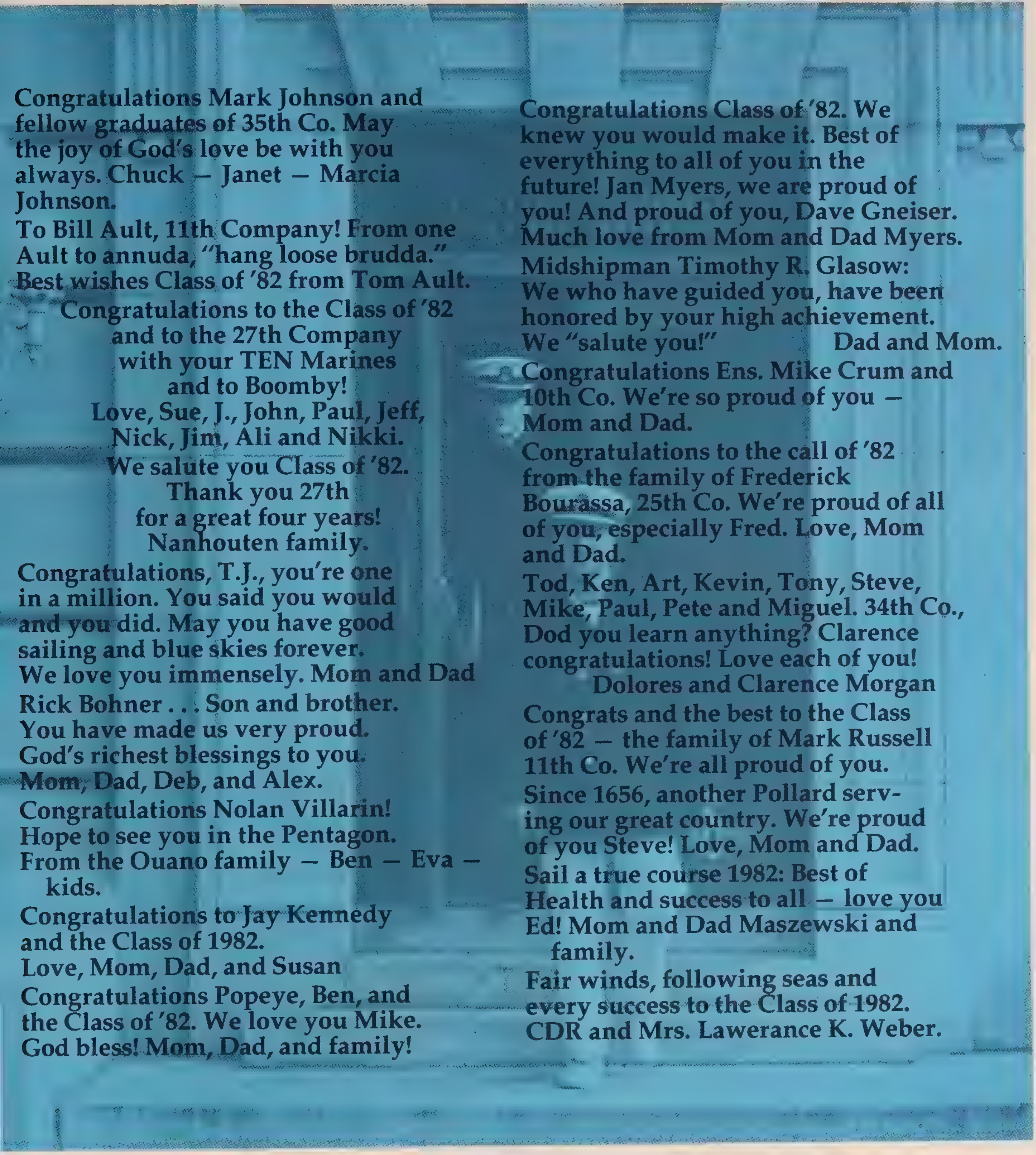
Congratulations to Michael Overby, 25th Co. and Class of '82 — your family.

Congratulations Ensign Paul Grasklags. Smooth sailing and smooth flying. Love and Peace always — Mom, Dad and Pam.

Congratulations and best wishes to Bill Stackhouse and all "our boys," Class of '82. Thanks to all of you for four years of very special memories. Well done Billy; we are very proud of you! God's blessings and love always — Mom, Dad and Valerie.

Congratulations and best wishes to Ensign Brad Craft and Class of '82. Fly Navy! We knew you had the Right Stuff, son. With love and pride — Mom and Dad Blount and all the family.

Congratulations and smooth sailing always to Alison M. Gray. Love ya! Mom, Dad, Alfred and Janise.



Congratulations Mark Johnson and fellow graduates of 35th Co. May the joy of God's love be with you always. Chuck — Janet — Marcia Johnson.

To Bill Ault, 11th Company! From one Ault to annuda, "hang loose brudda." Best wishes Class of '82 from Tom Ault.

Congratulations to the Class of '82
and to the 27th Company
with your TEN Marines
and to Boomby!
Love, Sue, J., John, Paul, Jeff,
Nick, Jim, Ali and Nikki.

We salute you Class of '82.
Thank you 27th
for a great four years!
Nanhouten family.

Congratulations, T.J., you're one in a million. You said you would and you did. May you have good sailing and blue skies forever. We love you immensely. Mom and Dad

Rick Bohner . . . Son and brother. You have made us very proud. God's richest blessings to you. Mom, Dad, Deb, and Alex.

Congratulations Nolan Villarin! Hope to see you in the Pentagon. From the Ouano family — Ben — Eva — kids.

Congratulations to Jay Kennedy and the Class of 1982. Love, Mom, Dad, and Susan

Congratulations Popeye, Ben, and the Class of '82. We love you Mike. God bless! Mom, Dad, and family!

Congratulations Class of '82. We knew you would make it. Best of everything to all of you in the future! Jan Myers, we are proud of you! And proud of you, Dave Gneiser. Much love from Mom and Dad Myers.

Midshipman Timothy R. Glasow: We who have guided you, have been honored by your high achievement. We "salute you!" Dad and Mom.

Congratulations Ens. Mike Crum and 10th Co. We're so proud of you — Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the call of '82 from the family of Frederick Bourassa, 25th Co. We're proud of all of you, especially Fred. Love, Mom and Dad.

Tod, Ken, Art, Kevin, Tony, Steve, Mike, Paul, Pete and Miguel. 34th Co., Dod you learn anything? Clarence congratulations! Love each of you!
Dolores and Clarence Morgan

Congrats and the best to the Class of '82 — the family of Mark Russell 11th Co. We're all proud of you.

Since 1656, another Pollard serving our great country. We're proud of you Steve! Love, Mom and Dad.

Sail a true course 1982: Best of Health and success to all — love you Ed! Mom and Dad Maszewski and family.

Fair winds, following seas and every success to the Class of 1982. CDR and Mrs. Lawerance K. Weber.

Best wishes to Raymond John Savich and Class of '82. Mr. and Mrs. E. Savich.

Congratulations and good luck to '82 from the family of Bill Klansek, 30th Co. We are proud of you Bill!

A wet sheet and a following sea,
A wind that follows fast, and
Fills the white and rustling sail
and bends the gallant mast —
Smooth sailing Class of '82! Love
to Matthew Klunder — your family.

Well done! Congratulations Ensign Chuck Toner, members of 11th Co. and Class of '82! Dad, Mom, Andrea and Lisa.

Congratulations Fred and the boys of 6th — 1982. We love you; we are proud to know you. Dream dreams — be free. From Mom and Dad, Clopp and Baron too!

With tremendous respect and love we congratulate Stephen S. Jones. You always make us proud! Mother, Dad and family.

Congratulations Rich Vandagriff! We are proud; we love you! Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Peter Hoffman — I'm so proud of you. Grandma Anabelle. Peter, we feel pride, respect and admiration for your fine effort. Your family loves you!

The family of George DiNardo Congratulates the Class of '82. George, we wish you much luck and success in the Marine Corps. Love, Mom, Dad, Steve, Pete, Mike and Dave!

Congratulations and God's blessings always to Paul, our friends of 9th Company and the Class of '82. The Donaher Family

Congratulations Ensign Jose Luis Alvarez. God bless you always. You've made us all proud. Love from Mom, Dad, Lucy, Carmela, Luisa, Nena, Viviano, Ricky and all the kids.

The beauty and accomplishment is to do it *again and again.* Good luck Class of '82 — from the family of Walter Nobles. We love you son! Mom, Dad, Pat, Pete and Doo!

Smooth sailing and clear skies to Dave Dickinson and the 19th Co. With love — Mom, Dad, Bob and Frank.

Congratulations Dave Dickinson! Aunt Pat, Uncle Joe and Gram Green.

Good luck and all the best in the future to David Dickinson and his friends. It was a quick trip. Ships Ahoy! Grandmom and Grandpop Dickinson

For Dave Dickinson from the Blakes. Unfortunately . . . the party's over.

Congratulations to Frank Kelly, 24th Co. Thanks for the memories. We love you! From Mom, Dad, Kim and Chris.

To our son Bill Schmidlin and 1st Co. Always remember the love and pride that you have earned. We hope you enjoyed the gigantic goodie boxes. You all are welcome home when in Ft. Lauderdale. God bless your family!

# WELL DONE CLASS OF 1982

The United States Naval Academy Alumni Association is very pleased to welcome your class to our ranks, with 97% of the class coming aboard as Life members of the Alumni Association.

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- *Group travel opportunities*
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- *Subscription to* Shipmate *magazine, which includes Class notes and the Association's Annual Report*
- *Eligibility to vote for Officers and Trustees*
- *Receipt of Class newsletters, Homecoming information, etc.*
- *Employment assistance*

The list of benefits will increase as the needs arise, so stay in touch and let us know if we can be of assistance to you in any way.

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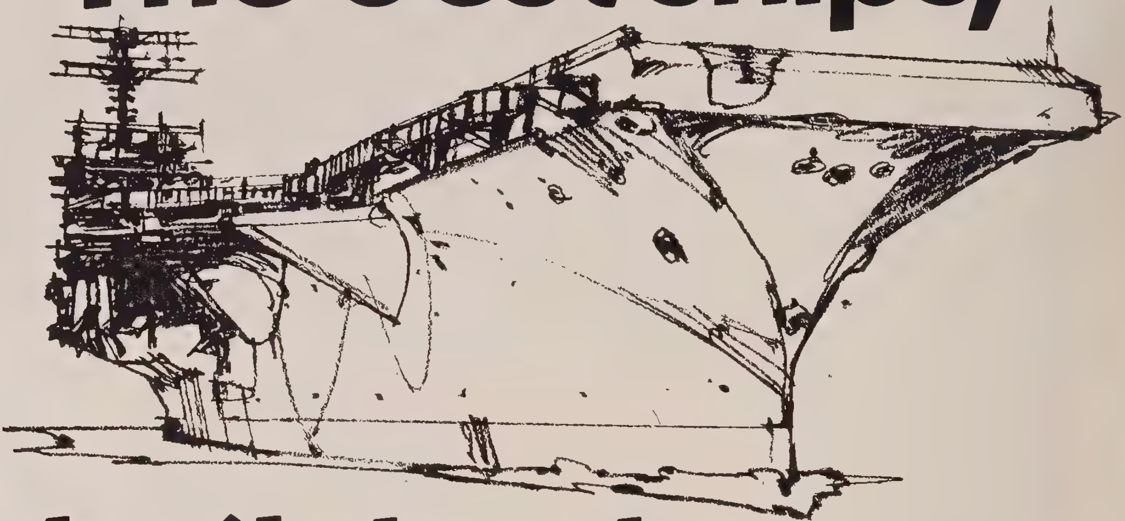

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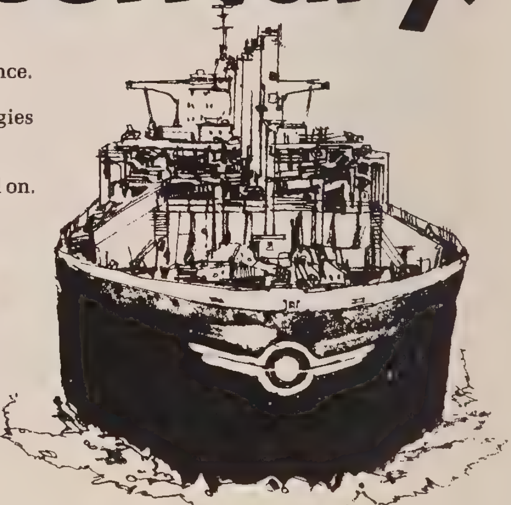

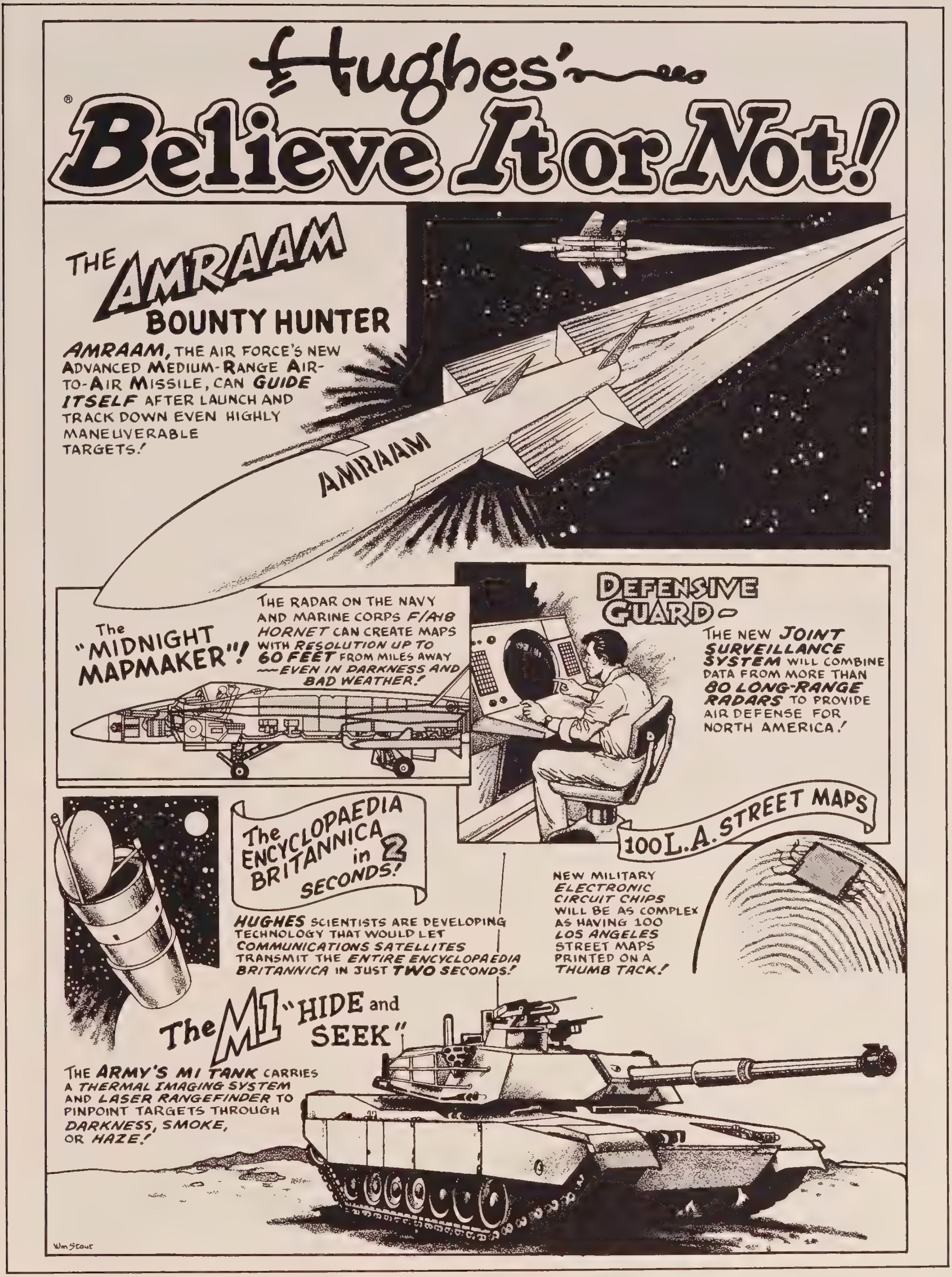

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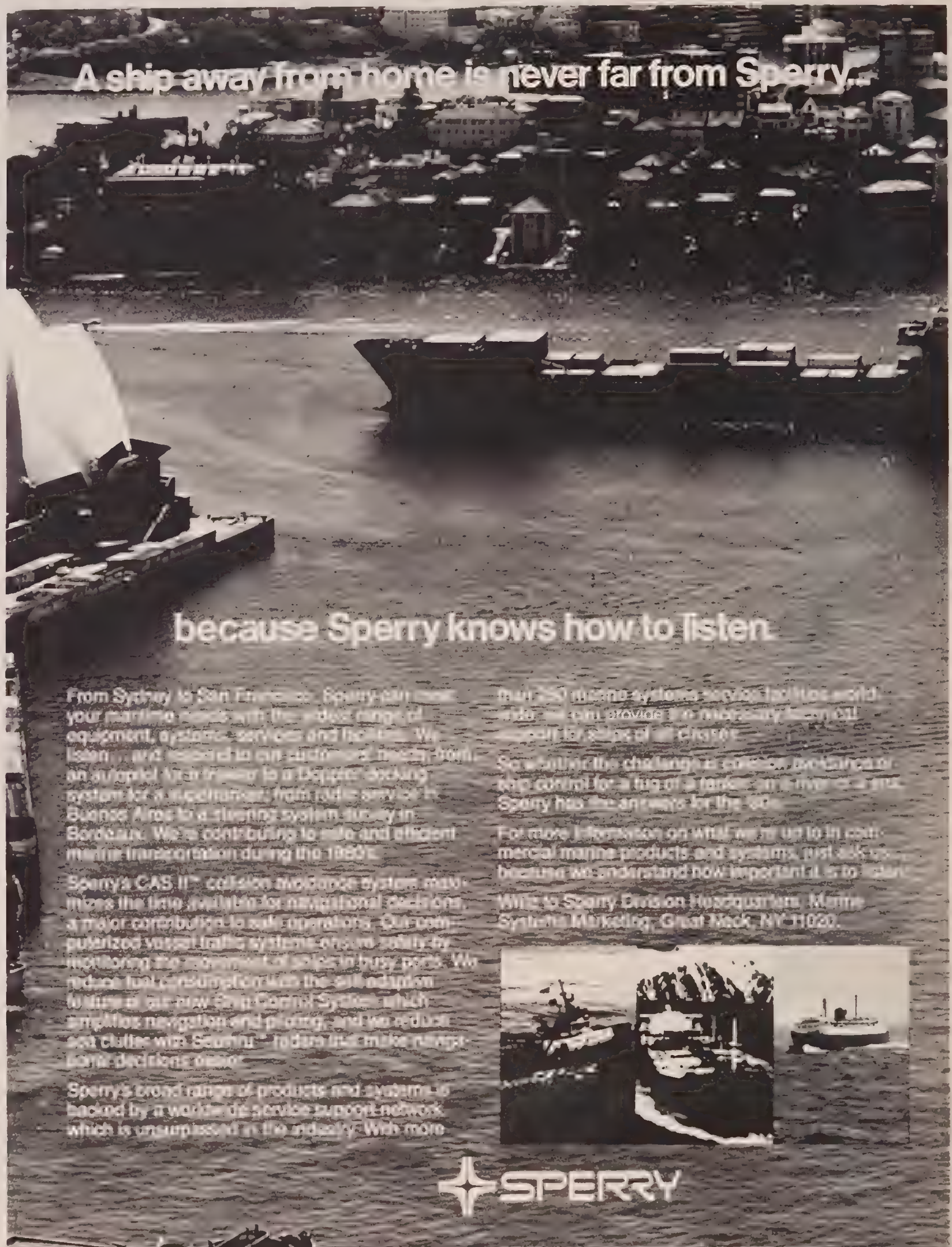
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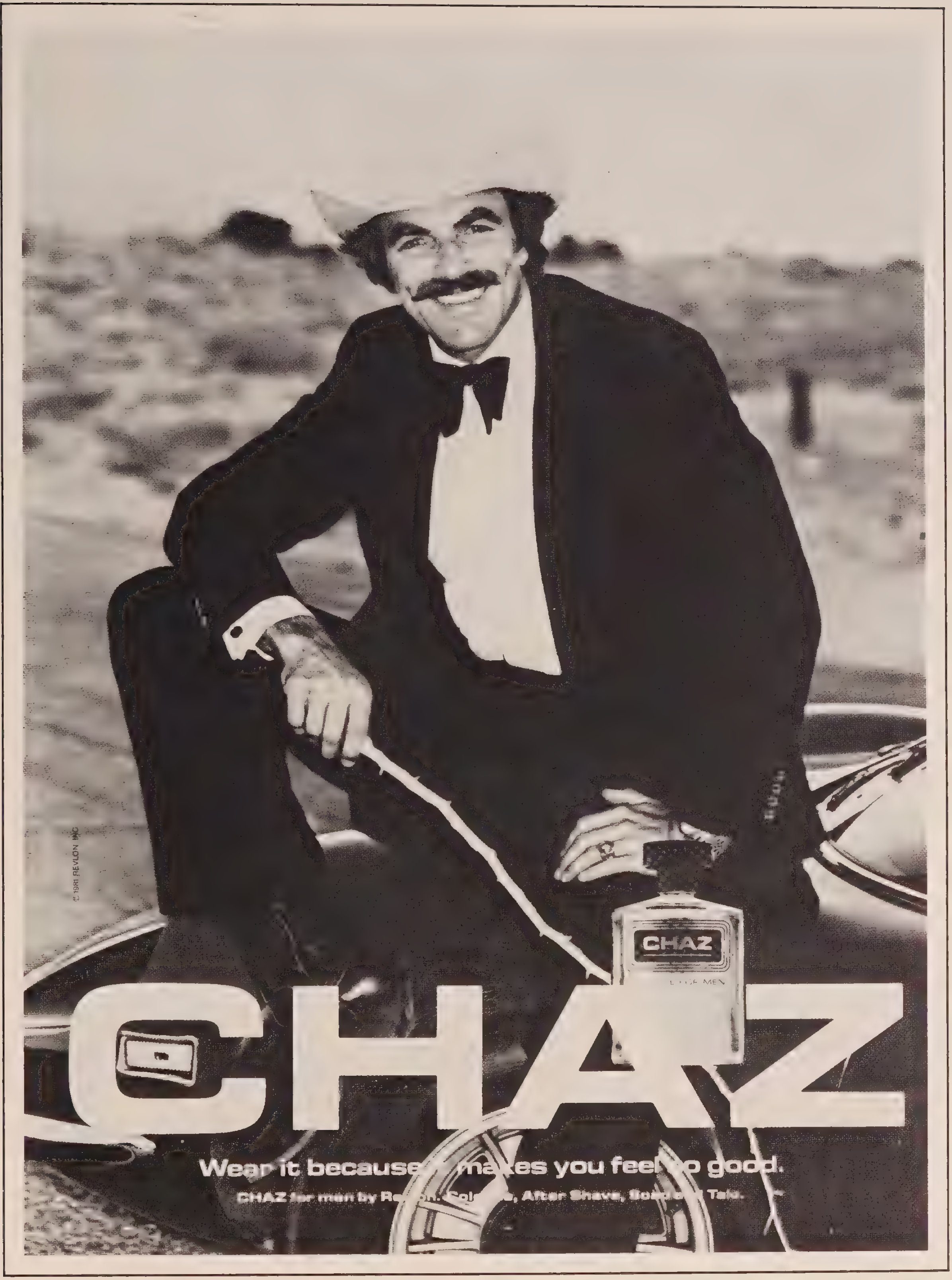CHAZ
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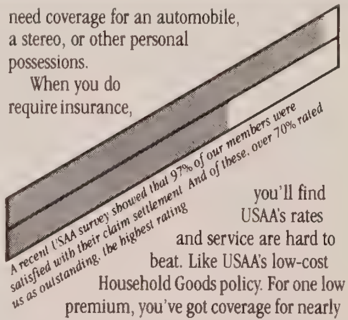
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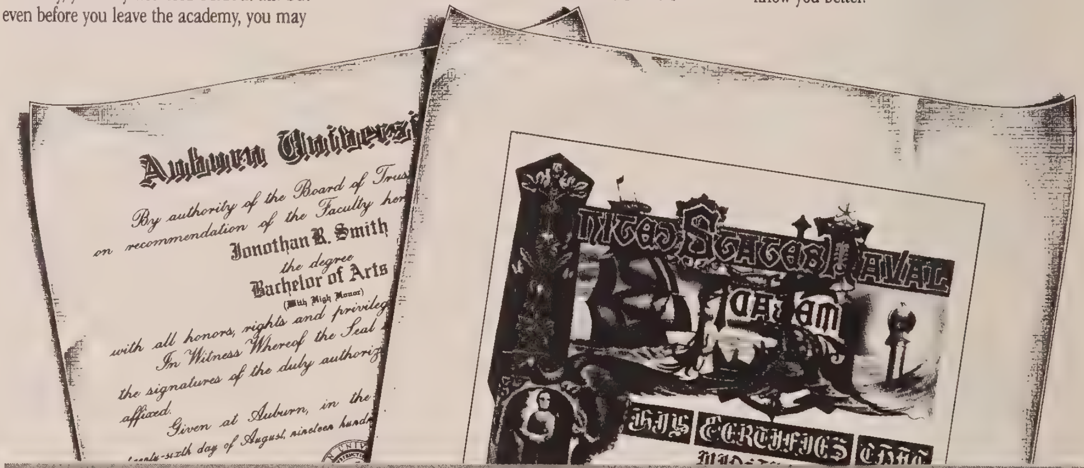
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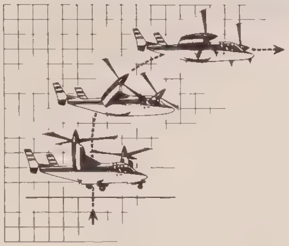

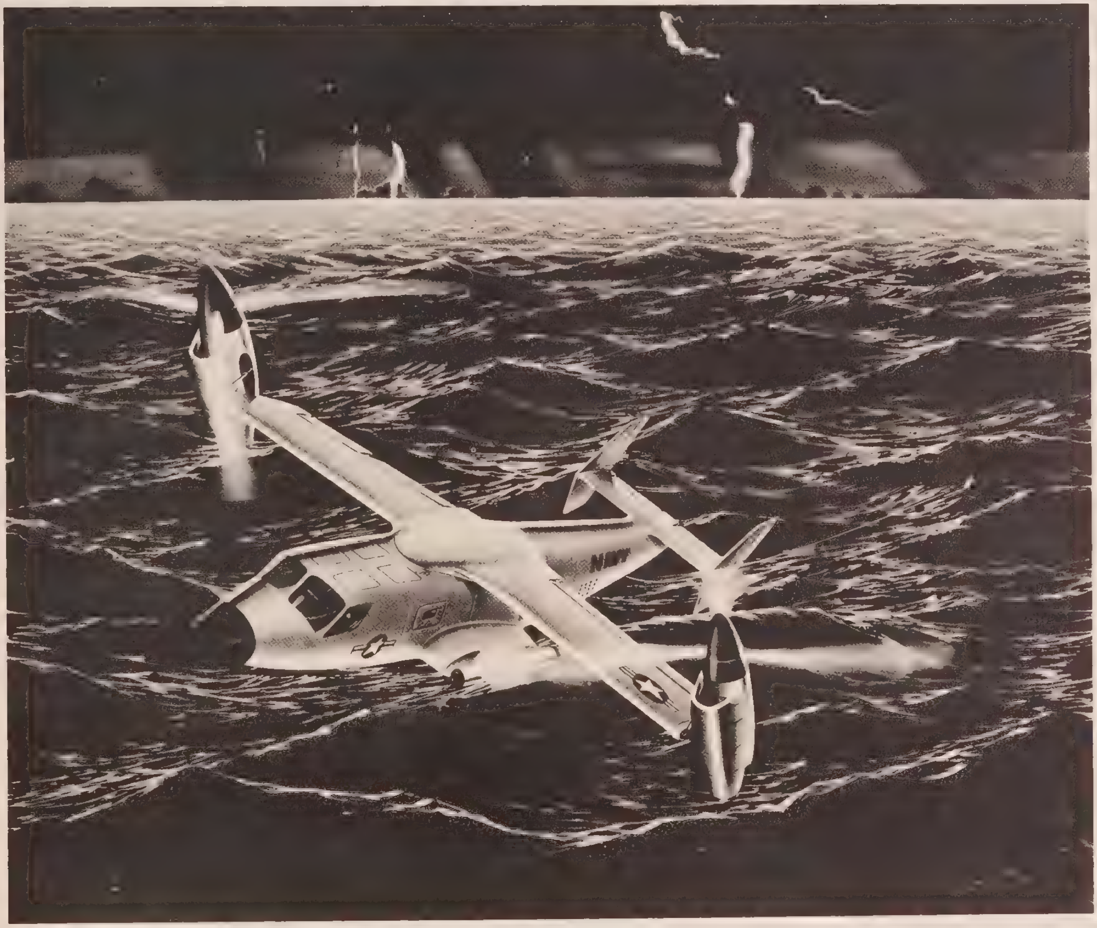

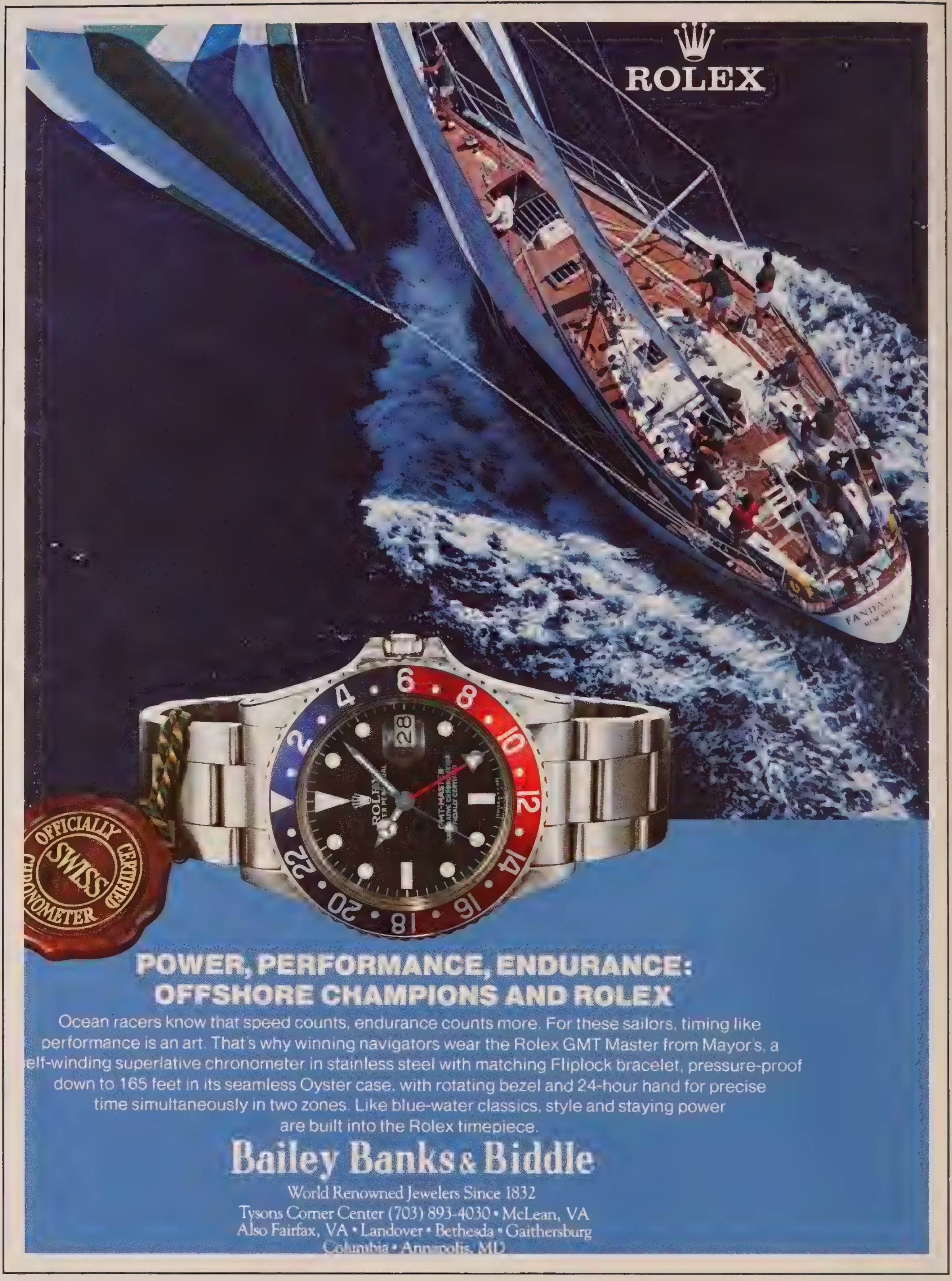

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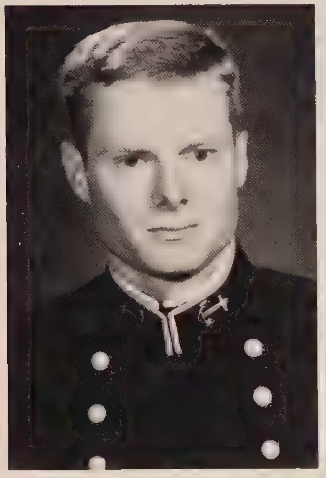
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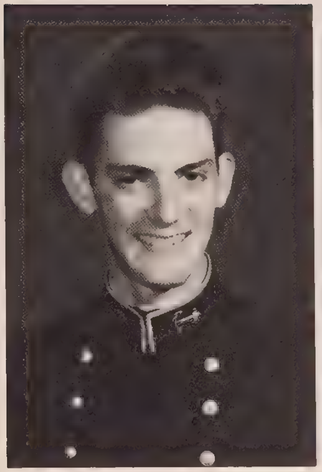
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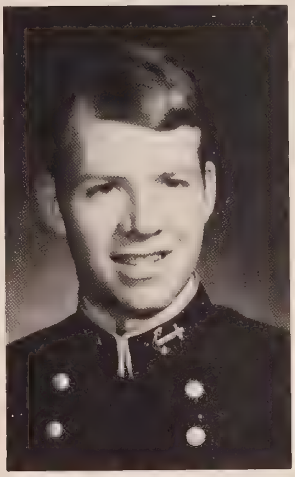
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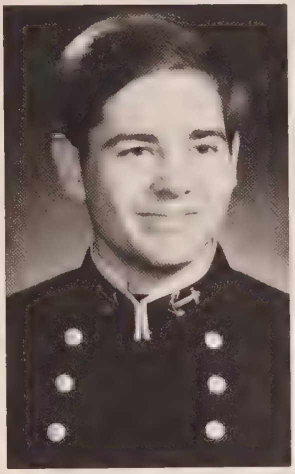
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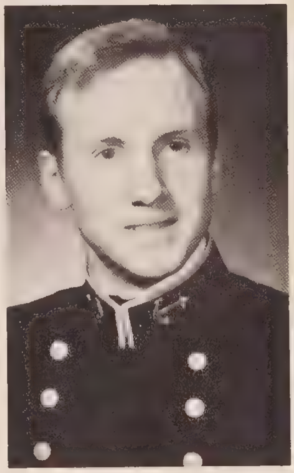
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Dear Classmates,

I would like to use this little bit of space to thank you for allowing me to be the editor of the *1982 Lucky Bag.* It has been fun, tiring, and a privilege. I hope that you will enjoy reading and looking back with it as much as I have enjoyed producing it.

I would like to extend my special thanks to all who helped in the project. All the photographers, typists, and layout people who were such a help. Not only those pictured herein, but all the ones who are not. Thanks to the Class of '85 in Twelfth Company for the layouts of the First Class section, to Deb Furlan for her last minute help, to Sherri and LT Libutti in Activities, and Sally and Joan in Personnel. Without your help this could not have been possible. Last, but most of all, thank you classmates for your cooperation and patience, it is deeply appreciated as we turn in this final page on 19 July 1982.

Sincerely,
Richard K. Vogel
*1982 Lucky Bag* Editor

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